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ACADIA ATHENÆUM

Roll of Honor

We recognize that this list is incomplete and inaccurate. Any information with regard to men whose names do not appear here or errors in this list will be welcomed by the Editor of the ATHENÆUM. It is published largely in order to get the necessary data for a complete Honor Roll of Acadia.

Acker, W. R.	Ex. '18	C. S. M., C.A.M.C.
Allen, D. H.	A. C. A.	Pte.
Allen, W. A.	A. C. A.	Pte. Army Postal Service
*Amos, J. B.	Ex. '18	Sgt.-Maj. 26th Bn.
Andrews, P. S.	B. A. '13	Gr. 9th C. G. A.
*Andrews, P. T.	B.A.'13	Lieut. 85th.
Angus, Burton	B. A. '17	Gr. 10th C. G. A.
Anthony, F. V.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
Archibald, Cora P.	Sem.	N. S.
**Archibald, Leon	Ex. '10	Lieut. R. E.
Archibald, W. C.	B. A '13	Capt. 5th C. F. A.
*Archibald, W. G.	Ex. '16	Gr.3rd Div. C. F. A.
Archibald, F. M.	'19	Cadet R.A.F.
Armstrong, C. E.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
Armstrong, M. J.	A. C. A.	
*Atkins, G. S.	Ex. '15	Gr. 45th, C. F. A.
Atkins, P. A.	Ex. '10	Lieut. R. F. C.
*Bagnell, F. W.	B. A. '14	Sgt. 14th.
Bain, Margaret	Sem.	N. S.
Baker, C. E.	B. A. '12	Lieut. 25th.
*Balcolm, R. I.	B. A. '12	Pte. 85th.
Barss, G. A. twice MDE	Ex. '11	Lieut. R. A. M. C.
*Barss, J. E.	B. A. '12	Sgt. P. P. C. L. I.
Barss, W. D.	B. A. '12	Lieut. Tank Bttn.
Bates, H. E.	Ex. '06	Lieut. 66th, C. F. A.
†Beals, P. S.	B. A. '09	Sgt. 85th.
Bent, R. A	Eng. '16	R. N.
†Benjamin, E. P.	A. C. A.	Pte., 5th, C. M. R.
†Benjamin, H. E.	A. C. A.	Pte., 5th, C. M. R.
Bentley, P. J.	Ex. '19	Sgt., A. S. C.
Bettes, W. H.	Ex. '19	W. O. R. N.
Bezanson, L. S.	Ex. '20	Pte. 1 D. B. N. S. R.
Bigelow, E.	B. A. '10	Pte. 196th.
Bishop, E. S.	Eng. '19	Cadet R. A. F.
Bishop, F. M.	B. A. '11	Pte. U. S. A.

†Killed in Action, Died of Wounds, Died. *Wounded, Gassed. ‡Prisoner of War.

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†*Bishop, H. F.	Ex. '17	Cpl. P. P. C. L. I.
Bishop, R.	'22	Pte. 85th.
Black, T. G.	A. C. A.	Sgt. 26th Res. Bn.
*Black, L. W.	Ex. '13	Capt. 85th
Black, Reg.	Ex. '15.	Corp. C. A. S. C.
Blackadar, G. D.	B. A. '91	Major 1st For. Bn.
†Blackadar, G. W. L.	Ex. '16	Gr., 46th, C. F. A.
Blackader, N.		Pte. 63rd.
*Blauvelt, R. P.	Ex. '15	Pte. 219th.
*Borden, A. D.	B. A. '16	Lieut. 85th.
*Borden, A.H., D.S.O.	Ex. '04	Lt. Col. 85th.
†Borden, R. C.	Ex. '17	Sgt. 85th.
Boyer, J. M., M. C.	Ex. '18	Lieut. 17th C. F. A.
Boyle, E. S.	'19	Cadet, R. A. F.
Bridges, J. D.	A. C. A.	Pte. C. A. S. C.
*Bruce, A. C.	B. A. '14	Pte. 64th.
Burgess, H. W.	B. A. '12	Lieut. C.A.M.C.
Burnett, F. C., M. Des.	Ex. '15	Sgt. C. A. M. C.
Burns, A. S.	B. A. '98	Capt. C. A. M. C.
Butterworth, V.	Ex. '18	Pte. Sig. Corps
Calhoun, Whitmore	B. A. '16	Pte. 72nd
Carter, R. H.	B. A. '15	Lieut. R. F. C.
Chappell, E. W.	A. C. A.	Gr. 6th C. F. A.
*Chase, W. H.	B. A. '16	Pte. C. A. M. C.
*†Chase, D. B.	Ex. '17	L/C. P. P. C. L. I
Chipman, J.	Ex. '15	Spr. C. E.
*Chipman, M.R., M.C.	Ex. '17	Lieut. 85th.
†Christie, N. C.	A. C. A.	Lieut. 193rd
Christie, Freda	Sem.	N. S.
**Churchill, R. W.	A. C. A.	Capt. 112th
Churchill, John L.	B. A. '92	Capt. C. A. M. C.
Chute, A. H.	B. A. '10	Capt (Pay.) C. G. A.
Chute, Austin	B. A. '12	Bomb., 10th, C. G. A.
Chute, F. F.	B. A. '13	Pte. C. A. M. C.
Clarke, I. W.	B. Sc. '18	Lieut. R. F. C.
Clark, J. S.	B. A. '99	Capt. C. A. M. C.
Clark, E. L.	A. C. A.	Gr. 9th Siege
*Coldwell, G.	A. C. A.	Pte. 112th.
Coldwell, L. H.	B. A. '17	Sgt. 85th.
Coleman, W. LeR.	Ex. '19	Lieut. N. S. I. D. B.
Collins, R. W.	B. A. '12	Sgt. 246th
†*Cook, A. H.	A. C. A.	Pte. 25th
†Cook C. W.	Ex. '12	Lieut. R. F. C.
Copeland C. G.	'20	Pte. C. A. M. C.
Corey, A. F.	Ex. '19	Lieut. R A F.

†Killed in Action, Died of Wounds, Died. *Wounded, Gassed. ‡Prisoner of War.

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Corey, C. W.	B. A. '87	Capt. Chap. Service
Cossitt, L. S.	Eng. '19	Cadet R. A. F.
*Cox E. C.	Ex. '17	Pte 64th
†Cox, H. G.	Ex. '16	Pte P. P. C. L. I.
Cox, R. C.	A. C. A.	Pte C. C. C.
*Crawley, E. A.	B. A. 04	Lieut. 85th
*Crawley, H. A.	Ex. '16	Capt. 85th
Crawley, F. A.	Ex. '09	Cpl. C. E.
Crawley, S. J.	A. C. A.	Lieut. 6th Siege
Crilley, A. T.	Ex. '10	Capt. Imp. Forces
Crockett, C. W.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
Crosby, C. H.	Ex. '16	Gr. C. G. A.
Crosby, Theo	A. C. A.	R. N.
Crowe, L. L.	'21	Cadet, R. A. F.
Cunningham, H. D.	Ex. '14	Lieut. 193rd
Curry, F. W.	Ex. '18	Lieut. (Paym.) R.N.C.V.D.
†Curry L. H.	B. A. '05	Capt. 42nd
Currie, H. H.	Ex. '01	Pte. 54th
Curry, Vernon	Ex. '19	Pte. U. S. A.
Cutten, G. B.	B. A. '96	Major 246th
*D'Almaine, E. C.	A. C. A.	Pte. C. C. C.
D'Almaine, H. C.	Ex. '14	Lieut. C. F. A.
Dalgleish, Ralph R.	Ex. '19	
Dawson, C. A.	B. A. '12	Capt., Y. M. C. A.
Davidson, Waldo	Ex. '18	Gr. 11th C. G. A.
Davis, E. C.	A. C. A.	
Davis, R. W.	Ex. '17	Pte. 85th
Day, Kennard	Ex. '18	Pte. 7th N. Y. Rgt. U. S. A.
Dean, R. C.	A. C. A.	Lieut., 26 th.
DeBow, J. W.	Ex. '11	Sgt. Can. Lab. Bn.
DelPlaine, C.W., M.M.	Ex. '16	Sgt. 7th C. R. T.
†Dennis, E. R., M.C.	Ex. '15	Capt 40th
DeWitt, C. E. A.	B. A. '04	Maj. C. A. M. C.
DeWitt, Herman	Ex '09	Capt. C. A. D. C.
DeWolfe, Chas.	A. C. A.	Pte. 31st
*†DeWolfe, H. B.	B. A. '16	Cpl. P.P.C.L.I. (Rec. for
Dexter, G. C.	Ex. '18	Cpl. 85th Comm.)
Dexter, H. M.	A. C. A.	U. S. A.
Dexter, G. M.	Ex. '17	Pte. 219th.
†Dick, S. J.	Ex. '17	Pte. C. A. M. C.
Dimock, A. M.	A. C. A.	Pte. 1 D. B. N. S. R.
Dimock, Bertram	A. C. A.	Lieut. R. Constr. T.
Dimock, M. C.	A. C. A.	Pte. 31st
*Donaldson, R.W.M.C.	B. A. '12	Lieut. P. P. C. L. I.
*Doty, I. C.	B. A. '15	Cpl. R. C. R.
*Draper, John	Ex. '17	Sgt. 85th

†Killed in Action, Died of Wounds, Died. *Wounded, Gassed. †Prisoner of War.

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Durkee, A. A.	A. C. A.	Capt. C. F. A.
Durkee, R. M.	Ex. '16	Air Force, U. S. A.
**Eagles, B. D.	Ex. '18	Sgt. 85th
†Eaton, L. G.	Ex. '17	Capt. 6th C. M. R.
Eaton, Evangeline	Sem.	N. S. Harvard Unit.
Eaton, P. B.	B. A. '13	Capt. C. A. M. C.
Eaton, S. C.	Ex. '19	Corp. 9th Siege Battery
Elderkin, A. A.	Ex. '17	Gr. 11th C. F. A.
Elderkin, C. F.	Ex. '15	Gr. 31st Batt.
†Elderkin, Wm.	A. C. A.	Pte. P. P. C. L. I.
†Elderkin, V. C.	Ex. '08	Pte. 14th
Elliot, E. S.	Ex. '21	Cadet R. A. F.
†Ellis, W. H.	A. C. A.	Cpl. 13th Bn.
Emerson, H. R.	B. A. '04	Maj. Imp. Forces
†Emerson, F. L.	A. C. A.	Pte. 104th
Enos, G. S.	A. C. A.	
Estabrooks, H. G.	B. A. '91	Capt. Y. M. C. A.
Estabrooks, G. H.	'20	Lieut. 7th Bn.
Eveleigh, A. W.	Ex. '14	Lieut. 104th.
Eveleigh, P. E.	B. A. '14	Pte. C. A. M. C.
Falconer, F. C.	Ex. '11	Pte. C. A. M. C.
†Feindel, J. H.	Ex. '16	Lieut. 25th
Fielding, L. M.	A. C. A.	Capt.
†Fisher, W.	A. C. A.	Pte. 64th
†Fitch, C. W.	Ex. '18	Pte. P. P. C. L. I.
Fitzgerald, C.	A. C. A.	Gr. 9th Siege
*Fletcher, E. D.	Ex. '17	Pte. C. A. M. C.
*Fletcher, Otto	A. C. A.	Pte. 115th
Fletcher, W. G.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
Flewelling, G.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
Florien, S. D.	Ex. '20	Gr. 10th C. G. A.
Forbes, J. E.	Ex. '14	Lieut. R. A. F.
Forsythe, R. H.	A. C. A.	Bomb. 2nd. C. G. A.
Foster, J. S.	Ex. '14	Pte. Sig. Corps. U. S. A.
Foster, Max	Ex. '15	Lieut. Sig. Corps, U. S. A.
*Foster, A. W.	Ex. '16	Sgt. 85th (Rec. for Com.)
Fowlie, Fred F.	Ex. '16	
*Frail, W. S.	A. C. A.	Pte. 219th
Fraser, D. S.	Ex. '19	Cadet R. A. F.
Fredea, M. F.	Eng. '13	Cpl. 6th Coy. C. E.
†Freeman, C. E.	A. C. A.	Pte. 64th
Freeman, P. W., M. C.	A. C. A.	Maj. 40th
Freeman, R. H.	Ex. '19	Gr. 10th, C. G. A.
Froggatt, N. E.	A. C. A.	Pte. 219th
Frost, L. W.	A. C. A.	Pte. 1st C. C. S., C.A.M.C.
*Ganong, C. K.	A. C. A.	Gr. C. G. A.

†Killed in Action, Died of Wounds, Died. *Wounded, Gassed. ‡Prisoner of War.

ACADIA ATHENÆUM

†Gates, E. W.	A. C. A.	Pte. 219th
Gavel, S. B.	A. C. A.	L/C 219th
Gilliatt, R. C.	Ex. '19	
Goff, J.	A. C. A.	Pte. 193rd
Good, F. A.	Ex. '93	Maj. 140th
Goodspeed, F. G.	B. A. '02	D. I. O., M. D. 6
Goucher, A. R.	Ex. '15	Cpl. 26th
Goucher, F. H.	Ex. '16	L/C 219th
Goucher, F. S.	B. A. '09	Pte. R. E.
Grady, L. K.	Ex. '19	Pte. 25th
Grant, D.	'19	Cadet R. A. F.
Grant, C. E.	Eng. '20	Pte. 219th
*Graves, O. W.	B. A. '14	Pte. P. P. C. L. I.
***Gregg, M. F., V. C.		
M. C., Bar	Ex. '17	Lieut. R. C. R.
Gunter, H. R.	Eng. '12	Lieut. C. A. S. C.
Haines, Lindsay E.	'04	
Haley, B. F.	Ex. '19	Pte. Sig. Corps
Haley, Gwen.	Sem.	Nurse, Harvard Unit
Haley, R. R.	B. Sc. '13	Lieut. R. A. F.
Hamilton, P. W.	A. C. A.	Sgt. 219th
Harlow, L. H.	Ex. '17	Lieut. R. A. F.
†Harlow, A. L.	A. C. A.	Pte. 112th.
Harlow, Miss H. A.	A. L. S.	N. S. Harvard Unit.
Harlow, R. N.	Ex. '17	Lieut. R. A. F.
†Harnish, H. C.	Ex. '19	Pte. 246th
Haverstock, C. M.	B. A. '14	Pte. 196th
Haycock, M.	A. C. A.	L/C 246th
Hayden, F.	A. C. A.	Pte. 219th Batt.
Hemmeon, M.	B. A. '92	Capt. C. A. M. C.
*Hennigar, R.	A. C. A.	Pte. 219th
Henshaw, E. R. L.	Ex. '15	Sgt. 26th
*Henshaw, V. I. M.	A. C. A.	Sgt. 26th
*Herman, A. K.	B. A. '12	Pte. 85th
Hickson, A. L.	Eng. '20	Sgt. 26th Bn.
Higgins, F. C.	B. A. '14	Capt. R. A. F.
Hirtle, S.	Ex. '18	Sgt. 219th
Hogan, C. K.	A. C. A.	Pte. 219th
*Holmes, W. W.	Ex. '19	Lieut. C. G. A. 33rd Bty.
Horne, R. E. M. Des.	Ex. '16	Cpl. C. A. M. C.
Hughes, A. G.	A. C. A.	Pte 193rd
Hunt, E. F.	Ex. '15	Cpl. C. A. M. C.
†Illsley, C. P.	Eng. '14	Spr. 6th Coy C. E.
Ingraham, L. H.	Ex. '16	Pte. Sig. Corps
Inman, Mark K.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
Irving, K. C.	Ex. '20	Cadet R. A. F.

†Killed in Action, Died of Wounds, Died. *Wounded, Gassed. ‡Prisoner of War.

