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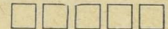
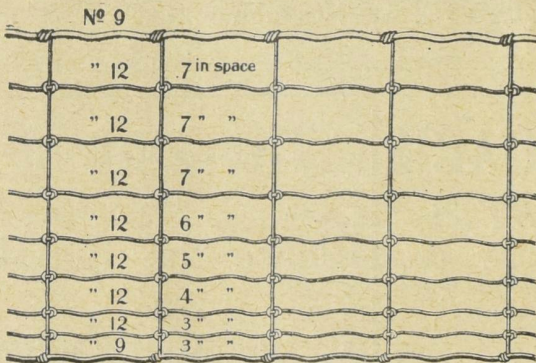
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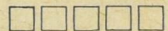
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The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLVII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JUNE 1921

No. 7

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poems—1st, H. D. Fritz, '22; 2nd, M. E. Grant, '21.

Articles—1st, M. E. Grant, '21; 2nd, L. P. Steeves, '22.

Stories—1st, H. G. Goucher, '22; 2nd, H. H. Wetmore, Eng.

Science—1st, L. P. Steeves, '22; 2nd, E. R. Fash, '21, 3rd,
K. E. Mason, '21.

Humor— J. W. Lank, '22.

Athletics—1st, W. A. Steeves, '21; 2nd, J. W. Lank, '22.

Month—1st, J. W. Lank, '22; 2nd, M. E. Grant, '21.

Personals—1st, M. E. Grant, '21; E. J. Warren, '21.

Exchanges—1st, J. W. Lank, '22; 2nd, M. E. Grant, '21.

Jokes—M. O. Brinton, '22.

Seniors—12 units.

Juniors—17 units.

Engineers—1 unit.

Pennant won by Juniors.

ODE TO THE CLASS OF '21

AS travellers stand upon the hard-won peak
To breathe a space, and in perspective see
The waiting world spread out before their feet
And long yet loathe to go, so now do we.
From here, at first, the paths we take diverge
To other peaks, and some to humble role,
But in advancements' frontier camp they merge
And of true progress make a common goal.
As we proceed the trees shall clap their hands;
The hills shall sing; the dew-drop bring to light
More wonders than the ocean now commands;
The stones and stars and human art bedight
With little joys that flash along the way
And, stirred by us, shall glow for all our kind.
We'll add to menial pleasures of the day
Harmonious Nature, and the joys of mind.

While we pass on, Acadia, thou dost stand
Like rock-built Blomidon, and waves of youth
Beat at thy base and wash away the sand,
And some, may-hap, an amethyst of truth.

T. A. MEISTER, '21.

"Vita mancipio nulli datur omnibus usu."



THE RIGHT REVENGE

IT was a beautiful night early last June, such a night as people rave about, a clear starlit sky with a moon entering on the full just rising over the distant hills, and enough of a chill in the air to make the roaring campfire a pleasant object to sit around. There were six of us there, away back in the wilds of western Nova Scotia, on the headwaters of the Sissiboo, some twenty miles back of Bear River, from whence we had come that very day. At Lake Jolly we had picked up the two half-breed guides, who had canoed us out thru the wonderful, picturesque lakes and streams, till we had stopped for the night in a little clearing on Fifth Lake stream.

The six of us, my father, brother, a chum who had come along for the outing, the two guides and I, after preparing for the night by fixing up a thick bed of spruce and fir boughs in the canvas tent which the guides had brought along, — had settled ourselves comfortably around the fire, with our pipes well filled, enjoying ourselves immensely.

I had been slowly turning over in my mind the events of the day, endeavoring to find something which would get the usually silent guides talking. Suddenly, I remembered that "Old Sim," who had been paddling the leading canoe, of which my chum and myself were the occupants, had, that afternoon, pointed out to us a beautiful little cove on Ninth Lake, and had added that perhaps some time he would tell us a story connected with it. "Old Sim," contrary to the most of his race, was really well educated, and knowing him from previous experience to be the most interesting of storytellers, I eagerly bent forward and questioned.

"Oh, Sim, what was that story you said you'd tell me, you know, the one about the cove?"

"Hm, that story I'm very fond of tellin', hay," and he glanced down at Ben, our other guide, who was stretched out beside him.

The rest of our party could see that the old "Injun" was anxious to tell the story, so they encouraged him to go ahead.

Turning to Ben, he asked:

"You don't care if I tell 'em, Ben? You know the story."

"All right, if you want to, injun," was the reply from the younger guide.

After picking a harming twig from the fire and lighting his pipe, "Old Sim" began his tale.

"'Twas 'bout fifteen year ago this spring, and the Injuns up on the hill back of town were all home, waiting for a job guidin' to turn up. In those days most of 'em were pretty flush with cash, havin' just got rid of their winter's catch of furs so there was quite a lot of gamblin' goin' on. Two or t'ree nights every week the Injuns gathered at somebody's shack and had their game, usually accompanied by a bottle of whisky, and punk stuff at that."

"On one of these nights the bunch had gathered up at old Matti's shack, and were playin' quite a heavy game. Everybody was well lit up but one young Injun-feller, just a kid of 'bout eighteen year, and he, bein' sober an' usin' his head, had won most all the coin in sight. One Injun who had been drinkin' and losin' more'n the rest, finally got mixed up with the young feller. The bettin' was mighty high and when the hands were shown down, it was seen that the kid had the best, thus winnin' 'bout twenty dollar from the other Injun. This made the Injun mad and he accused the young chap of cheatin'. The young feller on'y laughed at him, and this, added to the effect of the bad whisky, caused the older Injun to completely lose his head. He drew out his knife and made a lunge at the kid, but the rest of the Injuns grabbed him and held him. This got the young feller pretty scairt and he cleared out right away."

"Old Sim" took a few puffs amid a deep silence broken only by the crackling of the flames, then continued.

"The older Injun was terrible mad at losing his money, and wouldn't listen at all to the counsels of the others. No, sir, he was goin' at daybreak and kill that kid, and I guess the bunch knew he meant it, for they didn't argue with him, but just sat and kept an eye on him."

"A couple of the younger Injuns ran over and found the boy hid away in his loft, almost scairt to death. They told him 'bout how mad the other Injun was, and advised him to beat it in his canoe, 'way back in the woods,—thirty miles further back than we are,—and to stay until the thing blew over. The boy got his pack ready at once and in an hour was on his way, for Lake Jolly. He'd been out for two winters so there was no danger of him not knowin' a safe place to hide."

"The two Injuns, after they had seen the kid away, went back to Matti's shack, and told the rest what had happened. The other Injun had been sittin' in the corner sort of sulkin' but when he heard this he was all action. Grabblin' his gun he leaped thru the bunch, and was swallowed up in the darkness before anyone could stop him."

The old Indian stopped at this point in his recital to fill his pipe again. Ben took advantage of the opportunity, to throw on the fire a few pieces of the dry birch he had cut before supper.

"Well, as I was sayin'," Sim went on, "the Injun got away, and the rest of 'em knew he meant murder. They sat down to talk it over, and after discussin' the matter for 'bout an hour, four of the Injuns got up, and, takin' a weeks grub with 'em, started out on the trail of the other two."

"Meantime the kid had reached the lake just as day was breakin', had got out a canoe, and had started up the lake bound for the Blue Mountains, 'way out towards Liverpool." "Old Sim" stretched out his hand in a southerly direction. "As he was turnin' up into Ninth Lake stream, he looked behind him, and saw the other Injun just shovin' off from the landin' place. He had only a two mile lead and it sure looked bad for the kid, for altho he had the best canoe, the other Injun was a much stronger and faster paddler. However, the kid paddled pretty fast and when he reached Ninth Lake carry, the other Injun was not in sight, but he could only see a half-mile back so he knew he wasn't safe. How that youngster ever carried that canoe along with his one hundred and thirty pound pack, I don't know, but he made the quarter mile carry in quick time and started right on up Ninth Lake.

Every minute or two he looked behind him, and just as he was passin' the headland, where I pointed out the cove to you boys, he saw the bottom of a canoe just breakin' the bushes at the landin' place, a mile behind him. The other Injun had gained a mile on him so he knew it was foolish to keep goin'."

"Quick as he could he turned the canoe 'round the headland, and made for the cove, but he didn't get out of sight quick enough, for the other Injun had seen him, and was comin' after him, as if old "Dophell" (*ghost*) himself was on the trail. By the time the younger feller jumped from his canoe at the cove, the Injun was just roundin' the headland."

"If you go down there today, you'll see how swampy that cove is. By damm, there's hardly a place out here anywhere, as bad as that. What you say, Ben?" And "Old Sim" shifted his gaze from the fire to the younger Indian beside him.

"Swampy—I guess 'tis. I shot a moose in there last fall, and it took me a day to get him out," was Ben's reply.

"Well, continued "Old Sim," "the boy plows right into this swamp and kept on goin', sinkin' in 'bout up to his knees at every stride. Pretty soon he see's what he's up against—, not makin' much headways and besides leavin' a trail anyone could follow. So he uses a trick, an' a foxy one too. Comin' to an old fallen tree, he walks along it for nearly its whole length, then jumps int oan underbrush and circles 'way back in the direction from which he had come, and goin' so carefully from thicket to thicket that he hardly left a trace. Then when he's 'bout all in from his mornin' exertions, the kid climbs a tree and waits."

"The older Injun comes up to the cove, hot on the trail, and wantin' to kill. If he'd used his sense, he'd known 'twas no use to follow the kid's tracks, he bein' so much heavier than the younger Injun. But he was so mad he never thot. Plowin' right in, he followed the tracks, and makin' pretty slow progress too. Finally he came to the log and was standin' on it, peerin' 'round to find out which way the kid had gone, when suddenly his feet slipped, he lost his balance, an'

down he went, right into the worst mud hole of the place,—'twas sort of a quicksand, and before he knew it was in clear up to his waist, and sinkin' deeper all the time. He began to get scairt and floundered 'round till he was all in, but still he sunk deeper. Grabbin' hold of the log he kept himself up for a while, then he started yellin' for help, never thinkin' that probably there was not a soul within ten mile of him, except the kid, and he wouldn't come anyway."

"The young Injun feller in the tree heard him cryin' for help, but thot it was only a trick to get him to come, so he stuck tight to his tree. Anyway, he figured if the Injun was in trouble, it would be that much better for him."

"Bimeby, however, the young feller cou'd stand it no longer, so down he climbed and struck out in the direction of the yellin', goin' mighty easy tho, so as not to make any noise. When he came up and saw the Injun in the mud up to his neck, the kid knew he had nothin' to fear. In fact he rather enjoyed seein' his enemy caught at his own game. Then he began to pity him, seein' him bein' buried alive, an' he began to think that even tho it served the Injun right, it was sort of a dirty trick to let him die if he could help him. So with an encouragin' shout he went forward on the run."

"When he reached the older Injun, the boy could see he was all in, so bad he couldn't speak, but was just able to look up sort of pleadin'ly. It sure must have been some strain on that Injun, to have to hold on to the log, with the mud trying to pull him down all the time."

"Meantime the boy had ripped off his belt, and fastened it under the Injun's arms,—I don't know how he did it, but he worked like the devil—,then he chucked out a small log to the Injun, and began tuggin' on the belt, workin' it back and forth, not makin' much progress but still gainin' a little. It took him the best part of an hour to get the Injun out, and when he'd done it they were both so muchdoneout that they fel' down side by side, unconscious. Fifteen minutes later when the rest of the Injuns arrived, they havin' seen the canoes in the cove, the two were still unconscious, the older Injun with his arm half slung 'round the boy."

Here "Old Sim" stopped and once more began to fill his pipe. Wishing to hear the rest of the story, for I was sure there was more, I hastened to ask."

"What became of them, Sim? What happened to the boy?"

"Old Sim" looked up, and his eyes twinkled as he replied.

"The boy? Oh,—he's been guidin' you the last two year."

"What," I cried. "Are you the boy?"

"Oh no," laughed "Old Sim". "Ben, here is the boy. I'm the other Injun."

H. G. G. '22.

THE MYSTIC 44

I had my fortune told one day,
By methods used of yore,
They told me that my mystic sign
Was number 44.

And as I went to studying,
And o'er my books did pore,
I wondered what could be the use
Of number 44.

I studied long and wearily,
My brain grew fagged and sore:
And when I stopped, I found I'd just
Approached page 44.

The next day was the day of fate,
Examination,—war!
I found the number given me
Was number 44.

I worked that paper carefully:
I puzzled o'er and o'er,
But all the questions seemed to be
Beyond page 44.

I thought and thought and thought and thought
Till I could think no more,
Then slowly rose and left the room—
The first of 44.

I walked alone into the hall
I gently closed the door,
And felt it in my bones my mark
Would be just 44.

The day for marks at last arrived
Oh, what a beastly bore!
I had to wait my turn until
Precisely 4 to 4.

At last I grasped that small report
And I'll confess to you—
What I thought would be 44
Was only 22!

M. E. G. '21.

EUGENICS IN SOCIAL ADVANCEMENT

DURING the last half century, great strides have been made in all lines, industrial, social, educational,—in fact in almost every conceivable phase of human activity. In order that such progress might be made possible, greater attention has necessarily been directed toward the educational side of development. Man has become educated in the classics, sciences, and in social conditions to some extent, in short, in almost every branch included in what is commonly known as culture. But one thing has been noticeably avoided, perhaps unintentionally, and probably due to a mistaken sense of modesty, or delicacy, and of the sacredness of man's individual rights,—and that subject is the direct improvement of the human race, physically and mentally, through enlightened control of reproduction, namely eugenics.

As intimated above, eugenics as a method of race improvement has been regarded by the general public, which is on the whole, characterized by conservatism, with a good deal of reserve and suspicion. We think that this is, in a large part, due to a misunderstanding of its principles, which as laid down by Galton, its primary exponent, consist in "bringing as many influences as can be *reasonably* employed to cause the useful classes in the community to contribute *more* than their proportion to the next generation."

That the time has come when society must, for its own protection and further advancement, give some thought to this very potent factor controlling happiness and progress, is evidenced by many striking facts which have recently come to light through the investigations and discoveries of modern science. *Education is undoubtedly the remedy* for many existing conditions, perhaps hitherto thought uncontrollable, as we shall attempt to show in the pages that follow. If we, as enlightened representatives of twentieth century thought and culture, will only try to break down some of the old barriers of tradition in order that the facts which have been undisputably proven to be correct, may come into practical use, a great step forward will be accomplished; the way will be paved for the elimination of much of the sorrow, misery, poverty, disease, degeneracy and strife from our society.

No one will question the influence heredity plays in the determination of what a man shall be. It has been said that "it is not what we are born, but what we become after we are born that makes us." This is only true in part. Training and social environment undoubtedly have much to do with the making of a man, but let us make a supposition. Suppose a group of children of miscellaneous extraction, socially, physically and intellectually, are at birth selected indiscriminately from the offspring of professionals, normals, mental defectives, paupers, epileptics, criminals, neurotics and alcoholics, and placed in the same environment during their period of development into mature citizens. If the qualities bestowed through heredity upon those of greater opportunity, whose progenitors possess greater inherent advantages,

fail to make them better individuals, mentally and otherwise, than those of admittedly lower origin, then we must conclude that heredity plays no part in the transmission of tendencies or attitudes toward life in general. But that such is *not* the case is amply proven by students of eugenics; it is amply proven even to the ordinary intelligent man by observation. Granting then, that heredity *does* play a part in determining a man's tendencies or attitudes, as evidenced by hereditary transmission of mental capability or incapability, insanity, disease or tendencies to disease, certain physical traits and characteristics,—should not society as a whole interest itself in a study whereby conditions might be bettered and much misery avoided?

The attention of the public has been attracted by the increasing prevalence of feeble-mindedness in its many forms, crime and disease. When the people of New York state found in 1912 that over one seventh of their total state income was expended for the upkeep of its insane asylums, it is no wonder that they "sat up and took notice". And when careful investigation showed that many of their inmates were from the same family strains through consanguineous marriage and the offspring due to the marriage of those with like undesirable tendencies, thought began to turn toward methods of control whereby such conditions might be obviated.

Before discussing the methods of eugenical control and its probable results, we would like to call to the attention of the reader a few facts which have developed out of modern investigation in the biological world. In the first place the carriers of traits from one generation to another by transmission, which we call heredity, are contained in the chromatin of the primary sex cells, or reproductive units. Different traits may be dominant or excessive, that is, they are more or less liable to reappear in the offspring. For instance: certain physical characteristics appear more frequently in one sex than the other; then if this trait be characterized by the presence or lack of a determinant, some explanation of this superficially obscure fact is found herein. The complex pedigrees of some families wherein certain traits are apparently irregularly transmitted, in reality *according* to

this law, are made clear. Since in the sex cells, there are fewer chromosomes in the male than in the female, it will follow that recessive traits due to a *lack* of a determinant are more liable to be present in the male on account of the smaller amount of chromatin. Similarly, traits due to the *presence* of a determinant are more likely to reappear in the female than in the male. An example of a trait due to a lack of a determinant is albinism, and the dark colors of the eyes are due to the presence of a determinant.

Another phase of inherited traits which we wish to bring out is the indisputable transmission of feeble-mindedness, as characterized by eccentricity, insanity, criminality and sex offence, the latter being of outstanding significance as indicated by the general lasciviousness and sensuality present in such a family and corroborated by their pedigree. The prevalence of feeble-mindedness at the present time is due in a large part to segregation (geographical or divisional) and consanguineous marriage necessitated thereby, and the ordinary marriage of relatives not due to segregation. Two apparent normals with latent defects, if married into different and stronger strains will produce normals, but if those of the same strain or of the same peculiar defect inter-marry, the resulting offspring will, in all probability, be defective, for instance, in cousin marriages, about twenty-five percent of the children are defective. This is no idle statement, it is calculated from careful statistics. And since it has been shown by investigation that no tendency is so surely transmitted as that toward mental weakness, we have here also a fact of no mean significance.

The chief arguments against engenal control are found in the objection to interference with man's sacred rights and personal judgment in such matters, and in the fact so well expressed by the poet: "Great wits to madness sure are near allied." To this we might add a third, that already given: "it is not what we are born, but that which we become after we are born that makes us". With this third objection we have already dealt superficially but we think sufficiently, as the facts of heredity cannot be denied. As to the first objection, namely that marriage is a matter which

should concern the individual alone, we believe there exists here also a serious fallacy. Society believes in preventing as much as possible the misery of the world, it takes care of its criminals by isolating them from the world at large. Would it not be better if all were born with better endowments, with no such criminal or degenerate taints? Would not society be benefitted by control as a unit, since there would be more universal happiness, due to lack of misery and degeneracy, there would be less expense of attending to criminals and imbeciles, and there would be less inefficients to exist on society without either bringing in an adequate return to themselves or an adequate contribution to the world?

In these days of so-called enlightenment, we, for the most part, are yet painfully ignorant of the real conditions of life, of our social and economic organization. Poor workmen thoughtlessly rush into hasty marriages without sufficient income to support a family, and in many cases the ultimate despair, engendered by the hopeless environment surrounding him, leads him to cast all caution and ambition to the winds, with the result that his offspring as paupers are thrust on the hands of society, dependent for their maintenance and development. No matter what good care may accomplish in such cases, it can not equal the environment of a happy home wherein due to definite central, and personal loving interest the child might be reared into a most useful citizen. Thus we see that through lack of education—we were about to say lack of intelligence, but that would not hold good as a rule—in regard to birth control, (the intelligent use of which, by the natural preventative check, could not but be beneficial) citizens of a lower standard are brought into the world without even a chance of competing with those of greater innate advantages . . . Cousins marry in hundreds of cases, and their offspring are often defective in one way or another. As already stated above, a high percentage of such offspring are born subnormal. And since such defectiveness and degeneracy are readily passed on to the next generation, except due precaution be taken, we have one of the most outstanding causes of feeble-mindedness. Marriage of those

who are defective with those of similar defects invariably results in the intensification of that defect.

As will readily be seen from the foregoing, a little thought or outside influence will in many cases tend to obviate conditions such as we have mentioned. And when concerning marriage, there is objection on the part of the participants, let there be legislative measures called into action. If the defect is a serious one, and so deemed by a council of competent physicians, there should be sterilization. Greater education will do much to alleviate such conditions in furthering legislation, and in bringing home to those who are apparently normal, but conscious of a defect, the consequences of following blindly the passion of a moment. Education will broaden a man to that degree whereby the heart will not necessarily be subdued, but where the "head will not have to apologize for the heart".

Regarding the sterilization of which we have spoken, there has been a storm of protest whenever it has been suggested to the ordinary layman. The chief reason given is that the sex instinct is the dominating incentive to love and marriage, and it is generally conceded that as a rule the married state tends towards greater accomplishment. Do not mistake our meaning here: by this we mean the sex instinct, the instinct of love, the sex consciousness, if you will, which is not necessarily connected with any lasciviousness* that leads to the finest expressions of love. To some extent the above objection holds. But we think that this objection, as such, may be obviated, for when sterilization is deemed necessary, by utilizing the improved methods, (vasectomy, or ligation of the Fallopian tubes, as the case may be) the instinct, as we have defined it, is not lost, capability is not lost, but the fecundative power of procreation is lost. Thus when we have two individuals who would be happier together, and yet whom we know if they are allowed to reproduce their kind will bring into the world only misery, dependence, degeneracy and crime, are we not justified (if we permit their union) in sterilizing them, just as we are

**There is a sharp distinction between sexuality and sensuality.*

justified in the segregation and control of criminals and lunatics?

Genius is next to insanity: this is the content of the verse of the poet we quoted above. It is true that in several cases great men have sprung from defective ancestors, but this is the exception and not the rule. If the physical condition can be improved through physical culture, and the greater possibilities of the best innate tendencies can be obtained through eugenical control, we can see no reason why such a flimsy argument should dominate our attitude to any perceptible degree upon this subject. The great fault in our society today is a mistaken hedonistic moral conception, whereas to the truly enlightened, an altruistic outlook, and the ultimate happiness of all is of greater import.

The eugenical rule as worked out through investigation and experiment is: let abnormals (if not so defective as to make sterilization seem advisable), marry those without defect, and their normal offspring marry again into strong strains, and the probability is that the defect will never reappear.

Superficially this appears to be a heartless way of looking at the matter and one not in accordance with our accepted standards of morality and religion, but is it so impracticable, so inhuman, so unjust after all? We take extreme care in the breeding of our domestic animals, we protect society from the ravages of criminals and lunatics, is it not equally justifiable, and for the ultimate good and happiness of the world that we should take some similar care in the matter of our own physical and mental heritage? Suppose eugenical control is legalized, what would be the result?

There would be less misery, disease, insanity, defective world; society would thereby be in a better condition for progress; there would be fewer inefficients; there would be better conditions, greater possibilities for advancement, and a happier community in every way. These arguments we think indisputable, the facts cannot be disproved. Partial legislation in the United States has already proven its feasibility, —why not apply the principles of eugenical control universally, in our own country?

L. P. S. '22.

SONNET

'Tis not because in Autumn all is old
 And some repellant chillness arms the breeze
 Or falling leaves expose the naked trees
 That on the hillside stand out bare and bold;
 Nor yet because the winter wind is cold
 Or sparkling snow doth not my nature please;
 Nor Summer's season, fraught with slothful ease,
 And drowsy afternoons mid shimmering gold;—
 But in my heart there is a dormant love
 That came unbidden like the suns bright ray.
 It wakens when the birds begin to sing
 And soft Aurora warmly spreads above,—
 When in the east is born a perfect day
 That heralds the return of tardy Spring.

H. D. F. '22.

A KITCHEN ROMANCE

RICHARD WHITNEY was not a hick despite the fact that he had been cultivated on Hickory Point. He knew quite well that the story of Little Red Riding Hood was a vicious canard. Not only on Red Riding Hood herself but on womanhood, girlhood and the whole Hood family, also that Grandma Hood was not a bear as some flippant writers allege. He realizes, too, that Ali Baba was not a thief. He was a master mind. He was indicted eight times but never served a sentence. There had no doubt been a time when "Dick" had carried the proverbial carpet bag, but that era of his life was buried never to be exhumed. For since the time that Dick's good right arm developed heaving stones at the careless seagull, "which skimmed so gracefully over the clam flats of his native heath," had become a sort of nine days wonder in the X X X X P O league, whose circuit included Hannerbury Hill, Dead Man's Harbor, and Deep Cove, and where he had

struck out nine players and knocked out the manager at his first appearance on the slab. A baseball scout who visited Hickory in search of some essence of clam, with which to still opposing rooters, had seen Richard work out on the afore-said gulls and had promptly hired him for a tryout with the Chicago Bear Cats.

Thus had he come to the city. He had only arrived the night before and would not start work until Friday. As he stood on the street corner of one of the suburbs that summer evening, his long lank six-foot-two of young manhood presented the "epitome of lonesomeness." In his eyes were "visions of spreading green fields beneath a crimson sunset of a pair of well worn bars." "A gentle step comes down the lane. He waits for *her* with beating heart (how strange). She is beside him now, and he feels her soft breath on his cheek." Then the cow lows and he reaches for the milking pail, but it was only the soft toot of a passing auto, that had restored him to consciousness. What should he do? If he could only meet someone who would recognize his existence.

He turned and walked slowly and listlessly in the direction of the Park, entered, and seated himself on a bench at the edge of the lake. He should have felt like, "burying himself in the cool depth," but strange to say he stayed on terra firma. He had been there perhaps fifteen minutes when a beautiful car rolled up the path, stopped a short distance from him, and a lady alighted. "She was beautifully dressed from head to foot. A mass of chestnut hair curled and encircled around a face of pink and white perfection, while the delicately pencilled eyebrows and snow white teeth added the finishing touches to this dream-world creature." Dick looked,—not only did he look—he gazed,—he stared. The lady turned and walked rapidly toward him. Wonder of wonders, she turned up the by-path which led to his seat,—but passed,—without noticing him,—in the direction of a boat house farther down the shore. For half an hour he sat and mused on this wonderful vision which had appeared to him. "Suddenly his reverie was broken by a piercing scream"—it really was a howl. He sprang to his feet, and, looking out over the lake, he saw an overturned boat with a

woman clinging to the stern. A short distance away, however, a man was swimming bravely,—for the shore. Throwing off his coat he plunged in, and soon reached the side of the nearly exhausted female,—exhausted by screaming, of course. It was the lady of the car. What a heaven-sent opportunity. Without much effort he brought her to the shore, when, according to the standards of etiquette, she collapsed in his arms. But what a disillusionment fate held for him. Had her hair become disarranged from her scalp by the water? Oh, no. Had her teeth become dislodged by her screaming? Nay, nay. Had her complexion run, or her eyebrows melted? Far be it from such. Worse than all these. Her glove had been torn away from her hand, and he saw that her hand was red and rough with toil. For a moment he too was prostrated. But he recovered. After all, he thought, “she is pretty.” She must be a society woman who likes to work. She recovered presently and he learned that her name was Miss Leiland. Of course there was only one thing that could happen under the circumstances, and it did. That was on Tuesday; by Thursday he had reached the danger point. They were strolling in the moonlight, (according to Hoyle), and he seized his opportunity. He had practised it four hours that afternoon,—but alas! at the “crucial point of his career” he became confused. Your life lies in your hands—er—r—I mean my hands,—I mean my life.—My guiding star to make or mar, etc. But she got the drift. They usually do. “This is so sudden. You must give me time to think,” she said to him,—and aside. “Hum! let me see. Is this the eighty-first or eighty-second? However, he seems like a nice boy. If only he wasn’t cross-eyed and had a roaming nose.” They walked in a silence unbroken save by the whispering of the night, until they reached the palatial mansion which she claimed as the place of her abode. Then she said, “I like you very much, but I could never be happy with a man until he was successful in his profession. I’m from Missouri, show me, kid.” Then she left him. If Dick had doubted her place in society before, all his fears were dispelled by that outburst of slang.