ACADIA ATHENÆUM

Jackson, W.	A. C. A.	9th Siege Battery
Janes, Claire	Sem.	N/S. V. A. D.
Johnson, K. P.	Ex. '19	Pte. 219th
†Johnson, J. L.	Ex. '09	Capt. C. A. M. C.
Johnson, L. McK.	B. A. '13	Lieut. R. A. F.
†Jones, A. T.	A. C. A.	
** Jones, H. G.	A. C. A.	Spr. C. E.
***†† Jones, S. L.	B. A. '97	Major. P. P. C. L. I.
Jost, Arthur	B. A. '03	Lt.Col. A. D. M. S., M.D. 7
Keddy, D. C.	A. C. A.	L/C. C. A. M. C.
Keith, K. W.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
Kierstead, G. C. F.	B. A. '10	Capt. 2nd Labor Bn.
*Kinley, T. J.	Ex. '07	Pte. 72nd
Kinney, C. F.	B. A. '12	Lieut. 1st For. Dep.
†Kinnie, R. M.	Ex. '14	Gr. C. G. A.
*Knowles, C. W.	Ex. '15	Gr. C. G. A.
†Lank, M.	A. C. A.	Pte. Signal Corps
†Lantz, O. L. C. deG.	A. C. A.	Lieut 85th
Lantz, H. V.	A. C. A.	Sgt. C. A. M. C.
**Layte, R. R. M. C.	Ex. '17	Capt. 85th
*Lawson, W. C., M. C.	B. A. '14	Lieut. 26th
Leeman, R.	Ex. '15	
*Leslie, Eric	Eng. '13	Gr. 46th C. F. A.
Leslie, E. C.	Ex. '16	Lieut 85th
Lewis, J. W., M. C.	Ex. '16	Capt. 8th T. M. B.
†Locke, S. Morton	A. C. A.	Pte 219th
Logan, Freemont	B. A., '13	Gr. 10th C. G. A.
Logan, H. A.	B. A. '12	Sgt. 10th C. G. A.
Longley, A. E.	'20	Cadet R. A. F.
Longley, R. S.	'21	Gr. 10th C. G. A.
Lounsbury, G. H.	Ex. '11	Capt 140th
*Lumsden, C.B., M.M.	'21	Pte. 25th
Lunn, G. H.	Ex. '16	Pte. 196th
Lunn, C. W.	A. C. A.	Pte 196th
Lutz, G. H.	B. A. '14	Lieut, 56th R. F. A.
*McClaire, C. S.	Ex. '18	Pte. 63rd
*McClaire, D. R.	A. C. A.	Pte. 63rd
McCready, W. H.	Ex. '19	Pte. 219th
McCurdy, J. R.	A. C. A.	Gr. 10th Siege
McCutcheon, M. W.	Ex. '17	Lieut. C. E.
McDonald, E. W.,		
'D.S.O., 2 bars, M.C.	Ex. '14	Lt. Col. 10th
McDonald, J. H.,		
C. B. E.	B.A. '91	Lt. Col. Chap. Ser

†Killed in Action, Died of Wounds, Died. *Wounded, Gassed. ‡Prisoner of War

ACADIA ATHENÆUM

McFarlane, A. W.	Eng. '16	U. S. A.
†McGregor, G. E.	A. C. A.	Lieut. 87th
McIntosh, N.	Ex. '16	Lieut. R. F. C.
**McIntyre, W. E.	B. A. '10	Pte. 47th
*McKay, J. G., M. C.	B. A., '15	Capt. Y. M. C. A.
McKay, H. G.	A. C. A.	Lieut. 260th.
McKeen, R.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
McKenna, H.	Ex. '16	Pte. 85th
McLean, N. A.	A. C. A.	Sgt. 25th
†McLean, W. M.	Ex. '19	Cpl. Med. Corps, U. S. A.
McLean, W. McK.	Ex. '19	U. S. A.
McLeod, K.	A. C. A.	Gnr. 2nd Heavy Battery
McLeod, Clarke	Ex. '17	Sgt. C. A. M. C.
†McLeod, Colin, D. C. M.	Ex. '91	Pte. 85th
McLeod, Marie	Ex. '11	N. S. 2nd Can. Gen. H.
McGray, A. K.	A. C. A.	Cadet, R. A. F.
McLean, J. R.	A. C. A.	Gr. 9th Siege Battery
McLeod, N. P., M. C.	Ex. '98	Maj. 1st C. G. A.
McNair, D. F.	A. C. A.	Pte. 55th
*McNeil, J. H. M. M. M. C.	Ex. '17	Sgt. 85th
McNeill, J. F.	Ex. '18	Lieut. R. C. R.
†McNeill, Grant	A. C. A.	Capt. C. A. M. C.
McNeill, J. M.	Ex. '17	Lieut. P. P. C. L. I.
McNeill, L. H.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
McNeill, Vernon	A. C. A.	Gr. 10th C. G. A.
*MacPhee, E. D., M. M.	Ex. '18	C. S. M. 17th Res.
†MacPhee, G. L.	Ex. '17	L/C 85th
Magner, A. K., M. M.	B. A. '13	Capt. Chap. Ser.
†Manning, P. W.	A. C. A.	L/C 85th
†Manning, F. C.	B. A. '16	Lieut. 85th
**Manning, J. H.	'19	Lieut. 52nd
‡March, A. C.	B. A. '10	Lieut. P. P. C. L. I.
March, J. W.	Ex. '17	Pte. 112th
Margeson, J. W.	Ex. '08	Major (Paym.) 25th
Marquis, D. M.	Ex. '18	Pte. 85th
†Mason, V. K.	B. A. '14	Lieut. 11th Suf. Regt.
Meister, T.	Ex. '20	Pte. 1 D. B. N. S. R.
*Mellor, W. E.	Eng. '13	Lieut. R. E.
*Mersereau, C. J., D. S. O.	B. A. '00 M. A.	Lt. Col. 2nd Bde. HQ.
Messenger, C. B.	Ex. '17	Cadet R. A. F.
Miller, Chas. L.	Ex. '12	Cadet R. A. F.
Miller, V. L.	B. A. '00	Capt. C. A. M. C.
**Millett, J. S.	B. A. '16	Lieut. R. C. R.
*Millett, R. M., M. C.	B. A. '16	Lieut. R. C. R.
Millett, R. J.	Ex. '15	Pte. C. A. M. C.

†Killed in Action, Died of Wounds, Died. *Wounded, Gassed. ‡Prisoner of War.

ACADIA ATHENÆUM

‡*Mills, E. R	A. C. A.	Pte. 140th
Mills, W. D.	Ex. '17	
Mitchell, A. H. G.	Ex. '17	Pte. 140th
†Moore, C. L.	Ex. '17	Lieut. 7th Lon. Rgt.
†Moore, Earl	A. C. A.	
Moore, H. P.	A. C. A.	Pte. C. A. M. C.
*Moore, P. M.	Ex. '18	Pte. 42nd
Moore, W. M.	Ex. '18	Lieut. C. E.
Morrison, J.	Ex. '16	Lieut. Engineers.
*Morrison, G. M.	B. A. '15	Lieut. 25th
Morrison, Neil	Eng. '19	Lieut. R. F. C.
Morse, C. K.	B. A. '03	Capt. Chap. Ser.
Morse, G. P.	Ex. '04	Lieut. C. E.
Morse, John	Ex. '14	Pte. 61st
Morse, L. R.	B. A. '91	Maj. C. A. M. C.
Morton, L. M.	Ex. '11	Capt. R. A. M. C.
**Morton, J. I.	A. C. A.	Pte. 17th
*Mosher, J. I.	'21	Pte. 2nd
Muirhead, Harry	A. C. A.	Lt. Col. 17th Res.
Murray, K. I.	A. C. A.	Spr. 6th Coy. C. E.
*Murray, R. R., M. C. bar	Ex. '13	Lieut. 1st Tun. Co.
Newcombe, A. F.	Ex. '17	Pte. C. A. M. C.
Nicholson, F. A.	Ex. '15	Capt. 104th
Nowlan, Geo.	Ex. '19	Gr. 10th C. G. A.
O'Brien, E. M.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
Oxner, J. M.	A. C. A.	Pte. N. S. I. D. B.
Palmer, Jennie	Sem.	N. S.
*Parker, C. M.	Ex. '18	Pte. 85th
Parker, F. D.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
Parks, C. C.	A. C. A.	Pte. 219th
†Parks, H. C., M.C.	A. C. A.	Lieut. R. A. F.
*Parsons, G. R., M.C.	Ex. '16	Lieut. 85th
Parsons Gwynn	A. C. A.	Lieut. 106th
Parsons, Nellie B.	Sem.	N/S. S. S. "Touraine."
Parsons, N. H.	Ex. '91	Lt. Col. 246th
†Paul Herbert	Ex. '15	Lieut. R. F. C.
Payne, F. J.	A. C. A.	Pte. C. A. M. C.
Payne, J. H.	A. C. A.	Pte. No. 7 Hosp.
Payzant, S. K.	B. Sc. '14	Spr. C. E.
†Peck, G. B., M.M.	Ex. '17	Pte. 85th
Peters, W. H.	Eng. '22	Cadet. R. A. F.
Pickles, J. C.	Ex. '19	Gr. 9th C. G. A.
Piggott, E. L.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
†Pineo, H. H.	B. A. '12	Capt. 5th C. M. R.
Porter, F. C.	A. C. A.	Pte. 219th

†Killed in Action, Died of Wounds, Died. *Wounded, Gassed. ‡Prisoner of War

ACADIA ATHENÆUM

Porter, F. S.	B. A. '06	Capt. Chap. Ser.
†Porter, Frank E.	A. C. A.	Pte. 85th
*Porter H. L.	B. A. '17	Lieut. Y. M. C. A.
Porter, W. A.	B. Sc. '11	Lieut. Rail. Const. T
Porter, O. D.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
Potter, W. P.	B.A.'12,B.Sc	Lieut. C. G. A.
†Powell, E. L.	B. A. '12	Pte. U. S. A.
Pick, Lewis	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
Prescott, Crandall	Ex. 20	
Prestwood, O. E.	Eng. '11	Mech. R. F. C.
Price, Chas.	A. C. A.	Sgt. 64th
Putnam, L. H.	Ex. '09	Lieut. C. Rail. T.
*Rackham, Geo.	Ex. '16	Pte. 85th
Reymond, Cecil	Ex. '18	Spr. C. E.
Read, H. E.	Ex. '19	Lieut. R. F. C.
Read, P. C.	B. A. '02	Capt. Chap. Ser.
Read, Willard F., Jr.	A. C. A.	Pte. C. C. C.
*Reid, H. Todd	B. A. '12	Capt. R. F. A.
*Rennie, F. B.	A. C. A.	Sgt. 4th M. G. C.
†Richardson, S. W.	A. C. A.	Pte. 219th
Rideout, F. C.	B. A. '09	Capt. Chap. Ser.
Richardson, Leo.	Ex. '17	Cadet R. F. C.
Richardson, S. P.	A. C. A.	Pte. 85th
*Rogers, A.W., M.C.	B. A. '15	Lieut. 85th
*Rogers, Dean R.	Ex. '18	Lieut. 85th
Rogers, Hubert	A. C. A.	Gr. C. G. A.
Rogers, N. McL	Ex. '16	Lieut. 246th
Rogers, Wendell, M.C.	A. C. A.	Capt. R. A. F.
Rogers, D. B.	'22	Pte. Signal Corps
Rogers, T.	A. C. A.	Lieut. 105th Batt.
Rogers, Lea.	A. C. A.	
*Roscoe, B.W., D.S.O.	B. A. '02	Maj. 5th C. M. R.
Roscoe, H. M.	Eng. '16	Lieut. C. E.
*Rouse, I. B., M. C.	'19	Liut. Royal Lancs. Regt.
Ruffee, G. H.	A. C. A.	Sgt. 85th
Rushton, Robie	A. C. A.	Pte. D. B. N. S. B.
Rust, Wm.	Ex. '19	Lieut. Coast Art. U. S. A.
*Salter, R. A.	Ex. '20	Gr. 10th C. G. A.
Saunders, Florence	Sem.	Kentville Mil. Hosp.
Saunders, M. G.	B. A. '16	Cadet R. A. F.
Schurman, C. G.	B. A. '17	Gr. 10th C. G. A.
Schurman, Fred B.	Ex. '96	Capt. 260th
Scott, C. E.	Ex. '17	Pte.
*Scott, Hartley	A. C. A.	Pte. 219th
Seaman, L. N.	B. Sc. '10	Capt. C. G. A.

†Killed in Action, Died of Wounds, Died. *Wounded, Gassed. ‡Prisoner of War.

ACADIA ATHENÆUM

Shaffner, M. D.	Eng. '19	Cadet R. A. F.
†Shaffner, L. B.	Ex. '17	Pte. 64th
Shand, Errol	Eng. '14	Sgt. C. G. A.
*Shepherd, A. D.	A. C. A.	Driv. C. A. S. C
†Simms, Rutherford	A. C. A.	Lieut. 26th
Simms, Stockwell	B. A. '10	Lieut. Can. Militia
Simpson, F. L.	Ex. '18	Pte. 8th Rail. Const. Bn.
Sharpe, Marion	Ex. '11	N/S. 2nd Can. Gen. H.
Simms, Philip M.	A. C. A.	Pte. Sig. Corps.
†Slipp, Leonard	B. A. '02	Sgt. 56th
**Slack, L.W.W.,M.C.	Ex. '14	Lieut. 60th
†Sleep, F. L.	Ex. '10	Pte. 50th Bn.
Sleep, H.	A. C. A.	Sgt. A. P. C.
Smallman, R. B.	B. A. '17	Sgt. A. P. C.
Smith, C. P.	A. C. A.	Pte. 112th
Smith, Dumaresq	Ex. '18	Lieut. 2nd C. G. A.
Smith G. Clifford	Eng. '14	Lieut. R. A. F.
Smith, Jos.	A. C. A.	Pte. C. A. M. C.
*Smith, J. R.	B. A. '13	Lieut. 1st Coy. C. E.
Smith, W. B.	A. C. A.	Pte. 219th.
†Smith, W. C.	Eng. '14	Lieut. C. G. A.
Smith, F.	A. C. A.	Pte. Forestry Batt.
Smith, J. P.		Lieut.
Snow, L. B.	A. C. A.	Cadet R. A. F.
Somers, J. W.	A. C. A.	Cpl. 13th Reserve
Spencer, Roy, M.C. bar	Eng. '11	Maj. C. E.
Spidle, J. D.	Ex. '08	Capt. Chap. Ser.
Spidle, Gurney	Ex. '18	Mech. R. F. C.
Spracklin, B. G.	B. A. '18	Mech. R. A. F.
Spriggs, Wm. D. F. C.	Eng. '20	Lieut. R. A. F.
Spurr, W.	Ex. '11	Lieut. R. A. F.
*Stackhouse W.E, M.M.	Ex. '17	Pte. 85th
Starratt, H.J., M.Des.	B. A. '93	Capt. C. C. C.
Steeves, A. L.	Eng. '16	Gr. C. G. A.
Stewart, E. R.	Eng. '20	Pte. 49th Bn.
Stewart, D. M.	Eng. '19	Spr. C. E.
Stewart, Don. O.	Ex. '19	Gr. C. G. A.
Stockwell, A. W.	Eng. '18	Signal Corps.
Stultz, G. N. A.	A. C. A.	Lieut. C. D. C.
Tamplin, J. M.	Eng. '14	Lieut. 112th
Taylor, Willard	A. C. A.	Pte. 85th
Therrien, E. A.	'20	Sgt. N. S. I. D. B.
Therrien, A. D.	Eng. '18	Mech. R. A. F.
Thorne, C. W.	Ex. '15.	Lieut. C. A. M. C.
Thurber, S.W., M. C.	A. C. A.	Lieut. 85th.

†Killed in Action, Died of Wounds, Died. *Wounded, Gassed. ‡Prisoner of War.

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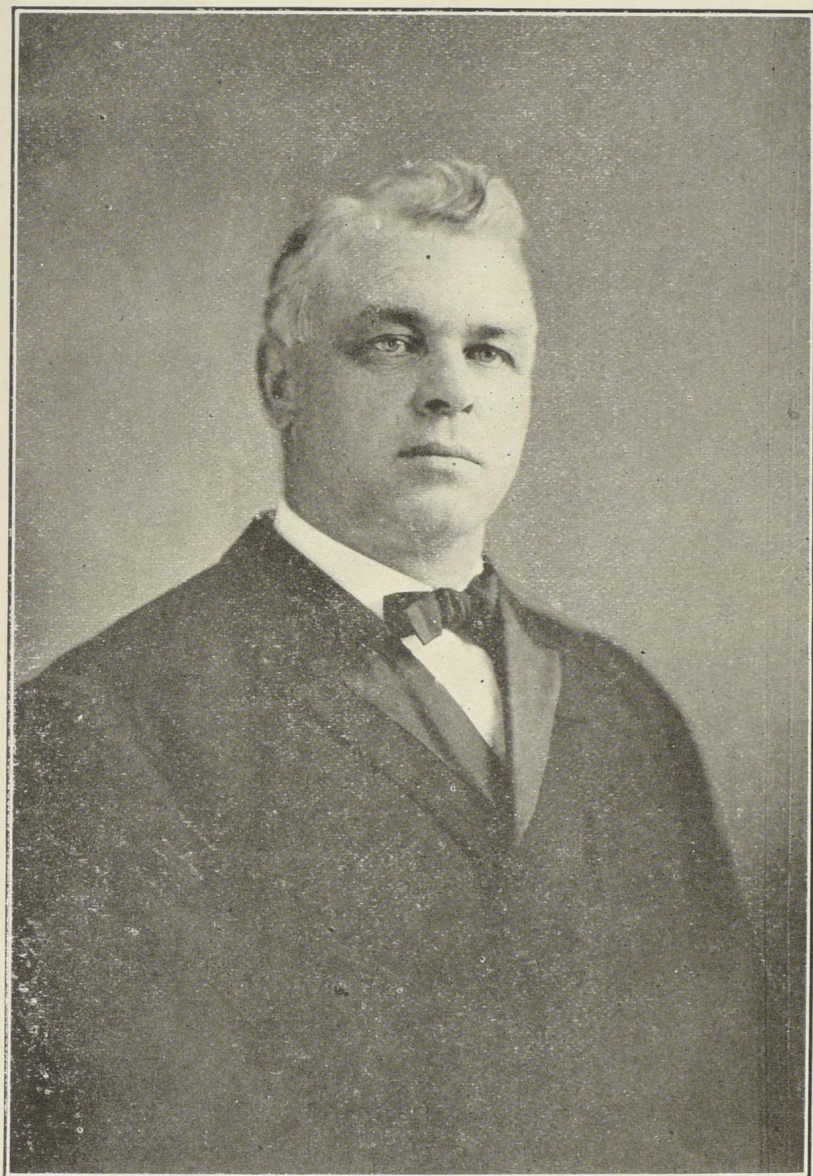
**Thurber, E. G.	Ex. '18	Pte. 25th
Tingley, P. R.	Ex. '17	Lieut. R. F. C.
Titus, H. H.	Ex. '18	Lieut. Y. M. C. A.
Titus, L. F.	'20	Pte. 219th
Troop, Stuart	Ex. '09	Cadet. R. A. F.
†Trotter, Bernard	A. C. A.	Lieut. Leicester Rgt.
†Tupper, Addie Allen	Sem.	N. S.
Underwood, G. W.	A. C. A.	Lieut. C. A. S. C.
*Vail, G. H.	Ex. '17	Gr. 36th C. F. A.
VanAmburg, G. O.	Eng. '14	Gr. 46th C. F. A.
VanWart, V. C.	Ex. '17	Cp.. 104th
*Vaughan, H. W.	Ex. '16	Pte. 85th
Verge, H. B.	A. C. A.	Maj. 1st For. Dep.
Walker, H. W.	Ex. '19	Gr. 8th C. G. A.
Walker, S. L.	B. A. '85	Capt. C. A. M. C.
Walker, Jack	A. C. A.	
Wallace, Isaiah	A. C. A.	Pte. C. A. S. C.
Warner, John, M. C.	Eng. '11	Lieut. C. E.
Waugh, H. V.	A. C. A.	Pte. U. S. A.
Webb, T. M.	A. C. A.	Gr. C. G. A.
†Webster, A. C.	Ex. '16	Sgt. 85th
Webster, D. H.	B. A. '06	Capt. Med. Ser. U. S. A.
Weldon, C. R.	Eng. '19	Cadet R. A. F.
Wetmore, R.	'21	Sgt. 1 D. B. N. S. R.
*Whidden, J. E.	A. C. A.	Pte. C. A. M. C.
*White, C. E.	Ex. '19	Lieut. 26th
White, W. A.	B. A. '03	Capt. Chap. Serv.
Whitman, A. H.	Eng. '15	Cadet R. A. F.
Wickwire, F. W. M. Des.	Ex. '98	Capt. C. A. S. C.
Williams, C. P.	A. C. A.	Pte. 5th Siege Battery
Williams, A. D.	A. C. A.	Pte. 219th
Williams, P. B.	A. C. A.	Lieut. Imp. Forces
Wilson, H. M.	Ex. '18	Pte. C. A. M. C.
Wood, B. G.	B. A. '16	Sgt. 219th
Wood, J. E.	B. A. '96	Lieut. (Paym.) R. N.
†Wood, J. Lyman	Ex. '18	Pte. P. P. C. L. I.
†Woodman, K. D.	Ex. '17	Pte. 85th
Woodman, H. E.	Ex. '14	Pte. 219th
†Wright, C. M. B., M. M.	Ex. '19	Pte. 219th
Wright, W. J.	B. Sc. '07	Lieut 85th
Young, Fred W.	B. A., '12	Lieut. R. A. F.
*Young, George	A. C. A.	Lieut. 25th
Young, M. M.	Ex. '15	R. N.

The above list was compiled by the editors of the Acadia Athenaeum, and while a great deal of pains was taken with it, it is known to be incomplete. The names of those who endeavored to enlist, but who were rejected on account of being medically unfit, are not included in this list. There were probably not fewer than one hundred of them.

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GEORGE BARTON CUTTEN, Ph. D.

President of Acadia University.

The Acadia Athenæum

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No. 6.

Class Ode.

DESERTED halls, that shape the ways of men,
Who over many lands do bear thy name
And speak thy praise, that ever south and north
Is heard in song and richly-worded lays,
We would thy story, writ in hearts of men
And cherished long till light and life are gone,
Richly engraved in ours, might be as clear
A reflected glory underneath the stars.
Echoing walls, the confidante of youth,
Open the vaults of treasure there concealed
And lift the veil of passing days and years
When to thy depth and breadth and height our souls
Could compass ends of being and ideal grace.

The Blomidon Diamond.

The lights of a hundred cities are fed by its midnight power,
Their wheels are fed by its thunder, but they, too, have their
hour,
The tale of the Indian lovers, a cry from the years that are
flown,
Abides with the power in the midnight, where love may find
its own.

Alfred Noyes.

SHE came swiftly down the forest trail that led to the gleaming shore below. The crescent moon slipped from behind a threatening cloud and shone upon the Indian maiden revealing her loveliness to the silent trees. Dark blue wampum shone in the blue-black hair hung over her shoulders, framing her mobile dusky face and shadowing the great brown eyes that were soft and wistful in the moonlight. She was as straight as a rush and as slim and graceful as a willow-wand, in her light brown fawn-skins, skilfully embroidered with blue and scarlet threads. Silently she sped thru the forest with the swiftness of a deer. The moon fled behind a cloud, and only the fleeting shadow darting among the pines could be seen in the "forest primeval."

Soon, two shadows flitted among the trees, and the moon, ever curious, again came forth and gazed upon the Indian lovers. Like an elfish wood-nymph, the maiden stood beside the stalwart young chief, bronzed by the sun and resplendent in waving eagle-plumes. The eagle plumes told the story; her lover was a brave of a neighboring tribe that had ever been hostile to her people.

"Look! I took this out of the mountain-side for you!" exclaimed the young chief, holding out a mammoth amethyst, "As my canoe was skirting that horrible whirlpool, near the foot of the cape, a great white light, far up on the lofty heights of the bluff, glowed in the moonlight and beckoned to me. I followed the old trail that leads to the summit of Glooscapweek, and there, scarcely the length of my canoe down the face of the precipice, this great stone lay in a hollow cavity." He did not tell her of the dangerous climb, nor of

the almost fatal mishap that had befallen him; but only of the glorious sight spread out before his eyes, as, standing on the top of Nature's impregnable barrier, he gazed upon the water of Glooscap's beaver pond, five hundred feet below.

"Oh!" breathed the girl, looking with wonder and delight at the huge gem in which the deep purple of the misty mountains and the sparkling lights of the sea were imprisoned. Often she had found these curiously colored stones on the shore, but never before had she seen one the size of this vast hollow rock, lined with thousands of crystal jewels that twinkled like so many stars, in the silver light of the moon.

"You must keep this, Oh Star of my Hope, to remind you of your absent lover, for I will not return until the next new moon. Farewell!" And with these words he left her, a radiant young goddess, guarding a huge amethyst in the depths of the forest, far from the lodges of her people.

Slowly she walked homeward, burdened by the great stone, and little dreaming that hostile eyes were bent upon her. A warrior of her own tribe, returning from a fishing trip, had seen the marks of a recently-beached canoe and one tiny eagle feather. Following the mountain-path he saw, thru the trees, the Indian maiden, alone in the forest. The eastern sky was suffused with rose and gold, when the girl crept into her wigwam, still unaware that her secret had been discovered by a man whom she both feared and hated.

A word, unintentionally spoken by her father, struck terror into her heart. "How did he find out?" she asked herself in agony. "How? How?" She now understood why ten braves departed from the village every evening and did not return until dawn. They were lying in wait for her lover, and she could not save him! The thought tortured her. What could she do? Day and night she pondered, worried and wept. In three more days he would be here and they would kill him. She knew they would.

Sitting before her wigwam, she watched the evening star tremble in the west and the moon rise over the pine trees. Sadly she turned away from the pale glory of the moon and entered the lodge. The rays of the moon shone thru the opening and faintly lit the interior. What was that dazzling light on the opposite side of the room?

"The amethyst!" exclaimed the girl. "His pledge!" Suddenly she gave a shrill cry of delight and relief. Help had come! She could save him. For the first time in many nights she slept.

Three evenings later, after the sun had set and the little Indian village lay shrouded in darkness, the maiden, bearing the great stone crept stealthily from her lodge and disappeared into the dark forest beyond. The trail hardly discernible in the faint light of the new moon, was steep and difficult. The low, thorny underbush tore her dress; the sharp stones cut thru her sturdy little moccasins and cruelly hurt her feet. The trail grew steeper. On one side a terrifying precipice dropped hundreds of feet into the sea below. Higher and higher she climbed, until she reached the summit of Glooscap-week.

To the very edge of the bluff she crept with her precious burden. Was she too late? Far below on the turbulent waters a tiny canoe slipped out of the mist and glided swiftly toward the shore. The bluff dropped sheer and steep, with scarcely a foothold on its rocky face. The giant amethyst hung in a bag on her back, as an Indian mother carries her child.

"Perhaps I cannot get back, but I *must* get down!" she whispered. How she attained that one perilous foot-hold and thrust the gem in the large cavity in the mountain-side, can never be told. Perhaps Glooscap helped her, who knows? The great stone had been restored to its original socket by a slim Indian girl, and now gleamed from the forehead of Blomidon, like the one great eye of the Cyclops. The hugh thing flashed in the moonlight and the young chief saw it, but too late! As he turned his canoe to depart, an arrow laden with deadly poison whizzed thru the stillness and pierced the heart of the brave with the eagle-plumes. Shouting a weird death-cry and tossing her name to the winds, he perished on the Basin of Minas.

The winds took up the cry and bore it to the Indian maiden, hung between earth and sky, her black hair blown from her face, her eyes dark with pain, and the pledge glistened in the rock beside her. Flinging her arms to the sky, she threw

her head backward and, in wild abandon, shrieked the death-whoop, "Sa-sakuon!" then sprang from the ledge and plunged!

To-day, when the moon is new and the sky is filled with stars, those who are sailing on the Basin of Minas, near that treacherous whirlpool, see a great light shining from the brow of Blomidon—the Blomidon Diamond.

M. L. F. '22.

Camouflaged?—A Telephone.

THERE are things "camouflageable" and things "uncamouflageable" and, after an interesting experience, Kendrick Anderson decided to include the telephone among the latter.

Ken, with his young, but very determined wife, Sue, had just moved into a new house, and they agreed beautifully on everything except the telephone. Sue had had some objections to having it put in in the first place, but Ken's wishes prevailed in the matter and the telephone was promptly set up at the back of the lower hall. Sue said nothing for some time but her patience was at last exhausted and she made a declaration of independence.

"Ken, that phone will simply be the death of me. I can't stand its perpetual ringing and I never get any good out of it for as sure as I answer it it's somebody on the wrong line or some old business man for you."

"Yes, but Sue you know I really need it for my business," said Ken earnestly.

"Well, you've no right to do business after hours anyway and if they want you they can call at the office. At any rate I'm not going to stand that thing round here another day and if it's not out by to-morrow noon I shall smash it or do something desperate. You've no idea how it gets on my nerves."

"Well, I suppose if that's the word—", said Ken, lapsing into thoughtful silence.

The remainder of the evening passed quietly, without any further reference to the telephone question, in fact it would almost seem as if they had entirely forgotten it.

The next morning Sue had several errands to do in the town, first to the dressmaker, then to various shops, and did not arrive home until about twelve o'clock, thoroughly tired out and looking forward to a dainty lunch, but Jane, her faithful maid, met her at the door with the anxious query: "And did you bring the meat ma'am? It's very near lunch time and there's nothing in the house."

"The meat," gasped Sue feebly, "I just knew there was something I'd forgotten. Oh, well, we can call up the market and they'll send it right up. Lunch will be a little late but I guess it will be all right."

"That's all very well, ma'am but the man took out the 'phone this morning and there's not another on the street."

"Good gracious, Jane, has he done it already?"

"Why yes ma'am, What'll we do ma'am?"

"Oh do anything you like, Jane, give us bread and milk if nothing better.

"But the milk's sour and the bread—" began Jane anxiously.

"Oh, Jane, don't take things so literally," interrupted her mistress, "I mean get anything there is to eat and never mind what. I'll send word to Ken to go to a restaurant and"—"But how can you send word with the 'phone taken out?"

"Good Heavens, Jane; this telephone business will drive me crazy," cried the distracted mistress and rushed upstairs, leaving Jane open-mouthed and speechless with dismay.

Passing Ken's study Sue's attention was attracted by a faint buzzing noise and curiously she went to investigate. The sound finally led her to a small closet at the farther end of the room where Ken usually kept some of his papers. She opened the door and gasped in astonishment, for there duly installed on a neat little stand was the telephone, its bell slightly muffled, but still ringing vigorously. Sue at last recovered from her surprise sufficiently to take down the receiver.

"Hello, Hello, Is that you Sue?" came a familiar voice, "I just called up to say I can't get home for lunch. Hope you don't mind. I'm awfully busy to-day and don't want to take the time."

"Oh, yes," replied Sue, collecting her wits, "That's all right. Of course I shall be awfully lonesome but business is business, I suppose. Good-bye dear. Come back in good time for dinner at seven."

Sue dropped the receiver and sank into a chair with a sigh of relief, then burst out laughing as the ludicrous side of it all dawned upon her. Then, still shaking with laughter she mused thus: "Well, Susan, you will have to acknowledge that the telephone after all is a very useful instrument and that your husband has more brains than you gave him credit for." Then, jumping up, she ran downstairs, calling "Jane, Jane, never mind about the lunch, Mr. Anderson has just called up to say that he won't be home till dinner."

"Just called up", ejaculated Jane, much as if she seriously doubted the sanity of her mistress. "Where in the world did he call to?"

"Oh, then you *didn't* know that the 'Phone had merely been moved upstairs, Jane?"

"Upstairs, well I declare, I thought that man was an awful long time up there if he was just cutting the wires as he said, but I never suspected nothing like that, Mrs. Anderson, I really didn't."

"Well, at any rate it did us a pretty good turn this time, but now let's see what we will want for an extra fine dinner to-night, for we can order anything we like since our discovery of the missing 'phone."

Dinner that evening was a pleasant meal, for Sue was radiant in a new and very becoming frock and Ken was well pleased over his day's work, which had resulted in a very successful business deal. Toward the close of the meal, Sue remarked sweetly, "Oh, by the way, Ken, I think we may as well have the 'phone moved downstairs again. It's really much more convenient."

"The 'phone, Great Caesar, I forgot——
Explanations followed.

Valedictory.

Mr. President:

FRIENDS of Acadia, welcome! Your presence gives us added courage. It shows us, as we leave these walls, that we are to be linked up with hundreds who have led the way, whose hearts turn each year to their Alma Mater.

This is the day when the class of '19 lives over its past four years. Our minds go back, back to those days when war depleted our ranks. Our thoughts dwell on those members of our class who, but for that war, might now be with us. But we do not let our minds rest there. We think too of that great day of Nov. 11th, the great turning point in our college life and spirit as it was the great turning point in our National life. Again we feel the freedom and inspiration we received when at six o'clock of that day in Thanksgiving we assembled with our college president in this hall

The low-hanging war clouds rolled away,
And night glowed brighter than the brightest day,
For peace is Light
And war is grimmer than the night."

The past four years have been to us a time of preparation. The war has accomplished its work. Its lessons are stamped indelibly upon our lives and now, recognizing past mistakes and failures, we are better able to face this new dawn.

The present, happy though it be, we know is nothing but an incident in life. But as we cast our glance into the future, our hopes arise, our hearts aspire, for in that future, friends, lie opportunities, as yet unknown, wherein, through honest effort we must prove the worth of college life and training.

Unworthy would we be to part without a word of gratitude to those whose effort has made this training possible. Speaking to you who have visited our buildings, seen our equipment and facilities, I need not dwell on these things which have so effectively added to our advantages.

Members of our Faculty:

Y. W. C. A. CABINET

1918-1919.



E. R. Fash, Secretary.



*H. T. Walker, Treasurer;
Chair, Finance Comm.*



*P. M. B. Parry, Vice Pres.
Chair, Devotional Comm.*



U. E. Hill, President



*H. D. Beals, Corresp. Sec.
Chair, Assn. News Comm.*



*Mrs. M. H. Fleming
Chair, Mission Study Comm.*



*M. B. Reid,
Chair, Social Comm.*



*E. E. Rand,
Chair, Bible Study Comm.*



*M. J. Bishop,
Chair, Social Service Comm.*



*M. E. Carr,
Chair, Membership Comm.*

ACADIA

From you we have gained more than we can express or even know, for much of it has been a subtle, untangible, wholesome influence of your characters and lives upon us. This influence has taken root deep in our souls, and some day in the world we trust it may be a satisfaction and a joy to you see it bloom and flourish.

Fellow Students:

Gladly would we linger in our parting, for ties of comradeship are strong. The mistakes which we have made are left as warnings on your path. Next year, Acadia's men will be returning in greater numbers. We leave you to show that we have not been shirking in their absence. The name "Acadia" will ever be dear to the heart of each of us. To you whom we must leave today we entrust the care of that name, to see that student life will ever reflect glory and honor upon it.