The very next day he got his chance. The manager, contrary to all precedent, took out his regular pitcher in the eighth to save his arm with the score 3 to 0 in their favor. The details are superfluous. The fact that the Bear Cats' opponents scored 4 runs in the ninth is enough. Of course it was only luck, and now the fickle goddess changed her mind for a moment. Dick came to bat with two out and a man on second and third. The count was two and one. He gritted his teeth, dug his cleats into the ground, and waited. The ball came up fast. He swung, a crash of ash and horsehide, and the old apple sped up and out over right field grandstand. It hovered for a moment then dropped outside the wall,—foul by two feet. Oh, well, he had one more strike. Then as he set himself, his glance rested for a moment on the bleachers and there he saw her. What an inspiration! He would hit now, he must! Then he was brought back from his hypnotic state by the harsh voice of the umpire, "Strike three, you are out."

As he walked from the ball park, his thoughts were about as cheerful as the blue laws. Then he heard a car stop beside him. He turned in time to see her descend. "With a movement of ineffable grace she was at his side." "Dickie, dear," she breathed, "you look so cute in your nice new uniform." Inconsistent? Sure—the eternal feminine. When they parted she said to him, "I have been thinking over your proposition and—er—well, go ask the head of the house tomorrow," and with a look of dazzling sweetness she left him, saying to herself as she went, "How amusing? oh, how will I ever explain?"

The next afternoon Dick called with his heart in his mouth. What presumption for him to aspire to the hand of one of Chicago's rich daughters. After a few minutes wait a small worried man entered the room. "Mr. Leiland?" said Dick. "No," snapped the old gentleman. "But" stammered Dick "I wish to see the head of the house."

"I am the so-called head" replied his companion.

"But Miss Leiland," began Dick again.

"Miss Leiland," shouted the old gentleman, "is no longer here. She left this morning. She said I only pro-

vided her with a Pierce-Arrow and she preferred a Rolls-Royce. I have been trying all day to get another cook."

"Cook?" exclaimed Dick and almost swooned. It was presumption enough to think of marrying a mere millionaire, but a cook! And with heavy heart and hopeless air he left the house,—the prey to morbid thoughts on the inner qualities of society.

—J. W. L. '22.

ODE TO ACADIA

TURN inward searching orb of earthly light;

Learn how Acadia holds the envied place

As first in ev'ry thot that keepeth bright—

And how she won that keen-contested race.

We heard thy fame, 'twas echoed far and wide,

As clarion calls resound with silvered note

Far o'er the rising hills and foaming tide,

Your summons clear our inmost spirit smote.

We came, and now the time has come to go;

We find in learnings towered hall our hope.

The quest is onward, ever on, and so

With steady hand we climb the upward slope.

Since then Acadia aim and strength has brot

She rules as mistress in our every thot.

—E. R. F. '21.

ACADIA

J. W. LANK, '22



C. B. LUMSDEN, '21



W. H. ELGIE, '22

1920-'21.

DEBATING TEAM.

THE MODERN CITY AND ITS PROBLEMS

(Anniversary Oration.)

OF all the wonders for which the nineteenth century is responsible, one of the most remarkable is the phenomenal growth of the cities, both in number and population. The last fifty years have seen the most rapid growth. During that period, the cities enlarged by leaps and bounds at a pace which has scarcely yet diminished. Consider for a moment a few statistics regarding our Canadian cities which give evidence of this fact. In 1800, Montreal had a population of 7,000, in 1850, 60,000, in 1907, 400,000 and now has over 800,000. Toronto had 9,000 in 1834, 25,000 in 1850, 250,000 in 1907, and today has over 400,000. Nor is this tendency to concentrate in the cities, confined to America, with its newly opened areas. The same tendency is found in Europe, and even in Asia. London is probably nearly two thousand years old, and yet four-fifths of its growth was added during the last century. It is a universal phenomenon. Moreover, there is every indication that the movement will be lasting for its causes have become permanently established. The modern city is one of the most characteristic products of modern civilization.

The fundamental causes of the growth of cities are those arising directly from the Industrial Revolution. It is only very little over a hundred years, since a number of English inventors brought forth a series of mechanical devices, simple in comparison with the complexity of modern machines, but which in a very short time revolutionized the whole industrial organization, and the "machine age" dawned. For with these inventions came the application of steam power to their operation, and this led to what we know as the "factory system." Heavy machinery had to be set up in special buildings, and it did not pay to erect a large power plant, unless its power could be transmitted to a number of machines. The factories drew workmen in ever increasing numbers,—and there we have the nucleus of our modern city. A further impetus to rapid city-growth was

given by the application of steam-power to transportation. With the possibility of carrying goods through long distances in a very short time, different localities tended to specialize in particular products. Exchange of goods between rural district and city, and between one country and another, was quickly made by great railway and steamship lines. Trade and commerce grew apace, and at every junction point a city sprang up. One more change contributed to this world-wide phenomenon of city-growth, and that was the use of power in farm machinery. This resulted in increased production, and released from the farms many agricultural workers, who naturally drifted citywards. This the rapidly growing city has come, with all its attractions and conveniences, and yet with all its sordidness and crime.

With people living together in ever closer association, and becoming more interdependent, it is inevitable that new points of view should develop, new standards governing human relationships arise, and new forms of social organization be evolved. There is already abundant evidence to show that the concentration of population in urban centres during the last fifty years has produced profound biological and psychological changes, which must be given serious consideration.

In the first place, statistics show that city-dwellers are degenerating physically,—they are becoming shorter in stature and less sound in body. Of course, there may seem to be many exceptions, but the fact remains that the tendency is undoubtedly in this direction. Further, not only are these individuals stunted physically, but they are mentally and morally dwarfed. The amount of crime, poverty and vice is from two to three times as great in the cities as in the rural districts. The factory-worker or the laborer in the wearisome round of modern industry needs a change of activity that will satisfy his native instincts and inclinations, and the opportunity for the right kind of activity has not been provided. In his desperate desire to escape the monotony of a life bare of recreation, he becomes an easy prey to forms of pleasure that degrade.

Further than this, and of far more importance, is the fact which has recently been brought forward by social-psychologists, that our city civilization is developing a new type of mind. There has grown up with the cities a spirit which we have come to feel is typical of our civilization, a spirit which fosters the desire to live a little too intensely, a spirit of the age," which we are only too ready to use as an excuse for all that we realize is not the best in our ideals, standards and conduct. We see its followers everywhere,—people who are afraid to stop and think, people with an insatiable desire for excitement, who need to be amused continually. They achieve things, because they are ambitious, but their ambitions are not for the highest things. Rather are they prompted by the lowest forms of emulation and rivalry. That is the type which the city is producing, and the city places itself at the head of the social procession, and sets the pace for the nation.

The rapidly growing city is in part responsible for what is frequently spoken of as the rural problem. The glamour of its opportunities, the glitter of its attractions, the intensity of its life, have proved all too powerful a spell for many young people from the rural communities. The cityward flow is being checked now to some degree by many improvements,—the telephone, automobile, good roads, better schools and community centres,—all of which have made the country a much more desirable place to live in than formerly. In the mind of the average individual, the rural districts have suffered severely by the rapid growth of urban centres, and to these the "back-to-the-land" movement suggests itself as a solution for both the city problem and the rural problem. In reality it is a solution for neither. Altho our city population has increased so also has the population of the rural districts though not so rapidly. The number of workers on farms is determined by the demand for their produce, and there is a natural limit to the world's capacity to consume food, while there is no such limit to its ability to use the varied products of the mechanical workers. Methods of farming and farm machinery are being constantly improved and where one man can now do the work that was formerly

done by four or five, the surplus of laborers must find occupation elsewhere. What more natural than that they should drift to the city, where they can engage in making the ever varying products which satisfy the desires of mankind?

The solution for the problems of the city must be found elsewhere than in attempting to check a tendency which is perfectly normal. We must go back of the existing evils and remove their causes. People have come to realize that crime, poverty and vice are not unavoidable, that they should be prevented rather than punished. The very fact of their presence indicates faults in our social organization. Not until we have given these faults serious consideration and taken steps to eliminate the maladjustment of social groups, can we expect to secure the best results from our city civilization.

But we must go further than this. We must develop high ideals, based on sound moral principles, for only in this way is it possible to save the twentieth-century city from the fate of materialism toward which the type of mind it is producing is inevitably leading. We already possess among our social institutions, the agencies for stimulating and educating the moral and intellectual life of the people,—the church, the school, the public playground and the community centre. An adequate conception of the part which they can and must play in social progress has only come about in recent years. But already so much has been accomplished that we may hopefully look forward into the future, to that day when through these institutions, every individual shall have secured a right attitude toward society. When we honestly and conscientiously set ourselves to bringing about these solutions of the city's problems, then we need have no fear for the civilization of the future.

K. FITZPATRICK, '21.

CANADA'S FINANCIAL PROBLEM

*(Anniversary Oration).**Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—*

There are many problems confronting us today. Problems which are the peculiar heritage of the war. Yet there is none of these post war problems of more vital interest to us as individuals and as a nation than the tremendous financial problem which confronts us as a result of our war expenditure.

Before the war Canada's net debt was in the neighborhood of \$335,000,000, or at the rate of about \$43 per capita.

This was considered a huge sum in prewar days and even then there was some agitation in favor of a reform of our financial policy because of the tremendous debt we had incurred. In the spring of 1921 our debt has attained the enormous total of about \$2,350,000,000, or at the rate of about \$275 per capita. This represents an average debt of \$1000 for every family in the country and means that there will be required yearly, the sum of \$55 from the income of the average family merely to pay the interest on this sum.

Before the war our average expenditures were in the neighborhood of about \$165,000,000. Last year they were about \$600,000,000, whilst revenue was some \$100,000,000 short of this amount. True, some of this expenditure could hardly be classed under the head of current expenses, of such a nature are the expenditures for the acquisition of railways. Nevertheless the estimates for the coming year reveal the fact that estimated expenditures exceed estimated revenue by about sixty millions and absolutely no provision is made for a Sinking Fund for our debt. There are some who seem to think that our whole financial problem can be solved by economy and reduction in expenditure. But can it? There are certain large items of expenditure which no amount of economy can reduce and expenditures due to the war are of such a nature. The interest on our debt alone demands the sum of some \$130,000,000 yearly, pensions require another

\$25,000,000, whilst common sense demands that we make some provision for the ultimate redemption of our debt and a Sinking Fund of at least 2% be established. This would require the further sum of about \$50,000,000. Making in all a total of about \$200,000,000, which must be raised. A sum considerably in excess of our total yearly expenditures before the war. Furthermore we must realize that with the development of science, the increasing complexity of our industrial life, and the growth of our social consciousness, there is a strong tendency to enlarge the functions and responsibilities of Government with consequently increasing expense. Plainly our task is a gigantic one and our financial problem is serious.

But the question may well be asked "why are we saddled with this tremendous debt?" The war is over. We cannot feed the soldiers with the food we now produce, nor clothe them with the clothes we now manufacture. After all we paid for the war as we went along. Paid for it in terms of human sacrifice and human suffering. Paid for it by decreased consumption and increased production on our part. Why is it then that we are still called upon to pay for the war? Why is it the man who fought comes back to find that he also has to pay? Has to pay for the food and the clothing he used whilst in the army. Plainly there was something radically wrong with a financial policy which whilst it could procure such huge sums by means of loans did not have the courage to take a larger proportion by means of taxation. We can see the folly of our course now; But during the war it seemed necessary to stir private enterprise and private industry to its highest efficiency and this, it was thought, could not be done if we took away the fruits of industry in taxation. Therefore loans were chosen instead and as a result we find ourselves saddled with this tremendous debt.

Now that we have seen the magnitude and cause of our debt let us consider some of the possible solutions of the problem. Manifestly there are four possible courses open to us. First—We might repudiate our debt. Second:—We might meet our current obligations by means of further loans,

Third:—We might reduce or eliminate our debt by means of a capital levy. Fourth:—We might either by reducing expenditure or increasing revenue, or by both, bring the balance on the right side of the ledger.

Manifestly the first two courses are out of the question. We cannot repudiate our debt. To do so would be to go back on our pledged word and would place a blot on our national honor. It would involve hardship to many individuals who made a positive sacrifice in order to provide money for our bonds. Furthermore it would engender an attitude of distrust and suspicion in the minds of the people towards our Government which might well react disastrously upon our national life. It is almost equally obvious that we cannot meet our current obligations by further loans. To do so would only add to our already heavy burden and offers no real solution to our problem.

Now I have not the time to fully discuss the pro's and con's of a capital levy. There is much to be said on both sides of the question. Certainly it offers the prospect of immediate relief. It would fall upon those most able to bear it. Those who profited rather than lost by the war would be compelled to bear their fair share of the post-war financial burdens. But because of the practical difficulties of administrations, and because we have been educated to the belief that private property is more sacred than human life, we can confiscate the one but not the other for our country's service, and because there are many real difficulties in the way it is extremely improbable that this course will be even seriously considered. The fourth course will be the one finally adopted.

In this case, as I have pointed out before, economy alone will not solve the problem. There must be an increase in revenue and this increase must be provided by taxation. The Finance Minister cannot secure it by magic. It must come out of the pockets of the people. This means that the rank and file of the people must come to a realization of the seriousness of our need and abandon their attitude of antagonism and hostility to the Duty of taxpaying.

Our war debt, heavy as it is, would be comparatively easy to pay off if we could only secure that whole-hearted co-

operation and unity of effort which characterized our country during the war. Yet that cooperation and unity of effort only came as the people learned to recognize the need. When the war was over they thought that the time for sacrifice had passed, and they plunged into a period of hysterical excess and reckless expenditure. They failed to realize that the post war period with its tremendous burden of war debt would demand even greater sacrifice, financially speaking, than the war did. Yet such is the case. And now the people need to be brought to a consciousness of the magnitude of our nations need. There needs to be revived in our midst that feeling of national unity, that consciousness of oneness of cause, and the feeling of individual obligation to share in the burdens of the nation which was alive during the war. Public conscience must become so educated that we will not tolerate the man who evades the duty of tax paying any more than we would tolerate the man who evaded the duty of citizenship, when men were needed more than money. Yet if we are to have this attitude among the citizens of the country we must have economy and honesty in the administration of public affairs. Every cent of the public monies that is diverted from its legitimate purpose to fatten the pockets of the political grafter is a crime against the public good. Public conscience must become so educated that not only will it ban the tax evader but it will also refuse to tolerate corruption among those in responsible positions and the grafter in politics will become an unclean thing.

C. B. LUMSDEN, '21.

THE VOICE

Where is the voice that once I heard?
Where is that song of love?
Vanished away at the dawning day
 Into the skies above.

Oh! was it only a fleeting dream?
Only a vague delight?
Only a mystery haunting me
 There in the dead of night?

Only a dream, yes, only a dream,
Oh that it might come true,
That I might live in the music soft
 The song that is ever new!

Hark! did I hear on the silent air
That note of melody?
Nay, only a lonely meadow lark
 Singing its song to me.

Fly, little song-bird, swiftly fly,
Carry my message of love,
And bring that dream of ecstasy
 Back from the skies above!

M. E. G. '21.

HISTORY OF CLASS OF '21

IT seemed to me the very Irony of fate that I should be appointed Class Historian—I, who had consistently avoided every history course except what was absolutely required for a degree, and had continually expressed my distaste for the subject—to be called upon to *write* a history—well, that was the “most unkindest cut of all.”

Finding, however, that there was no help for it I began,

In the bright and golden weather
Of the fall of seventeen
Came to town a crowd of people
Strangest crowd that e'er was seen
Some were small and some were lengthy,
Some were fat and some were lean,
Some looked solemn, some looked happy,
Some were promptly labelled “green.”
And no doubt the worried Seniors
Looked at us and groaned, Alas!
Will this motley mob of people
Ever turn into a class?
But their worries were unfounded
Tho it be not ours to say
For the solemn group before you
Is that mob of yesterday!
Gone are all our youthful follies,
No frivolity you'd find,
For are we not sober seniors,
Grave in action, grave in mind?
But this change came not in moments
It was wrought by slow degree
And if you can bear to listen,
You shall hear that history.

Of course the first event of real importance was our first class-meeting, which took place on October 6, in Room 2, of old College Hall, at the hour of 7.30. The officers for the

term were soon elected, Mr. Lumsden being President, Miss Shafner, Vice-President, Miss Porter, Secretary and Mr. Buchanan, Treasurer. Then followed the appointing of a Yell Committee, but alas for their efforts—that yell suffered the inglorious appropriation destined for all Freshmen yells and was given with spirit by the Sophomores at the Y.M.C.A. reception. This, however, was the only thing that the Sophs. could get away from us, with the exception of a few of the Tully Tavern dishes on the event of our first class party, and as they could keep neither the yell nor the dishes more than one night, we did not consider it an overwhelming victory for them. In fact their antics on that same night added considerably to our entertainment and saved the Social Committee much worry in solving that nerve-racking question, What shall we play next?

And so with a few offers of assistance from the Sophomores which really we must admit had strangely little effect, this heterogeneous mass of human entities was being slowly but surely moulded into a class. In debating, basketball, and other sports the class soon showed itself a competitor to be reckoned with, and even in the first year of our organization we had the honor of having one member on the intercollegiate debating team and were successful in claiming the inter-class basketball championship.

And so the year wore away, not without its full share of social activities—a sleigh-drive to Kentville, a delightful party at the home of Mrs. Schurman, the first club-room party in Willett Hall, and many others, which we pass over lightly in order to give fuller emphasis to the most momentous year of our history—the Sophomore. We all came back bubbling over with that exuberance of spirits which seems to be peculiar to Sophomore classes.

Perhaps the first expression of this reckless spirit was our expedition to the Look-Off. This took place on Thanksgiving Day which was a half holiday, but after whispered consultations and many hastily-scribbled notes, the class decided to treat itself to a whole holiday and have a corn-boil at the Look-Off. Here, follows a doggerel outburst in description of this day, which was written shortly after the event.

'Twas the somewhat misty morning
Of a mild October day,
When the Sophomore class called '21
Betook themselves away.

They vanished after chapel
Down the livery stable way
And started for the Look-Off
To spend Thanksgiving day.

But 'ere the company started
A dark and dismal cloud
Had settled on the faces
Of the boys' side of the crowd.

We plied them all with questions
As to why they looked forlorn
Till finally the truth came out—
'Twas this—they'd lost the corn!

But soon the frowns all vanished
And we gave our good old yell
When we found they'd ordered dinner
At the *grand Look-Off Hotel*.

The trip was made in safety
In truck and Lizzle too
While the people in the Seven
Seemed worried thru and thru.

Ah, soon we found the reason
For their troubled looks and groans
We'd travelled there serenely
Without our chaperones!!

Quite soon the first division
Was summoned in to dine
While the second lot stood envious
In thin and hungry line.

And all our trouble was forgot
As if 'twas never near
When we came upon the jelly
That sparkled bright and clear.

After snaps and jokes and climbing
We took our homeward way
On which some more adventures
Were added to the day.

When all had now assembled
With stories wild to tell
We proved the pleasure of the trip
In one good rousing yell.

The climax of that year came, however, in the "Terrible Ten" episode. Ten conscientious members of the class, deeply interested in the welfare of the Freshmen, and knowing that the barbers were all raising their prices, undertook to afford some of these same Freshmen the privilege of a free shave and haircut. Unfortunately their altruistic intentions were seriously misunderstood, and the consequences were decidedly alarming—Faculty meeting followed Faculty meeting, and the would-be Barbers were solemnly questioned as to their motives, methods and general intentions till they scarcely knew scissors from shoe-blackening. Hazing must be abolished, so the fiat went forth, and an example must be made. Consequently, after many solemn class-meetings, and many declarations never to come back if there was not some change in the situation, the "Terrible Ten" left college by request on a short two weeks holiday. Who of the class can forget that last dismal class-meeting when final arrangements were made for the carrying on of the debate and other class duties without these valuable members and more than that who will not remember as long as they live that farewell Banquet at Rockwell's, and the sad company at the train the next day. It was a strange coincidence that the same train which carried away several of our class members, brought to Acadia the man who is now our class president and who has entered so heartily into the life of the class.

Such excitement, however, was bound to die down after a while and, the hazing question being settled for the time being, we turned our attention to more serious affairs. Mid-year was staring us in the face and we discussed the advisability of setting a standard average for the class. The average was set at 75 and such was our intelligence or capacity for work that the mark was easily reached.

Debates again claimed our attention, so did Basketball and Athenaeum work, in which we formulated a rather efficient system. Though we did not take first place in all these activities, we came a close second to the class of '19, in the Athenaeum competition and again secured the Basketball championship while our work in the other lines was not to be despised.

As the spring came on the spirit of hilarity again showed itself, this time in the form of a hat-parade which called forth the following limping measures:—

Oh Sophomores, Sophomores, why this line?

Why all these feathers gay?

Why don't you know, the Sophs. replied,

'Twill soon be Easter day!

Oh Sophomores, why these wings and brooms

Upon your heads, we say

Why, they're our new spring bonnets,

Don't you like them anyway?

Today we all are ladies

Today we march in line

Today for once we surely know

The Sems we far outshine!

Oh. Freshmen, why these water-bags

As if prepared for strife,

Don't you all know that this hat show

Must have a charmed life?

The remaining weeks of the Sophomore year were spent in composing our minds to the awful dignity and responsi-

bility of bearing the name of upper-classmen. But when October rolled around again and we found ourselves "Jolly Juniors", we proved the truth of the title by having the first class function of the year in the form of a moonlight corn-boil on Randall's Hill.

Our class this year showed several changes, some of the old faces were missing but several new ones came to take their places, among them were a number of returned soldiers. We were also glad to welcome back some of our members who had enlisted from the class earlier in its history and were proud of the spirit of heroism they had shown. Whether it was these valuable additions to our class or just the usual luck of the Juniors we cannot tell, but certain it is that this year our class came out victorious in many lines of competition. In Basketball our girls team was the winner of the inter-class championship. The debating league in which both boys 'and girls' debates counted, also resulted in a victory for the class of '21, and we were the successful competitors for the Athenaeum pennant. With all this, however, the social side of life was by no means neglected. The Terrible Ten celebrated the anniversary of their notoriety in a banquet at Artie's which sounded most entertaining. We had two sleigh-drives during the year—one to Kentville, and the other to Port Williams where we were delightfully entertained at the home of Mrs. Collins. There were also club-room parties and Theatre Parties, and, in general, we could not be called anything but "Jolly Juniors."

The summer passed rapidly and almost before we knew it we were back again vainly trying to uphold the dignity of our position as seniors. Before long responsibilities began to descend upon us and we found ourselves overwhelmed with the many duties dependent upon the seniors.

Our happiness this year was shadowed by the loss of our main college building. With feelings of deepest sorrow and regret we watched the flames rising higher and higher and that hall of learning where we had spent some of the happiest and most profitable hours of our lives steadily consumed by the raging fire till nothing remained but smoking ruins. We thought too of graduation and what it would mean without the crowded Assembly Hall, with all its mem-

ories and associations. But, though filled with sadness and a deep sense of loss, there was a wonderful spirit of co-operation among Faculty and Students which enabled us to "carry on" in a surprisingly short time with the accommodation at our disposal. The feeling of sadness comes back whenever we think of that vacant place on the hill, but there is a deeper sense of loyalty and devotion to our Alma Mater which looks forward and upwards to a newer and grander and a nobler Acadia.

During this year, too, the class has enjoyed some delightful social events, one of the most pleasant of which was the evening spent at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Cutten. Not only was it pleasant, but also instructive, for while there we learned the height of a silk hat, the weight of an egg, the diameter of a ball, and many other pieces of useful information.

Undoubtedly the climax of the social events of the year was the Farewell Banquet given by the Juniors to the class of '21. The attractive menu and place-cards, the courses beautifully prepared and served, and above all the spirit of good-fellowship between the two classes made the event one long to be remembered. In fact, this courtesy on the Juniors' part gave us such a kindly feeling toward the class of '22, that we found it quite impossible to think of depriving them of the Athenaeum pennant, and so again this coveted ensign falls to the hands of a Junior class.

So our year draws to a close and with mingled feelings of gladness and regret, we find ourselves in the midst of graduation. We need not add that this is a class unique in the history of Acadia classes, for have not the very Apple Blossoms proved this by coming out a week early to see us graduated?

Here ends the tale of four short years

Four years of work and play,

But think not this will be the end

This parting of the way,

For we'll love our Alma Mater,

And be true to her away.

Our history, tho' full of note
Has really just begun,
And soon our prophet shall arise
To tell what may be done,
And paint the rosy future
Of the class of '21.

MARION GRANT, '21.

PROPHECY FOR THE CLASS OF '21

“**W**HERE there is no vision the people perish.” Never were truer words spoken by the tongue of man than those uttered by the prophet of old. In the last few weeks how keenly this truth has been borne home to the mind of the luckless wight selected to foretell the destinies of the graduating class. Many of weary hours of thot and concentration, many the heart-breaking night watches invoking whatever gods there be for inspiration, until at last I was on the verge of a nervous collapse. The vision eluded me, even as the gleam eluded Merlin, and the Grail its eager searchers, until I was constrained to cry out “I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet.” Yet because of my earnestness of purpose and my much importuning at length the light I sought was vouchsafed. It happened in this manner.

One morning just as the rosy hand of Dawn began to draw back the curtains of sombre night, proclaiming the advent of a new day, after an all night vigil, I sat at my table, paper before me, pen in hand, to write quickly if the vision should come. A drowsiness overcame my being and I fell into a deep stupor. Of one thing I am convinced, I did not dream. Never was dream so graphic, so logically connected, so real. I felt a light touch on my shoulder. I turned and beheld an elderly man, tall and commanding of stature, clad in a loose, flowing, black robe, loosely girt at the waist by a purple cord, and with sandals upon his feet. Never before had it been my lot to witness a spiritual being but intuitively I knew him to be such. His gaunt frame, almost spectral, his

silvery flowing hair, his countenance from which all traces of earthly passions, emotions and sorrows had vanished, leaving it wholly placid, benign and ethereally spiritual, all proclaiming the spirit. He spoke in a tone wonderfully rich, low and sonorous: "Have no fear. You know me?" Then I realized that I had known him long, that his wonderful poetry had charmed my senses, his philosophy comforted me in hours of depression. "Yes, Omar, the Tent Maker, I know you well," I replied. "I have come to you because you are one of my disciples, because you love my verse, and because you are in trouble." I bowed assent. "Child," he said, "I bring you the mystic wisdom of the East, old in years and in learning ere the West was born. From Persia, the storehouse of Oriental philosophy I come to you, child of a civilization, crass and materialistic, not yet freed from its swaddling clothes. Behold I show you a new thing. You, in your blindness, have prayed for some supernatural agency of revelation. Such a thing has never been, nor can ever be. All inspiration is from within and is conditioned by the character and mental condition of the individual. But, he who would find ultimate truth must seek it truly and with his whole heart, sacrificing all lesser rewards. Never wearying, never losing faith. To him the vision will come as truly as the day follows the night. To me it has come, and past and future ages are as an open scroll. This once I am permitted to impart the knowledge you desire." "Write", he said, and without more ado began:—

Ada Boyer is the first girl in the class to marry. You think of her as married to the city engineer of Truro. They are both very happy and hubby has the same fatuous grin as in college days. Ada's only ^{request} is that hubby's persistent habit of eating with his knife and using redolent hair tonic has somewhat handicapped her socially.

Next came Salter. "Reg." decided soon after leaving Acadia that much study is a weariness to the flesh," and went into professional base ball. He finally got into the big leagues, but was banished for presenting the umpire with a

beer bottle, empty, as a slight token of his regard. He then fell by the wayside and is now travelling with a circus as Wonga, the Indian fire eater.

Ralph Jeffrey is now head of the department of Mathematics at Cornell. His wonderfully successful experiments on the deflection of the rays of a rubber strap, carried on both at A. C. A. and at Ithaca have won for him the title of "The Einstein of the New World."

Next, I see a short, stout woman, and in a police court. "What! can it be Pecky? No doubt," I answered sadly; "It is no other" said Omar, "but she was there in an honorable capacity,—as prosecuting attorney. Knowing from her college days all the arts of prevarication, she has achieved great fame in ferreting out discrepancies and falsehoods in the witnesses she cross examines.

"What of Hickson?" I said: "Hickson now devotes most of his time to his position as president of the International Women's League. The popularity he won with the fair sex as chairman of the Student Committee resulted in his gaining this position.

Raleigh Bishop has been graduated from Yale with honors. He has distinguished himself in Chemistry and married a Wolfville girl. His father-in-law has hounded him ceaselessly, endeavoring to secure his services as instructor in the Sem., so Raleigh's chief aim in life is to keep DeWolfe from the door.

Cloistered halls of learning. A University quadrangle. Yes, it's Oxford! Georgia Spicer has married a proctor in one of the colleges. With her deep love of study and philosophical thought she has rapidly become steeped in Oxford tradition and now has a most Academic appearance.

Mort Marshall is now superintendent of the Chief Dominion Experimental Station at Ottawa. He has achieved

the "bubble reputation" for which he strove so earnestly during his senior year.

Here the sage paused, and remained immersed in deep thought for a few moments.

Next in the cycle comes Meister, your class poet. In literary work his facile pen has won him poetic laurels. As a Nova Scotian you will be glad to know that his fame rests upon his South Shore dialect poems. In expressing the soul of his immediate environments, he has become to the South Shore what Drummond was to Quebec.

Now, I see a woman, the picture of efficiency, seated at a desk in a busy office at Ottawa directing the activities of the Bureau of Sociological Research. It is K. Fitzpatrick. National uplift, physical, mental and moral is taking place with wonderful rapidity as a result of the social policies she has evolved and the drastic social legislation she has caused to be enacted.

The scene changes to New York. After becoming weary of the study of orthodox medicine, Otto Parsons became an ardent physical culturist and now claims that only good food, fresh air, and exercise are necessary for health. A living exponent of his theory, you may see him at the corner of Broadway and 42nd St. in zero weather, clad in a bathing suit and bedroom slippers, selling Physical Culture Magazines.

Lucy Smith is now coach of the Vassar girl's basketball team and rumor has it that she is very popular with the Harvard boys.

Horace Reid is now at the head of the Canadian Lumber Trust. He attributes his success partly to his hard work in Economics and largely to a careful study of keeping on good terms with his labor force, particularly the Millers.

A sad expression crossed the face of Omar at this juncture. I enquired the cause and he replied, "Because I must tell you evil tidings." "I had hoped that Bill Steeves would outgrow or subdue his criminal propensities shown in college days, but No! he took the final step shortly after leaving college and is now spending his life at Dorchester. In the new order of things, with women entering all the fields of employment, you will not be surprised to learn that his warden is a young lady whose name I cannot divulge but whose initials are Frances Schurman.

I know that you are anxious to learn "Blondie" Corbett's fate. She got in a movie studio and rapidly forged to the front, until she is the highest paid woman actress in the world. She has recently made a splendid gift to Acadia, providing for the installation of a private dumb waiter from Tully Tavern kitchen to every room so that breakfasts are now served in bed.

Bob Cole, your old chum, became rich and famous. He has devoted part of his large fortune to erecting an auto service station midway between Kentville and Wolfville, solely for Acadia students who get into difficulties along the road. This is another instance of the falsity of the common saying that the successful business man forgets his own youthful problems and indiscretions and becomes callous to the difficulties of the rising generation.

Crossman went in for Chemistry with a view to discovering a substitute for alcohol which would produce the well-known "kick" without deleterious after-effects or legal restrictions. Needless to say, he succeeded and the merits of "Crossman's Ethelol, the drink of no regrets," is blazoned in street-cars, magazines and on an electric sign in letters two feet high over Arty Young's new bean emporium. The word "Lynn" is now associated not with "shoes" but "booze."

Lilly Perry has also made some discoveries in Biological Chemistry. She has out-burbanked Burbank by evolving a

species of square garden-pea which will not roll off the knife, thus conferring a priceless boon upon the lower social classes. She is now working on a squirtless grape-fruit which will refrain from starting the day wrong by projecting dilute citric acid into the eyes of the eater.

Only one of your class wears the cloth. McPherson is now pastor of the First Baptist Church, Winnipeg. After teaching some years in the West he felt the call, took a degree in Theology and entered the ministry. His two most famous sermons are on "Dancing" and "card-playing" which he considers the foremost anti-social forces of the day.

John McNeil is also in Winnipeg. After amassing a tidy fortune in law, he went in for grain exchange speculation. Just now he has money tied up in Wry which he regards as an exceedingly good investment.

Marge Wickwire is now librarian at Acadia and likes her work very well, except the restrictions on talking, which she finds extremely irksome.

"Please don't keep me in suspense about Lofty any longer", I said. "Well," replied my preceptor. "Lofty came to a sad end. After a sensational rise in journalism, he became editor of a large city daily. While walking thru the press-room he was caught between the great rollers and not being thick enough to hold them up, nor yet quite sufficiently thin to pass thru unscathed, died under most depressing circumstances.

R. S. Longley occupied the chair of physics at Harvard. His Ph. D. thesis on "The Fallacies of Einstein" startled the scientific world and completely destroyed that scientists' reputation.

Jean Fote is now indulging her aesthetic sense by living in far-off Japan. She has played havoc with the hearts

of the English Embassy staff, but her heart is really reaching back to Nova Scotia.

Wylie Collins was graduated from Edinburgh in surgery, lost his heart to a wee Scotch lassie and brot her back to Canada. He represented his native province at the last International Medical Conference.

Rice Kinney is managing the Canadian Tennis Team, now competing for the world's championship. He gained this position by his experience as chairman of the Tennis Committee in his Senior year. Murray Beardsley the Canadian singles champion has just defeated the American champion, Tilden, and so holds the world's title. The Canadian team are to sail for Japan, shortly, beginning a world's tour and Kinney fears he will lose Beardsley there.

Erma Fash liked Truro Normal so well that she accepted a position on the teaching staff there. As associate editor of the College paper she still exercises her literary ability, and has made the college famous.

Therrien has succeeded to his father's position as principal of Grand Ligne. There he is able to exercise his social and managerial abilities to the utmost. He writes well, and has recently published in five volumes, a book, entitled "My years at Acadia."

Lumsden, you will not be surprised to learn, entered the political arena and rose rapidly to cabinet rank. At first he fought his election campaigns bitterly and without quarter but now that he is married he is no longer Ruthless in his climb to power. Bill is as windy as ever, but occasionally he works an idea into his speeches.

Elsie Layton is now Canada's leading woman poet. The old saying, "A heart never sings until broken," seems to be true in her case for an unfortunate love affair caused Elsie to seek literary laurels. Her "Lyric Poems", I stood on the Ridge at Midnight' shows the master touch of Keats.

Karl Mason was graduated from Edinburgh, and became an eminent surgeon. On chancing to read George Bernard Shaw's book. "The case against the doctor's" he was so over-come by the cruel indictment of his profession that he gave up active practise and is now working on his bacteriological laboratory. His latest discovery consists in the isolation of the bacillus Tavernes which caused that grave epidemic of the year 1920-21, at Acadia, then known as "The we-feeling".

You will remember Claude Richardson's extremely democratic, not to say radical tendencies, so you will not be surprised to learn that after achieving eminent distinction in the legal profession and becoming one of Sydney's socially elect, he cared so little for the conventions as to marry the daughter of a Mason.

"What became of Myrtle Morse?" I now asked. "Well," said Omar, "Myrt forgot the ancient proverb "of two Bowns, commit neither," but finally chose the greater because of his royal manner. They are now running a pie-factory at melvern Square, direct from Myrt. producer, to Roy, consumer.

MacCready is now junior partner in the firm of Page and Company, having chosen a business career, and is now a confirmed woman-hater, devoting all his attention to the interests of his senior partner.

Wynn Eisenhower soon tired of the stress and strain of the busy world and went back to his beloved Lunenburg woods, where he lives as a hermit with his rod and gun as companions. His fishing and hunting yarns would bring the blush of shame to the cheek of Ananias or Baron Munchausen.

Dunc Innes is at the head of the I. W. W. organization in Canada. Dunc's knowledge of psychology and his magnetic personality give him tremendous influence with the laboring classes, while his legal training and crooked methods enable him to outwit the long arm of the law.

Your class president, Ralph Wetmore, became an eminent biologist. His career and that of Simpson and Wilson, are singularly intertwined. Wilson became increasingly and alarmingly stout after graduation, until life was a misery. Trying many remedies in vain, he finally appealed to Wet who immediately went to work. He discovered that the common string bean secretes an extract containing an enzyme fatal to the formation of fat. Wilson experienced marked relief after a few doses. Then he decided to be avenged upon Simpson who had done him a cruel wrong in college days by trumping his ace in a game of bridge. Awaiting his opportunity, he stealthily dropped a terrible overdose of the drug into Sim's egg-nog. Within forty-eight hours Sim had attained the emaciated proportions of a walking stick and is now devoting his remaining days to seeking Wilson's life.

Marion Grant made such a success of writing the class history that she is now writing a history of Acadia which is being eagerly awaited by a host of Alumni and friends of the University.

Joe Boyer forsook the busy marts of trade for an academic career. This love of philosophy became dominant, so he studied at Heidelberg and now occupies the chair at Acadia. However, he still enjoys a good story, a pretty face, a Havana cigar and a game of bridge.

Grace Porter and Hilda Bishop have founded a very select girls' school, the chief subjects on the curriculum being etiquette and conversation. The text book to be employed is that used by Edna Peck during her Senior year.

Fred Russell is now janitor at the Seminary. Fred says its better on the inside looking out than on the outside looking in, where he spent so much of his time during his Senior year.

Wallace Holmes is now in the automobile business, being agent for the Mitchell car for the Maritime Provinces.

Ralph Harlow, pupil of Rachininoff, recently played before King George and was decorated with the order of the Purple Pig and since then has been so inflated by this honor that he has cut out playing jazz.

John Bishop distinguished himself in the field of physics until his soaring ambition prompted him to invent a huge machine to hurl a projectile to Mars, he being enclosed. Unfortunately the projectile missed its mark and so John goes sailing thru ethereal space for eternity, a victim of his own mad ambition.

There I turned to find that Omar had glided from the room as silently as he entered it, and on looking over my hastily scribbled notes I found he had traced the destiny of each member of the class of '21.

JOHN MOSHER, '21.

VALEDICTORY

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The unrelenting hand of time brings another graduating class at Acadia and now after four years of sweet and pleasant association with this institution of learning we, the class of 1921, are about to leave—our student days here must cease and only as graduates may we return to these halls of Acadia—the halls of our Alma Mater. Need I say that it is with mingled feelings that we bid farewell?

Four years ago we hoped, we desired, we anticipated. Throughout those four years we have worked earnestly till to-day we greet the realization of our hopes, our desires, and receive the recognition which the authorities of this college deem fit to grant. That, we have, at last succeeded and reached the goal of our academic ambition makes us indeed happy.

But a tinge, yes, a deep tinge, of sorrow betokens our departure from this old college of Acadia. The friendships

which we have formed between students, professors and the good people of Wolfville, and which we have enjoyed during our stay within the confines of this college, have counted for much, and it is with sincere regret and a decided realization of their worth that we recognize they must, in a measure, be severed. Familiar scenes have been endeared to our hearts and pleasant experiences are impressed indelibly upon the tablets of our memories. It is not an easy task to leave, knowing, as we do, that these shall return no more.

Hark! do you not as we, hear that voice? Canada, the whole civilized world, calls today, often in tones of deepest distress, for educated men and women: men and women of vision, loyal to the highest ideals and faithful to their Christian teaching. We, who have completed our work at Acadia, must not tarry but hasten on to join forces with those who fearlessly work in the great world beyond college activities. To us are given, as perhaps to young men and women at no other time in the world's history, opportunities and privileges of the most sacred kind and we may say with Wordsworth:

“Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young were very Heaven.”

Opportunity, thy name is legion! For the person in any field of life our day glitters with as many chances as there were stars in the firmament. Chances to make us individually happy? Yes, in a measure—but also chances to give earnest service, to constantly show that the true education is not self-centered, but reaches out its hands to others and helps—helps. It helps those who have been less fortunate than we. Because of this we leave the revered walls of this college and enter the larger world beyond.

Gentlemen of the Board of Governors:

To you we owe a deep debt of gratitude. To you, whose hopes and thoughts are inseparably connected with “Acadia” we cannot but speak some word of appreciation before we

leave. It has been you, who, by noble efforts to serve humanity and by earnest desires to promote the growth of a better and nobler citizenship, have made possible the advantages of an education and training which we have been permitted to enjoy. Even as we are about to leave, we see evidence in no uncompromising form of a still deeper longing to make Acadia great. Old college hall, so dear to all of us, has gone. Thanks to your undaunted courage and undying love for Acadia a program for reconstruction will be instituted during the near future—in order that Acadia may continue in its work, grow in its capacity and continually prove itself a worthy fount of knowledge—endeavoring to be greater and larger in order that the many—not the few—may have the privilege of a liberal education. May your efforts be constantly gilded with success and your desires realized in no stinted measure. To you, Gentlemen of the Board of Governors, we say farewell.

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Faculty:

Under your guidance and care we have been, during the past four years, sequestered from the busy world outside; sheltered, as it were, from all its trials and cares. During that time you have taught us to appreciate the good, the true, the beautiful. You have moulded our lives to make of us good and useful citizens. You have awakened in us a love of study for its own sake. What stray bits of learning we may have gathered on our way would prove of little value unless we had acquired, in the process of learning, the habit of study. This habit, Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Faculty, will abide with us, serving as protection against the vanities in the days of our youth, affording us inspiration in the days of our maturer manhood and becoming a perennial source of consolation in the eventide of life.

All honor to you from whom we now take the torch of learning, whose words have instructed, whose example has encouraged and whose ideals have inspired us with the love of truth and lofty aspirations.

The class of twenty-one can stay no longer—if you have need of us you will find us where the dust and din are thickest. Farewell.

Citizens of Wolfville:

To you who have so often and so generously aided us in our endeavors to make the societies of this college greater and more capable of effective service we bid Farewell. Acadia was blessed by its location in Wolfville; students have been blessed by their acquaintance with the people of this town and we are all blessed by knowing that we may be mutually helpful to each other. May the spirit of co-operation be ever manifest in all the relations between Acadia and the citizens of this town, and as the college grows so may an increasing share of prosperity be your portion. To you we extend our sincere gratitude for kindnesses of the past and hope that the future has only the best things of life in store for Wolfville—its sons and its daughters. To you we bid Farewell.

Fellow Students:

As we leave this old college new privileges will be yours and with these privileges new and striking responsibilities will devolve upon you. You have moved, as we, one step nearer the goal and we earnestly trust that the words of Pope may not be without some meaning to you. He says:

“A little learning is a dangerous thing,

Drink deep, or touch not the Pierian spring.”

There is but one word of warning and advice that we would ask to leave with you and beg sincerely that you may heed. Acadia has always been envied by her sister universities for the intense loyalty of its students—for its magnificent “college spirit.” We have seen as Acadia grows, as its number of students increase, there is apparent the slightest tendency for college spirit to be supplanted by class spirit. Fortunately this is not the dominant trend and we need only

say to you, "Guard against it." But we emphasize that. Do not sacrifice college interests for those of your class. Think in the larger unit of college. Strive to make the Athletic Society better because it is the ACADIA Athletic Society; the Athenaeum larger and more useful because it is the Acadia Athenaeum and likewise in all your college activities. Fill the offices of these societies with the most capable men regardless of class affiliations, having done that work, then work again for Acadia.

We leave to you as other graduating classes have left records to be envied by other colleges in Debating, Athletics, Dramatics and Scholarship. Where we have succeeded, do better. Acadia needs your help, your best efforts, and to you we leave our kindest affections, knowing that Acadia will always maintain that high position which she has held so long.

Dear Classmates:

Bidding Farewell to our instructors, our friends in this town, and our fellow college students, has been a duty and a privilege performed with deep regret. But now comes the saddest moment of all, for today the class of twenty-one must part. We, who have lived in intimate relations these four years, must leave and go our separate ways. We have reached the forking of the road, at last, and now, instead of going hand in hand along the well-paved track, each must beat out a single footpath and wend his or her way through the world alone.

"O My Friends,

 We have met like ships upon a sea,
 Which hold an hour's converse, so short, so sweet,
 One little hour, and then away they speed,
 Through mist, and cloud, and foam,
 To meet no more."

But though life may keep us separated one from another, may we repeat, with thoughts returning to happy days spent here,

“Dear Golden hours; days long ago,
Days that have gone forever,
Friends true and memory all that remain
Friendship that e’en time cannot sever.”

Classmates:

This is a day of deepest significance to all of us. Today completes one life; today begins another. And with this new life what a rapturous joy issues forth! A joy in knowing that we may be of distinct service to others. Regret, keen as it is, passes away in the moment of our re-awakening and we see the vision of a new task. Our training, if we have been awake to our opportunities, has fitted us to be useful men and women, and our immediate duty is to find, with God’s help, the place where we may best use for Him, that which we have received. Whatever place in life becomes our lot may we strive to be successful, but in that effort may we reach out only after true success. Success that means enlargement of you or me at the expense or exploitation of our brothers and sisters is not the greatness or the success that our Christsian teaching has taught or that true education has set before us.

At this time, as, over this continent and in foreign lands, men and women are graduated from seats of learning, the great outside mass of people look to us for the solution of vexatious problems troubling all mankind. It is, to us, the task to usher in

“The day in the future
When Truth shall not care
For the symbol of power
Or the trappings men wear.
When the word and the order,
The mantle and mart
Shall each but do service
For spirit and heart.”

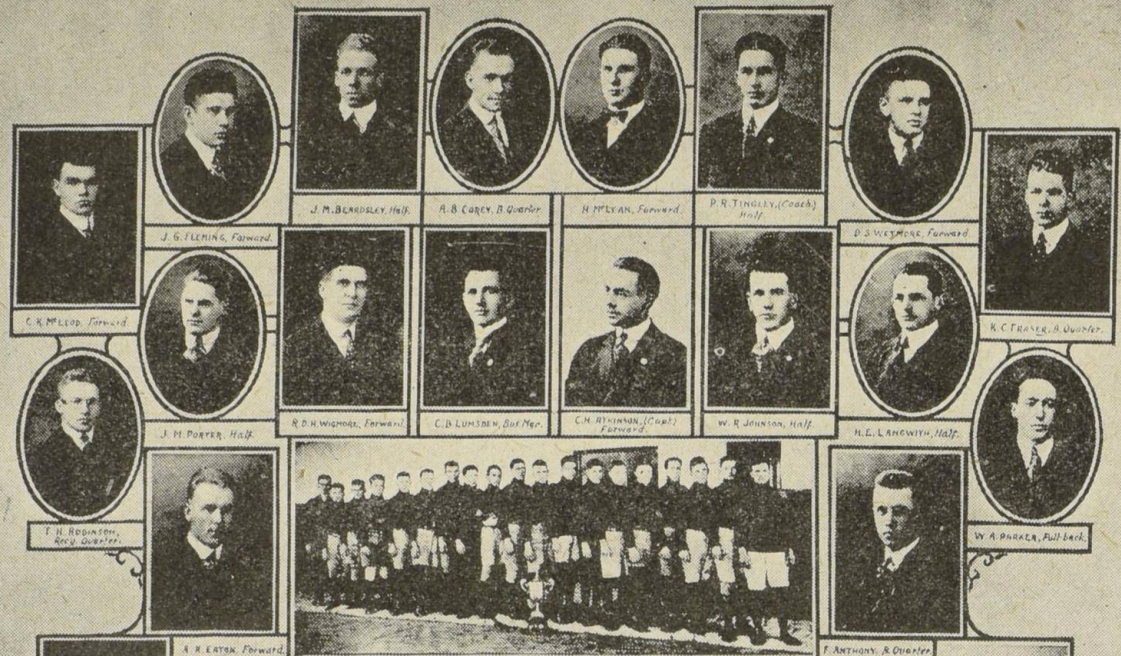
Let us not have a distorted idea of success. One question that is vital, one question that is real and which must be answered by each and every one is placed before us for our

earnest thought and sincere consideration; Would Jesus, our Ideal, to whom we pledge our love and devotion, be called a successful man in this day of materialism? Surely indeed, He was not so-called, when bearing our sins in agony and pain at Calvary, scoffers looked and mocking said, "He saved others; Himself, He cannot save." Unsuccessful. Unsuccessful was Jesus, our Saviour. But what a distinct service He had rendered and what a glorious reward was His! Classmates, let us seek greatness but may it be the greatness of a pure heart and a useful life.

Classmates—may the future bring all that you desire, may you only desire the good, the true, remembering as we separate and go our way alone:

"The Moving Finger writes, and having writ
Moves on; nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it."

—CLAUDE S. RICHARDSON. '21.



ACADIA FOOTBALL TEAM 1920-21.

CHAMPIONS OF WESTERN LEAGUE AND TIED WITH
DALHOUSIE FOR MARITIME CHAMPIONSHIP.

Wanderers, 3.
" 0.
U.N.B., 3.
M.L.A., 3.
Dal., 0.

Acadia, 0.
" 3.
" 0.
" 6.
" 0.



THE CALL OF THE COLLEGE BELL

IN Wolfville town beside the dikes
Strong towers of learning cap the hill
And students throng the living ways
Of campus, and the magic maze
Of finer art, the teachers still
Disport their theories and dislikes.
But passing there one thing
Above all else I know
The old bell does not ring
As it rang long ago.

Our victorious flash from distant towns
And fire the hearts of students here;
In crowded rooms the classes meet,
And still are heard the hastening feet;
The same old songs tell forth their cheer,
And yearly walk the ermined gowns.
But passing there one thing
Above all else I know
The old bell does not ring
As it rang long ago.

A phantom sweetness tones the air
In morning; stirs the drowsy site;
It leaps the turbid Minas tide
And smites upon the ringing side
Of Blomidon, and every night
Like angelus it hovers there.
It hurls a challenge, breathes a prayer
That once again the college bell
May sit upon its steepled throne
And victorious and hours tell
To old Acadia greater grown.
A message yet it brings
Acadians high and low;—
For still the old bell rings
But not like long ago.

—T. A. M. '21

The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLVII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JUNE, 1921.

No. 7

C. B. LUMSDEN, '21, *Managing Editor*.T. A. MEISTER, '21, *Literary Editor*.R. H. WETMORE, '21, *Science*.H. H. WETMORE, Eng., *Athletics*.E. R. FASH, '21, *Personals*.C. M. SPIDELL, *Academy Representative*.K. FITZPATRICK, '21, *Staff Artist*.E. C. PRIME, '22, *Month*.D. D. CAMERON, '22, *Exchange*.C. I. MACPHAIL, '22, *Jokes*.HORTENSE GRIFFIN, *Seminary Representative*.J. W. LANK, '22, *Business Manager*.H. GRIMMER, '21, *Circulation Manager*.

Editorial



OUR page in the Athenæum is written. As we lay down the pen at the close of this issue we are to take it up no more in this capacity. It is with a variety of feelings that we put this number into shape. The Athenæum has been a burden—a heavy one. The material published each month is only a small part of what we have had to handle. All this has to be read and evaluated. Then what is chosen must be edited—more or less. Editorial sketches must be written. The magazine “made up”, proof read, etc. All this must be done, too, beneath the broiling rays of professional ire. For first one instructor and then another will get the idea that we are not spending twenty-four hours each day on his subject. Still we are loath to leave the work. It has been a pleasure and a profit to us from start to finish. Never once has it been irksome. Our only regret is that we could not devote more time to it and do it better.