Class Mates:

To-morrow we shall reach a goal for four years craved.—and shall we dread the parting? Is there no brighter thought for us in this our last class-meeting? Have not four years of war given our world its share of gloom—that we must carry into it more? Companions, the world needs two great things to-day—work and happiness. The two go hand in hand. As we part let regret remain concealed in our hearts. To the world we must contribute gladness. Carry it with us and in its spirit to-morrow the Class of '19 will go forth to grapple with life and conquer.

"Our Alma Mater, thou our guide
Who biddst us now depart from thee
Where thou art throned by the sea.
With lingering steps we leave thy side
We turn to face the dawning day
That breaks across the Eastern skies
With other thoughts, regrets we quell
And bless thee as we bid—Farewell!

VERA GLISSON OGILVIE, '19.

Class Prophecy.

The voice. The fifth week of the fifth month of the year,
 At the eleventh hour of the day
 Prophet Apollo leaves the Delphic shrine.
 He, westward roaming, hears the pious prayer
 From lips devout, and hearkens to the call.
 The God descends on me, and thrills me through
 With influence divine! Ye worshippers,
 Rise one by one, and hear your future fates.

Carolus Beals, Repeat

Your name.

A scientist of note, more wise than wealthy,
 (*That goes with wisdom*), he will search through life
 For that lost atom, whose discovery
 Would ope the secret of the universe.
 You will not find it, Carl, but much renown
 Will come to you unsought.

Albertus Arbuckle.

There's but one illness Buckles has not had,
 The measles. In the future he will have
 The measles, and will very soon recover.
 By then he will have had every disease
 Whose name he could discover in the last
 Encyclopaedia Britannica.
 A prosperous and convincing traveller
 Fate names him, and a meed of much success
 Is his.

Helena Beals.

She has gained fame in literary circles
 For careful editing and criticism
 Of all Canadian poetry. Success
 Attended her, and with her husband's aid
 (Who also holds Acadia's degree)
 She founded a Canadian magazine

Where special prominence is given all
Acadia's productions.

Earnestus Boyle,

Bunny cannot resist the tasted sweets
Of voyaging in the air. A year or two
He will be satisfied with daily flights
O'er the Atlantic; then, ambitious grown,
Return to Wolfville, and a dangerous route
From Willet Hall to Tully and the Sem.
Establish. Almost any quiet night
He may be seen at twilight fluttering round
The upper windows of the Sem., even as
Of old, around the lower.

Robertus Elderkin.

High rubber boots
His fate decrees;
A long white beard
Falls to his knees.
With shoulders stooped
He guides the plough
And he himself
Sits wakeful now.

To keep the College
Libertines
From stealing all
His Gravensteins.

Fondly the bard
Observes his face:
His blissful smile:
His giant pace .
It lessens not
As the long years roll:
He now can take
His daily stroll
From Highland Ave.
To Hughie's store
In three great strides
Instead of four.

Ruth Elderkin.

At College so her sympathies inclined,
During the Senior year, to law, due to
Her course in Constitutional history,
That at McGill with honors as I look
I see her course completed, and herself
Admitted to the Bar, where woman's grace
Assures her an illustrious career.

Martha Fleming.

A friend of books, thither thy learned taste
Will lead thee. Often shalt thou scan the backs
Of heavy volumes, classify, and index.
Till at the last, Librarian shalt thou be—
So Fortune wills—and many busy years
Instruct a class in Science Library,
And gather erudition. A device
For sound-proof rooms in Ladies Residence
Thou wilt invent and patent.

Donevaldus Grant.

Go forth, young man, to profitable toil!
For advertising expert shall thou be
In the great city of St. John, and there
Beguile th' unwary buyer, and break down
The "customer's defence". You too in time
Will write prospectuses for your Alma Mater,
And hymn her groves and shady moonlight walks,
To publish in the Herald.

Bradford Hall.

This mighty statistician will be called
Shortly to solve a knotty computation:
If printing Athenaeums costs two beans
A page, five hundred copies, and each page
A thousand m's, and seventy-seven pages,
One half reduction standing matter, and
Engraving extra, should this be increased
To ninety pages of eight hundred m's,
A thousand copies, bound, with interest
Proportioned,—would the Business Manager
Prefer to rest in St. John West or Dartmouth?
This problem solved, he will investigate
The tariff question, or revise the budget,
Or any other small financial tangle
That asks his skill in figures.

Clara Evalena Hill.

Scipio, on thee the oracle decrees
A heavy sentence. Though thou soon shalt flee
To far-off India, even there thy fate
Pursues thee. As thou sittest editing
The Literary Department of a great
Journal in Telegu, Sanskrit and Burmese,
I see the hand of unrelenting fate
Fall on thy shoulder, for an envelope
Comes stained with travel, and a postscript bears
The old familiar words "Wolfville, N. S.
Acadia Athenaeum. Please exchange."

Isobella Magee.

She will win fame in art, and study to
Illustrate and design. Her modesty
Will silence envy, and she will glide through life
Unruffled and serenely. All success
Attend her everywhere! Her latest work
Is illustrating for a former class-mate
His book on Therapeutic Chemistry.

Edith Mann.

Many a breeze shall waft thee, Editha,
Far from thy Alma Mater, for though small
In stature, thy mentality is great,
In India thou shalt ably demonstrate
To patient Hindus, the simplicity
Of higher Mathematics, Calculus,
And whatsoever else of things abstruse
Are deemed correct in that rude western land
British Columbia, whence thou cam'st to us.

Josias MacQuarrie.

A brilliant future waits this bright young man,
A highly-paid assistant, on the side
Of one of the world's biggest circuses —
The fat man. Much increased in stature since
He walked among us. There is but one fly

In his tea-cup. Professional demands
Prevent his evening walks towards Gaspereau.
The habit grows: glad he's beginnin' to curb it.

Franciscus McAvoy.

To Scotland shall he home return, when here
With argument and cornet he has won
A goodly substance. There he'll settle down,
Found a Debating Club in Aberdeen,
And do his best to send his neighbor's sons
To old Acadia, where oft-times sure
His own affections linger.

Danielis McLean.

Daniel has passed in Medicine at McGill,
An expert hand at Surgery, and hash
Hung out his shingle—I should shay-double-in
A town in P. E. I., and pressed the bell .
Of fame. He's little changed, and is engaged
Mainly in resting from his college course.
He's found an easy way of getting rich
By keeping half a dozen black fox pups
In the back yard, and feeding them on scraps
Left from the table.

Carolus McLeod.

Your power of observation will avail
You much, in days to come. In the June Survey
Answer an advertisement that advocates
Hypnotic treatment for disease. Here lies
Your fortune. Dark and tall, with long straight hair,
And deep mysterious eyes, transmit the force
Magnetic from the fingers' ends, to heal
Imaginary illnesses, and Fortune
Will turn her cornucopia upside down
In your pants pocket.

Vera Ogilvie.

Thou knowest, Vera, that the gods dispose
Their gifts unequally. I see for thee
A life of toil—yet do not grieve: thou hast
A brilliant future, in the very work
Thou hast so well commenced. At Ottawa,
Among the low and sordid politicians
A missionary, thou shalt wrestle long
With wrong, deceit, corruption, and all evil
Of man's device, and shalt at last attain
A place of power, and write thy signature,
“Vera G. Ogilvie, B. A., M. P.”

Irvinus Rouse.

A happy fate, henceforth, tho uneventful
Will be your portion, Pater. Principal
Of a large High School in your native province
You will delight in bringing up our youth
In loyalty and manliness. Much loved
And honored you will win deserved success—
To thee too falls that metal plate which goes
To the first wed, for Mater imony will soon
Replace thy Alma Mater.

Carolus Spencer.

Many a future mouth shall speak the name
Of Spencer the composer, joined with that
Of witty Archibald, for hand in hand—
Smile not incredulous, ye listeners—
They labor. Many a comic opera
Will please the sons and children's sons of these
Who hear me speak. An artist too of note
Is Archibald, and his last great success
Was painting faces of comedians
In Spencer's latest comedy. All good
Attend them! Genial fellowship assuage
The rigor of their pen, and make them laugh,
Not chide, at men.

Helena Pipona Starr.

Nay Operatic Star thy truer name,
 For many a "hundred-nighter" shalt thou write
 For other stages and oft-times receive
 Fair floral tributes passed across the foot-lights
 For talent histrionic. Great thy ease
 Of facile utterance! Glib thy rapid pen!
 Watch her, ye struggling Horaces, who toil
 For rhymes, and painful bite the idle pen.
 She enters; paper; pencil; sits; and lo!—
 A sonnet or a drama while you wait.

HERE ENDS THE PROPHECY. APOLLO HAS SAID ENOUGH.

The New Atom.

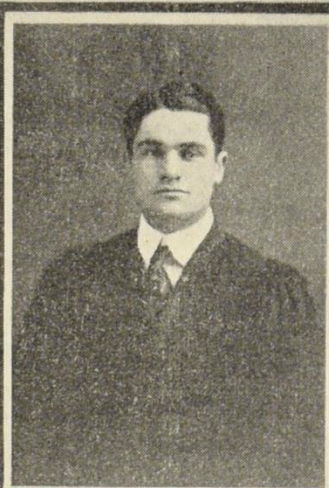
THE scope and range of scientific knowledge is constantly widening. This has been especially true of the past few decades. The stimulus of economic rewards in the application of new discoveries to industry, and the spur of national necessity during the war, have been responsible for the great progress that has been made in the improvement and development of mechanical and electrical devices of all kinds. The advances made in the realm of pure science have been no less marked, but have been due to a different cause, namely, the increasing emphasis laid on original research in the larger educational institutions.

A discussion of the atom of matter may seem to hold little of general interest. However, after a consideration of the work done of recent years by the world's greatest scientists, working in the great universities on both sides of the Atlantic, we are impressed by the fact that a large part, perhaps even the greater part of their efforts, has been concerned, either directly or indirectly in determining the nature and properties of the atom. The old conception of the atom, as an infinitely small particle that could not be divided, is familiar to all, and has been considered by the educated man as a more or less necessary part of his mental equipment. The

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E. C. Prime '22,
Chair. Social Comm.



C. E. MacLeod '19, Vice Pres.



K. E. Mason '21, Treas.



L. B. Gray '20, President.



T. K. Cleveland '22, Sec.



W. Sleeves '21,
Chair. Devotional Comm.



G. H. Estabrooks '20,
Chair. New Student Comm.



C. S. Beals '19,
Chair. Hand-book Comm.

general advancement of science, and the work done in this particular branch, has overturned many of the old theories, and if we are to gain a really adequate idea of the material universe, some knowledge of the new atom, as the old atom has been called since its true nature has been revealed by modern physicists, is rendered imperative.

The old idea of the atom considered it to be a simple and indivisible particle. Its marvellous properties, as revealed by physical and chemical phenomena, were attributed to some magical power which the atom could exert without the use of any material agencies. Modern experimental science has demonstrated conclusively that the atom of matter is not indivisible but is made up of much smaller particles. It has been found necessary to go beyond the atom in the search for the ultimate unit of matter. The view is at present held, and it seems to be established beyond possibility of doubt, that there is a common basis of matter and that the atoms of the different elements are merely combinations or aggregations of the same thing.

The clearest and most direct way to approach the problem of atomic structure is by means of a simple analogy. We may compare the atom to a miniature solar system. A massive central nucleus corresponds to the sun. Very small light bodies called electrons revolve around it, and correspond in some degree to the planets. The weight or mass of the atom is mainly concentrated in the nucleus. The electrons which revolve around it are very small and light in comparison. They are all exactly the same, and each carries a charge of negative electricity. The nucleus carries a charge of positive electricity, which attracts the negative electrons and holds them in their orbits. Several of the negative electrons may be removed from the atom without changing its nature.

This analogy gives a fairly definite picture of conditions as they exist within the atom. It will be observed, however, that the nucleus is referred to as a unit, around which the electrons revolve. Now the nucleus is really complex but in the case of most atoms this complexity does not reveal itself. The nucleus is stable and unchanging. It cannot be destroyed or altered by the most violent physical or chemical dis-

turbances, and it is only in the case of the atom of the radioactive elements, which exhibit exceptional properties, that any clue to its real nature can be gained.

The family of radio-active elements, of which radium is the best known, affords the only case in existence where the atom of matter is unstable. The nucleus of the radium atom and of other atoms in the same group, shoots off small particles with immense speed and the nature of the atom is changed in the process. The particles omitted are of two types. The first type consists of electrons similar in every way to the electrons which revolve around the nucleus, but travelling with enormous speed. The second type of particle shot off by the nucleus is quite different. It is several thousand times heavier than the electron, carries a positive charge, and in consequence of its mass and great speed, is possessed of enormous energy. This body is called the alpha particle and is known to be the nucleus of the atom of helium gas.

The fact of the omission of these particles shows that the nucleus is not a simple unit but is in itself complex; a sort of atom within the atom. Further than this, it illustrates in a graphic fashion the almost unheard-of store of energy locked up within the nucleus of the atom. I have said that the alpha particles were shot off from the atom. Their action may very well be compared to that of a cannon, having a definite range and being able to penetrate considerable thickness of solid material. We have heard a great deal about Germany's long range guns. If the nucleus of the radium atom were magnified to the size of a cannon with the size and energy of its alpha particle increased a proportionate amount, it would have a range of thousands of miles. Had Germany possessed such a gun she could have laid in ruins every city of Europe without moving her army from Berlin. This enormous amount of energy is considered to be due to some form of intra-atomic motion. The nucleus is believed to be a dynamic system of marvellous energy with its constituent particles in a state of the most violent motion. In the case of the radioactive atom, some of the rapidly moving particles are able to escape into the outside world, and from their nature and the energy they possess, we are able to form an estimate as to the state of things within the nucleus.

Up to this point electrons and positive electricity have been mentioned in rather vague terms. Present theory is inclining more and more to the view that atoms are composed entirely of electrical charges. The electron is believed to be the ultimate unit or particle of negative electricity. Positive electricity also consists of units or particles. These units are eighteen hundred times heavier than the negative electrons and, what seems surprising in view of their great mass, they are very much smaller than the electrons.

The positive particle is never found outside the nucleus of an atom and the fact renders an exact study of its properties extremely difficult. The nucleus of the atom is a combination of positive and negative particles. The positive particle predominate, which accounts for its positive charge.

This positive charge or the nucleus is neutralized by the negative electrons which revolve around it. The total number of particles positive and negative which go to make up an atom may be estimated with accuracy and varies from two in the case of Hydrogen to approximately 400 in the case of Platinum and the heavier atoms of the radio-active series. The alpha particle, which is identified as the nucleus of the gas helium, is believed to contain four positive charges combined with two negative electrons. It is interesting to note that according to this view, which is practically established, matter is nothing but electricity.

Any discussion of the nature of the atom of matter would be incomplete without some reference to the relative distances between its parts. The atom itself is extremely minute, measuring only one ten-millionth of a centimetre in diameter. In the smallest particle that can be observed under the most powerful microscope there are hundreds, even thousands, of atoms. It might be thought, considering its minute size and make up the atom would be closely packed together. Just the complexity of its structure, that the particles which go to opposite has proved to be the case. The diameter of the nucleus of even the heaviest atom is only one five-thousandth part of the diameter of the atom itself and the revolving electrons are minute even when compared with the nucleus. In other words, if the atom were magnified to one hundred feet diame-

ter the nucleus would not be larger than a baseball while the electrons would be somewhat smaller in size than a fine shot. When we consider the fact that even the heaviest atoms do not contain more than three or four hundred electrons we begin to realize what a sparsely settled area the interior of an atom really is.

Within the nucleus the particles are packed more closely together but even here the relative distances between them are believed to be large.

We thus see that the atom of matter, formerly considered as dense and indivisible, is in reality very open, and apparently unsubstantial in structure. This conception of the atom when it is considered as a unit and apart from other atoms, is fairly simple and easy to understand. It is when the atom is put in its place as a constituent part of material objects that the real difficulty arises. When we consider that a steel girder or the driving rod of a great locomotive, must depend in the last analysis for its strength and rigidity upon a combination of atoms,—mere systems of oscillating electrical charges with little continuity of structure, we realize that the nature of the forces operating within the atom is something far transcending anything met with in the ordinary realm of physical science. In the words of one of the world's greatest scientists, "Each atom is a standing miracle endowed with properties which show the mark of a power and a wisdom no less than infinite."

Rural Social Problems.

UNDER modern conditions there is over-population in cities and under-population in the country and small towns. The attention of sociological thinkers is being directed toward the causes of these conditions. The evils of the city have been brought to our notice repeatedly, but only recently have country problems received attention. These rural problems await, for their solution, hands equally skilled.

In every country community, there are outstanding condi-



M.G. Chisholm, 20.
Vice Pres. 1st Term.



H.D. Beals, 19.
President, 2nd Term.



M.H. Fleming, 19.
President, 1st Term.



D.M. Schuman, 20.
Vice Pres. 2nd Term.



G.G. Corbett,
Sec. Treas. A.G.A.A.A.



V.I. Magee,
Pres. A.G.A.A.A.

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I.C. Haley, 22.
Teller 1st Term.



H.D. Shaffner, 21.
Sec. Treas. 1st Term.



I.C. Murray, 21.
Sec. Treas. 2nd Term.



J.E. Harris, 22.
Teller 2nd Term.

tions which demand our consideration. Among these, the lack of social life is most noticeable. There is no social consciousness, no recognition of common social problems, and consequently, there are no organizations working for a common end. In almost every rural community, there are two institutions which should contribute to the social life,—the church and the school. In the days of our forefathers, the church was not merely a religious center, but it was in the true sense of the word the “meeting-house” for all the families of the neighborhood. The church formed a means of social intercourse and exchange of ideas, which, were not easily obtained otherwise. Today it is different. The churches are usually open but once on Sundays, sometimes only every second Sunday; the small numbers who gather come late and leave immediately after the service. There is little of the genial conversation which creates good feeling and fellowship among neighbors. Perhaps a Sunday School is held regularly, but apart from the officers nearly all the attendants are children, and so in this respect also the church falls short of its true purpose.

The rural church should lead in community service. It should be linked up with all the other institutions and co-operate with them along all lines of local improvement. The attitude taken by the church in general has been that any minister will do for the country, but that the city needs the men of wisdom and leadership. If any circuit needs a man with keen insight, tactful manner, and strong ability, surely it is the country circuit. Here the churches are widely scattered and poorly supported. They make little contribution to the community for their upkeep, and the people can scarcely be blamed for not taking an active interest in church affairs. Intelligent men with a broad outlook on life and sympathetic understanding of the farmer and his problems are needed to build up the fast-deteriorating country churches. The leaders must be tolerant of the opinions of others and at the same time able to direct all activities into channels leading to the general good. Only in this way can the church take its rightful place in rural society.

The school is the only other center of socialization and it has been relegated to one specific purpose and to one only,—

the instruction of the children in the district. The rural teacher is confronted by great problems and great possibilities, both in the studies of the children and in the social life of the community.

If the proper emphasis were laid on education, the curriculum for country schools would differ from that prescribed for urban pupils. It would be adapted to the environment and needs of the prospective farming class. From the first grades and upward, nature study would form a part of the day's program and as many of the principles of agriculture as feasible would be taught. The whole schedule of work would be focused on the desirability of farming as a profession and not on making city positions appear more attractive.

In Canada practically nothing has been done toward making the school a social center. As soon as the day's work is over, the youthful janitor gives the room a hasty sweeping and a still more hasty dusting; the building is then closed until school-time the following morning. The pupils are not encouraged in work along social lines even on a small scale. The closing concert and "treat", at which a small representation of parents is present, is usually the only time anyone, except the inspector and perhaps an especially conscientious trustee, ever visits the school. The parents know almost nothing of the daily routine and cannot appreciate the difficulties with which the teacher must contend. Nothing very elaborate in the way of innovations can be attempted in the ordinary school, but the child's dramatic instinct can be fostered and developed through acting some of the reading and history lessons. Singing always diminishes the fatigue incident to a long period of desk-work and sends each one back to his work refreshed. Physical exercises teach group work and co-operation. An inventive teacher will devise many ways by which the school program can be made more interesting to the pupil and thus brought to the notice of the parents.

Apart from what is usually known as school-work, the school and the home can be brought into closer contact through agencies directly connected with the parents. These may take such form as reading or dramatic clubs if the people have literary inclinations; for those who prefer to do some-

thing more concrete, Red Cross societies, canning or cooking clubs might be carried on; the young people may have some organization along the lines of the Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls. Social evenings should be arranged at which all can be present. By such means not only will the school be brought to the foreground, but the social life of the community will become an important factor.

Although there are large opportunities in every rural community, there are certain sections which, more than any others, are calling for help. The general impression is, that in spite of some unavoidable drawbacks, the country is on the whole a decent, self-respecting part of the world, where none of the social abuses of the city are found. Few people realize the degradation and low state of morals in some isolated districts. It reminds one of the lawless days in Kentucky when family feuds were rife and the whole community was divided into two factions. The men and women can neither read nor write; there are no government schools where the children can get even the rudiments of an education. The people live in tumble-down shanties without adequate protection from the elements. The men know almost nothing of farming, the women cannot cook nourishing food, and the children are under-fed. Many die in infancy and of those who grow up, a large percentage is defective. These people are counted in our population. Can you imagine the effect such illiteracy, infant mortality, and idiocy, as are found here, will have upon the statistics for the whole of Canada? A chain is only as strong as its weakest link. Canada can only be as strong as the weakest elements in her population. These conditions prevail among the native-born and have nothing to do with our immigrants. How can we lift the latter, if we do not improve our own conditions?

In such communities there is great need for settling men with a knowledge that will enable them to help the poor farmer in making the most of the impoverished soil. Women with home training, in whom the community mothers have confidence and who will help them in their family life, must be there to raise the moral standard. Schools and churches must follow without question before the community can reach

full development. These are opportunities for home service equal to those in any country.

These reforms cannot be expected to spring up suddenly or spontaneously. Years must pass before any noteworthy change will herald the dawning of a new era in rural life. In the meantime who is to set up the new standards, unless it be college men and women? More and more are the problems of Canada being presented to those who are in college. We have the advantage of seeing rural conditions from an impartial standpoint, and have a knowledge, however scanty it may be, of the means of improving these conditions.

The tasks require trained men and women with high ideals, broad sympathies, and the spirit of love toward the less fortunate. This work is not beneath the dignity of the most talented.

Service is the cry of the moment. Service is what each one of us desires to give Canada. Ability will lead some to positions of fame and honor, but most of us must be content with an obscure sphere of activity in rural districts. Here we can be of the greatest use to our Dominion by putting into practice those principles of social justice and group relationships of which we caught a glimpse in our college days. Our services will then be enduring and worthy of our highest aspirations.

CLARA EVALENA HILL, '19.

Numa Pompilius.

Scarce had the race of Romulus survived
Its earliest wars, and laid with fated hand
The corner-stones of empire, when the sire
Snatched to the stars untimely left his sons,
And hung translated in the vault of Heaven.

As yet their hearts felt not the common tie,
Ancestral soil, not yet long sanctity,
Endeared their homes, nor knew they holy bonds
Of law. A turbulent multitude, they sought

On Palatine a refuge, from the scourge
 Of Heaven fleeing, and disrupted all
 Their former ties: while terror drove them forth,
 The furies born of evil deeds, and want,
 To seek new fortune, and in better soil
 To sink their root more surely.

To the head

Of such an Empire, whom will valor call?
 What king these turbulent hearts endure? To whom
 Will public choice assign that loosened sway?
 What later Romulus will intervene
 To guide the city, founded, and to wield
 The spear of Romulus in the heat of war?

By name scarce known within a narrow clan,
 Afar by chance he tilled a barren ridge
 Of Sabine land, but in contentment, he,
 Pompilius; whom no labored Grecian art,
 No mystic words of Samos' sage, made wise:
 But living courage, and a mind that drew
 Its strength from suffering; and affirmed his right
 To rule.

Nay, quiet-eyed the Muses smiled
 Upon his birth, and spoke him dedicate
 Their servant. Still a boy, the solemn calm
 Among the hills, the gloomy forest-deeps,
 The varied mantle of the changing year,
 Told more to him than to the common mind;
 And through the holy night those spheres sublime
 Spoke near to him, watching their steady fires.

The people round oft sought with their disputes
 His sentences, and from that honored door
 Flowed law and justice. Nor was his renown
 Unknown among the race of Romulus
 Afar, and stirred them to a quick resolve.

Therefore by secret paths men chosen to speak
 Came to his place, whom he beneath the shade

Of his one tree, received, and spake unurged
Thus sadly: "Waste no words why ye are come.
Your wish is known to me, nor I refuse
To obey the warning of the gods. O yet,
If Fate to my delight had bade me lead
This frugal life, or to my prayers could yield,
Content with little, I had rathr loved
This pleasant vale, these rivers; so in peace
I had been happy.—But the gods decree.

Another fate. Their summons bids me leave
Repose. A long farewell, thrice happy woods.
And shoreless silence, and untroubled sleep!"

He spoke, and speaking turned his moistened eyes,
And swept in one last look his well-known world.
Afar Lucretilis huddled his peaks
Together in the blue, and steep on steep
The rising crags hung with their gloomy pines.
Here his white dwelling smiles among the leaves:
The tiny garden where its lord of old
Most joyed to labor, and the apple-trees
In the low sloping orchard. With a groan
And rising tears, he turns his steps away.

Now setting on his road, the wasted fields
He see with smoking ruin testify
War's recent fury, and the walls of Rome,
Brooding above the desolated land,
Arise, and weapons gleam about the plain.
But pouring out beyond the gates, the crowd
With din of clashing bronze receive him in,
And, Heaven's will confirmed by certain sign,
With outeries hail him king. Raised on their shields
They bear him to his maple throne. But he,
Above the unnumbered faces, rises up
With ready dignity; his soothing words
Inspire in them a quiet long unknown.
So when unprisoned storm-winds thunder loud
At set of sun, and heavy clouds withdraw

Their ponderous folds, shines through the gentle beam
Of Hesperus; the shepherd from the steep
Of some high mountain, sees him, and is touched
With a mysterious quickening of the heart.

Under a feeble rule robbers of late
Were common grown; his wisdom and the awe
In good example, holds and subdues their will.
War's temple gates are closed and silent; all
The wearied nations lay aside their arms,
And form a league desired of all; the hearts
Of all are freed by common love of peace
In unaccustomed gentleness; they crown
Pompilius king with willing crown, and drink
Words from his lips as oracles divine.

He bids divide the fields by measure fixed,
With fertile vines and olives clothe the hills,
Instructs them in the care of herds, and arts
Of husbandry. All Nature's face is changed.
Amid the age-long homes of savage beasts,
Where in the thick and direful shades but now
The thief and brigand lurked, sun-sprinkled crops
Spring from the soil; while in the thorny waste
Smooth pastures smile, and the vine-covered hills
Are white with cottages. The common bonds
Of ordered life succeed, and spotless faith,
And innocence of blameless days. The force
Of civil power holds turbulence in awe.
Impartial laws curb with avenging hand
Unbridled passion. Hymen lifts his torch
To hallow love, and on the sacred hearth
Meet household gods begin authority.

Lo! On the yellow fields at happy eve,
The rivers, and the glittering roofs that throng
The city, how the many-colored rays
Flash to and fro, and shed their gleam upon
The trembling forest. From the placid land
A joyous murmur fills the air. The flocks

Move slowly home from pasturing, and crop
The tender blades, while with the plough upturned,
The tired ox leaves the furrow, and afar
Smoke curls from chimney-tops; on every side
Wealth of the fields, and blameless face of Peace.

Pompilius saw the change, and holy joy
Made his heart swell, while in his new-found cares
The happy omen made his step more firm.
Far in the green recesses of a vale
A cave lay hidden, which the arbutus twined
Had overspread with shade of woven boughs,
Cooled with the wet moss of a glassy pool,
Aegeria's home; who though a goddess won
A mortal's love, and answering had returned
No less a flame. Here, when the depths of sleep
Held far and wide all living creatures, came
Pompilius in secret, and consumed
In speech with her the night; the inner truth
Wrapped in the cloudy mystery of things
She showed him: by what law the rolling year
Prolongs itself; what heavenly essence feeds
The substance of the spheres, and this fair world
In its blest harmony; the nature then
She taught him of the gods, and what their life:
How some possess the mighty air, and some
The lands, and some the realms of Acheron,
And how to pay each shrine its honors due.

He to his people all her bidding sings,
Orders such ceremonies, and decrees
The season meet for festivals. The King
Of Heaven first, and Mars, and Romulus,
Chief patrons of the Roman Capitol,
He reverences. In procession pass
The white-veiled Flamens, and from holy shrines
Pour laurel-crowned slow troops of worshippers.
No less the priests of Mars with song and dance
A glittering throng throughout the city shake

Their shields. Now by thy quiet altar-side,
O Vesta, virgins tend thy modest flame.
Now shrines are raised, unsullied Faith, to thee
And on them sacrificial cakes are laid.

No bulls from out Clitumnian pastures now
Are led; nor longer altars stained with blood.
No golden goblets gleam, nor lofty halls
Resplendent shine with Indian ivory,
Nor clouds of Nabathæan incense rise.
But flowers that Nature doth unurged bestow
With berries from the heath in bramble cups
Are sacrifice enough: the worshipper
Dares not in senseless stone create the forms
Of gods in mortal shape, or offer them
Unworthy worship. He, Pompilius,
The mountains flushed with the young light of dawn,
Comes early, and from earthen cups out pours
Libations to the gods, and suffers none
When night draws on, to seek his home, till all
Have thronged the sacred door and crowned the day
With prayer and song. The country has its own
Peculiar deities: with Spring's return
Yearly the flowery altar is adorned
Of Terminus; and when the barns are filled
With gathered harvest, and the trodden grape
Foams with its purple clusters, Lord of Joy,
Thee, Bacchus, all the countryside adores,
With gracious Ceres, and their banquets spread
Beneath the branching elm. The jocund cups
Exalt their hearts: with flowers they haste to bind
Their loosened hair, and beat with joyous foot
The earth in chorus, till the pallid moon
Rises above the treetops and thick shades
Fill the long hills.

Nay, far beyond the bars
Of cold and hideous Death, and the domain
Of shadowy fearful night, whence none return,

The sick soul now beholds another home,
The sweet fields of the silent ones of Death
In fellowship that knows nor care nor grief.
And broken hearts found solace in the rites
Of sad farewell, and thrice invoked the shade
Of the beloved dead, nor longer held
That nought survived the glowing ashes.

Here
Shone the first light among the shades of Death:
There is a God: not without law does Fate
Unveil her mysteries, and unguided flow.
In heaven is fixed reward for virtue: there
Late punishment for sin, where girt with clouds
And darkness, the Avenger hurls his bolt,
And frights the guilty heart with crimsoned hand
Nor idly as of yore the joyous earth
Offers her fostering bosom but excites
No reverence for her store among her sons.
A wider wisdom thrills her beauteous form,
And living grace pervades it. Soon their zeal
Matures in added charm. Religion claims
Their first attempts in art, while nobler hopes
Flame in the hearts of all, and future years
Are present care. Among the myrtle groves
White-pillared rise fair temples to the gods,
Doomed to survive their sons and children's sons,
And marble feigns with ornate capital
Acanthus leaves. Some draw from tuneful strings
A varied strain, or hymn in uncouth verse
Their fathers' wars, heroic deeds, and Love.
A youthful vigor gaily flushes all
Their happy venturing, and artless hope
Breathes life and health within them. So the child
Unknowing, on the flowery portal of new life
Beginning, now is happy. Glowing suns
Ever for him bring new delights, the earth
Is ever green, ever the air gleams gold.
No longer sparkling eyes are dimmed with tears,
Nor hardening age veils Nature's face in shade.

Pompilius shows the path, with heedful care
For heavenly guidance; greets their first essays
With friendly interest, kindling their hearts
By words of hope and kindness. Yet by stealth
Often he flees the press and din of rule,
Revisiting the haunts of former days;
And now on the high mountains roving, drinks
Ambrosial draughts of purer air, surveys
All mortal things with godlike mind serene,
And joys to see the shores of Heaven draw near.
Now on the living turf reclined he lies
Far in a secret vale, where leafy halls
Are sheltered from the flaming sun; a stream
Slides devious by its bedded banks, and breaks
In gleaming eddies. Nor ('tis said) alone
He wanders there; through deepest reverence
That hallowed grove to step profane is barred,
Yet oft the shepherd at dim twilight hour
There roaming, sees Aetheria's chorus shine,
And hears from far with trembling ears the voice
Of Gods, and song beyond all mortal thought.

Why should I tell what winged Rumor spreads,
Of meagre banquet and poor earthenware
Changed by his presence to a regal feast
On golden tables; or how Death's pale might
Tamed by his pious prayer, retired; and health
Unhoped for flushed his rosy face? And when
Prophetic horror of impending doom
Assailed them, and at Fate's dark sentences
They trembled, he by untried means was bold
To know the will divine: hence holy shrines
At midnight tingle with the charmed response,
And voices sound amid the lightning flash,
Harmless, and radiant Gods descend to earth.

And now the work draws to a close, and hearts
Are linked for common ends, and promises
Imperial combine to actual power.

Whence mightiest Rome, mother of law, arose
In days long past, and overcame the world
By valor. So the old king's heart wins peace,
And heeds the summons, that the Gods have freed
Their wearied servant—but across the waves,
Red with the setting sun, and the last couch
Of rosy light, O steadfast Soul, for thee
There is a home, and in those happy fields
Forgetfulness of sorrow. There 'tis said
No dust is known or sweat in labor vain,
Nor the worn spirit yoked to ceaseless toil—
No pain of choking fear, nor weariness
Of hope deferred. Dimly the memories
Of former days rise to their quiet thought;
Time glides unheeded: and with murmur soft
The streams of Ocean breathe eternal peace.
Zephyr's light wing caresses leafy beds
Forever, dewed with Vesper's liquid light.