We are deeply indebted to all those who have taken such an active interest in the Athenæum this year. Students have contributed regularly to our pages, so that not one issue has lacked material. Whatever special duties were as-

signed have, for the greater part, been promptly and faithfully executed.

Our special thanks is due Dr. Rhodenizer, not only for the assistance he has given in judging contributions and awarding units, but also for his unwaning interest in our paper, his helpful suggestions, and his whole-hearted support of literary effort in the student body. Of course it were as impossible for an English professor not to be interested in the college paper as for a physical training instructor not to be interested in athletics. But, however it may come about, we appreciate the co-operation, and the personal touch.

It was with much fear and trembling that we added two new features to the Athenaeum during the past year,—humor and cartoon. But the misgivings with which these were inaugurated have so far disappeared that now we have no hesitancy whatever in passing them on as established columns in Acadia's college paper. The addition of these, together with the fact that all the old departments have been maintained, convinces us that the first part of our two-fold aim has been realized,—we have given expression to the various phases of college life. As to the other—the literary development of the students—the quantity and quality of the material placed at our disposal, says that this has been far from a failure. Forty-four contributors have won units during the year, four have won "A's".

Yet, despite the interest this work arouses and the effort it evokes we cannot but feel that literary effort does not receive, at Acadia, the recognition that it merits,—the recognition of which not the "greater Acadia", but the *greatest Acadia*" cannot afford to deprive it. Of the three extra-curriculum activities—debating athletic and literary—recognized at Acadia, the distinctions in debating are confined to the three men who make the intercollegiate team; then as a link is always strained to have as many old debaters as possible on the team this field is narrowed still further. Moreover, the victories won are of a purely local and transient nature. This may be said of athletics, also. Though here the field is much wider, contests more frequent, and achievements more common-place.

Our literary work falls into a class by itself. The field is unbounded. It is open to all. Its achievements, apart from the training it gives, are permanent. Any literary production really worth while shall stand for years and travel far and carry Acadia's name into corners never penetrated by the gleam of a football trophy, or the reverberations from a victorious debating hall. We do not brag of the hardy manhood of the seat of our college, nor of the keen wits that live thereabouts, nor yet of it being the home of a Canadian premier, but we do proudly call it the "Land of Evangeline". Every time we mention that designation we pay tribute to the literary art. We may not have a Shakespeare or a Browning, or a Longfellow at Acadia,—and we may.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

But an institution of higher learning by its very existence owes to the world that it do its *utmost* to unearth and develop any such ability that may come its way. That such ability is to be found at Acadia is manifested in many ways, one of which is by the standing we have won in "The Poets of the Future". This is a volume of verse selected by Dr. Henry Schnittkin, and published by Stratford Company of Boston. Dr. Schnittkin's office is the great clearing house for the literary attempts of American schools and colleges. While all that any other Canadian University did last year was to have one poem given honorable mention, Acadia won such distinction for five poems and had one printed. Our position in regard to the short story is almost as enviable.

We do not wish to drag athletics from the high place it holds in Acadia life. It is where it belongs. What we do advocate is putting literary effort where it ought to be, amongst, or rather above, other college activities. Being a fine art, we feel it to be the most fitting representative of the real Acadia. What is shouted into the air is soon lost, but "what is written is written."

We have made a creditable showing in literary work with little or no encouragement save from within our own little

circle. Acadia is richer by it. Why not then have more hearty support, co-operation and recognition?

A suggestion we would venture to make to those who succeed us as the Athenaeum staff, and to all who rack their brains in Acadia's interest, is that in future Literary A's be presented from the platform at "closing" and that at least the literary editorship of the Athenaeum be accepted by college office as a graduation thesis worth three units of not less than second class standing. There is at least one year's hard work to winning the editorship, as it goes to whoever has the most literary units to his credit at the close of the year, and another full year's work in executing the office.—more work, we are quite sure, than often wins three first-class essay units. This would do much toward quickening our genii of the pen, and bringing out the best literature of which our student body is capable.

ATHENAEUM ACCOUNTS, 1920-'21.

Assets		Liabilities	
Universal Fees	\$ 719.25	Deficit from '19-'20.....	\$ 92.91
Advertisements	774.75	Nov. issue	220.50
Subscriptions	134.40	Dec. issue	223.00
Free Sub. (paid by Univ.) ..	74.00	Jan. issue	219.40
Cuts	255.50	Feb.-Mar. issue	234.00
Play proceeds	200.50	April issue	210.00
Science Society, '19-'20....	102.50	May issue	245.00
Science Society, '20-'21....	33.75	June issue (estimated)	350.00
Bal. of Stud. Com. Ac. '19..	21.50	Cuts	256.50
	<hr/>	Play Expenses	88.60
	\$2316.05	Miscellaneous Expenses....	22.81
Expenses.....	2201.72	Literary A's	31.00
	<hr/>	Prize, '18-'19	10.00
			<hr/>
Balance on hand	\$114.33		\$2201.72

JOHN W. LANK, '22, Business Manager.

ATHENÆUM COMPETITION

STANDING OF CONTESTANTS TO DATE.

<i>Lit. Gen.</i>		<i>Lit. Gen.</i>	
J. B. Bishop, '21....	1	F. R. Cole, '21	2 5
L. Crossman, '21.....	5	E. R. Fash, '21	10 11
K. Fitzpatrick, '21....	5 3	M. E. Grant, '21....	10 13
A. O. Hickson, '21....	1	E. F. Layton, '21 ..	10 11
E. C. Leslie, '21.....	2 21	R. S. Longley, '21 ..	4 6
W. H. MacCready, '21 .	1	K. E. Mason, '21 ...	10 11
E. Peck, '21	1	L. M. Perry, '21....	2 1
G. O. Porter, '21	2	H. E. Read, '21	2 .
W. A. Steeves, '21....	2	R. H. Wetmore, '21. 2	4
M. O. Brinton, '22....	7	D. D. Cameron, '22. 6	.
A. B. Boulter, '22....	6	T. K. Cleveland, '22. 2	1
W. L. Chute, '22.....	3	A. B. Corey, '22....	3 2
W. Elgee, '22	2	H. D. Fritz, '22....	6 .
C. K. Ganong, '22	8	H. G. Goucher, '22. 4	6
I. C. Haley, '22	2	J. W. Lank, '22	5 18
M. Mason, '22	5	W. J. Miller, '22....	. 8
B. Phillips, '22	1	E. C. Prime, '22 ...	6 11
L. P. Steeves, '22 ...	11 1	H. S. Thurston, '22. 6	7
E. Warren, '22	1 1	A. L. Clarke, Eng. . .	2
C. L. Roach, Eng....	. 2	H. H. Wetmore, Eng.10	.
T. L. Brindley, '23 . .	1	E. Goodwin, '23 1
A. E. Warren, '23 ...	6 1	W. O. Coates, '24... 1	. .

STAFF OF ATHENÆUM FOR 1921-22.

Managing Editor	J. W. Lank, '22.
Literary Editor	L. P. Steeves, '22.
Science Department	H. H. Wetmore, '22.
Athletics	H. G. Goucher, '22.
Month	W. J. Miller, '22.
Personals	M. Fitzpatrick, '23.
Exchanges	A. E. Warren, '23.
Jokes	M. O. Brinton, '22.

Business Manager	H. K. Grimmer, '23.
Circulation Manager	T. H. Robinson, '24.
Staff Artist	R. Hennigar, '23.
Seminary Representative.....	Not yet appointed.
Academy Representative.. ...	Not yet appointed.

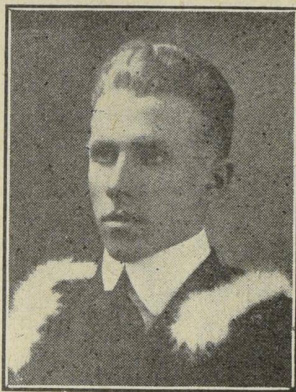
LITERARY A'S AWARDED THIS YEAR.

Erma Fash, '21.	Karl Mason, '21.
Elsie Layton, '21.	Clarence Lumsden, '21.
Marion Grant, '21.	Terence Meister, '21.

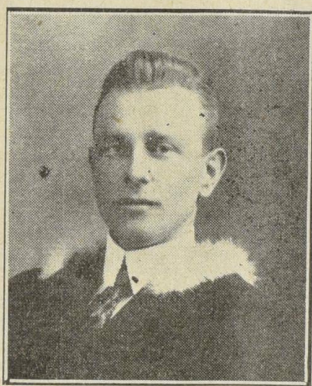
INTER-CLASS LITERARY COMPETITION.

	Seniors	Juniors.	Engineers.	Sophomores.	Freshmen.
November	10	13	1	2	.
December	13	12	2	.	.
January	15	11	6	.	.
February-March..	16	15	.	.	1
April	12	14	2	2	.
June	12	17	1	.	.
	—	—	—	—	—
Total	78	82	12	4	1

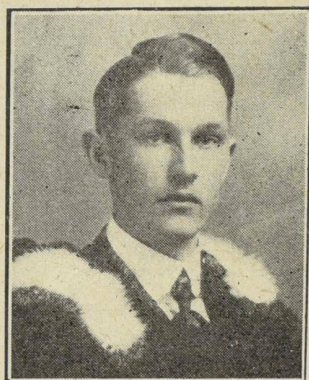
Banner won by Juniors.



James Murray Beardsley



Raleigh Arnold Bishop



John Burt Bishop

THE GRADUATING CLASS

JAMES MURRAY BEARDSLEY

"I myself must mix with action, lest I wither by despair."

Murray spent almost his entire life in Wolfville, where he obtained his B. in '17, entering college in the fall as a charter member of '21. Throughout his course Murray has proved a valuable college student. His extra curriculum activities have been for the most part in athletics. In this respect his career is an enviable one. He won his distinction cap in both football and hockey. Of the latter he was captain in his senior year. He was also skillful in Tennis, track, and basketball, and has sometime during his course successfully captained his class team in each of these sports. In his Sophomore year he numbered himself among the "Terrible Ten" and was President of his class the first term of his Junior year. He was also Joke Editor of the Athenaeum in his Junior year. Though a hard worker on the athletic field and ever mindful of his studies, Murray was always ready for any fun. Socially he had those qualities which make a good "mixer." These are especially characteristic of his senior year, having supplanted the "Ruthless" activities of the former three. Murray is undecided as to his future. Whether with us again or in another college, our best wishes go with you Murray for further success.

RALEIGH ARNOLD BISHOP

"A Man he is of cheerful yesterdays, and confident tomorrow's."

Raleigh was born at Litchfield, Annapolis County, but soon found his home in Wolfville. Here he received his "B" certificate and for a few years taught school, until in 1915 he reached the position of vice-principal of Tower Road School, Halifax. In March, 1916, he enlisted in the 219th Battalion, and went overseas. He served in France with the 85th. He was returned to Canada in December, 1918, and in January, 1919, entered Acadia as an Arts student. He is a brilliant student as is witnessed by the short time it has taken him to complete the four year course. Then he also found time to take part in basketball, baseball and tennis. Raleigh intends entering Yale next fall, his object being to take his Ph. D. degree in Chemistry. Knowing him as we do we predict for him every success in his chosen subject.

JOHN BURTT BISHOP

"Wearing all that weight of learning lightly like a flower."

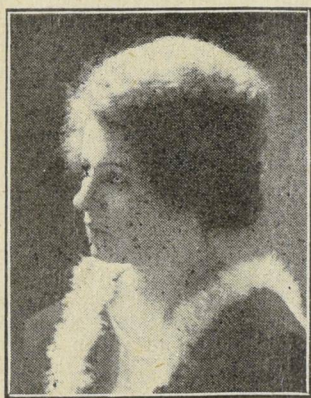
John Burtt Bishop was born at Auburn, Kings County, N. S., in 1900. He received his preparatory training at Truro High School, from which he came to Acadia in the fall of 1917, as a member of the class of '21. He took an active part in college life and was a strong supporter of his class, of which he was president in his Sophomore year. John's great interest has always been in Science. During his stay at Acadia he has specialized in Physics and Mathematics, and now equipped with a B. Sc. Degree he leaves Acadia to continue his studies at Yale, where he will study for a Ph. D. in Physics. As he leaves we wish him the best of success and we feel sure, judging from his work among us that he will make a success of whatever he undertakes.



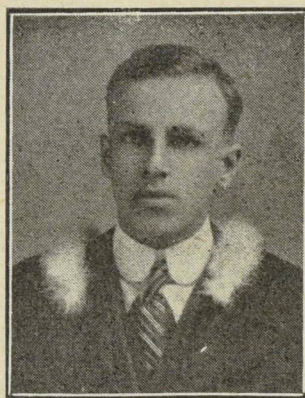
Hilda May Bishop



Aida Dorothy Boyer



Gladys Geneva Corbett



Frederick Robert Cole

HILDA MAY BISHOP

*"Calm and unruffled as a summer sea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface."*

Hilda, better known as "Bish," was born at Somerset, N. S., and received her early education there. She joined the class of '20 and remained with them for two years. Then she taught school at Weston one year, and returning to Acadia in 1919 joined the class of '21. "Bish," although interested in such deep and weighty subjects as Calculus, nevertheless has taken her part in other things. During her Sophomore year she played on the basketball team against Dalhousie and she has always taken an active part in this game. In her Junior year she was head of the House Committee—which gave her lots to do and good training for teaching. "Bish" was also President of Propylæum Society in the last half of her Senior year. We will all miss her, but we wish her the good luck she deserves.

ADA DOROTHY BOYER

"A good sport, and a true friend."

Ada was born in Victoria, N. B. and there received her early education. She came to the Seminary in 1915, graduated as President of the class of '18 and entered college that fall as a Freshie-Sophomore in the class of '21. During her three years course she has shown a great interest in all the activities of college life. Ada was vice-president of her class in her Sophomore year and in her Senior year was president of the Girls' Athletic Association, senior member on the Student Committee and one of the Senior members of the advisory committee. All who know Ada foresee for her both success and happiness. Our best wishes go with her as she goes out from her Alma Mater.

GLADYS GENEVA CORBITT

*"She's pretty to walk with
She's witty to talk with,
And pleasant too, to think on."*

"Blondie" graduated from Bridgetown High School in 1916, and wisely determined to continue her education within the walls of old Acadia.

She entered as a special, with the class of 1920, and from the first she manifested an interest in all college activities.

In her freshman year she was Vice-president of the class, secretary of the class during her Sophomore year, and during her Junior year was secretary-treasurer of the A. G. A. A., and captain of the Girl's Hockey Team.

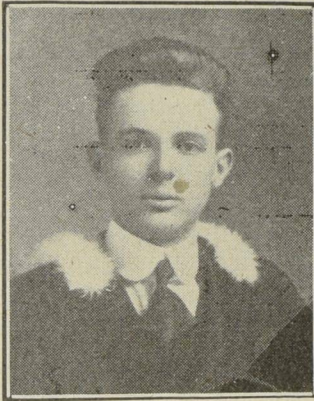
Her sunny disposition and even temperament have won her many friends.

She expects to study Domestic Science next year at Simmon's College, and we hope that the best in everything will always be hers.

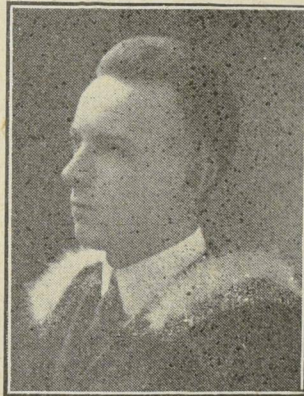
FREDERICK ROBERT COLE

*"If aught of Prophecy be mine
Thou wilt not live in vain."*

Bob hails from Moncton, up in New Brunswick. He received his early education in the Aberdeen High School of that town. In 1917 he felt the call of higher education and came to Acadia as a member of '21. Since then he has devoted himself most diligently to his studies, but with due attention to social activities, especially those in nearby towns, such as Kentville. He was president of the Student Committee in his Senior year, and his term of office was marked by much good work. Bob intends to take post-graduate work in Chemistry. Our best wishes go with him for success in his chosen field.



Wylie Louis Collins



Lynn Crossman

WYLIE LOUIS COLLINS

*"Of twenty yeers of age he was, I gesse.
No berd hadde he, ne nevere sholde have,
As smothe it was as it were late y-shave."*

Wylie was born at Port Williams, N. S., March 11, 1899, not as long ago as his being a Senior might lead one to suppose. He spent his happy childhood on his father's farm, and as all good boys do, he went to school when he had to. In a few years he learned all they could teach him there. Armed with a "B" certificate from Wolfville High School he came to Acadia as a charter member of the class of '18. His home being so near, Wylie was wont to disappear at week-ends and consequently we haven't seen as much of him as we otherwise would have. But the nearness of his home hasn't always been his class-mate's loss. They will always have pleasant recollections of the house-parties at the Collins' homestead, which were an annual event to be looked forward to. With his unfailing good spirits and pleasantness Wylie has found a warm place in the hearts of all whom he met. He studied hard, but was always ready for a good time when the work was done. The medical profession has appealed to him and he will continue his studies along that line. May the gods smile upon you, Wylie!

LYNN CROSSMAN.

—*"He never could be anything complete, except a loyal, upright gentleman."*—

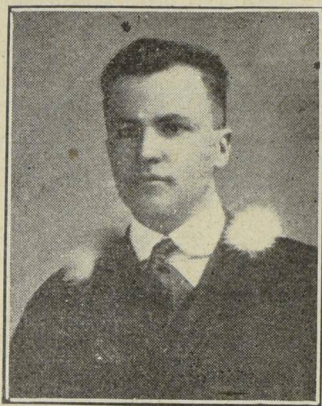
It was on March 31st, 1900 that Lynn first saw the light of day at Dorchester, N. B. He attended the public school there but soon complained that the proximity of the Penitentiary distracted his attention from his studies. His parents moved to Amherst, N. S., and after due consideration, Lynn decided to go with them.

The Cumberland County Academy soon gave his scientific mind the necessary chance for development, and having obtained his "A" Certificate, he entered Acadia as a Freshie-Soph in 1918.

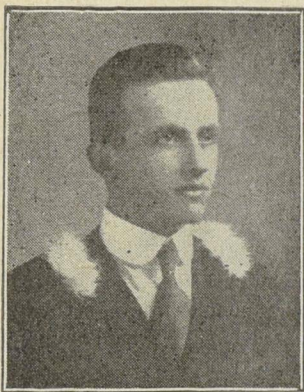
Chemistry was Lynn's special hobby but he also delved into the mysteries of Engineering. He must be congratulated on securing his B. Sc., and an Engineering Certificate after three short years at Acadia.

Lynn was a thorough, conscientious student, and we admire him as such. He was always found doing his share in the sphere of athletics. He proved to be a faithful member of the second football squad, and also played centre for the class basket-ball team. Lynn can also be classed as a martyr, having accepted and held an appointment on the Student Committee.

After a lapse of one year, Lynn plans to continue his studies at McGill or Queens'. We wish him every success in his future and await with confidence the outcome of a brilliant career.



Wynn Earl Eisenhaur



William Harold MacCready



Erma Reta Fash

WYNN EARLE EISENHAUER.

*Thy sports, thy wanderings when a child
Were ever in the sylvan wild.*

Wynn was born at Mahone Bay, N. S., on February third, dangerously near thirty-one years ago.

He has always been a most dutiful disciple of the "rod and gun". Whenever Nimrod gave him a day's respite he sat at the feet of the Mahone Bay high school staff to learn his letters. When he had got his "B" he attended Normal, taught school a while, had a look at the Canadian West, and then turned to Acadia.

His College career has been a success from start to finish. Against a background of good scholarship and high class standing he has piled many other such brilliant and useful accomplishments as promoting the Acadia band, business-managing some of our successful athletic teams, standing faithfully by his class, helping to establish Acadia's wireless outfit, filling numerous minor offices, and being an "all-round jolly good sport."

But Acadia held one great disappointment for him. Instead of being a life work the B. Sc., course held him only four years. This spring having gained his degree he finds himself again out of a job. But whatever he may tackle next we are assured he will succeed, and our heartiest good wishes go with him.

ERMA RETA FASH

*"Because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."*

Erma was born in Halifax, but as a daughter of the Parsonage, she has lived in various places in the three provinces. She entered college from Parrsboro, where she had finished her high-school education, preceded by two years in the Seminary spent in collegiate work.

Erma is a charter member of the class of '21, and was Vice-president of her class in her Sophomore year. As a member of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet in her Junior and Senior years, she has entered heartily into all the work, especially in social service work in connection with the Tabernacle. She was also head of the house-committee for one term.

She has done excellent work in English, and contributed to the literary department of the Athenaeum, by which she won her Literary A. Her pleasant and kindly ways will win her many friends and we wish her success as she goes out from Acadia.

WILLIAM HAROLD MACCREADY.

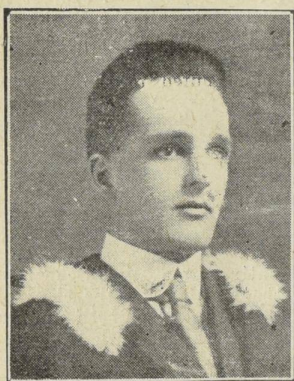
"A jolly, good fellow."

Harold was born in St. Stephen, N. B. Graduating from High School in 1915, he turned his thoughts towards Acadia and that fall joined the class of 1919. In February, 1916, the Army called him. He joined the 219th and in the course of time crossed to England, and from there to France with the 85th. Later he was recommended for a commission but the Armistice was signed before the recommendation had been granted. A while in Germany, a short time in England, and a couple of months at home, and in October of 1919, he was back at Acadia again. Once more he tackled his work with that earnestness that characterizes all his actions.

Good natured and humorous, Mac was well liked by all. We wish him good luck as he goes out from us to pursue his studies in medicine. May he effect cures of the body as easily as he can dispel the gloom of the mind.



Kathleen Fitzpatrick



Karl Ernest Mason



Myrtle Vera Morse

KATHLEEN FITZPATRICK.

*"If she will, she will,
And you can depend on it,
If she won't, she won't,
And there's an end on it."*

"K" joined the class of '21 in the Sophomore year, having taken her Grade XII Work at St. John High School. She has proved herself a valuable member of her class and indeed of the entire student body. She was on the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet in her junior year and president of the same society in her Senior year. K. has shown great ability in all her studies and marked efficiency as a leader. She represented her class each year in interclass debating and was on the winning side of the girl's first inter-collegiate debate, thus obtaining her debating "A". She also has been a valuable contributor to the Athenaeum and a member of the staff in her Senior year.

By her cheery laugh, ready wit, and keen sense of humor "K" has made herself a general favorite.

"K" will probably remain at her home in Hillsboro for the next year. We shall miss you "K" but our loss will be other's gain.

KARL ERNEST MASON.

"True in word, and tried in deed."

Though no one would suspect it, Karl is old enough to vote. Born at Kingston, N. S., just 21 years ago, he has enjoyed the wandering life of the majority of ministers' sons so that various schools of the province contributed towards his early education. He completed his Grade XI work in Wolfville High School, and after working in the bank for a year, entered Acadia as a Freshman in the fall of 1917.

Though a good student, Karl has found time to participate in all college activities. He was on the college hockey team for three years as well as on the basket-ball and base-ball teams of his class. For his excellent contribution to the Athenaeum, he this year receives his "Literary A."

Karl expects to continue his studies in zoology at one of the American graduate schools, with the medical profession in view.

"Bearing in mind his Acadia Career we have no fears for his future."

MYRTLE VERA MORSE.

"I never trouble trouble, till trouble troubles me."

"Myrt." came to Acadia from her home in Melvern Square, N. S. She took matriculation at the Seminary and entered college in the fall of '16. Her junior year being broken by sickness she afterward joined the class of '21.

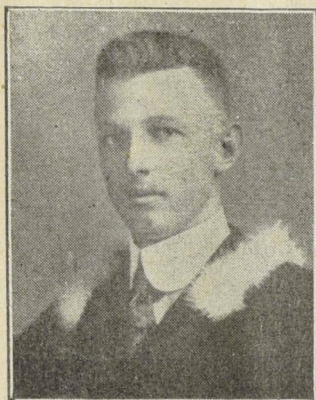
"Myrt." was vice-president of her class in her sophomore year; secretary-treasurer of the girls' athletic society in her junior year, and a member of the advisory committee in her senior year.

Her college spirit was most strongly manifested at college sports for there never was an inter-class or inter-collegiate game but what "Myrt." was on the side lines to cheer for the home team or that of her class. She also was an untiring skater never known to miss rink.

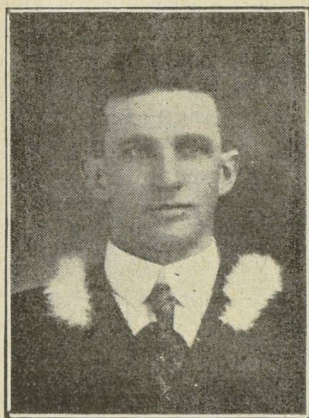
Her frank, jovial and friendly nature has won her many friends among both girls and boys. Her room will long be remembered for the many good feeds held there but woe to the one who should drop a crumb on the floor! We wish her success in whatever she may attempt.



Edna Gertrude Peck



Mortimer Villiers Marshall



Terence Alexander Meister

EDNA GERTRUDE PECK.

*"She attended many classes
Or went not—as she chose."*

Bear River has the honour of being "Pecky's" birth place. Her family moved to Bellington, Washington, when she was very young and here she attended school. Later returning to Bear River, she attended High School and in '17 came to the Sem where she took the Sophomore Matriculation Course. The following year she entered College and joined the class of '21. Pecky is one of our most popular girls and all wish her every success.

MORTIMER VILLIERS MARSHALL.

"I'm forever blowing Bubbles....."

In the spring of 1898, a noteworthy event happened in Yarmouth, N. S., when "Mont" was added to the numbers of humanity.

Mort. attended the public schools of Yarmouth, receiving his "A" from Yarmouth County Academy in '16.

He spent three years of active service in the army and after the war came to Acadia in the fall of '19, joining the class of '22. However, due to hard work and exceptional ability as a student, he was able to take the course in two years and graduate with '21.

Mort did not take a very active part in college affairs owing to his burden of studies, but he was by no means a recluse from college activities. Being of a cheerful disposition and having an abundant store of wit he made many friends, one in particular, during his short stay among us. We are sorry to see him leave but hope to have him with us again next fall as he expects to take post-graduate work.