Nor even will thy fair fame perish here
On earth. While others raise the nameless mass
Of Pyramids, or carve on brazen plates
Their faint inscriptions, whom a little space
In swelling pomp ill-gotten Glory mocked,
Thy memory loving honor keeps alive,
Who felt true pity for our human woes:—

While rocks and streams ennobled by thy song
Shall be, or while an echo yet remains
From Roman lyres, and while old custom draws
To that pure fountain spirits bent with toil,—
So long shall thy bright memory remain
Shining in the oblivious night of years.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

E. COLL. Magd.

Oxonii, 1845.

Translated by J. Harold Manning.

Awake, Women of Canada.

WE are thrilled as we read in history of those great events which mark the onward march of man toward the goal of his independence and freedom. We think how wonderful to have lived in those days and to have seen such strides in the advancement of civilization and humanity. Today we are passing thru just such a period. Yet many of us have missed and are missing the thrill. Surely April 12th, 1918, the date on which Canada admitted women to her franchise, must mark a new era in Canadian politics. We may be proud of the way in which that era was ushered in.

Canadian women did not yield untiring service to her nation in its crisis, with a view to receiving the franchise as a reward. As such, it would be distasteful to them. Neither did they obtain their vote thru constant agitation or incessant demands. Rather, the statesmen of Canada have seen and felt woman's worth to her country and thus have come to realize the necessity of her sharing in its government.

There are still those among us who shake their heads in disapproval, and almost in despair as they compare women of a century ago with the woman of to-day, and they tell us with all the earnestness of their souls that woman has fallen from the ideal man has had for her—from the ideal she has had for herself. We, too, love to think of the good old-fashioned mother of pioneer days—knitting, spinning, sweeping, and baking. We admire the way in which she went about her common, tho often hard tasks, as she guided the activities, smoothed the difficulties and made plans for the welfare of her husband and children. We recall with pride how in these homely duties she did not for a moment lose her womanly dignity or ineffable charm.

The home in her day was an industrial and social center. Yet no one doubted her right to share in its management. It was her duty to make that center a proper environment for her children. To-day, industry is no longer confined to the home. We find it in the cities of Canada. Social life is no longer about the family hearth. It is in the world outside. It is out into these centers that many of her sons and daught-

ers must go if they are to take their proper places in the national life. It is in such environment that they will spend the larger part of their waking hours. Need we fear that woman will be less womanly in voting upon laws to make that environment a better and safer one?

In the past it has been woman's lot to deal with effects, to reform social conditions resulting from poor legislation. To-day, as Canadian women, we stand endowed with power to deal with the causes of evils that infect society—to prevent instead of cure them.

For centuries men have striven to govern our nation in an equitable way, and they have accomplished much. But is there not still much to be accomplished—much that can perhaps be best attained only with the help of woman? Our men have realized this and now ask for our co-operation in the great task. Should we be indifferent to their trust?

On every haud we see the need for social reform. It comes to us as the infant enters upon the stage of life. It leaves us when that infant has reached old age and death, only to be repeated in countless new individuals.

All over our land, baby arms stretch out to us asking for the right to a clean and wholesome birth—the right to enter life unhampered by circumstances for which, tho' innocent, they must suffer. We watch these infants as they leave the cradle to toddle about the home, and were we not deaf, we should hear their cry for food clean, well-cooked, nourishing food. Surely, it is little that they ask. It would be little were they able to demand it of us, but because they cannot demand, their needs go unanswered.

Yet, do we not hear another call? The call from our little ones as they sally forth into their new world? We see them in their meaningless fun. We turn in horror as we hear the rough words and vile phrases they have learned. Yes, we hear, and we pass by on the other side. Has it never occurred to us that these tots with their roguish eyes and their playful spirits would just as soon spend their time in games and frolics that would be helpful in preparing them for the tasks of life; that they would not bother repeating unclean words, if only someone would teach them how to play.

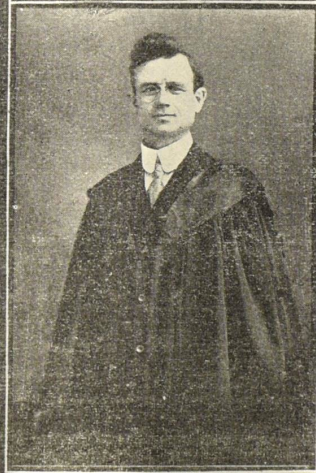
C. B. LUMSDEN.



G. H. ESTABROOKS, Leader.



F. McAVOY.



Acadia

1918—DEBATING TEAM—1919

GRAHAM

But our tots grow, and ere long we find them entering higher grades, where they no longer think only of play and fun, but begin to grope for their places in life, for an ideal to which they can aspire. There again, if our eyes are open, we must see that they are contending for this goal in spite of their school training rather than with its aid. "Who will deliver us from an educational system that fits us for nothing in life?" This is their cry.

Nor can they remain here. Thus, half-prepared, they must plunge into life's serious work. Again we hear them as they turn to us, appealing for laws that will grant time for something other than eternal grinding at their hum-drum tasks. They need shorter working hours; they need recreation; they need rest rooms; they need a hundred and one things that we are not lifting a hand to give.

So they pass on, and from time to time, those who have no longer strength to compete, drop out of the struggle. They have yet strength to exist, but what of means to supply that existence? Here are the aged and infirm, whose grey hairs should claim our respect and consideration, yet we have no place for them; they must die—a pauper's death.

This, in brief, is the sad story of thousands of Canadian lives. I ask you, is a people who sits idly by, in face of such conditions, worthy of the human sacrifice on Flanders' fields? Can we longer follow these multitudes from childhood to the grave, disdaining in silence their rightful pleas? Knowing these conditions, is that woman worthy of the name, who says she is not interested in her franchise?

These are the problems that confront us. This is the day of opportunity. Awake, women of Canada, to the call of your fellow men! Awake, once more, to the call of your country!

VERA GLISSON OGILVIE, '19.

Class History.

UNTIL this present day the trainmen on the D. A. R. recall with wonder the first week of Oct. 1915, for never before in the annals of that noted public utility, had such an intelligent flock of youths and maidens set their faces towards Acadia.

We blew into Sunny Wolfville i na gale of excitement, and confusion, but this gradually calmed down as traces of organization began to materialize.

On Thursday night, October 4th, after successfully evading the Sophomores, we held our first class meeting in the top flat of Boy Scouts headquarters.

There, by the light of a smoky lantern, Charlie White was elected our first President. He has since been made Hon. Pres. for life. Helen Starr, Vice-President, Wally Holmes and Marion Reid were respectively Treasurer and Secretary, and were given the sacred symbols of their position—the cash box and minute book. After carefully memorizing the yell, and finishing up some necessary business we went homeward with bated breath, for rumor was rife as to the ability of the Sophs to extract useful information, aided by means that were dark and dreadful.

Friday night arrived, and with it the Gravenstein reception. Then it was our pleasure to find the Sophs without our yell, and to be able to give it the necessary publicity without their aid, to their evident discomfort. Later in the evening we were able to down them in the Rush back of the Seminary, and prove to them that they were not in our class at all—in more ways than one.

The next evening both Freshmen and Freshettes came under the iron hand of initiation and many discovered for the first time in their lives that boot blacking would black the face as well as the shoes, and later on also discovered that snap hand cleaner would clean hair as well as hands. For the next few weeks we came under the rules that were posted for our guidance, but we survived their severity, and had the satisfaction of winning th Bulmer Cup relay race.

Before many weeks our numbers were decreased by enlistments and steadily and surely to Armistice Day itself did the members of '19 answer the call of King and Country.

Soon Xmas came and then the Mid-year Examinations, and retribution for those who thought they were getting away with something, that the Professors are well used to handling,—that distressing lack of work.

Perhaps the outstanding social event of our First year was the Theatre party. To "Pinafore" we went, and then to the Acadia Villa. Joy, to use a timeworn expression, was unconfined and even the discovery of what the Sophs did to our rooms and furniture did not make us gloomy.

In the Spring the enlistments for the Highland Brigade made a big hole in our ranks. Nor must we forget the I. O. A. which flourished as an independent Freshman Class during the second term.

Back as Sophomores with numbers of good resolutions—for the Freshmen to observe. Nor were they unheeded, for when the notices were posted containing advice for the Baby band of—well we won't shame them by recalling it—when the posters appeared I say, many were the hats that were hidden in the depths of the trunks, and many were the loud Freshmen voices that were stilled. Then to complete the good work, we got their yell and gave it, before they could utter a sound, and, after pushing them all over the ground in the rush, we had the extreme pleasure, the very next evening, of administering the little attentions that go with initiation, and moreover crowned their president in the most approved style.

Perhaps we laid it on too thick, or, what is more probable, the skin of the incoming class was too thin. At any rate with the wind blowing gently from the general direction of college office, a strong smell of smoke was in the air.

The spark soon developed into a blaze that prohibited any more hazing. Then for several months there was nothing of special interest except some very enjoyable socials and parties, and the ever-recurring Mid-year Examinations.

Then one night came the news that the Freshmen Class was on a sleigh drive to Hantsport. About eleven o'clock

that night all the Soph men walked out to the east end of the pavement, and at the Crossroads prepared a barricade. The snow was deep, and before long it began to rain.

Three weary hours in slush and rain! It was dirty that night, yes very dirty, but not all the blame should be placed on the weather. When the Freshmen were caught, and the trimming was over we came back to the Hall, and finished any we had missed.

The fat was in the fire, and the smoke from the college office grew even heavier and blacker. It was a long and weary week before some of the class of '19 were sure whether they would continue classes or not.

It blew over in time, an dthen, like a red rag to a bull, came the Freshman Athenæum, and to it there went, along with the customary audience, a hen, a banner, some flour, some auto horns, some H₂S gas, and many willing workers.

Before the smoke from this had cleared away we had put up our hands and said never again. In Athletics we won the interclass Basket Ball league. Moreover, we had had some success in Debating, and now in our Sophomore year one of our number, George Nolan, made the Intercollegiate team that defeated Mount Allison.

By the end of the year our class had lost more members by enlistment, but also gained some very good members in the Freshy Sophs.

During the Junior year we managed to get quite a bit of enjoyment out of our study, besides some extra-curriculum sport that makes the year easy to remember.

During this year, with the more interesting elective courses to select from, each and every member of our class had a wonderful expansion of intellect, at least so they tell me.

A memorable night it was, that we had our Junior sleigh drive, and with the proper chaperones made our way to Hantsport. There we had such a good time as will never happen again, for not only were the omens propitious, but also the horses were too tired to allow an early start for home.

This year was clouded by the death of one of our most popular members. Shortly after Easter Fred Croaker passed away.



J. H. MANNING.



E. C. PRIME.



H. T. WALKER.



E. A. THERRIEN



F. MISAVOY.



W. STEEVES.



M. B. REID



B. R. HALL.



G. S. LORDLY

ACADIA
STUDENT
COMMITTEE,
1918 — 1919.

During our Freshman and Sophomore years we had as a class always done our bit of writing for the Athenæum, and so in our Junior year we had our classmate Helen Starr, assume the responsibilities of Editor-in-chief—the first woman to hold that coveted position at Acadia.

As in previous years, our ranks were depleted by enlistment. When in the Fall of 1918 we returned there were some familiar faces, it is true, but many were absent. However, very soon we received into our class some entirely new members, and by Xmas we had increased to nearly double the number of those who had answered the roll call in the fall.

Soon after the Armistice came the word that war had claimed two of our old classmates. Colin Wright, and Harold Harnish, after enlisting in their Freshman year, had made the supreme sacrifice in the last few days of the war.

For three years the thot had been distressing the girls, and some of the boys too, I am sure, that the words of a certain song would come true, and we wuld indeed becme “grave old seniors”. We found that the song did not fit us however, for certainly we were not old, especially in spirit, and no one could ever accuse us of being grave.

True it is that studies claimed a major portion of our time, for many of us had “hangovers” of various degrees of antiquity, but we managed to find time for joyous social gatherings.

Nor could anyone accuse us of being old the night that we held a little party in Tully Tavern, after our debating team had defeated the Sophs; and having the month before defeated the Juniors, we could claim the Acadia Council Cup for interclass debating. Furthermore Mr. McAvoy made the Intercollegiate Debating team, and by all accounts represented his class and college very well indeed.

This year again, one of our class was Editor of the Athenæum. Don Grant had been chosen as Editor, but his enlistment in the R. A. F. made it impossible for him to act, so Miss Hill, and Mr. Manning took over the helm and made a very successful year.

Thus ends the story of '19 to the present. Perhaps some new MacAulay or Gibbon will relate for the world our future career.

The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLV.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JUNE, 1919

No. 6

J. HAROLD MANNING, '19 }
C. EVALENA HILL, '19 } *Editor-in-Chief.*

MRS. MARTHA FLEMING, '19, Month
HELEN D. SHAFNER, '21, Exchanges
CARROL E. CLARKE, '20, Personals
GUY S. LORDLY, Eng. '19, Jokes
KARL E. MASON, '21, Athletics

H. B. CAMP, Academy.
HILDA G. COX, Seminary
BRAD R. HALL, '19, Business Mgr.
DONALD H. MACPHERSON, '21 Circulation
Manager.

J. MURRAY BEARDSLEY, '21, Staff Artist



Editorial



IT is now our duty to give up our seat in the editorial chair to worthier successors. In years past, forty-five predecessors have performed this feat more or less gracefully. Soon, like theirs, our own efforts will lie forgotten on the upper shelves of the Library. What then? The world turns on, and a humble college magazine is a very small arc of the circumference through which it turns. We do not complain because we move so fast toward oblivion: we have had the privilege of continuing a worthy institution, and a living one. It is still worthy, and still living—we hope, because of our efforts—possibly, in spite of them. We have had our reward in the honor of having our names associated with that institution. In return, it has had our faithful labor. We leave with it our hopes for its success and prosperity.

Long leave-takings are out of fashion nowadays. We dip our pen for the last time, and write the single word: Farewell.

A new Constitution has been drawn up and approved for the "Athenaeum". It will go into effect at once, beginning with the coming year, 1919-20.

The Literary and Business departments of the magazine are to be completely separated. There will be a separate head for each, selected and trained specially for that position. In the past, the student who showed greatest proficiency in Literary work was given practical control over the business of the paper as well, though conceivably it might easily happen that a person well qualified for one might be unfitted for the other. At any rate, this person almost certainly would have no practical experience in the business of management.

The new proposal will produce a business manager thoroughly trained and tested under competent eyes. Volunteers will be called for each year from the Freshman Class for the position of Business Editor—(Editor-in-Chief)—of the Athenaeum. They will act as a committee to assist the Athenaeum Staff with the monthly publication, and will be given opportunity of learning the method by which the work is done. The following year, the most suitable man is selected by the Staff to fill the position of Circulation Manager, with the understanding that in due course he is to become Business Editor. In his Junior year, he is Business Manager, with special charge over securing and attending to advertising matter. Thus in his Senior year, he will have three full years of experience and training; will be perfectly familiar with every detail of management, and personally acquainted with the printers and others with whom he will come in contact.

As at present, the Literary Editor will be the person who wins most units in the Literary Department through the preceding year. This person will take charge of collecting, selecting and preparing material; write Editorials; read proof, etc. All other departments of the magazine will remain as at present, except that the Applied Science Class will be given a section of their own.

These few changes have practically no effect on the outward appearance of the "Athenaeum", though we hope that by means of them its efficiency may be very greatly increased. A glance at the Financial Statement in this issue will show

that the size of the amounts involved makes it imperative that the accounts be kept in competent hands.

This year our Y. W. C. A. has been very fortunate in having for its president Miss C. Evalina Hill. In spite of ill health and her numerous other duties "Skippy" has proven herself untiring and capable. The membership has been increased to sixty-four and the Sunday morning meetings, have been fairly well attended, the new girls especially having shown great interest. These meetings have been conducted for the most part by the girls themselves but we must not forget to mention the whole-hearted and helpful talks given by those outside—Mrs. Foote, Dr. Spidle and Dr. Thompson. We were also very pleased to welcome Miss Wisdom, General Sect'y. of Halifax Welfare Bureau, who gave us a very interesting talk on Social Service Work.

The Bible and Mission study classes have not been carried on as well as in other years, but we hope to see a revival of interest along these lines next year.

The interest shown in Social Service Work has been good. Regular trips have been made to the Poor Farm and one to South Mt., where the work is to be carried on by one of the girls this summer. At the Tabernacle the sewing class and choir for Sunday evening services have been well looked after.

Along the social line too we have been awake. The Y.W. reception for new girls came off early in October and was thoroughly enjoyed. The Birthday party given in April was probably the most successful college function of the year. Everybody went and everybody had a good time and moreover our treasury was increased by about \$40.

Financially we have done well. The usual amount has been raised for Miss Lockhart's salary, a large amount has been pledged for the fund for the "Students of Asia" and besides we are able to send several delegates to the summer conference at Deep Brook. On the whole the year has been successful and we are looking forward to a wide-awake, busy Y. W. next year.

Editors for 1919-20.**EDITOR FOR 1919-20.**

Business Editor—G. H. Esterbrooks, '20.

Literary Editor—H. G. Morse, '20.

Month—K. E. Mason, '21.

Athletics—R. S. Longley, '21.

Exchanges—J. I. Mosher, '21.

Personals—L. B. Gray, '20.

Jokes—J. M. Beardsley, '21.

Business Manager—C. B. Lumsden, '21.

Circulation Manager—D. B. Rogers, '22.

Staff Artist—J. M. Beardsley, '21.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT, 1918-19.

Receipts.		Paid.	
Bgt. for'd. '17-18..\$	130.96	Current Account..\$	48.75
Advertising	458.90	Covers and Metal.	50.75
Universal Fees ...	307.85	Prizes	30.00
A. C. A. & Sem....	113.25	Literary "A's"..	18.50
Outside Subs.	216.20	Printing—6 issues.	1178.62
Extra copies, etc...	26.51		
Metal to be sold..	30.00		
Athenaeum Skates	42.95		
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	\$1326.62		\$1326.62

This statement takes no account of the Cuts which are to be inserted in this number, as these should be paid for by those inserting them.

J. H. MANNING,

Editor.

Prize Winners.

Rhodes Scholarship—Norman MacLeod Rogers.
 Governor General's Medal—Clara Evalena Hill.
 Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical Prize—Charles Sterns Covey.
 Class of 1892 Scholarship—Hazel Gordon Morse.
 Class of 1905 Scholarship—Lily May Perry.
 Class of 1907 Essay Prize—Hazel Gordon Morse.
 A. M. Wilson Prize—Guy Sterling Lordly.
 A. G. MacIntyre Prize—Guy Sterling Lordly.
 Sergeant Beals Memorial—Gordon M. Bruce.
 Debating A—Francis MacAvoy.
 Literary A's.—Hazel Gordon Morse.
 Clara Evalena Hill.
 James Harold Manning.
 Donald Alexander Grant.

Winners of Literary "A."

W. S. Ryder, '15; J. G. MacKay, '15; A. W. Rogers, '15;
 S. W. Stackhouse, '16; J. S. Millett, '16; Miss E. B. Lockhart, '16; H. F. Lewis, '17; H. L. Porter, '17; R. B. Smallman, '17; Miss M. A. Harrington, '17; Miss H. P. Starr, '19; Miss C. E. Hill, '19; J. H. Manning, '19; D. A. Grant, '19; Miss H. G. Morse, '20.

Literary A—Hazel G. Morse, '20.

Donald A. Grant, '19.

Prize of \$20.00—Hazel G. Morse, '20.

Prize of \$10.00—Donald A. Grant, '19.

LITERARY.

	Units
Hazel G. Morse, '20.....	12
Dorothy G. Williams, '21..	6
Donald A. Grant, '19....	5
Leonard B. Gray, '20....	5
Helen P. Starr, '19.....	3
Helen D. Beals, '19.....	2
L. F. Titus, '20.....	2
D. B. Rogers, '22.....	2
C. B. Lumsden, '20.....	2
Charles E. Grant, Eng,..	2

MONTH.

Karl E. Mason, '21.....	2
E. Hortense Griffin, '21..	2
C. B. Lumsden, '21.....	2
Chas. W. Spencer, '19...	2
Donald A. Grant, '19....	2
Helen P. Starr, '19.....	2

ATHLETICS.

Ronald S. Longley, '21...	4
C. B. Lumsden, '21.....	4
H. S. Thurston, '21.....	2
Donald A. Grant, '19....	2

PERSONALS.

(Hazel G. Morse,) '20...	4
(Donald A. Grant) '19...	3
Leonard B. Gray, '20....	2
Muriel E. Caan, '20.....	2
B. R. Hall, '19.....	2

EXCHANGES.

	Units
(Hazel G. Morse, '20)...	S
John I. Mosher, '21.....	3
Erma R. Fash, '21.....	2
Hazel T. Walker, '20....	2
Karl E. Mason, '21.....	2

JOKES.

J. Murray Beardsley, '21.	2
Francis McAvoy, '19....	2
H. G. Goucher, '22.....	2
H. S. Thurston, '21.....	2

TOTALS.

Hazel G. Morse, '20.....	18
Donald A. Grant, '19...	12
C. B. Lumsden, '21.....	8
Leonard B. Gray, '20....	6
H. S. Thurston, '21.....	5
Helen P. Starr, '19.....	5
Ronald S. Longley, '21..	4
John . Mosher, '21.....	3
Karl E. Mason, '21.....	3

CARL S. BEALS.

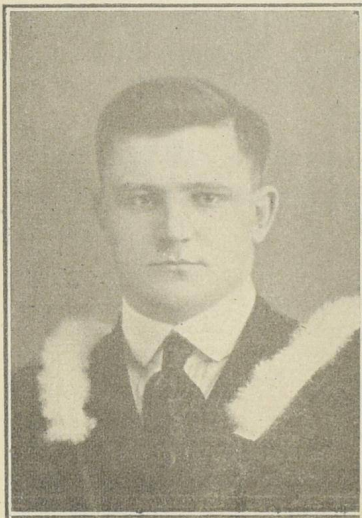
"Young in Years, But in Sage Counsel Old."

Carl is a Canso boy, and it must be admitted that Canso might have done worse. After taking his High School course at Upper Canard, he came to Acadia, and joined the Class of '19 as a Charter member. He was a good student, possessing the admirable combination of brains plus industry. Nevertheless, he found time to take a live interest in College life, being President of the Science Society in his Senior year. Carl was also a promising debater. He is President for life of the Class of '19. Carl's interest is in Science, and he usually makes a success of what he takes up, so it is safe to predict he will both deserve and win success.



JOSIAH MACQUARRIE.

"Here comes Lean Jack; Here Comes Barebones."



So people said some years ago in Pictou, N. S., where Mac. first happened along. He grew up there—to a quite phenomenal extent. After High School, he went to Dalhousie, with an eye to the Law, and made a name for himself in football. This year he decided that a degree from a reputable College would be useful to him, so he joined the Class of '19, and buried himself in a heavy course, finally emerging victorious with his B. A.. He intends to go on with his Law, and though the profession is not an easy one, we will guarantee that Mac is able to look after himself.

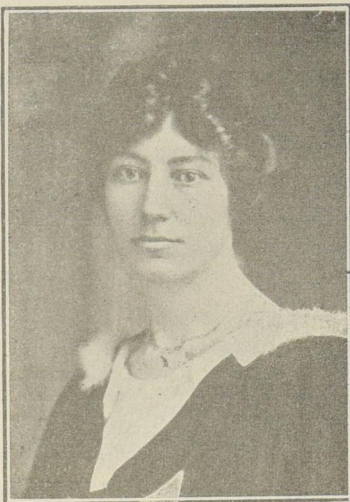
MARTHA HEWITT FLEMING.

"Those about her

From her shall read the perfect ways of honor,

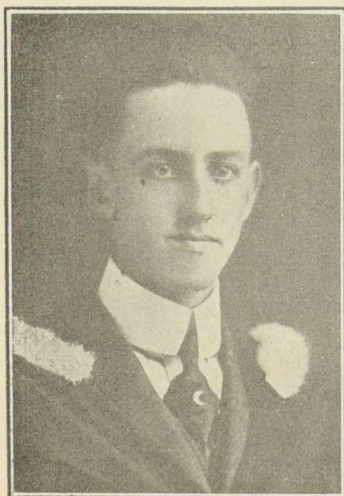
And by those claim their greatness."

Martha was born at Port Hilford, Guysboro County, and received her early training there. She came to Acadia, a verdant young Freshette with the class of 1912. Leaving College at the end of her Freshman year, she taught in Guysboro County a few years "in between." Then she displayed her wisdom by returning to Acadia. She joined 1919 in its Junior year. She was class secretary first term of her Senior year. Martha has been a good student throughout her course, especially excelling in English. She ever took a keen interest in the College societies and has proved a very efficient chairman for many committees. For the first term in her Senior year she was President of Propylæum. So successful was her administration of the Month Department of the Athenæum, that she was fairly overwhelmed with contributions. Martha will ever be remembered for her judgment, sympathy and high ideals. All success to her!



DONALD ALEXANDER GRANT.

"Gentleness vied with manliness makes a man."



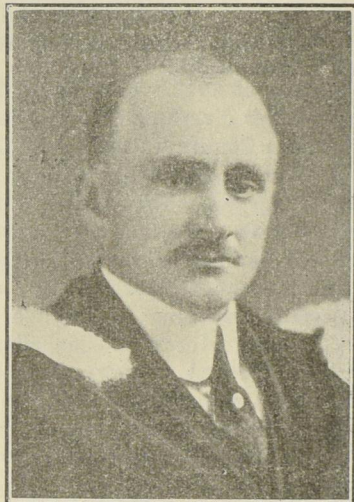
Don was born in Montreal, on April 26, 1898. In 1906 he came to Wolfville, where he attended the Public School and High School. In the Fall of 1915 he entered Acadia as a Fresh man. In April, 1918, he enlisted, and in August, 1918, he began training in the Royal Air Force in Toronto. After receiving his discharge he returned to Acadia, on December 8, 1918, and joined his old class again.

All through his College course Don has been known as a good student and a good sport. He has promising literary gifts, and this year attained his Literary "A" by a remarkable series of contributions to the "Athenæum."

IRVINE B. RAUSE.

"With virtue fraught, reposed, void of guile."

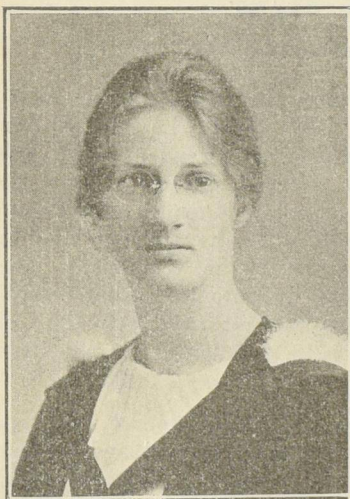
"Pater" first made his appearance on the stage of human activities at Corn Hill, N.B., in 1890. He entered the Class of 1917 as a Freshman, but a larger interest called him away temporarily, which made it impossible for him to graduate with his class. Having enlisted in the 219th Battalion, "Pater" was afterwards granted a Commission and went to France as a Junior officer in the British forces. A severe wound sent him back to Canada and to Acadia, where he joined the Class of 1919. Resourceful, energetic, patient, as he is, we know his success is assured.



CLARA EVALENA HILL.

"Her life was busy and earnest."

Clara Evalena Hill, commonly known as Skippy, was born in Lukunga, S. W. Africa. She came to New Brunswick when she was about a year and a half old. She took Grade VIII, at South Ohio, Yarmouth Co., N.S., and then came to the Seminary in the Fall of 1912. Here she took the Collegiate course and was graduated in 1915, receiving the Payzant Memorial Prize for English and was valedictorian of the class. In the Fall of 1915 she began the Sophomore Matriculation course, but on account of illness was forced to give it up. In the Fall of 1916 she came to College, joining the class of 1919.



In spite of poor health Skippy has taken an active and prominent place in all College affairs, holding many offices in the Propylaeum and "Y. W." societies. Nor has she neglected her studies. She was successful in winning the prize for leading her class in her Junior year, and she received a Literary "A" and the Governor General's medal for maintaining the highest standard in work during her last three years in her Senior year.

Wherever you go "Skippy" our thoughts and good wishes go with you.

CHARLES W. SPENCER.

"With a mind which mysteries frame."

Charlie came to Acadia in the Fall of 1910, after his preparatory work in Glace Bay High School, C. B. He received his "A" from Sydney Academy, after his Freshman year was completed, and the next year, 1919, he received his "A" license from the Normal School at Truro, after which he taught the Glace Bay High School for one year. He returned to Acadia again in the Fall of 1915, and while teaching in the Acadia Academy, he pursued his studies in the College.

"Charlie" was always a very serious fellow, but nevertheless he was a good College man. He wrote for the Athenæum, composed College songs, joined in sports as much as his health would permit, and he was also President of the Athenæum Society the last term of his Senior year.

He expects to keep up his teaching after he graduates this year. We are sure that he has a very bright future along this line, and we wish him all success.



HELEN D. BEALS.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort and command."



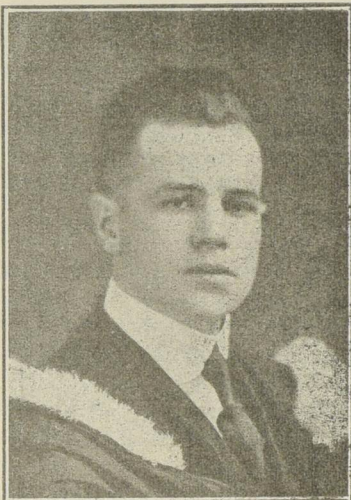
Four years, through thunder, lightning, rain and sleet, Helen has come down from her home on the hill to classes. She was born in Canso, N.S., but received her "B" certificate after attending the High School in Upper Canard. In the Fall of the same year, she joined the Class of '19, and has always been a faithful member.

Helen has always been a good worker in both studies and societies and now that she is going out from her Alma Mater we wish her much success in her future life as she has attained at Acadia. She leaves many friends in the Under Classes who will miss her quiet ways next year, and who say whole heartedly, "Good Luck."

DANIEL IRVING MACLEAN.

"Full of pranks, but then withal,
A man in every fibre."

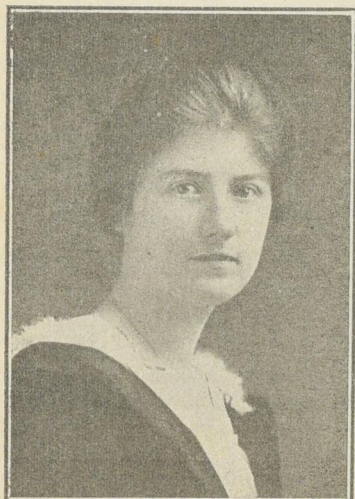
Daniel Irving MacLean was born at Charlottetown, P.E.I. There he attended the West Kent School and later studied one term at Prince of Wales College. He entered Acadia as a Freshman in the Class of 1919. With him came "Sprack," his room-mate for three years, and with whose name we who knew them, shall always associate him. During his four years' stay at Acadia, Dan has been a valuable member of several student organizations. Possessed of a genial disposition and a strong character, Dan was prominent in social affairs and was always popular, especially among the fairer sex. As a student Dan's work has been good. His strongest subject was Biology. He plans to study medicine next year. Knowing him as we do, we anticipate the best of success for him in his chosen profession.



VERA GLISSON OGILVIE.

"She wrought all kinds of service with a noble ease
That graced the loveliest act in doing it."

Vera said "How do you do" to the world in general in Wentworth Centre, Cumberland Co., N. S. When four years of age her family moved to Glace Bay. After attending the common and High Schools there she proceeded to Normal. The following year saw her instructing the young of our Province.



The Fall of 1914 found Vera coming to Acadia as a Freshette. At the end of her Junior year she left the Class of '18, but last Fall the call of Acadia was again so strong that Vera came back to us, joining the class of '19.

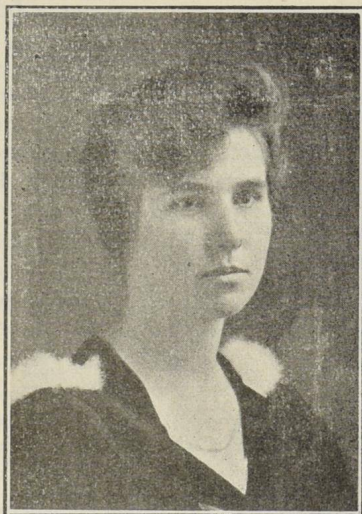
During her Junior year, Vera was Vice-President of the Y.W.C.A. and this year, as Senior member of the House Committee, her work cannot be too highly commended.

Knowing Vera as we do, we know she'll have the best success possible. We are sorry to see you go, Vera, and we wish you "Good Luck."

RUTH ISABEL ELDERKIN.

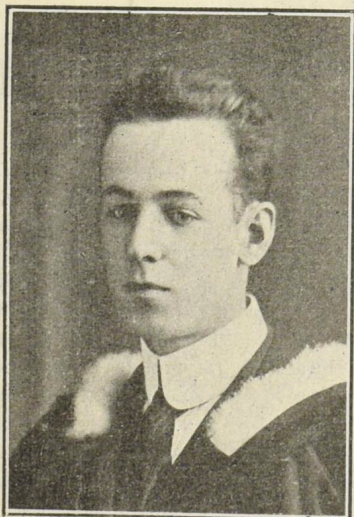
"Words like nature, half reveal
And half conceal the soul within."

Ruth was born in Wolfville and received her preparatory education at Wolfville High School. She entered Acadia in her Sophomore year. Although a good student she took a lively interest in the social and athletic side of College life. She early distinguished herself in athletics. In her Junior year she made the College basketball team, and was captain of the basketball team during the greater part of her Senior year. Ruth will be greatly missed in all College activities and our best wishes go with her as she leaves her Alma Mater.



"There is little of the melancholy in him."

ROBERT ELDERKIN.



Born in Wolfville, he received his early schooling at the Wolfville Academy. Completing his course here, he entered the College as a Freshman, in the Fall of 1915. As a College man he has always been intimately connected with the College life, especially the sporting side, making the football team in the Fall of 1918, the only football team Acadia has turned out since his entrance, owing to war conditions.

He leaves behind him a reputation for steady going, stick-to-it-iveness which will probably follow him in after life.