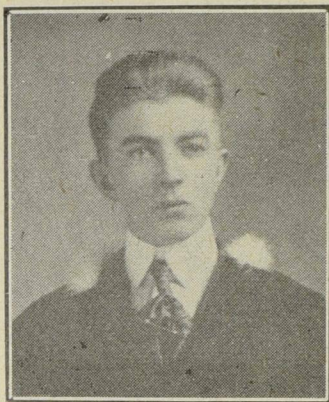
As the above heading suggests Mort has a goodly proportion of Romance in his makeup, his 'Bubbling' tendencies having led him dangerously near the brink of the Order of the Benedicts.

TERENCE ALEXANDER MEISTER.

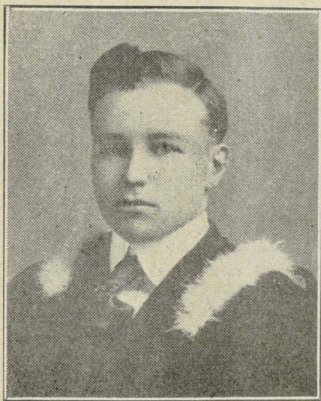
"His hostility was not to Popery or to Protestantism, to Monarchical Government or to Republican Government, to the House of Stuart or to the House Nassau, but to whatever was, at the time, established,"

Born at New Ross, Lunenburg Co., N. S., Oct. 2, 1893, Terence Alexander Meister was no school boy when in the autumn of '16, he joined the class of '20. Years of strenuous toil, high ambitions, and patient endeavor had matured him, so it is not surprising that he soon became a prominent figure in Acadia Student life.

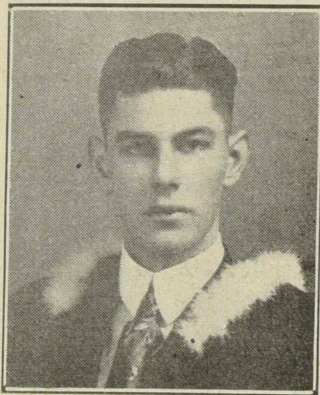
Meister received his elementary education in the Public Schools of New Ross. After graduating from the Common School he spent four years out in the world of grim realities. Here he learned the value of education, determined to overcome all obstacles, and entered High School in the fall of '13. When war came, Meister was among the first to respond, but after a month at Valcartier, was discharged as unfit. On being discharged he re-entered High School and graduated in 1915. Then followed another year of manual labor, and then his advent at Acadia. Early in 1918 his country again called, he again answered and served overseas until the end of the war. On his return to Acadia he joined the class of '21, with which he now graduates. Meister's hobby is English. In his Junior year he won his literary "A", and for his poem "Music" received honorable mention in the "Poets of the Future"; In his Senior year he edited the literary department of the Athenaeum, and was chosen to write the Class Ode. Next fall he plans to return to Acadia for his M. A., in English. Acadia will welcome his return, and wishes him in his post-graduate and in his life work, the same measure of success as has attended his undergraduate studies.



Donald Hector MacPherson



John Inglis Mosher



Otto Glendon Parsons

DONALD HECTOR MACPHERSON.

Du willst ein wenig schlafen und ein wenig schlummern, und ein wenig die Hände zusammen thun, dass du ruhst.

"Mac" was born at North Brookfield, N. S., on March 25th, 1902. In 1910 he emigrated to Lawrencetown, N. S., where he was graduated from his school in 1916. In the fall of '17, he entered Acadia as a charter member of the class of '21.

In his Sophomore year "Mac" was treasurer of the A. A. A. A. and business manager of the foot-ball team.

"Mac" has never let work interfere with his course. He has always made satisfactory marks, and still had time left over for a long sleep—often lasting well into the hour for German IV.

He has accepted a fellowship to University of Maine, and will there continue his studies in Physics.

Good luck "Mac", our best wishes go with you, and may fortune deal you many a "straight flush."

JOHN INGLIS MOSHER.

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

Jack first saw light in Aylesford, many years ago. His first appearance at Acadia was in 1912, when he entered the Academy. Matriculating from there, he joined the class of '18, but heard the Empire's call shortly after. He saw service overseas until the fall of '18. Still hankering after a parchment he returned to Acadia and joined the class of '21.

He was secretary of his class and also of the Athenaeum society in his freshman year, and class president in his junior year.

Jack's abundant good humor and his studious abilities will, we are sure, win him success in his future work, which we are told will be in zoology.

OTTO GLENDON PARSONS

"Come what come may, Time and the Hour runs through the roughest day."

Otto was born October 15, 1900, in Port Greville, Cumberland County, a land of lumbering and shipbuilding whence he came as hardy and robust as his early environment. His early education was received at Port Greville and Parrsboro. He entered Acadia, registered as a Freshman in the fall of '17 and consequently became a charter member of Class '21. Otto was captain of the class baseball team in his Sophomore year, and on the Rink Committee in the Senior year. To these he ungrudgingly contributed a great part of his time. Although Otto made good marks, he never let his studies worry him, and was ever ready for any fun that might arise. Otto is going in for medicine. We all feel that success awaits him in this sphere. This fall he expects to enter the second year of the Medical Course at McGill University.



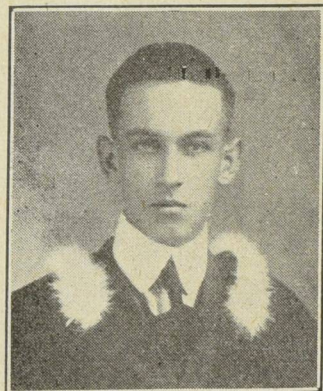
Lily May Perry



Jean Neilson Foote



Marion Elder Grant



Ralph Roland Harlow

LILY MAY PERRY

"Wearing all that weight of learning lightly as a flower."

Lily Perry, of Butternut Ridge, N. B., came to us as a charter member of the class of twenty-one. She soon proved herself an excellent student winning the class of 1905 scholarship. Her special attention has been given to Biology in which she is graduating with honours. Lily was vice-president of her class in her Junior year and in the same year was a valuable member of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet. Her quiet sympathetic disposition has endeared her to many during her four years at Acadia. Next year she plans to teach in the west and we feel sure she will meet with splendid success.

JEAN NEILSON FOOTE

"Divinely tall and most divinely fair."

Jean was born in Korea. She later lived in Truro, where she received her early education. She came to Wolfville in 1916, getting her "B" on a National Service certificate. Jean is a charter member of the class of '21. She has taken an active interest in sports throughout her college life, especially in basketball. Each year she played on her class teams and in her Junior and Senior years made the college team, in which she played jumping centre. In both her Sophomore year and the last term of her Senior year Jean was Secretary of her class. Her musical talent has been much appreciated at social functions, as was also her bright manner and sunny smile which has made her popular among both sexes. She is planning to go to Normal next year. Wherever Jean goes we know she will win many friends, and we wish her the best of luck.

MARION ELDER GRANT.

*"I like fun, and I like jokes
'Bout as much as most of folks."*

Marion comes from the Sem. She was born in Quebec, but in her early days came to make her home at the Seminary. Graduating from High School, she then entered college as a charter member of the class of '21.

Marion has always shown keen interest in all college activities. In her senior year she was president of the Political Club, vice-president of her class for the second term and was also on the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet. She also took an important part in interclass debating. Her contributions to the Athenaeum were by no means few in number, and won for her the coveted "Literary A" As a student she reached a high standard of scholarship.

Marion's bright cheery disposition and smiling countenance have endeared her to all those with whom she came in contact during her college course. We prophesy a successful future for her wherever she goes.

RALPH ROLAND HARLOW.

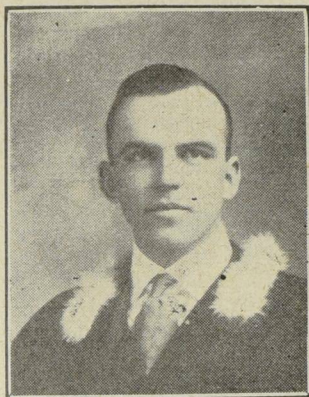
"Music hath charms to still the savage breast."

Ralph hails from North Brookfield, Queens Co. He got his "B" there in '17, and the following fall joined the class of '21, as a charter member.

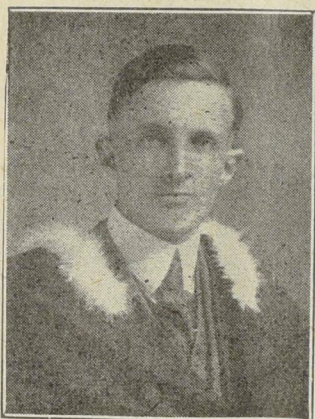
Ralph's side line is music. Here he showed rare ability which made him very much in demand at all college functions, and with all who took an interest in this art.

His studies never troubled him but he did maintain a high standard of scholarship throughout his course. Ralph's agreeable disposition won him many friends, both in college and in town where he boarded last year. He is best remembered as being a member of the "Terrible Ten."

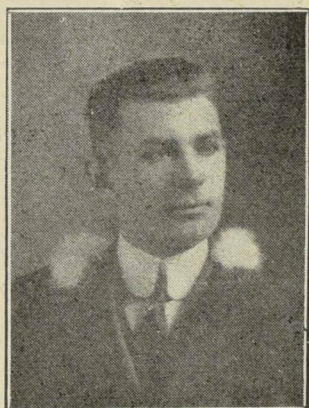
Ralph plans on studying medicine. Our best wishes go with you for success in your chosen work.



Horace Emmerson Read



Arthur Owen Hickson



Wesley Rice Kinney

HORACE EMMERSON READ

"Patience and Perservance must Command Success."

Horace claims that he was born at Port Elgin, N. B. April 8th, 1898, but as he must have been very young at the time we cannot vouch for the accuracy of his memory. He received his early education in the Port Elgin Superior School and the Cumberland County Academy. In the fall of '15 he decided to favor Acadia with his presence and entered as a charter member of the class of '19. Like so many of his class mates he heard the call to service and enlisted in the Acadia Platoon of the Highland Brigade in March of '16. Later he was transferred to the Flying Corps and served as flying instructor and fighting pilot in Canada, England and France. After finishing with the Hun Horace returned to Canada and re-entered Acadia in the fall of '19 as a member of '21. While in college Horace has been an active member of the Dramatic Society, Choral Club and College Band, vice-president of the Athenæum Society during the second term of '19-'20, a member of the successful Freshman track team when they captured the Bulmer Cup and has played a prominent part in all his class' social activities. Besides this, Horace has maintained a high standing in all his studies and if he carries the same enthusiasm and persistence which has characterized his work here into his chosen work at Harvard we prophecy a very successful year for him. A faithful worker in everything he undertook Horace has proved a valuable member of his class and college, and our best wishes go with him as he takes up his work at Harvard.

ARTHUR OWEN HICKSON.

"What! Can'st thou say all this, and never blush?"

Hick was born in Campobello, N. B. He attended various schools in that province, finally graduating from St. John High.

Acadia first saw him in the spring of 1919, after his return from overseas, where he served with the 26th Battalion. He was soon acting as the president of the Engineering Class, and later as the President of the Acadia Student Committee.

He received his Engineer's Certificate in 1920, with a high percentage of first class marks. Returning to Acadia in October, he joined the class of '21, but was forced to discontinue his studies, on account of illness, after mid-years.

We are happy to learn that his malady though necessitating a prolonged sojourn at Kentville Sanatorium is not of a serious nature and he is rapidly recovering under the tender care of the skillful staff of that institution.

Hickson has been most popular with faculty, co-eds and fellow students.

In addition to being one of Acadia's most brilliant students he has taken his part in all college activities of an athletic and social nature. We wish him success in his chosen profession of Electrical Engineering.

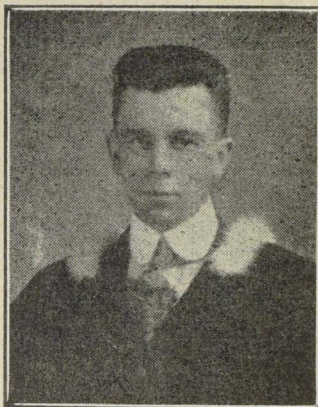
WESLEY RICE KINNEY.

"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

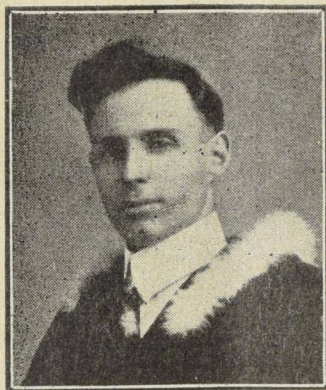
The first eight years of Rice's life were spent at Plympton, Digby Co., where he was born in March, 1901. But since that time his home has been at Barton of the same county. He received his preparatory education at the Barton-Brighton school and took his matriculation in 1917. That autumn he came to Acadia and became a charter member of the class of '21.

Rice has taken much interest in all college activities and sport. He likes basket-ball and tennis best, and in his senior year has been in charge of the tennis courts. In studies Rice has made a wide selection, trying not to specialize but to lay a broad foundation and in examinations he always shows a good knowledge of his subjects. He is graduating with B. Sc.

To know Rice is to appreciate his friendship. Jolly and apparently care-free, he becomes on closer acquaintance a thinker and a student of life with high ideals. He has not decided what shall be his life work but we are sure he will give good service and our best wishes go with him.



Duncan Rudolph Innes



Ralph Lent Jeffries



Elsie Frances Layton

DUNCAN RUDOLPH INNES.

*"You should not take a fellow eight years old
And make him swear to never kiss the girls."*

"Dunc" Innes was born in New Glasgow, quite a while since if his sombre experienced and judical air are any reliable indication.

He received his early education there and later at Truro, the Hub of the Maritime Provinces.

Graduating from the Colchester County Academy in 1917, he came to Acadia that fall and joined the class of '20, as a sophomore. The following year he was not at college, due to illness, but returned in the fall of '19, and joined the class of '21.

"Dunc" was always there when it came to introducing the Freshettes to college life. 'Tis said that on account of his heavy Reiding in his junior year, he became Bilious (?) this year.

To those who know him best, Dunc is a real friend, and many such wish him all success in his future career in the legal profession.

RALPH LENT JEFFRIES.

"Long and Lean, but every yard a man."

Ralph was born in Overtone, N. S., and like the disciples of old, spent a few of the early years of his life in a fishing boat. But while yet in his teens he became conscious that he was capable of doing a greater work. This thought harassed his mind in such a way that he left his fishing boat and sought refuge in Yarmouth Academy. After graduating from there in 1914, he entered the Provincial Normal School, Truro, N. S., where he received a teacher's training. With this preparation R. L. J. devoted the next two years to teaching; the first year in Port Maitland, N. S., and the second in Middleton, N. S. It was during the vacation preceeding his year at Middleton that Ralph became a Confirmed Benedict.

In the autumn of 1917, Acadia Academy was fortunate in securing Ralph as a *House Master* in the residence and a teacher in the class-rooms. He began his college work the same year, and during the past four years his work has proved an exception to the rule, "that no man can serve two masters", for both his labors in the Academy and his studies in college have been marked with thoroughness.

Next year he is taking up post-graduate work in Mathematics at Cornell.

Those, Jeff, who predict the brightest future for you, are those who know you best.

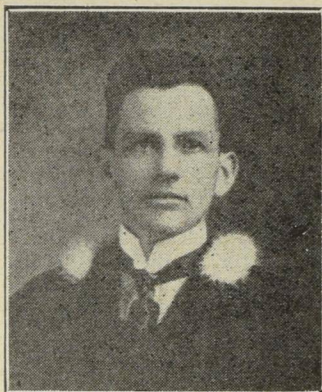
ELSIE FRANCES LAYTON.

*"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low
An excellent thing in woman."*

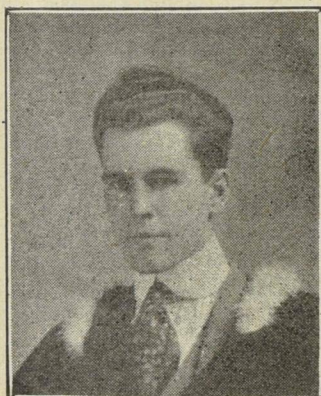
Elsie came to us fresh from the Sem, bringing with her the energy acquired there, and which has lasted throuout her college course. She was born in Great Village, where she attended school and got her B. certificate. In the fall of '16,, she entered the Sem as a special. The following year she entered college as a charter member of the class of '21. She has always been ready to have a good time in the social life of the college but never neglected her work.

In all college activities Elsie made a place for herself, a place which another will find it difficult to fill. Especially has her ability as a Y. W. C. A. worker been noted and appreciated. In her studies she made a specialty of English. In her senior year she won the Dewey Prize for English, and her contributions to the Athenaeum won her the "Literary A".

Good luck to you Elsie in your life work. We will miss you but others will be the gainers.



Clarence Basil Lumsden



Claude Sartoris Richardson

CLARENCE BASIL LUMSDEN.

"Everything he spoke or wrote he adorned with the most splendid eloquence."

Clarence Basil Lumsden, otherwise known as Bill, came to us from Canso, N. S. Before entering college, he served with distinction in the Canadian Expeditionary Force. Enlisting in February, 1915, in the 25th Batt., he arrived in France in September of that same year, and was wounded in October 1916. His war record was brilliant and he was decorated with the military medal.

From the time "Bill" joined his class in the fall of '17, until the day of graduation he has been a vital factor in the life both of the class and of the college. Though handicapped by the loss of his arm in the service, he still took a deep interest in all forms of sport, and an active part in tennis, baseball and hockey. The list of his college activities is indeed a remarkable one. President of his class in Freshman year, Business Manager of Hockey Team in Sophomore year, Business Manager and Managing Editor of the college paper in his Junior and Senior years respectively, member of the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, during all his course, except in his Sophomore year, member of the Intercollegiate Debating Team in all four years and leader of it in '20 and '21, to say nothing of the numberless lesser committees. Despite all this general college work his record of scholarship has been one of the best.

In view of the record above, it would be highly superfluous to say that he will be missed in all branches of Acadia life, but even more will he be missed by those who have come to appreciate and honor, not only his wonderful concentrative powers, but also those qualities of Christian manhood which are no less characteristic.

Our confidence and our heartiest good wishes go with you Bill whether your chosen field may be Economics or Theology.

CLAUDE SARTORIS RICHARDSON.

"He has no enemies in the world, except those who are offended by his devotion to his high ideals".

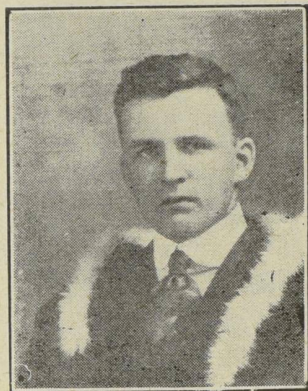
Claud was born in Sydney and has been talking about the Pittsburg of Nova Scotia ever since. He received his elementary education there, graduating from the Sydney Academy as valedictorian of his class in 1918. The same fall he entered Acadia in the class of '21, and soon after was involved in that last notable initiation that of the class of '22, an event of some significance in the history of Acadia.

He has figured prominently in college activities, having been President of the Dramatic Club, which organization was brought about largely through his efforts, and in his Senior year President of the Athenaeum Society. Both as a debater and as an actor he has done credit to himself and to his Alma Mater. The esteem in which he is held by his class-mates is evidenced by their electing him valedictorian of their class.

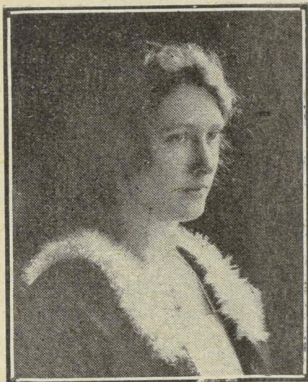
During his stay at Acadia his chief pastime was arguing on the labor question with "Count" Peters and Dunc Innes. During the last two years he has been interested in the management of the Seminary. We understand that at present one of the fraternal orders is occupying his attention, and we wish him all success in that direction.

Of an independent and altruistic nature, Claude has always been well liked and noted for backing his ideals with forceful eloquence. We predict for him a brilliant career in the legal profession and in politics, his sympathies being socialistic, not in its extreme radical sense, but in its truest and fullest meaning.

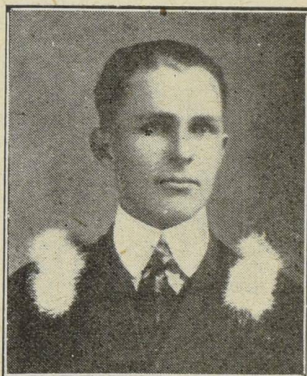
The best wishes of many sincere friends follow you, Claude, as you go out to your duty, and they are confident that the world will be better for you having lived in it.



Ronald Stewart Longley



Grace Arnold Porter



Reginald Arnold Salter

RONALD STEWART LONGLEY.

"He hath an excellent good name."

R. S. was born at Paradise, N. S., something less than 30 years ago, but as time passed, he developed to such a degree those tendencies peculiar to the human race, that at the present time no one would suspect him of his celestial birth-place. He received his early education at the Paradise High School, and attended the Provincial Normal College in 1914-1915. After two years teaching, he entered Acadia as a Freshman with the class of '21. The following spring he enlisted in the 10th Seige Battery, but the signing of the Armistice made it possible for him to return and resume his studies in December, 1918.

Though participating in all branches of athletics, Ron's main interest lay in basket-ball. He was interested in all college activities and was elected President of the Y. M. C. A. for the year 1920-1921.

Soon after returning to college last fall, he was offered the position of Principal of the Parrsboro Schools, which he accepted. He has, however, continued his studies, and graduates with the class of which he was a charter member.

GRACE ARNOLD PORTER.

*"Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."*

Although born in Honsdale, R. I., Grace is a loyal Canadian having moved to Nova Scotia at the age of two years. She received her education in Wolfville, graduating from the High School there. After teaching two years she joined the clas of '21, in the fall of '17.

Thruout her course she has shown excellent ability in committee work. Grace was Secretary of her class in her Freshman year and President of Propylaeum in her Senion year.

Being a town girl, she was not so well known by all the Tully girls until her Senior year, when all were pleased to have her in the Residence.

We all wish her success in her chosen profession of teaching.

REGINALD ARNOLD SALTER.

*"Nowhere so busy a man as he there was not,
And yet he seemed busier than he was."*

"Reg" was born in Bridgetown, N. S., January 10th, 1899, and received his early training there. Feeling the need of higher education he came to Acadia in the fall of 1916. Although small, he survived the joyous welcome of the Sophomores.

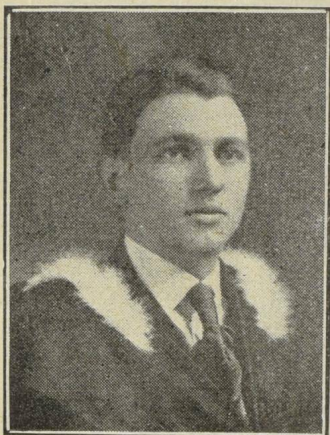
In 1917 Reg enlisted in the Artillery and proceeded Overseas where he served with the 5th Siege Battery.

In 1919 Reg resumed his studies at Acadia as a Junior. His quiet manner and studious nature made him liked by all. It was rumored at one time that Reg was travelling under an alias, but we find the report untrue.

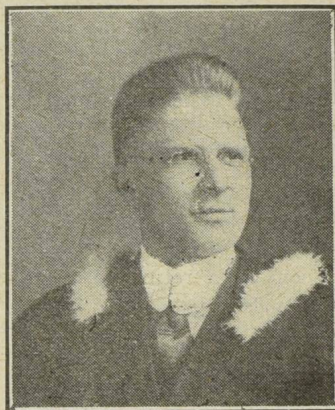
Reg could always be counted on for support of all college activities. Baseball was his favorite game and he was a worker on the field.

He plans to continue the study of medicine at McGill, where, we feel sure, he will be successful.

The best wishes of the boys go with you, Reg, and may fortune ever smile upon you.



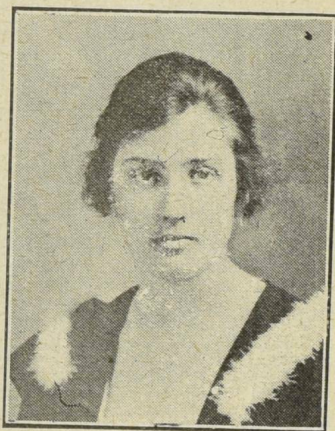
Frederick Lorimer Simpson



Eugene Alphonse Therrien



Lucy Esther Smith



Georgia Louise Spicer

FREDERICK LORIMER SIMPSON.

"Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning!"

"Sim" was born at Berwick, N. S., some twenty-three years ago, and since that time has passed a somewhat romantic existence, never living more than three or four years in one place,—such being the usual lot of a minister's son.

He came to Acadia, first as a member of the Academy. He graduated from here in '14. The following year he joined the class of '18, in college. Finishing his Freshman year he went to Alberta, took a course in Normal School and taught school for a year. He then enlisted and saw service in France with the 8th Railway Troops.

In the fall of '19, he returned to Acadia, joined the class of '21, and now graduates with them.

Our blessings upon thee, Sim, as thou proceedest hence.

EUGENE ALPHONSO THERRIEN

"Quel Nom Extraordinaire!"

Eugène was born at Montreal. After receiving his early education at the well-known Feller Institute, Grand Leigne, Quebec, he entered Acadia as an Engineer in the fall of '15. He stayed away the next year and returned in the fall of '16, and joined the class of '20 as a Sophomore.

He has made specialties of French and Physics. During the last two years he has been teaching Matriculation French to the Engineers and has been assistant in Physics Laboratory.

He has shown interest in all college activities, and has become especially addicted to the "library habit". He plans to teach at the Feller Institute next year. We wish him every success.

LUCY ESHTER SMITH.

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired."

Lucy took her Grade XII in St. John High School and came to Acadia, joining the class of '21 as a freshy-soph.

During her college life she has proved her ability as Vice-President of the Y. W. C. A., head of the House Committee and an excellent debater. Lucy has shown a decided liking for sports in basget-ball, hockey and skating.

We feel confident that wherever her life work places her, her sunny disposition will win her many friends.

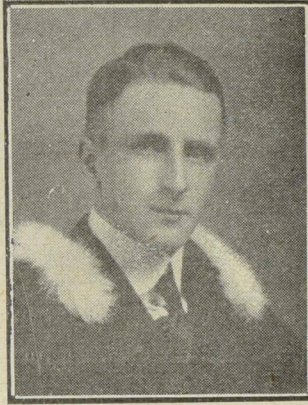
GEORGIA LOUISE SPICER.

"So unaffected, so composed of mind."

George was born on board her father's ship at Newcastle, New South Wales. Her education was begun at Spencer's Island and continued at Parrsboro. In the fall of '17, she came to the Seminary, graduating with the class of '18. The next year she entered college, joining her class as a Freshy-Soph.

George has done her share in the various societies and committees—in her third year she was Vice-President of Propylæum and Junior member on the Student Committee. In the line of sports George has excelled in basket-ball. For two years she has played on the college team, acting as captain during the second year. We shall miss her, in our work and in our sport.

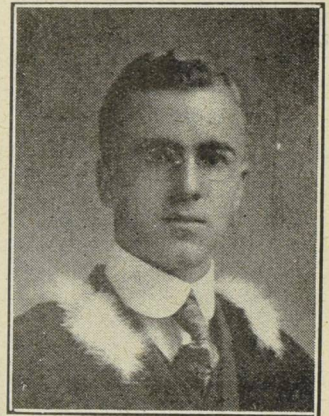
Our best wishes are with you George wherever you may go.



William Albert Steeves



Marjorie Allison Wickwire



Ralph Hartley Wetmore

WILLIAM ALBERT STEEVES.

*"Not given to thinking overmuch
Of pains and griefs behind,
But glad to be in fullest touch
With all his human-kind."*

"Bill" does not blush when he claims Dorchester, N. B., as his home. Born on Jan. 1, 1901, he attended the Dorchester High School, graduating in '17. Escaping from there the same fall, he found his way to Evangeline's land and entered Acadia. In his Sophomore year, he was treasurer of the Student Committee and a valued member of the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, but it was as a hockey player that Bill became famous at Acadia. Actively engaged in hockey throughout his whole course, as goal tender he won many a victory for the college team. True to the Acadia spirit, Bill did not confine his interest wholly to his own class, but devoted much of his time during his last two years, to "one" of the members of the class of '22. Bill has no definite plans for the future, but the many friends whom he has made at Acadia, will wish him well in whatever line of work he pursues.

MARJORIE ALLISON WICKWIRE.

"Play up! Play up! And play up the game."

"Marj" was born in Wolfville in 1899. She got her early education at the Public and High Schools here and graduated in 1917. She entered Acadia University in the fall of the same year as a Freshette.

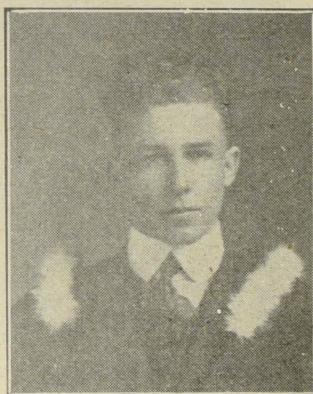
She has distinguished herself in girls' athletics. In her Freshman year she made the girls' hockey team and in the Sophomore year the basketball team, where she has played ever since.

Altho very fond of sports she has not neglected her studies and we all hope she will have the best of luck in whatever work she may take up in the future.

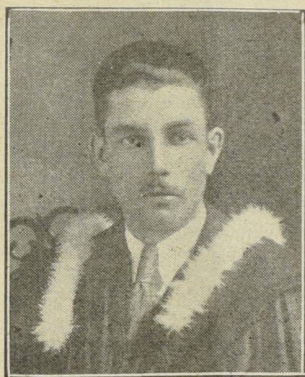
RALPH HARTLEY WETMORE.

*"There is a destiny that makes us brothers;
None goes his way alone.
All that we send into the lives of others,
Comes back into our own."*

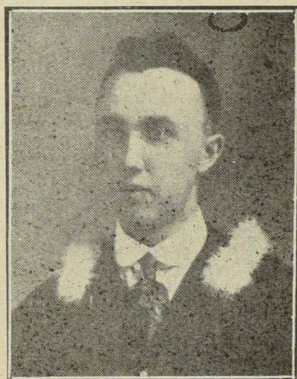
Yarmouth made a worthy contribution to Acadia when she sent us Wetmore, who entered the Sophomore class in December, 1918. His early life was spent in Yarmouth, where he attended the Yarmouth County Academy and received his "A". Following a Normal course, he was very successful as a teacher in Milton, N. S., Parrsboro, and the Colchester County Academy, Truro, N. S. During his Junior year at Acadia, he was Vice-President of both the Y. M. C. A. and the A. A. A. A. while in his Senior year, he was a member of the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, a valued member of the "Athenaeum" staff, and held the office of President of his class throughout the year. "Wet" had a great capacity for work, and yet, while his books came first, he did not exclude himself from all else. Always so willingly and cheerfully given, his services were constantly in demand on all occasions. He was an elder brother to his classmates and fellow students, in whose memory his name will ever remain fresh. He has been elected President of his class for life. In his Senior year he won the Governor General's medal, and graduated with honors in Biology. He will enter Harvard in the autumn, where we know he will win fresh laurels for himself, and bring glory to his Alma Mater.



Frederick Arthur Russell



John Forbes MacNeil



Harold Martell Wilson

FREDERICK ARTHUR RUSSELL.

Flower in the crannied wall

I pluck you out of the crannies.

Fred belongs to Wolfville. When not at home he may be found examining the towering walk of Acadia Seminary, or so it seemed in his senior year. He was a charter member of the class of '21 and stood by his class faithfully in anything that was in his line. Living out in town rather cut him off from the inner life of the student body, but he still took part in everything of importance that was going on. He kept his studies well to the fore. Basketball was his chief athletic interest. He held a permanent position on his class team and helped them to many a victory. We do not know what Fred plans on taking up after leaving Acadia, but we wish him every success in whatever it may be.

JOHN FORBES MACNEIL

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes

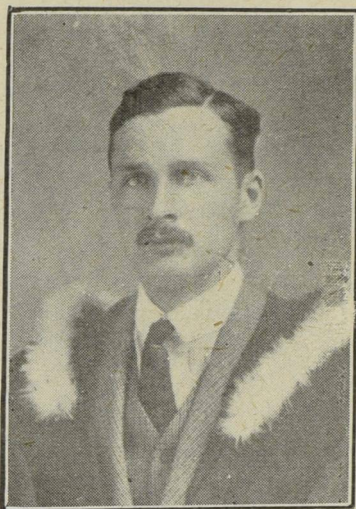
To pace the ground.

John MacNeil came to us from Salisbury, N. B. He spent some time at Acadia, then went over to France and set the Bosche right, acting in the capacity of a lieutenant, and returned to us. Now he graduates with '21. John does not like work much better than the rest of us, but when it has to be done, it has to, and that's all there is to it. Generally carrying a heavy course he has not had as much time to devote to sports and outside duties as his interest would warrant. But he gave his class and his college freely of whatever time and talent he could possibly spare, and is one of those who will be missed from among us. His chief outside interest was in dramatics—and perhaps some of his associates thereof. We believe John intends law as his profession. Knowing his ability as we do we have no fears for his success.

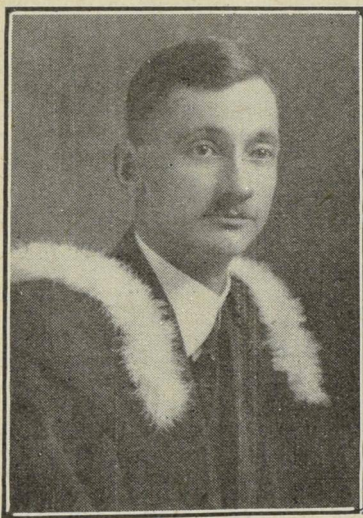
HAROLD MARTELL WILSON.

"Blithe of heart from week to week."

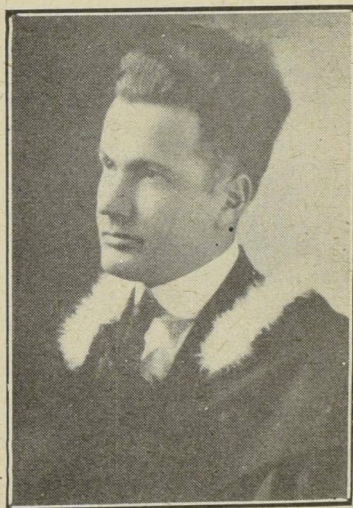
Wilson makes Wolfville his home. A child of the parsonage he has called different places home. After a short period at Acadia, and service overseas he came back to us and joined the class of '21. He was a good student always stressing his studies. Not being in the residence he did not intermingle with the others of us as perhaps he wished and as we are sure we wished. But his cheerful disposition, and quiet unaffected ways made him a general favorite. His chief outside interest was in the college band of which he was a valuable member. Just what Wilson will take up next we cannot say, but we are sure that his diligent ways and steady habits will bear him on to success wherever he may choose to work. Our best wishes go with you Harold.



Joseph MacLeod Boyer



Everett Clayton Leslie



Wallace Wilfred Holmes

JOSEPH MACLEOD BOYER

*"Whate'er you dream with doubt possessed
Keep, keep it snug within your breast
And lay you down and take your rest."*

Joe was born quite a long time ago at Victoria, N. B. He came to Acadia in the fall of 1914, but left in 1916 to join the army. He soon had the rank of lieutenant. He won the military cross, and saw service in several artillery units. He returned to Canada in the summer of 1919 and to Acadia that same fall. Joe's military rank and experience gave him somewhat above the ordinary amount of influence with the boys. Another effect was the great amount of sleep he lost on duty. By almost constant application, however, he managed to make this up in time to graduate with the class of '21. We do not know where Joe's future lies, but wish him success in whatever he may undertake.

EVERETT CLAYTON LESLIE.

"He was a man."

"Lofty," first came to Acadia in the fall of 1912, as a charter member of the class of 1916. The next year he won a high place as an academy teacher, and a year later joined the class of 1917. In September, 1915, he enlisted in the 85th, and within a couple of weeks was wearing sergeant's stripes. When the Wolfville detachment of the 219th was recruited, he was sent to train them. He carried out his duties in his own inimitable way, and gained the good-will and affection of all. In February of 1917, he went to France with the 85th and was soon returned to England for a commission, which he had by the end of July. His health broke down, forcing him to return to Canada. For the next two years he was in charge of the Government Sanatorium in River Glade, N. B. Last fall saw him back in Wolfville again. Unfortunately he was taken seriously ill about the middle of February and had to spend the remainder of the term in the Sanatorium at Kentville.

During his college career he has been president of his class, and this year, president of the Athenaeum Society. He has always taken a keen interest in Athletics and all the activities of college life. Oft times his calm words of advice put a stop to dissension. We shall miss him much, but wish him speed in his recovery from illness and success in his chosen profession—Journalism.

WALLACE WILFRID HOLMES.

*"When Fortune whispers low, "Thou must"
The youth replies, "I can."*

Wallace first glimpsed the light in 1895. He arrived at Acadia in 1913, and, after spending two years in the Academy joined the freshman class in 1915.

He enlisted in March, 1916, and returned in the fall of 1919, entering the Junior year with the class of '21.

"Wal" was business manager of the foot-ball team in his junior year and takes a great interest in Athletics in general. His chosen profession is Law.

About closing time last year "Wal" took unto himself a wife. As she had been one of his old class-mates he established a precedent. It is said also that he invented the expression "gimme a cigarette", but there is reason to believe that he heard someone else say this.

Our best wishes go with you "Wal" as you go forth from us.

REPORTS OF THE SOCIETIES

THE Athenaeum Society has completed one of its most successful years. The attendance, large as it was at Acadia this year, tended toward greater and increased interest in the work of this society, and the inter-class debates and entertainments were of an exceptionally high order. The debating schedule of the classes was carried out very successfully during the Fall term, and under the capable direction of President R. L. Jeffrey and a strong executive much good work was accomplished. The Class of '22 was successful in their efforts to capture the honors of inter-class debating and eventually won the handsome trophy for the year.

The President for the second term was E. C. Leslie, '21, who performed the duties of that office in no mean manner until late in February, when forced thru sickness to leave college, he reluctantly discontinued his work.

Examinations checked the activities of the Society for a while, but these out of the way, the work was carried on as enthusiastically as before.

During the third term Acadia's debating team defeated our friends from U. N. B. The debate was held in the Baptist Church and proved to be a very interesting and successful event. The debaters and judges were "banquetted" at the Royal Hotel later in the evening and very cordial and happy relations were re-established between the sister universities. The sincere thanks of the Society are due A. D. McGillivray, Esq., of Halifax, and Dr. Thompkins, of St. Francis Xavier, who acted as judges and gave freely of their time and service in connection with the debate.

The "Athenaeum" had charge of the periodicals in Willett Hall Club Room and these proved a decided help to all students of the College.

One word which the officers of the "Athenaeum" wish to pass on to their successors is along the line of conducting meetings of the society. Sadly lacking in our colleges today, the place where people generally look for evidence of such, is proper procedure. We do not mean that decorum

and courtesy are neglected, but the principles of procedure are "conspicuous by their absence". This should not be, and college societies should awaken to this fact. Men and women, no matter how well-read, how clever, even how brilliant, are not educated, and should not be classed as learned till they can enter upon their duties as citizens in an intelligent manner, and not least of these duties is and will be the power to express, in orderly fashion, ideas which they will have clearly formed. It is our hope that the officers of the "Athenaeum" next year will impress upon the members of the Society the opportunities they have for the acquisition of this knowledge and the duty that presents itself to them as members of the foremost Society of Acadia, as members, too, of a larger field of endeavor,—the world.

The Society wishes to express, at this time, its thanks to the Faculty and all others who have so freely assisted it during the past year.

— Y. M. C. A.

During the year the Y. M. C. A. has continued its work along the same lines as in previous years, and though, in common with the other societies of the University, we suffered much inconvenience and some material loss as a result of the fire, yet we can say that, under the circumstances, we have had a fairly successful year.

On the five days preceding the opening of College, the second Fall Camp was held at Evangeline Beach. There was afforded an opportunity for new students to get acquainted with old ones, and with each other in hikes. We regret that financial embarrassment prevents holding a similar camp this Fall.

In November, Mr. Longley, the president of the Association, left us to accept the principalship of the Parrsboro schools. The old cabinet carried on until February, when it was decided to appoint a new cabinet, whose term of office should run from mid-year to mid-year. Thus many of the officers are relieved from their duties during the second term of their Senior year.

In December we sent a delegate to Guelph, Ont., where students from all Canada met and organized the Students' Christian Movement of Canada, its aim being to develop especially the spiritual side of the students' lives, whereas the Y. M. C. A. aimed at the fourfold development. On receiving our delegates' report, it was decided that we should join this movement.

Previous to the fire, our Wednesday night prayer service was held in the Assembly Hall of the College, where we were joined by the Y. W. C. A.'s of both the University and the Seminary. The loss of the Hall necessitated holding the services in the Club Room of the Ladies' Residence, and though here the attendance has been small, we have enjoyed some good services. Monthly missionary services have been held in the Baptist Church during the year, taking the place of the regular Sunday evening service of the church.

The work of the students at the Tabernacle and at the County Poor Farm has been continued as in previous years.

Two classes in Bible Study have been conducted during the year—one for first year men and one for sophomores and upper classmen. We are hoping to increase the number of classes next year.

During the last week of the term, the Y. M. C. A. purchased several hundred dollars worth of books, which we hope to sell in the Fall to the students, that both we and they may be benefited thereby.

Y. W. C. A.

Under the splendid leadership of Kathleen Fitzpatrick, our Y. W. C. A. has had a very favorable year. Our Sunday evening meetings have been very interesting and well attended. One evening a month was given over to missions. Most of the meetings were led by the girls, but we have had some outside speakers among whom were Miss Harnce, Mrs. Cutten, Mrs. Foote, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Miriam Chisholm, Miss Pauline Parry, Dr. Rodenhizer, and Rev. E. S. Mason.

Two splendid courses in Bible Study have been given Sunday mornings throughout the year. The upper class girls

studied "The Social Principles of Jesus" with Prof. Balcom, while Mrs. Wilson led the lower class girls in the study of "Student Standards of Action". The social service committee continue their work at the Tabernacle.

The Acadia girls have decided to join the Canadian Student Christian Movement, but we will retain our old name, Y. W. C. A.

Our association has not had any unusual expense this year, and with a good balance in the treasury we hope to send a good delegation to the Maritime Conference at Pine Hill, Halifax, and get a good start for next year.

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S POLITICAL CLUB

The Political Club has not held as many meetings this year as usual, but these meetings have been exceptionally interesting, under the leadership of Miss Marian Grant as President. Special speakers were provided for each meeting.

At one of the earliest meetings of the year Mrs. Moore, the first woman councillor in the province, gave an interesting talk on her work in public life. Mr. Stairs, of the Children's Aid Society, also delivered an address on Child Welfare, and at one of the last meetings Prof. Balcom addressed the Club on the political situation in Canada.

Owing to the large number of organizations now existing, these meetings were not as well attended as they might have been. In view of this, it was decided at the last meeting of the year that the Political Club should amalgamate with the Propylaeum Society: one evening each month to be devoted to the discussion of subjects hitherto confined to the Political Club.

PROPYLAEUM SOCIETY.

Propylaeum has carried on its usual activities very successfully this year. Perhaps the most important of these activities was the debating. The intercollegiate debate with Mt. A. was cancelled, but we hope that it shall find place again next year. The inter-class debates were carried on with vigor. The schedule was changed somewhat, so that only

three debates were held, one between the upper classes, one between the lower classes, one between the winners. This resulted in a final victory for the juniors.

The entertainments of this society have furnished a very substantial part of the social life of the Acadia women. The classes have, each in their turn, contributed their part. Literary, musical and theatrical performances were successfully executed; those professors who lately have been taking unto themselves wives, were "showered" with good things; and most novel, but very interesting, was a Christmas tree just before the Yuletide vacation.

We wish Propylæum the best of success for next year. May all be done that this year has neglected or failed to accomplish.





Lucy Smith, Georgia Spicer, Ada Boyer. Marj. Wickwire. Hilda Bishop. Jean Foote.
SENIOR GIRLS' BA SKETBALL TEAM

SKETCHES FROM COMMENCEMENT

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.

AT six o'clock Sunday morning, May 22, with sleep-laden eyes, but triumphant hearts, the "grave old seniors" gathered around the flagpole on the hill and ran their banner to its windy top. Then, giving their yell, they turned away, leaving the old flag to wave a last "farewell" to the college and the town.

The first really big thing in the closing exercises was the Baccalaureate sermon by Rev. A. N. Marshall, D. D., of Ottawa, originally of Bridgetown, N. S. The weather was ideal. All nature, in general, swathed in the tenderest green, seemed waiting for the message of the morning, while the Annapolis Valley in particular, decked in the delicate pink and cream of its million times a million apple blossoms seemed to be doing its utmost to welcome back a son who had won renown abroad.

Long before the service began, the streets were lined with cars, and the church was filled with people. Then the leaders marched to the platform and the senior class filed solemnly to their seats. The subject was "Godliness and Gymnastics". "Godliness" and "gymnastics" were taken for granted. They were the posts, and between them in place of the "and" hung Dr. Marshall's sermon like a spacious and scientifically constructed hammock offering rest to the weary, healing to the injured, and suggesting a goal for the active. The sermon, considered even as a baccalaureate, excelled in power and scholarship.

At four o'clock in the afternoon a vesper service was held, at which the sacred cantata, "Ruth", was rendered by a chorus of fifty voices and three soloists.

The evening service was under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. Rev. A. T. Kempton, of Cambridge, Mass., was the speaker and delivered one of his famous drama sermons. There was much speculation as to just what this sermon would be, but once it was witnessed there

remained no doubt as to the power and appeal of this method of teaching when properly handled.

Following the evening service the college band gave a concert in front of the Science Hall. This was largely attended and much enjoyed. This charm and melody in the open air formed a very fitting conclusion to a day so packed with good things.

FORMAL OPENING OF THE GYMNASIUM.

One of the most interesting features of commencement this year was the impressive dedication of our new memorial gymnasium. Just a year ago the corner-stone was laid by General Sir Arthur Currie. Building operations were carried on rapidly, so that by the beginning of this term it was practically completed, and although it has been in use for some time this ceremony constituted its formal opening.

Dr. Cutten presided, and in making the first speech mentioned the splendid advantages and equipment of the building—one which easily rivalled any college gymnasium in the Dominion. Continuing, he spoke of its peculiar fitness as a memorial to those Acadia students who had served in the war, and pointed out its two-fold dedication—a dedication not only to those who had given their lives in service, but also a dedication to the students of the future, to make them better fitted for service in the world.

The speech of dedication was made by Milton Gregg, V.C., an old Acadia man, who emphasized the courage and heroism of those who had served overseas—"lest we forget".

In most inspiring words he called upon those present to carry on, and to try to live up to the ideals for which they gave their lives, concluding with the powerful appeal of those familiar words:—

"If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, tho' poppies grow
In Flanders Fields."

This part of the ceremony was brought to a close with prayer by Dr. MacDonald, and then the benediction.

Following this there was a gymnasium exhibition under the direction of Mr. Russell, our instructor. It consisted of an Indian club drill by the Freshman and Sophomore girls, a basketball game between the Junior and Senior girls' teams, and a relay race by the girls also. In addition the boys put on some tumbling stunts, stunts on parallel bars, jumping, and also a boys' basketball game.

These showed just a little of the splendid work being done here, and the great opportunity for work in this line.

FAREWELL BANQUET TO THE SENIOR CLASS

The Junior Class created what we believe was a precedent in the history of Acadia when they tendered a farewell banquet to the Class of '21 on Saturday, May 7th. Tully Tavern dining room was artistically decorated for the occasion and we have never seen it present quite such an appearance of beauty and festivity as it did on this occasion.

The banquet itself was a triumph of the culinary art. The Freshman Class, arrayed in robes to suit the occasion, proved themselves capable and efficient waiters, and the spirit of the occasion was all that could be desired. The Senior Class were unanimous in their opinion that it was the most successful affair of its kind that they had ever attended, and too much praise cannot be given to the Junior Class for the way in which they planned and handled the whole affair.

Perhaps there has not been in recent years two classes more keenly rivals than the classes of '21 and '22. Yet this rivalry has been marked for the most part by courteous sportsmanship and good feeling on the part of both classes who have ever been willing to sacrifice class for college. Certainly we feel that if the same spirit could pervade all our inter-class activities it would do much to improve the general tone of inter-class sport.

After the eats had been disposed of, A. K. Eaton, president of the Junior Class, proposed a toast to the King. The

toast to Acadia was proposed by A. B. Corey, '22, responded to by C. B. Lumsden, '21. J. W. Lank, '22, proposed a toast to the Class of '21, which was responded to by R. H. Wetmore, president of the Senior Class. The toast to the ladies was proposed by H. S. Thurston, '22, and responded to by Marion Grant, '21. After the toasts, Dr. Cutten was called on for a speech, and in a few remarks, packed with suggestive thought, he expressed his appreciation of the banquet and the spirit which prompted it, and gave the classes his idea as to how one should spend their senior year in college.

Class and college yells brought the festivities to a close.

UNIVERSITY GRADUATING CLASS DAY

Nature herself was kind to the University graduating class on the day chosen for their class day exercises, May 24th. Even the blossom-scented wind had calmed to a serene and gentle breeze, while the sun shone brightly through a cloudless sky. Promptly at 10.30 a.m. to the strains of the entrance march played by Miss E. Hortense Griffin, the president of the class, Mr. R. H. Wetmore, and vice-president, Miss M. E. Grant, led the stately march, followed by the other forty-seven members of the graduating class. The Baptist church, where the exercises took place, had been trimmed with apple blossoms and ferns, and was well filled by the friends of the graduates. The president in the opening address, extended a cordial welcome to the visitors present, and expressed regret that this would be the last class meeting over which he would be privileged to preside. The secretary, Miss Jean N. Foote, read the minutes of the last meeting, and the present officers were elected for life, the first class reunion to be held in 1926. A hush of profound silence fell upon the whole assembly, when, during the roll call, the graduating class arose, and for a brief period, with bowed heads, revered the name of Lewis S. Bezanson, a member of the class who had died during the year.

Mr. H. E. Reid sang a well-rendered solo, followed by the reading of the class history by Miss Marion E. Grant. In her own inimitable style, Miss Grant carried her listeners

through all the interesting experiences of the four years work, leaving her hearers convinced that the class of '21 had made an enviable record .

Mr. J. I. Mosher, as class prophet, dipped into the future, and assured his classmates that the gods had advised him wisely as to their fates. That the audience agreed with him, was manifest by the hearty applause given to the individual prophecies.

Mr. C. S. Richardson, as valedictorian, gave a well rendered and scholarly address. In a forceful manner, he voiced the sentiments of his classmates in bidding farewell to the faculty and friends of the class of '21. His message to his fellow students was one of conquest, emphasizing the high ideals of character which typify Acadia men and women. In bidding farewell to his classmates, he urged them on to a high standard of citizenship, based on the principles of Jesus, who counted it not loss to give his own life that he might save others.

The class yell brought the exercises to a close, and the members of the class of '21, stepped from the old into the new, to try the untried, to put to the test, "Vincit qui patitur."

UNIVERSITY GRADUATING EXERCISES

Owing to the loss of our College Hall, the Graduating exercises of the University were held this year in the Baptist church. The church and vestry were filled with the friends and well wishers of the University and its graduates. At ten o'clock the faculty marched to the platform, followed by the class of '21, who found reserved seats near the platform. The processional march was rendered by Miss Hortense Griffin, a former member of the class.

The program was prefaced by a hymn, and by prayer by Rev. Z. L. Fash, of Fredericton. Then followed the orations given by Miss Fitzpatrick and Messrs. Bishop and Lumsden. These were well rendered and showed intelligent and sympathetic understanding of the subjects discussed, which were

typical problems facing us today, scientific, sociological and political.

Mr. John B. Bishop gave the first address. His subject was wireless telephony, and in a very clear, comprehensive, and concise manner he explained the advantages and disadvantages of the universal use of wireless as applied to telephony. He showed, by referring us to the scientific facts, how the present system was preferable in cities, but he also pointed out how wireless might be used to great advantage. Communication is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, factor influencing progress, and hence any proposal and inventions which tend to facilitate such communication should receive all due attention.

Following Mr. Bishop came Miss Kathleen Fitzpatrick, who gave a very interesting talk on "Problems of the Modern City". She touched upon the general tendency of the surplus population to aggregate in the cities. Improvements in farming were always releasing more men from the farms, and these naturally went to the cities. The industrial revolution, which has been going on for a century, and in the midst of which we now are, resulted in the development of the factory system and was directly influential in causing our present urban social stratification. Thus we have our social problem. Miss Fitzpatrick's address was excellent, both in material and in delivery.

"Canada's National Debt" was ably discussed by Mr. C. B. Lumsden. He presented the problem as it is, and suggested the ways in which it might be met. Mr. Lumsden's usual eloquent style of delivery always makes him a welcome speaker on our platform.

The conferring of the degrees upon the members of the graduating class was the next on the program. With the usual impressive ceremonies the largest class, save one, ever graduated in the Maritime Provinces, received degrees as follows:

Master of Arts upon—

Clarke, Esther Isabel, Fredericton, N. B.
Rouse, Irvine Berton, Corn Hill, N. B.
Smallman, Ralph Benjamin, Wolfville, N. S.
Tingley, Paul Roy, Wolfville, N. S.

Bachelor of Arts upon—

Beardsley, James Murray, Wolfville, N. S.
Bishop, Raleigh Arnold, Wolfville, N. S.
Bishop, Hilda May, Somerset, N. S.
Boyer, Ada Dorothy, Victoria, N. B.
Boyer, Joseph MacLeod, Victoria, N. B.
Cole, Frederick Robert, Moncton, N. B.
Collins, Wylie Louis, Port Williams, N. S.
Corbett, Geneva Gladys, Bridgetown, N. S.
Fash, Erma Reta, Fredericton, N. B.
Fitzpatrick, Kathleen, Hillsboro, N. B.
Foote, Jean Neilson, Wolfville, N. S.
Grant, Marion Elder, Wolfville, N. S.
Harlow, Ralph Roland, North Brookfield, N. S.
Hickson, Arthur Owen, St. John, N. B.
Holmes, Wallace Wilfred, Wolfville, N. S.
Innes, Duncan Rudolph, Truro, N. S.
Jeffery, Ralph Lent, Chegoggin, N. S.
Leslie, Everett Clayton, River Hebert, N. S.
Layton, Elsie Frances, Great Village, N. S.
Lumsden, Clarence Basil, Canso, N. S.
MacCready, William Harold, St. Stephen, N. B.
Mason, Karl Ernest, Wolfville, N. S.
Morse, Myrtle Vera, Melvern Square, N. S.
Meister, Terence Alexander, New Ross, N. S.
MacNeil, John Forbes, Salisbury, N. B.
Mosher, John Inglis, Aylesford, N. S.
Parsons, Otto Glendon, Port Greville, N. S.
Peck, Edna, Gertrude, Bear River, N. S.
Perry, Lily May, Moncton, N. B.
Porter, Grace Arnold, Wolfville, N. S.

Read, Horace Emmerson, Amherst, N. S.
 Richardson, Claude Sartoris, Sydney, N. S.
 Russell, Frederick Arthur, Wolfville, N. S.
 Salter, Reginald Arthur, Bridgetown, N. S.
 Simpson, Frederick Lorimer, Wolfville, N. S.
 Smith, Lucy Esther, St. John, N. B.
 Spicer, Georgia Louise, Spencer's Island, N. S.
 Steeves, William Albert, Dorchester, N. B.
 Therrien, Eugene Alphonse, Grand Ligne, P. Q.
 Wickwire, Marjorie Allison, Wolfville, N. S.
 Wilson, Harold Martell, Wolfville, N. S.

Bachelor of Science upon—

Bishop, John Burt, Auburn, N. S.
 Crossman, Lynn, Deseronto, Ont.
 Eisenhaur, Wynn Earl, Mahone Bay, N. S.
 Kinney, Wesley Rice, Barton, N. S.
 Longley, Ronald Stewart, Paradise, N. S.
 Marshall, Mortimer Villiers, Salem, N. S.
 MacPherson, Donald Hector, Bridgetown, N. S.
 Wetmore, Ralph Hartley, Yarmouth, N. S.

Engineering Certificates were also granted—

Bentley, Percy Jardine, Truro, N. S.
 Betts, Wallace Havelock, Wallace, N. S.
 Bown, Charles Roy, Sydney, N. S.
 Bown, William Edward, Sydney, N. S.
 Butterworth, John Victor, Yarmouth, N. S.
 Clarke, Aubrey Leonard, St. John, N. B.
 Crossman, Lynn, Deseronto, Ont.
 Davison, William Eric, Wolfville, N. S.
 Davies, Ewart John, Glace Bay, N. S.
 Eaton, Stuart Cochran, Lower Canard, N. S.
 Edwards, Charles Bryson, Truro, N. S.
 Jordan, John Nealon, St. John, N. B.
 Lordly, Gordon Humbert, St. John, N. B.
 MacDonald, John, Sydney Mines, N. S.

March, Joseph Wade, Bridgewater, N. S.
McGill, Chester William, Springfield, N. S.
Neily, Leonard Eugene, Torbrook Mines, N. S.
Rand, Theodore Harding, Wolfville, N. S.
Roach, Charles Lawrence, Windsor, N. S.
Saunders, Earle Freeman, Paradise, N. S.
Saunders, Max Gordon, Paradise, N. S.
Spriggs, William, Port Williams, N. S.
Tampin, Harold Llewelyn, Wolfville, N. S.
Tingley, Arthur Joseph, Wolfville, N. S.
Wetmore, Douglas Stevenson, Truro, N. S.
Wetmore, Horace Hanington, St. John, N. B.

Two English Certificates in Theology granted—

Hutchinson, Harry U., Lockhartville, N. S.
Rockingham, Charles E., London, England.

In the president's address (Dr. Cutten) to the Graduating Class he emphasized the fact that because an Arts or Science Degree did not give an opening to anything in particular, therein lay its greatest value. A liberal education, not stilted or narrow, but with a broad, free outlook, is the thing that is going to do most for our present day civilization. The broad-minded man today is the man who is going to do most in the solving of our ever-present problems, and Acadia graduates will ever uphold her reputation in going forth as men who will take an active part in the affairs of the country in which they are, working not from selfish but from altruistic motives. The great need is for such men, for only by such work are the wheels of progress to be accelerated.

Honorary Degrees were conferred as follows:—

Doctor of Divinity—

Rev. A. T. Kempton, Cambridge, Mass.
Rev. M. W. Brown, Port George, N. S.

Master of Arts—

Mr. Frank A. Good, Fredericton.

Mrs. Irene Elder Morton.

Lieut. M. F. Gregg, Montreal.

Prizes were awarded as follows:—

Governor-General's Medal—Mr. R. H. Wetmore.

W. B. Bishop Medal—Mr. C. B. Lumsden.

A. M. Wilson Prize—H. L. Tamplin.

A. G. MacIntyre Prize—H. L. Tamplin.

Dewey Prize for English—Miss Elsee F. Layton.

Fittsburgh Prize—Mr. Wm. Spriggs.

Phillip S. Beals Scholarship—Mr. S. S. Chipman.

Class 1892 Prize—John A. Rogers.

Class 1905 Scholarship—Mr. A. E. Warren.

Dr. Cutten presented to the President of the Athletic Association a cup given by the graduating class of Engineers as an inter-class trophy in baseball. The "Reunion Cup" was presented to the class of 1891, which class were represented by three of the eight surviving members.

Following this, Dr. Cutten gave a brief sketch of the college activities of the year and of the future outlook. Three notable events have occurred: the death of Dr. Tufts, who for so many years faithfully served on the Faculty with true Acadian devotion; the burning of College Hall and the erection of the Memorial Gymnasium. The latter, together with the extension of the campus, gives us enviable facilities for athletics. Student activities this year have been characterized by general success, in scholastics, debating and in athletics. The attendance is a record one, and the graduating class is the largest ever graduated here.

He also spoke of the Million Dollar Campaign, which will be launched in September. In spite of the general financial depression, we are sure that the spirit of loyalty among Acadia's friends will not fail to bring results. Acadia must never retrograde, she must go ahead, ever pushing upward, ever striving for that idealism in which the institution was founded years ago.

Dr. Kempton gave a short address, followed by words of appreciation by Dr. Brown, Lieut. Gregg, and Mr. Good.

Thus another year at Acadia closed.

L. P. S. '22.

ACADEMY CLOSING

Academy Class Ode.

The curtain drops, another act complete;
All breathless we await the coming scene,
The drawing of the silken, gauzy veil
That, faint as spring's aroma, hangs between
The present and the days to come. We pass,
Perhaps, to those who take our place unknown:
The violets of the springtime fade and die,
Their death unnoticed by the rose full bloom.

With us we bear sweet memories of the past,
Our future lives may furnish sweeter still.
The curtain having risen upon the scene,
We may our fondest hopes fulfill.

C. M. SPIDELL.

THE closing exercises of Acadia Collegiate and Business Academy took place in the Wolfville Baptist Church on Monday evening, May 23rd, before a very large audience. Places on the platform were occupied by Principal Archibald, the Academy teachers, Rev. Dr. J. H. MacDonald, J. G. MacKay, Esq., Montreal, and ex-Principal Dr. I. B. Oakes. The following program was most successfully carried out:

1. Processional March:

Mis Bernice Sproule
Miss Ora Annis

2. Opening Prayer:
Rev. J. H. McDonald, D.D., C.B.E.
3. Vocal solo, "The Winds in the South Today":
Miss Evelyn Duncanson
4. Essay, "The Mission of the Business Man":
Donald McKeigan
5. Essay: "Class Prophecy":
Curry M. Spidell
6. Violin solo, "Kuiswisk"—*Polis Wieniawsk.*
Miss Myra Alcorn
7. Essay, "Canadian Universities and the Great War"
W. Preston Warren.
8. Essay, "The Valedictory"—T. A. Kirkpatrick.
9. Vocal Duet, "Where My Caravan has Rested"—*Lohr.*
Miss Barbara MacNeill
Miss Frances DeWolfe
10. Address to the Grdauates:
J. G. MacKay, Esq., B.A., M.C., Montreal, Canada.
11. Awarding diplomas.
12. Principal's address.
13. "God Save the King".
14. Organ postlude, "Marche Romaine"—*Gounod.*
Donald D. Cameron.



Anna D. Boyer 21, Social



Marjorie Healy 24, Posters



Laura Bagnall 22, Vice Pres.



H. Fitzpatrick 21, Pres.



Edna C. Sanford 23, Secy.



Evelyn Caldwell 22, Motion Study



Emma P. Fash 21, Social Service



Marion E. Grant 21, Co. Secy.



Elsie F. Bryant 21, Bible Study



Winnie L. Chute 23, Treas.



Irene C. Halsey 22, Membership

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ACADIA

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Y. W. C. A. CABINET.

The following gives the Senior Class membership and subjects of graduating essays:

Anderson, George, Wolfville, N. S.—“Aviation”.

Brown, Carl H., St. John, N. B.—“Money”.

Bannerman, H. M., Barney's River, N. S.—“Nova Scotia's Contribution to Canadian Life”.

Bishop, Morris, Greenwich, N. S.—“Aviation, Present and Prospective”.

Beaton, Kenneth, Sydney, N. S.—“The Hudson Bay Co.”

Butler, Stuart, Meriden, Conn., U.S.A.

Coldwell, J. D.—“The Development of Surgery”.

Copeland, J. J., Grenada, B.W.I.—“The British West Indies and the British Empire”.

Copland, H. L., Grenada, B.W.I.—“The Submarine & War”.

Currie, J. N., Cannan, Yarmouth County, N. S.

Chesley, Jack, St. John—“Canada's Naval Service”.

Elderkin, B. D., Wolfville, N.S.—“The Future of Aviation”.

Elderkin, B. J., Wolfville, N. S.—“Radium”.

Geldart, Wm. A., River Glade, N.B.—“Class History”.

Hennigar, R.E., Chester, N.S.—“Dentistry as a Profession”

Harrison, Fred A., Maugerville, N. B.—“The St. John River Valley”.

Hodgson, Harold, Halifax, N.S.—“The Value & Use of Oil”

Hoyt, P. A., St. John.

Ingalls, Ralph, Grand Harbour, N. B.—“The Republic of Czecho-Slavokia”.

Kirkpatrick, T. A., Gaspereaux, N. B.—“The Valedictory”.

Langille, Cecil, Wolfville, N. S.—“General J. C. Smuts”.

- Loomer, Ralph, Summerville, N. S.
- Lusby, Thos., Amherst—"Electric Railways".
- MacKay, Gordon, Lorne, N. S.—"Woman's Century".
- MacKay, D. A., New Glasgow, N. S.
- McMillan, D.R., Fredericton, N. B.—"The Canadian National Railways".
- McLennan, Cyrus, Campbellton, N.B.—"Woman Suffrage".
- MacLean, J. A., Bridgewater, N. S.—"The Allied Blockade".
- McCready, Archie, St. Stephen, N.B.—"Lord Roberts".
- MacLeod, A. A., McKee's Mills, N. B.—"Trades Unions".
- MacLeod, Everett, Wolfville, N. S.—"Wireless Telegraphy".
- McQuade, E. L., St. John, N. S.—"The Medical Profession".
- Monkley, W. W., Summerside, P.E.I.—"Advertising".
- Moore, Eugene G., Truro, N. S.—"The Naval Policy of Canada".
- Murray, Donald H., Dartmouth, N. S.—"History of Electrical Science".
- Mitchell, D. G., North Sydney, N.S.—"The Submarine".
- Oxner, Ralph, Chester Basin, N. S.—"The International Schooner Race".
- O'Neil, Geo., Sydney, N. S.—"Coal Mining in Cape Breton".
- Rafuse, Elwood, Parkdale, N. S.—"The Canadian Pacific Railway".
- Simpson, Charles, Bridgewater, N. S.—"The Nationalization of Canadian Railways".
- Shepherd, R. McD., Halifax, N. S.—"Land of Evangeline".
- Spidell, Curry M., Mortlack, Sack—"The Class Prophecy".

Stewart, Ralph, Antigonish, N. S.—“Instincts”.

Smiley, Oliver R., Wolfville, N. S.—“The Atlantic Fisheries of Canada”.

Smith, G. F., E. Apple River, N.S.—“Wooden Shipbuilding”

Sheehy, Eugene, Wolfville, N. S.—“The French Revolution”

Sansom, James, Campbellton, N. B.—“The Bible and the Public Schools”.

Trites, Stewart D., Lutes Mountain, N. B.—“Socialism”.

Warne, Hubert, Digby, N. S.—“Natural Resources of Canada”.

Warren, W. Preston, Wolfville, N. S.—“Canadian Universities and the War”.

Wasson, Wm. B., St. John, N. B.—“David Lloyd George”.

Wardropé, James Springhill, N. S.—“Canada’s Part in the Great War”.

Wilson, C. L., Newport, N. S.—“Missions”.

Business Class pursuing Commercial Course and course in Stenography and Typewriting:

Annis, Miss D., Carleton, N. S.

Bancroft, Miss M., Wolfville, N.S.

Brown, M., Grand Harbor, N.S.

Baker, Murray, Margaretsville, N.S.

Banks, Fitch, Aylesford, N. S.

Banks, Jean, Annap. Royal, N. S.

Banks, Marian, Waterville, N.S.

Bentley, Lorimer, Berwick, N.S.

Berry, Walden, Deep Brook, N.S.

Boland, G., Lawrencetown, N.S.

Bishop, Philip, Greenwich, N.S.

Barteaux, G., Weston, N.S.

Bennett, G., Gaspereaux, N.S.

Bennett, Lillian, Gaspereaux, N.S.

Burrell, Olive, Yarmouth, N.S.

Beals, Mrs. M., Morristown, N.S.

Cossaboom, Donald, Smith’s Cove.

Coldwell, Clyde L., Gaspereaux, N.S.

Chute, D., Berwick, N.S.

Cox, F. G., Truro, N. S.

Calkin, Francis, Welsord, N.S.

Crowe, Leah, Centreville, N.S.

Currier, Vivian, Oromocto, N.B.

Cleveland, C. L., Kingston, N.S.

Dukeshire, Elwood, Kempt, N.S.

DeLaney, Gladys, Wolfville, N.S.

Dexter, Wilemina, Liverpool, N.S.

Daggett, H. D., Grand Har., N.B.

Ells, Tom, Kingsport, N.S.

Freeman, Marie, Milton, N.S.

Fillmore, W. L., Amherst, N.S.

Ferrin, Ernest, Pubnico, N.S.

Fullerton, L. R., Hantsport, N.S.

Fuller, Gerald, Hortonville, N.S.

Guptil, Mina, Grand Harbour, N.B.	Newcomb, W. A., Hantsport, N.S.
Gertridge, Lita, Gaspereaux, N.B.	Nowlin, L. R., Gaspereaux, N.S.
Harris, Miss E., Windsor, N.S.	Nichols, Coy, Kentville, N.S.
Harris, Miss M., Kentville, N.S.	Oxner, Vivian M., Chester Basin.
Hallett, Miss L., Millville, N.B.	O'Reilly, Marion, Liverpool, N.S.
Ingalls, Morrill, Grand Har., N.B.	Palmer, Ruby, Berwick, N.S.
Kirkpatrick, V. W., Aylesford, N.S.	Parsons, Binney A., Walton, N.S.
Larkin, Willette, Pubnico, N.S.	Ryer, Keith E., Shelburne, N.S.
Moffatt, Miss M., Campbellton, N.B.	Robbins, Marjorie, Yarmouth, N.S.
Minard, Roberta, Maitland, N.S.	Silver, Laura, Kentville, N.S.
Manning, Ruth, Bridgewater, N.S.	Stackhouse, Edith, St. John, N.B.
Miner, F. B., Gaspereaux, N.S.	Stevens, Louisa, Freeport, N.S.
Morse, Eric, Digby, N.S.	Sexton, Marie, Falmouth, N.S.
Morse, Louis, Digby, N.S.	Smith, Pearl S., Oromocto, N.B.
McKeigan, Don., Sydney, N.S.	Saddler, Harry, Perth, N.B.
McBride, J., Kentville, N.S.	Tuttle, Capt. C. E., New York City.
McCulloch, Harry, Truro, N.S.	Tamplin, Ernest, Wolfville, N.S.
McNayer, Ethel, Springfield, N.S.	Vaughn, J. D., Grand Pre, N.S.
McQuarrie, Freda, Kentville, N.S.	Walker, Fred., Kentville, N.S.
MacLaughlin, Saidie, Seal Cove, N.B.	Wry, James, Sackville, N. B.
MacPhee, Margaret R., Marble Mtn.	White, Margaret, Somerset, N.S.
McKinnon, Florence, Yarmouth, N.S.	Wood, Ruth, Somerset, N.S.
McKinnon, Emma, Springhill, N.S.	Young, Cecil E., Wolfville, N.S.

Completing courses for Diplomas in Manual Training :

Harold Hodgson, Halifax, N. S.

B. Jost Elderkin, Wolfville, N. S.

Completing Woodworking Course for Certificate :

H. M. Bannerman, Barney's River, N. S.

Donald Munro, Wolfville, N. S.

Harold Gould, Wolfville, N. S.

Valentine Rand, Wolfville, N. S.

Eugene G. Moore, Truro, N. S.

One of the best years in the history of this institution has been completed with the Anniversary Exercises of May 23rd. A good grade of work has been accomplished by both students and teachers, notwithstanding the serious disadvantages resulting from the destruction of College Hall on Dec. 2nd. Immediately after that catastrophe temporary classrooms were secured in the Baptist church, in the Memorial

Gymnasium, and in the Clubroom of the Academy Residence. With the classes thus scattered, and occupying somewhat unsuitable quarters, the work for the second term was carried on at some disadvantage.

The enrollment for the year was as follows:

Collegiate Department	113
Manual Training Department	73
Business Department	87
	— 273
Number of boys	229
Number of girls	44
Total.....	— 273

Diplomas and Certificates awarded:

Full University Matriculation Diplomas	10
General Course Diplomas	13
Manual Training Diplomas.....	2
Commercial Diplomas	13
Stenography and Typewriting Diplomas	11
	— 49
Certificates (Collegiate Dept.)	21
Certificates (Commercial Dept.)	20
Certificates (Manual Training Dept.)...	5
	— 46
	—
Total Diplomas and Certificates awarded....	95

CLASS PROPHECY, A. C. A. '21.

'Tis an age-old expression, with cobwebs o'erlaid,
That prophets and sages are born and not made.
The truth of this statement I will not deny,
But tonight I'm a prophet. Would you like to know why?

'Tis now twenty years since I left A. C. A.;
Many fortunes I've made,—spent them all in a day.

Last night I went broke,—wandered forth in the night,
Away from the roulette, the music, the light.

The stars twinkled dimly, the moon hanging low,
Just over the tree-tops shed soft yellow glow.
I threw myself down in utter despair,
And saw in my dream how my classmates did fare.

Some are married with children to rock on their knee,
Some are single and careless, and happy, and free.
For those who are hen-pecked, life's surely no joke;
Nor for those like myself, down and out, and dead broke.

The first one I saw was Anderson, George.
He was hunting for fossils in Caribou Gorge,
While Brown from St. John, Carl, I think, was his name,
With pick and with shovel was doing the same.

Then came Kenny Beaton with dental display,
Ever grinding at teeth by night and by day.
"What's the price of a crown? Oh! Kenny," said I.
"Twenty bones," answered Kenny, with fun in his eye.

On Parliament Hill after that did I stray,
There was Bishop, M. C. all in martial array.
With gold on his cap peak, he looked not at me,
The commander of squadrons of airships was he.

Class President Bannerman came on the scene,
So stern and sedate; but the truth I would glean.
The Canadian Senate,—he was prominent now,
Telling senator brothers the *why* and the *how*.

Then Copland, H. L., with electrical means,
Was hunting for ions in pulverized steam.
While his brother J. J., with his legal advice,
Was making his clients as poor as church mice.

Next came Elderkin J., with a smile so serene,
He's chief engineer in the Merchant Marine;
While Elderkin, Blair, in his base ball, you know,
Is winning his way to the World Series' dough.

There was Hennigar R., with a charming young wife,
A self-satisfied look, and a knowledge of life;
I craved introduction, my wish was denied,
For Hennigar spirited away with his bride.

I saw Harrison next, and sad was his plight,
He was trying to make the Earth-to-Mars flight,
With Tom Lusby as Pilot, Bob Shepherd as crew,
The three disappeared in ethereal blue.

Then Chesley appeared in this wonderful scene,
Devising a plan to dam the Gulf Stream.
With electrical forces unheard of before,
He was keeping the ocean away from the shore.

Next Hoyt sauntered by,—keeping good company, too,
With one of our country's officials in blue.
I learn, from society Hoyt's been debarred,
He committed the crime of working too hard.

Then Inga's appeared, and pompous was he,
Proclaiming aloud how all things should be.
He'd long studied science, and said with a smirk,
He could harness chain lightning to do all his work.

Kirkpatrick appeared in that mystical maze,
A famous physician, expert,—in some ways;
While Coldwell, J. D., in surgical togs,
Was running a parlor for dissecting frogs.

There was Archie MacLean in a medical hood
Attending his patients the best way he could;
McMil'an, quite wise, follows on,—undertakes;
He's reaping a fortune through Archie's mistakes.

E. MacLeod was a surgeon on an aerial line,
To fix broken necks in a short space of time;
While A. A. MacLeod in the hour of need,
Evoked Heaven's blessings according to creed.

I next saw a fox farm, and with great surprise
I discovered 'twas Langille that greeted my eyes;
He gave me a dollar and bade me good bye,
And said he was sorry the country was dry.

One more dental robber appeared on the scenes,
This time 'twas McCready was after the beans;
Extractions, crowns, fillings,—no stumbles or halts,
I said, 'Beat it, Archie, my teeth are all false.'

Next greeted my vision, just kindly take note;
Jim Wardrope and Murray,—both out in a boat;
A row was in progress, you'll quite understand;
Each telling the other the best place to land.

Then D. A. MacKay and his cousin G. B.
On the slopes of the Rockies were living so free;
On the Pincher Creek trail in the land of the Sioux,
The name of the ranch was the *Lazy B. U.*

O'er the heights of the Rockies I wended my way,
There I saw Cy McLennan and his friend Sanson, J.;
Cy was taking the orders for coal and for coke;
Jim inventing a engarette minus the smoke.

In the Peace River valley, the land of the Cree,
There Wasson was living,—a famous M.D.,
He knew the whole country from Slave Lake to Nome,
But 'twas Smokey River that Wasson called home.

Eugene Moore now appeared and whispered to me,
"A prevention I've found for seasickness," said he,
"What is it," said I, catching hold of his hand;
Said he, "Oh, my brother, just stay on the land."

You quite well remember that room-mate of mine,
By name, E. R. Rafuse, immortal through time;
With circles and angles, 'twas he who proved how
To give Ireland her freedom without causing a row.

Then Oliver Smi ey strode forth as he should,
Made a name for himself as a carver of wood;
While Smith,—yes, that Guy,—he's a genius, you know,
He discovered the crystalization of snow.

'Tis Warren I see; in a pulpit he stands;
Expounding the truth, he entreats, and commands.
With pleadings and gestures he wins them from sin;
Through the gates of the city he bids them come in.

And Wilson, C. I., carries on with the fight;
Unceasingly preaches and prays with his might;
"Though your sins be as scarlet,"—his words echo long;
I attempted to follow,—got lost in the throng.

Then Warne came in sight,—Oh, a swell Palm-beach sport;
He said, "I'm from Digby, that Summer Resort."
And Oxner, he told me, was out on the Banks
With a schooner he'd built to challenge the Yanks.

I then rubbed my eyes, I scarcely believed;
A man was approaching,—I was not deceived;
With Gustavius moustache, Van Dyke, and sombro,
'Twas O'Neill. I'd have known him, had I met him below.

"Hello Brick," said I softly, "How's the battle today?"
"What became of that partner of yours, bye-the-way?"
"Oh, Stewart," said he, "Was knifed by a Mex,
For he was not adept at stacking the decks."

On the wings of the wind I was carried afar
Mid the soft dreamy music of flute and guitar;
There Hoddy I found neath a cocoanut tree,
A Morman in fact,—for his wives numbered three.

There's Trites and there's Geldert, the agency twins,
Whenever one loses, the other one wins;
With preaching and selling, their troubles are few,
Except when their wives turn the atmosphere blue.

There is Sheehy, the fellow who always talked fight,
In the classroom by daytime, down town in the night;
There's one thing that Sheehy can't quite understand,
How people can live in this heathenish land.

Then came Charlie Simpson, an M. D. so bold,
Who could juggle a mixture to cure any cold;
While McQuade with perscriptions from Simpson galore,
Was having a run on the nearest drug store.

With hopes rising high, a quick plan I made,
I rose to my feet to follow McQuade;
Then he suddenly vanished,—I was standing alone
In the mist of the morning, and chilled to the bone.

I shuddered with horror, realizing my plight;
I looked at the spot where I'd spent the whole night;
With both pockets empty, heart heavy as stone,
I wandered to Wolfville, sad, weary, and lone.

And tonight, in this building as prophet I've stood
Fortelling the facts as a real prophet should
Of the A. C. A. Seniors of class twenty one;
I thank you, kind listeners, my story is done.

C. M. SPIDELL.



STUDENT COMMITTEE

SEMINARY CLOSING

THE Closing Exercises of Acadia Seminary may be said to have begun Friday evening, April 29, when the various Gymnasium Classes gave an exhibition of the work of the year, under the Direction of Mrs. Edna May Connaughton. This exhibition was held in the Memorial Gymnasium. A large audience witnessed the various evolutions and games and pronounced it GOOD. Here also was given the May Festival Concerts on Thursday and Friday evenings, May 5 and 6. On the former evening, Miss Mildred Dilling, Harpist, and Miss Valerie Deucher, Lyric Soprano, and Impersonator, gave a delightful Musical Programme. On the following evening the ACADIA CHORAL CLUB, comprising 120 voices under the direction of Mr. Frank Marsh, Jr., of the Conservatory Staff gave the well known Cantata 'Ruth' by Alfred R. Gaul before a large and enthusiastic audience. The soloists were Miss Valerie Deucher, Soprano, Miss Winnifred Stephens, Contralto, Miss Marie Underhill, Mezzo Soprano, Mr. Fred Guilford, Bass, who took the parts respectively of Ruth, Naomi, Orpah and Boaz. The Acadia Orchestra of 15 pieces with Miss Pauline Nelson, Concert Master, and Miss Lillian Russell, Accompanist, supported the fine work of the Chorus. The evening was pronounced success from every standpoint and the public looks forward eagerly to next year's May Festival which will be on a larger and more ambitious scale.

Then followed rapidly beginning May 7, the Graduating Recitals. Space will not permit us to do more than to name those who took part and to say that the average of excellence in the rendition of the programmes which were varied, pleasingly and of literary and musical worth, was uniformly high. Named in order the young ladies giving the recitals were as follows:—Helena Sommerville, Reader completing the Normal Course in Expression for a Diploma and Hortense Griffin, completing the Normal Course in Pianoforte for a Diploma. Hilda Mary Wry, completing the Course in Expression for a Diploma, assisted by Myra Alcorn of the Junior Class,

Violiniste. Etta Grace Stuart, completing the Course in Expression for a Diploma, assisted by Eileen Wilson, Pianiste, of the Junior Class. Barbara MacNeill, Reader, completing a Course in Expression for a Certificate of Standing, assisted by Miriam Bancroft, Pianiste, of the Junior Class. Olive Purdy, completing the Course in Pianoforte, for a Certificate of Standing, assisted by Hi da Kinsman, Violiniste, completing the Violin Course for a Diploma. Dorothy Jean Giffin, Soprano, completing the Vocal Course for a Diploma, assisted by Eleanor Mitchell of the Junior Class, Pianiste. The recitals were held in the Baptist Church Auditorium and the large audiences were most enthusiastic in praise as careful and courteous in attention.

There needs only passing reference to the repetition of the Cantata 'Ruth' in the Church Auditorium, Sunday afternoon, May 22, the soloists being, Mrs. Hannah Russell Gregory, Miss Frances Eaton DeWolfe, Mrs. Frank Barteaux and Mr. H. L. Parsons. The chorus was limited to sixty voices but the results achieved were most excellent. Another success had been achieved.

Then after a short breathing spell came the strenuous week of closing in very truth. On Monday, May 23, at Two o'clock the Class Day Exercises of the Senior Class of the Seminary were held. Miss Mabel Pollard of Yokohama, Japan, presided, as Class President. The class officers and the class were with her on the platform. The officers which were elected for life were in addition to the President. Miss Pollard, Alethe Laird, Vice-President, Hortense Griffin, Secretary, Irene Brown, Treasurer. The following program was presented which in all its parts was most admirably done. The class dressed in the class colors Lavender and Gold made a pretty picture, marching into the church to the processional, and in faultless order taking their places upon the platform.

PROGRAMME.

1. Entrance MarchClass
2. Opening Address, Mabel Pollard,....President
3. Reading of Minutes, Hortense Griffin, Sec'ty.

4. Roll CallSecretary
5. Election of Officers
6. Violin SoloHilda Kinsman
7. Class WillEileen Dodge
8. Presentation of GiftsLucy Chute
Mary Lawrence
9. Class HistoryElsie Pyle
10. Pianoforte SoloBernice Sproule
11. Class ProphecyGrace Marshall

The ease, clearness of enunciation, grace and dignity of the presentation of each part was most noticeable and won most favorable comment. It was all in all a beautiful event.

Following the Class Day Exercises came the Art Exhibition held in the Seminary Chapel or Aumnæ Hall and the Household Science Exhibition, held in the Household Science Rooms. The work of the students displayed in the former exhibition while not so great in quantity as last year, was in some instances especially good. The work of Miss Annie Ricker, who completed the full course in Art for a Diploma, was greatly appreciated as was also the exhibition of Basketry work, which was done under her supervision. Miss Ricker's exhibition of *design* for which she has pronounced talent, Miss Jean Godfrey's oils and water colors, Miss Pulsifer's work in design and sketches, all were of great promise. It was on the whole and in all its parts an interesting exhibition. The Household Science Exhibition was chiefly a display of work in sewing, etc., which has been done throughout the year. It was excellent in every respect. The coming year will see a change in the ART DEPARTMENT. Mr. Lewis Smith, the well known artist of Halifax, will assume charge of the work and Miss Ricker will be his assistant, working with him for the development of the department in every respect.

On Tuesday evening, the Graduating Exercises of the Seminary were held in the Baptist Church. The Graduating Class is large and is as follows:

GRADUATING CLASS, 1921.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Irene Marian Brown	St. John, N. B.
Mabel Pugsley	Five Islands, N. S.
Elsa Bruce Pyle	Boylston, N. S.
Rouey Myrtle Ryan	Truro, N. S.

SOPHOMORE MATRICULATION COURSE.

Cary Grace Marshall	Windsor, N. S.
Katheleen Clare King (1)	Oxford, N. S.
Mary Eleanor Lawrence (1)	St. George's, N. B.

..

NORMAL COURSE IN PIANOFORTE.

Marion Fraser Ells	Selmah, Hants 'Co, N. S.
Elizabeth Hortense Griffin	Bridgetown, N. S.
Bernice Arlene Sproule	Falkland Ridge, N. S.
Orinda McLeod Annis (1)	Hebron, N. S.
Mary Muriel Eagles (1).....	Grand Pre, N. S.
Olive Bernice Purdy (1)	Wolfville, N. S.

NORMAL COURSE IN VIOLIN.

Hilda Margaret Kinsman	Centreville, King's Co., N. S.
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NORMAL COURSE IN VOICE.

Dorothy Jean Griffin	Goldboro, N. S.
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COURSE IN ART.

Annie Louise Ricker	Glenwood, Yarmouth Co., N. S.
Jean Robertson Godfrey (1)	Marshfield, P. E. I.

COURSE IN EXPRESSION.

Helena Davis Sommerville	Hatfield,s Point, N. B.
Etta Grace Stuart.....	Centre Port Mouton, N. S.
Hilda Mary Wry	Sackville, N. B.

ONE YEAR NORMAL COURSE IN HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE.

Mildred Hopeful Arnold	Sussex, N. B.
Helen Margaret Harper	Charlottetown, N. B.
Merle Erdine Trites	Lutes Mt., N. B.

TWO YEARS' NORMAL COURSE IN HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE

Edith Lucy Belle Chute	Berwick, N. S.
Eileen Meredith Dodge	Middleton, N. S.
Alethe Laird	Amherst, N. S.
Alice Mabel Pollard.....	Yokohama, Japan
Hazel Sharpe	West St. John, N. B.

HOME MAKER'S COURSE IN HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE.

Alice Rebecca Gross	Moncton, N. B.
Jean St. Claire Gross	Moncton, N. B.

The program of the evening was given according to the program which is herewith produced.

Processional March—Miriam Bancroft and Eleanor Mitchell
Prayer.....Rev. Austin Kempton, D. D.

Chorus—Bridal Chorus from Rose Maiden.....*Cowan*
Glee Club—Mrs. H. R. Gregory, Conductor

○ Essay—The Ministry of Books.....Grace Marshall

Pianoforte Solo—Nocturne op 15, No. 2.....*Chopin*
Olive Purdy.

Essay—On Education in Japan.....Mabel Pollard

Violin Solo—Mazurka.....*Mylnarski*
Hilda Kinsman

Essay.....Thomas Alva Edison
Myrtle Ryan

Essay—On ExpressionGrace Stuart
Vocal Solo—Aria from The Marriage of Figaro,

'Voi che sapete' *Mozart*
Dorothy Giffin

Address to Graduating Class

Presentation of Diplomas

Award of Prizes

God Save the King

Dr. DeWolfe's address to the Graduating Class dealt with the Real Acadia, of which the chief characteristics are Its Ideal, the creation of a certain type of Manhood and Womanhood; Its Consecration in which it recognizes its ideal and surrenders itself to the realization of it; the Spirit which thus inevitably is created and which subtly influences life to noble ends and finally the Embodiment of this in Material Form, Buildings, Life, Society.

The Prizes were then awarded as follows: —

The G. P. Payzant Prizes of \$20.00 each for

- a. Highest Standing in Studies in an English Course—
Grace Carpenter, Carpenter, N. B.
- b. Highest Standing in French—
Grace Marshall, Windsor, N. S.
- c. Highest Standing in Instrumental Music —
Hilda Kinsman, Violinist, Centreville, King's, N. S.

The St. Clair Paint Scholarship open for competition to Young Women of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, \$50.00

Awarded to the pupil making the Highest Standing in Scholarship and Deportment for a year's work in the Collegiate Course, Gertrude Vail, Sydney, N. S.

Governor General's Bronze Medal—awarded to Grace Marshall for Excellence in English Essay Work,
Grace Marshall, Windsor, N. S.

Best contribution, Editorial and General to the All Seminary Number of the Pierian Paper, published, \$5.00 each.

Laura Tingley, Petitcodiac, N. B., \$5 for Editorial and \$5 for General.

For General Excellence of Contribution to Pierian Special Number—Second Prize, Helena Seaman, Marble Mountain, N. S. \$4.00.

For best cover design for Pierian, Annie Ricker, Glenwood, N. S., \$5.00. Second Prize for same, Lottie Pulsifer, Hantsport, \$4.00.

Pierian Prize in Household Science, donated to a member of Junior Class for Highest Standing—Annie Penwarden, Rexton, N. B. Helen Purdy, Fairville, N. B.

Pieran Prize in Music, \$10—awarded to Mirian Bancroft, for Highest Standing in Music, Technical and Theoretical.

Mrs. Chas. F. Crandall, Montreal, offers a prize for Excellence in English Composition, awarded to Grace Marshall, Windsor, N. S. \$5.00.

The Margaret Millard Prize in Household Science, donated to the Member of the Senior Class making the Highest Standing in Practical as well as Theoretical Work, during the year, awarded to Mildred Arnold, Sussex, N. B. with Merle Trites, Lutes Mt., N. B. a close second.

From the Principal's Report to the Board of Governors, we are permitted to excerpt the following items of interest, relating to the work of the year. The total attendance has been 407, of which number 170 have been in residence, 176 are non-residents and 61 are pupils from the public schools taking work in Household Science. The total number of Teachers upon the Staff this year has been Twenty-Six. This number does not include the Teachers of the Academy who have charge of the Commercial Work, the University Physician and the Nurses. Were these included the number would exceed thirty.

MUCH APPRECIATED GIFTS.

A much appreciated gift of "The Imperial History and Encyclopaedia of Music" (twelve volumes), was made during the year by Mrs. Alice Christie, of Amherst, N. S., in memory of her daughter, Emily M. Christie, of the Collegiate class of 1899, and of the Pianoforte class of 1900.

Miss Emily A. Cox also presents to the Seminary the sum of Seventy Five Dollars to be used in purchasing for the Seminary some picture or piece of statuary as the Seminary may need. This amount was presented by Miss Cox for her sister and herself who were students in the Seminary in 1884.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE SCHOOL.

The Religious Life of the School was well sustained throughout the year. A few weeks before Easter, special services were held in the Seminary chapel under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. As a result of these services, eight girls dedicated themselves to the Christian way of life and united with the Wolfville Baptist Church, while others who made the same dedication of themselves to Christ will unite with their own home churches.

SOME NEW TEACHERS.

Miss Beatrice Langley, so well and so favourably known as Violiniste and Teacher will return and will have charge of the Violin Department next year; Miss Evelyn Smallman and Miss Whidden, graduates of Acadia Seminary and also of the Leland Powers School of Expression, will have charge of the Department of Expression, Miss Marjorie Purdy a graduate of Acadia Seminary will have charge of the work in Typewriting; and Miss Louise Krak, of The Hague, Holland, a remarkably well trained and cultivated musician and well reputed as a singer, has been added to the Vocal Department. Prof. Marsh will remain as director of the Conservatory of Music.

THE NEW CATALOGUE.

The new catalogue will indicate not only some changes in the staff of teachers but also a strengthening of several courses, especially the Courses in Pianoforte and Voice.

THE PIERIAN.

The Special New Seminary Number of the Pierian reflects great credit upon the editors and the student contributors. The cover design is exceptionally handsome and the spirit of the school and the standards of its work are all well reflected in its pages. It is now ready for distribution and may be had upon application to Principal DeWolfe for the sum of Twenty Five Cents.

GRADUATES IN STENOGRAPHY AND TYPEWRITING

The Seminary Course in Stenography and Typewriting is deservedly looked upon as of a high order. It is severe in its demands upon the students but the success of the graduates approves the standard which is being maintained.

The following girls received Certificates in Stenography and Typewriting;

Marion Bishop, Paradise, N. S.

Florence Erb, Hilsboro, N. B.

Ella Giberson, Bath, N. B.

Sadie MacLaughlin, Seal Cove, Grand Manan, N. B.

Margaret MacPhee, Marble Mt., N. S.

Roberta Minard, Maitland, Anna. Co., N. S.

Helen Schurman, Wolfville, N. S.

The following received Certificates in Typewriting.

Elma Corning, Chegoggin, N. S.

Lura MacGowan, Hillston, N. S.

Florence MacKinnon, Yarmouth, N. S.

Vivian Oxner, Chester Basin, N. S.

Nettie Ranson, Louisburg, N. S.

Marion Sexton, Falmouth, N. S.

Marjorie Wickwire, Wolfville, N. S.

Laura Silver, Kentville, N. S.

Evelyn Powell, Wolfville, N. S.

SEMINARY CLASS MOTTO AND ODE.

"Semper Paratus"

The time has come when we must say farewell
To you, Acadia, our Alma Mater true;
The sorrow in our hearts at leaving you—
Is there a word that tongue or pen can tell?
To school life graduation tolls the knell;
This past, we turn our steps to pathways new,
As you to us have always proven true,
So may we prove to you—and now, Farewell.
O, may we ever hold your torch oh nigh,
Whenever in the future you may need,
May we, your children, always hear your cry:
"Semper paratus", both in word and deed!

—GRACE MARSHALL.

And so we say; Vale at que vale!



HOCKEY TEAM



THIS year College Athletics at Acadia has met with varied results. There have been streaks of luck running through the different events, sometimes in our favor, and sometimes against us. Still the results on the whole have been satisfactory, and have kept the name of Acadia high in the records of intercollegiate sport.

As soon as college opened in the fall the football squad got down to hard practicing. Paul Tingley and Dr. DeWolfe devoted a lot of time and energy to coaching the team, and Mr. Chipman of Halifax, came up and worked a few days with the scrim. The team played two exhibition games with the Wanderers, losing the first and winning the second. In the Western League Acadia defeated U. N. B. at Fredericton, 6-3. Then they overcame Mt. A. at Wolfville, 6-3. This victory gave us the championship of the Western League and made necessary a playoff with Dalhousie, who had won the Eastern title. This game was played at Truro by Varsity teams, for the amateur Rugby championship of the Maritime Provinces. After ninety minutes of play the score was 0-0, and the game was called a draw.

The hockey team this winter was under a heavy handicap, as they had lost several star men from the crack team of the previous year. However, the squad turned out and worked hard, and built up a fast team. A practice game with the Wanderers, ended in a tie 4-4. Next Acadia defeated Mt. A. at Wolfville, 5-2. Then, a few days before the game with U. N. B., Allen Parker, who played centre, was taken sick and was forbidden to play. At the same time Murray, spare center, was laid up with a sprained ankle. The absence of these men affected the strength of the team,

and U. N. B. won the game after twenty minutes overtime, 6-5. Acadia then arranged an exhibition game with Kings, but was defeated, 6-1.

This is the first year that Acadia has turned out a basketball team since before the war. Naturally then, the team lacked the experience and judgment that only years of playing can give, and were beaten in a number of exhibition games. However, they defeated Mt. A. at Sackville 28-17. Then U. N. B. was unable to send a basketball team to Wolfville and forfeited their game to us. This gave Acadia the championship of the Western League.

The only attempt at college baseball this year was a game with Middleton at Wolfville, May 24th. After a hard struggle Acadia won 7-5. This year there was no intercollegiate track meet.

In interclass sports this year the interest of the student-body has fluctuated greatly. The Bulmer Relay Race in the fall, and the Field Day and a Boy's Aquatic Meet, held in the spring, were carried through with very little enthusiasm. A small handful of students, chiefly Engineers, turned out and worked faithfully, but the college as a whole, was not aroused over them. All three were won by the Engineers.

In interclass basketball, however, a lot of interest was displayed, and a good brand of basketball was produced. The league was closely contested throughout, and won by the Engineers. The latter team then invited the teams from Nova Scotia Tech. and Truro Y. M. C. A. to Wolfville, and defeated them both.

During the basketball season considerable feeling developed concerning the relative sizes of the Engineering and other classes. To offset the superiority in numbers of the Engineers, the student body decided that in future the Arts classes would unite into two sections, Arts Odd and Arts Even, to make more even teams. The baseball league, Field Day, and the aquatic meet were run under this arrangement.

In baseball, as in basketball, interest rose to a high pitch. The league was hard-fought from start to finish, and was won by the Arts Even ('22 and '24).

College athletics among the coeds this year was confined to basketball and swimming, and interclass athletics to bas-

ketball. The coed basketball team was handicapped the same as the boys' had been, by not having played in previous years. However, our girls turned out a fast team, which made the other teams do their best. Our coeds won one game from Kings, and one from Acadia Seminary. In a swimming meet held in the spring, the coeds defeated the Sems by a wide margin, taking first place in seven events out of eight.

The coed interclass basketball league developed some very good playing and a great deal of interest was shown. The deciding game, between the Seniors and Juniors, was in doubt until the last whistle, and was only won by a basket scored in the last ten seconds. The league was won by the Seniors.

This winter six Engineers of the class of 1920, now at McGill presented a cup for competition in Wildcat Hockey. Unfortunately the league was not completed this year. At Commencement the Engineers of 1921 presented a fine cup for interclass baseball.

As Acadia has won two championships of the Western League this year out of three intercollegiate events, and has tied for one Maritime amateur title, we have every reason to be proud of our year's athletics.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

This year has marked the beginning of a new era in girls' athletics at Acadia. The new Gymnasium has given us the gym. facilities we have so long and so seriously lacked. Consequently our chief athletic interest has been in basketball and swimming.

The first girls' intercollegiate basketball league was formed at Halifax in February of this year. A double schedule was drawn up providing for two games at home and two away. The title of this league went to Dalhousie. But the Acadia girls feel that they have received a great deal of useful experience which will make for a more successful season next year. We are not discouraged by the result of this year, which may be looked upon as our debut into this field. We hope that next year having the gym and practice facilities at our disposal all the year, and having this year's experience to aid us, we shall make a better showing than this year, and "pull down" a record worthy of Acadia.

The schedule for next year was arranged at Wolfville at the close of the past season. The principal change is that Kings is entering the league in Mt. A's. place.

The formation of the league this year enabled the girls to compete for Athletic A's., under the same regulations as the boys.

At the close of the dedicatory exercises at the new gym, Dr. Cutten presented A's to eight very proud young ladies, who had made the league teams. Their names are:

Georgia Spicer, '21; Marjorie Wickwire, '21; Jean Foote, '21; Isabell MacPhail, '22; Marion Brown, '22; Isabell Murray, '22; Margaret McCurdy, '22; Ruth Hennigar, '22.

The inter-class games also roused a great deal of enthusiasm and a great display of class spirit. By a hard fight the seniors won the championship with the juniors only one point behind.

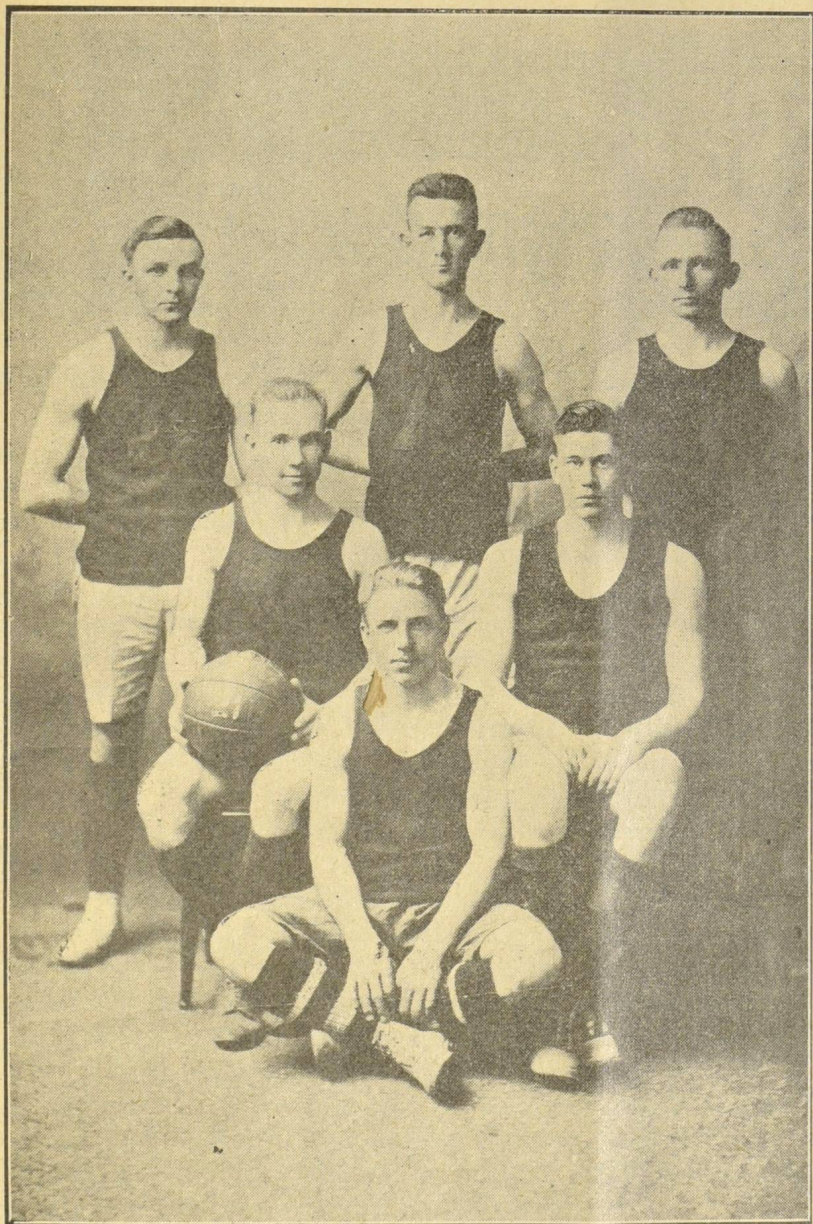
On May 2nd, the sems and coeds played a very exciting game. The coeds won by a score 16-1. This gave the cup donated by the Pierian Society of the Seminary, to the coeds, temporarily. It must be won three successive years to become permanent property.

Swiming has improved greatly since the opening of the pool. An Acquatic Meet was held on May 23rd., at which the coeds were easy winners from the sems.

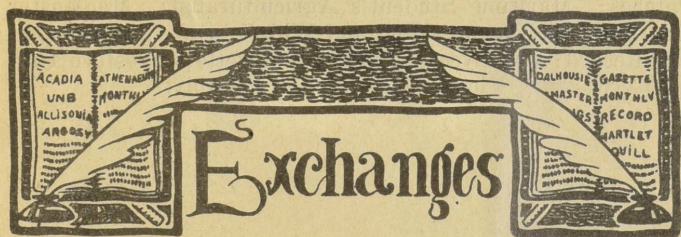
We have not payed much attention to hockey this winter, but the few practices we had made it quite evident that we have some splendid material for next year's team.

A great deal of credit is due Mr. Russell for his untiring efforts to promote girls' athletics here. He hopes to be able to add field hockey and archery to the list of sports for next year.

The last two months of the college year saw no let-up in athletics but rather a speeding up that all the leagues and scheduled events might take place. On the whole our work has been satisfactory. Where we have seen ourselves to be strong we are more than ever determined to excel. Where we have found weaknesses in our performances we are setting ourselves against their recurrence.



BASKET BALL TEAM—ACADIA '20—'21



FOR the last time this season we have studied the pages of our numerous exchanges. From October until the present month of May, we have taken upon ourselves this pleasant and interesting task of reading the various college efforts which come to us, and have tried in a humble way to offer words of criticism and advice from time to time. We have watched the reflections of the passing seasons' football, hockey, basketball, baseball, and track. But we have watched something else with even greater interest, and that is the development and improvement which has taken place as one month and one issue has followed another. This is not evident of course in every case. That would be too much to expect, but in many instances a comparison of the last issue or even the one before the last with the earlier ones, will show a decided advance.

The reasons for this may be more than one. Doubtless the increased efficiency of the staff in arranging and securing material counts for much, but we are also convinced that this progress is due in no small degree to increased interest in literary work, and to greater ability gained through the exercise of such interest by the student body. If this be true, then the college magazine has accomplished a great part of its function, and the editors of such a publication, and the labor which we realize is considerable.

We beg this month to acknowledge the following exchanges:

Argosy; Gateway; Brandon College Quill; King's College Record; Goblin; Managra; Minnesota Techno-log;

Patches; Maritime Student's Agriculturalist; MacMaster Monthly; St. Dunstan's Red and White; St. Andrew's College Record; Vox Lycei; Dalhousie Gazette; Western University Gazette; Ubysey; University Monthly.

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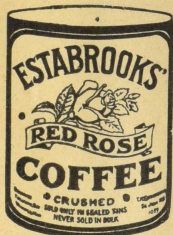
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