EDITH GERTRUDE MANN.

"My heart resembles the ocean,
Has storm and ebb and flow,
And many a beautiful pearl
Lies hid in its depths below."

Edith was born in New Westminster, B.C., where she attended the Public School. In 1913 she went to the Vancouver. From 1914-16 she spent teaching, but at the end of that time, desiring to be taught again, she entered the Sophomore year of the V. B. C. In her Senior year she came to Acadia.

Throughout her school life her scholarship was such as to do her great credit. When she came to Acadia she entered whole heartedly into the activities of the College, being the organizer and first President of the Political Club, Secretary-Treasurer of the Student Volunteer Band, and her keen interest was shown in the work at the Tabernacle.

Edith has always been a sunbeam among us, and will be greatly missed. We hope the four-leaf clover will ever exert the kindly influence over her, wherever she may chance to roam.



MARION BELL REID

"Girls, I Can't Help Wondering!"

Marion lived in St. John until in the 7th Grade in St. John High School, when she moved to Sussex and graduated from Sussex High School in '15. She came to Acadia in the Fall of that year.



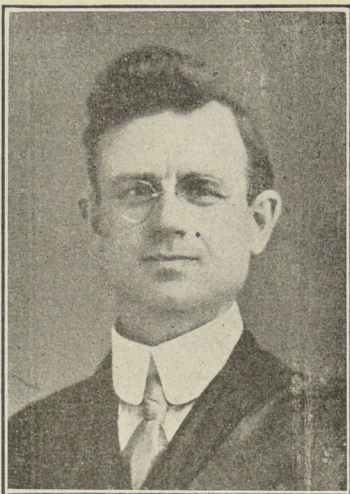
She was an all round College girl and took an active part in all the societies, where she will be greatly missed. In her Sophomore year she was chosen as Secretary for the Y. W. C. A. and in her Senior year was a member of the Student Committee and held the "much coveted" position of Chairman of the House Committee for the first term. She was a good student, yet always ready for any fun which came her way, and she has made a host of friends who will never forget her.

We wish Marion every success and "all happiness."

FRANCIS McAVOY.

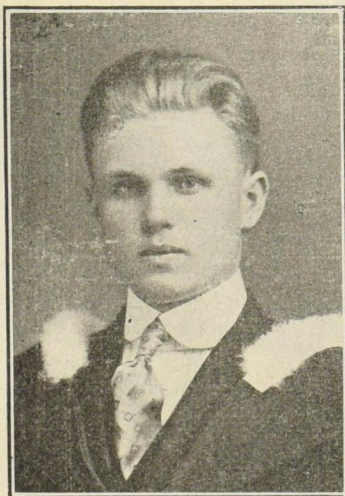
"Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk."

Bonnie Scotland did us a good turn when it sent to us McAvoy. Born in Glasgow, he received his early education in the public schools there, after which he was under private tuition for some time, and finally completed his high school matriculation in the A.C.A. here at Wolfville. McAvoy is a South African War Veteran, having been bugler in the 3rd Batt. of Highland Light Infantry, where he must have received good practice, judging by his skill in leading the College band here in '16. Musical through and through, his voice was always to be heard at informal functions, and McAvoy has certainly added his share to Acadia's fun and frolic by his impersonation of Harry Lauder on these occasions. Not only in the line of music did we hear him, for he is a splendid speaker as well, making the inter-collegiate debating team in his Senior year. Besides this he was twice President of the Theological Club, President of the Y. M. C. A., and a member of the Student Committee. Knowing of his success in all these things in College, we feel confident that he will continue to succeed in whatever he undertakes.



ERNEST "BUNNY" BOYLE.

"Trust Thyself."



"Bunny" is the youngest member of his class. He came to Acadia from Wallace, Cumberland Co., in the Fall of 1915. He enlisted in the R. A. F. in 1918, and spent some months at Toronto. We regret with him that though he spent some hours in the air he was not able to complete the necessary number to give him his "wings." Wait till next war, "Bunny."

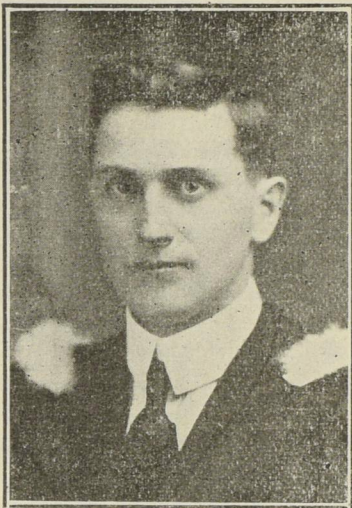
Those who know him expect great things from him in his chosen career of Medicine.

He is Treasurer for life of the Class of '19.

BRADFORD RHODES HALL.

"I never trouble trouble until trouble troubles me."

"Brad" was born at St. Croix, Annapolis Co., N. S. After securing his "B" at Paradise and graduating from the Provincial Normal College he taught school for three years. In the Fall of 1913 he came to Acadia leaving at the end of his Sophomore year and returning again in the Fall of 1917, when he joined the Class of '19. "Brad" was always popular with the students and held many offices during his Senior year, being President of the Students' Committee, Chairman of the Acadia Council and Business Manager of the Athenaeum paper. Besides holding these offices he was on the debating team that won the Acadia Council Debating Cup. Fond of the ladies he has always managed to keep some in sight. Next year "Brad" intends to return and take up M. A. work.



VESTA ISABEL MAGEE.

"Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye
In every gesture dignity and love."



Isabel came to us from Starr's Point. She graduated from the Wolfville High School in 1913, and in the Fall of 1914 she entered Acadia. The next year she remained out teaching school. But October of 1916 saw her back again and joining the class of '19.

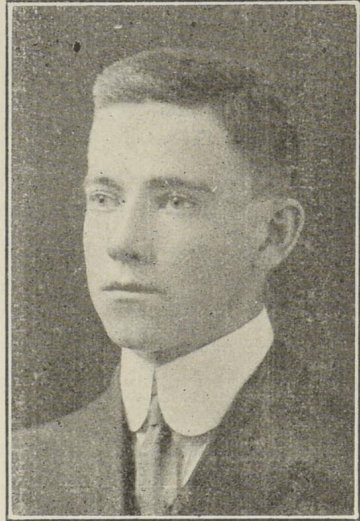
She has always been most willing to use her artistic ability in aiding all College undertakings. The many offices held in class, Y.W.C.A., Propylaeum, and the A.G.A.A.A. testify to her active interest in class and College affairs.

NORMAN ROGERS.

"He was every inch a man."

Born at Amherst, Norman Rogers received his preliminary schooling at the Amherst High School. He entered Acadia the Fall of 1912, and soon distinguished himself as an all round man, making the Debating Team of 1915, and the Hockey Teams of 1914 and 1915. In February, 1915, he enlisted in the 6th C. M. R. and from thence went to receive his commission with the Highland Brigade in September, 1916. At this point, unfortunately, as a result of hardships on active service, his health broke down completely, and he was invalided out of the army in June, 1917.

Shortly afterwards the faculty of Acadia University showed its appreciation of his all round qualities and his service to his country by appointing him Rhodes Scholar. Mr. Rogers' health is still far from what it ought to be, but when this is restored we will expect him to continue in England the fine standard of work he has exhibited on this side of the water.



HELEN STARR.

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

Ikey is a native of Wolfville. In 1908 she went to Germany, where she attended school for three years in Berlin, returning to Wolfville in 1911. She was graduated from the Sem. in '15, entered College in the Fall of the same year, and immediately plunged into the activities of College life by becoming Vice-President of her class.



In her Junior year she was editor of the Athenaeum, being the first girl at Acadia to hold this responsible position. During her College course she has done some splendid work along literary and dramatic lines, and we look for great things from her in the future, and our best wishes will attend her whatever she does.

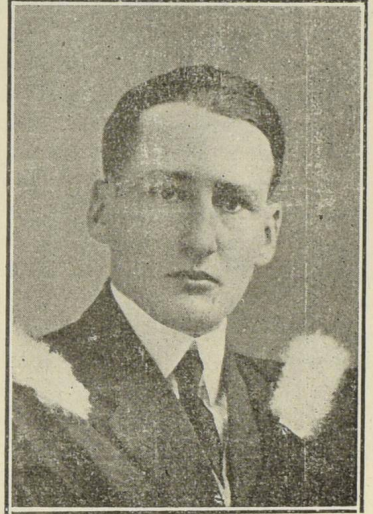
ALBERT MELDRUM ARBUCKLE.

"Books first, pleasure afterwards"

"Buckles" came to Acadia in the fall of 1915. He was born in Pictou, N. S., and received his preparatory education at Pictou Academy. "Buckles" soon showed us that he was a zealous chap, and throughout his entire college course he gave foremost and unceasing attention to his studies.

Basketball was one sport which found "Buckles" ever a leading and promising player. During his Sophomore year he was captain of the class team, and won the class championship for the year. He was also active in committee work and, in his Junior year was President of the A. A. A. for one term.

We all wish our friend, "Buckles", continued success in his future work.



FRANCIS MAGOUN ARCHIBALD.

Francis was born in Milton, N. S., and spent his childhood days both there and in Lawrencetown. When he was six his parents moved to Wolfville. His school days were spent in the Wolfville High, from which he came to Acadia. During his four years here, not only has he completed his B. Sc., but has also done most of the work required for an Engineering certificate. Much interest has been shown by him in all branches of our college activities as shown in the good work he has done as Business and Circulating Manager of the Athenaeum, and as President of the Athenaeum Society. He expects to enter the third year Engineering at McGill next fall. We wish him every success.



CHARLES EDWARD McLEOD.

"Ich singe ie der Vogel singt
Der in den Zweigen wohnt."

Charlie was born at Bridgeport, C.B., and received his early education at Glace Bay High, where he won distinction in Physics.

He arrived at Acadia in the Fall of '15, and immediately became active in College duties, where his charming and active personality soon made his presence felt. In his first year he was Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. and President of his class the second term. Later in his College career he was President of the Athenaeum Society, Vice-President of the Y. M. C. A., chairman of the Bible Study Committee, and last, but not least, he was chairman of the House Committee for two years.

Charlie was studious when it was necessary to avoid being plucked, but on the whole he much preferred to read in the library or take part in some entertainment, for Charlie was an accomplished entertainer and was popular on account of his entertaining ability.



JAMES HAROLD MANNING.

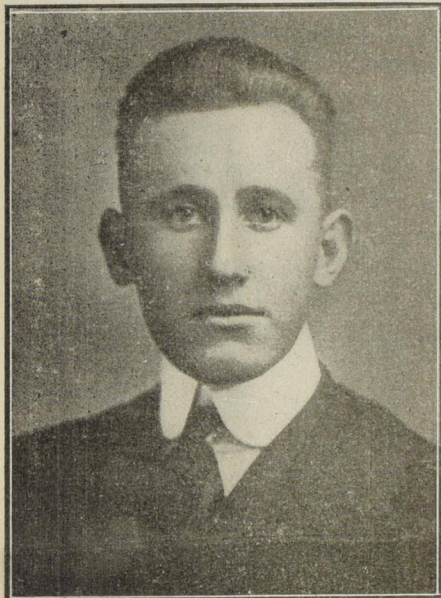
"Great Offices Have Great Talents."

"Hal" came to Acadia last Fall and entered the Junior class. However, he joined the class of '19 during the second term and was graduated this year. He was born in St. John and studied there until Grade XII was completed. Engineering work in St. John was followed by a year studying Dentistry at the University of Pennsylvania. Then the war came, and toward the close of 1915 he enlisted with the 104th. In France, he was a Lieutenant with the 52nd. He was twice wounded—at Vimy and at Lens. He was appointed associate Editor-in-Chief of the "Athenaeum" soon after college opened. In connection with this office he did invaluable work, both with the business end of it and in his contributions to the Literary Department. At graduation, he was chosen to deliver his oration—a translation in poetry of Goldwin Smith's Latin poem, "Numa Pompilius."



Hal expects to attend Harvard next year. We prophecy success for him in whatever he undertakes.

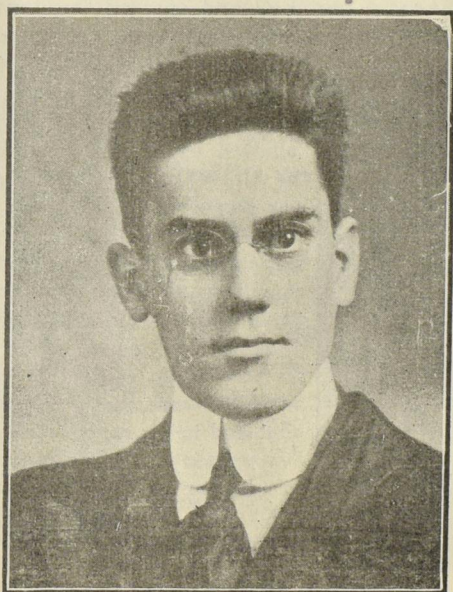
Engineers '19



Malcolm D. Shaffner.

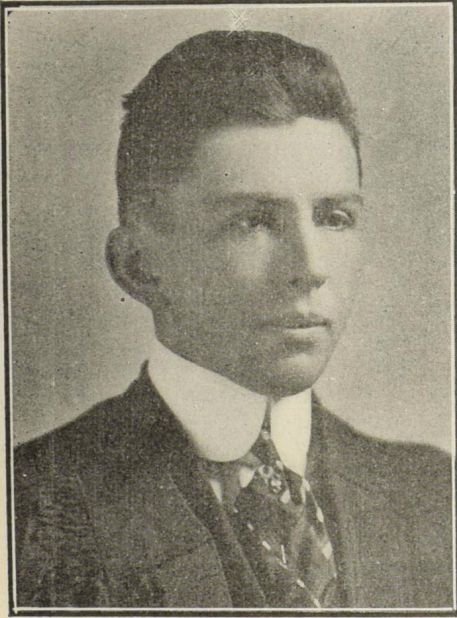


John Cameron.

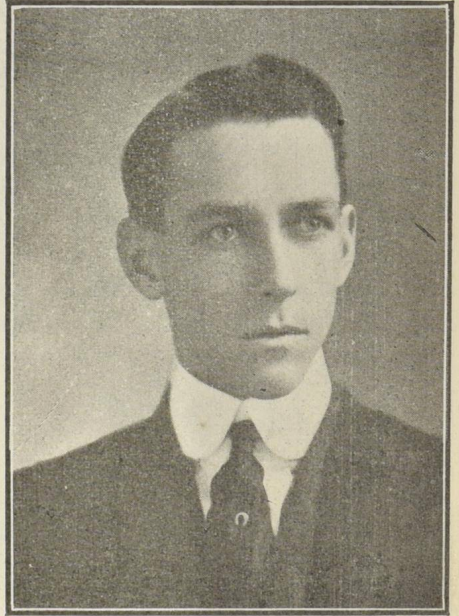


Donald McD. Stewart.

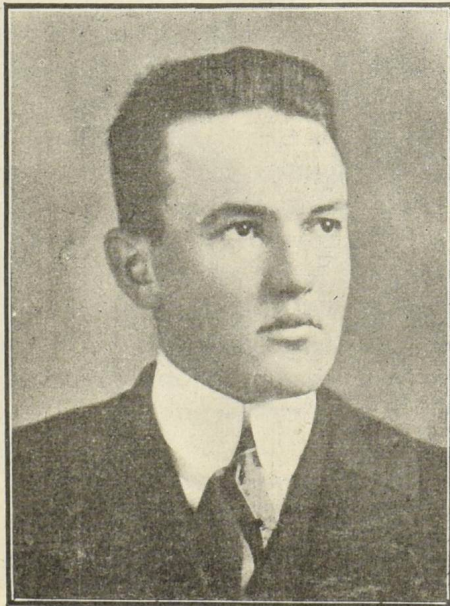
Engineers '19



Edgar S. Bishop.



J. Wentworth Lewis.



C. R. Welton.

Academy Closing.

OF all the events held in connection with the Anniversary Celebrations of the Institution on the hill, the one of most interest to Academy students took place in the Assembly Hall, on Monday evening, May 26. This was the Academy closing. The event was one of interest and importance, not only to the graduating class, but to the others as well, since each class was represented in some way, in the exercises of the evening.

The processional march was well rendered by Messrs. Stevens and Haycock of the Senior Class. After the opening prayer by Rev. M. F. McCutcheon, Montreal, the audience was favored with a vocal solo by Mr. Gunning of the Business Class. An essay on "The Republic of Czecho-Slovakia" was then read by Mr. K. A. Munroe. Judging from the quality of this essay, one is convinced the Academy's reputation along the line of essay-writing, has been well maintained this year.

The violin solo by Miss Mary Lusby, the vocal solo by Mr. Pick and the vocal quartette by Messrs. Mason, Pick, Stackhouse and Henshaw, were received with sincere appreciation by the audience.

The applause which greeted Mr. Henshaw when he appeared in the role of class prophet, emphatically contradicted the well known saying, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." The valedictory was delivered by Mr. Camp, in his usual pleasing manner.

Mr. D. McGillivray of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, then addressed the graduates giving them some sound and practical advice. The main theme of his address was that

"because right is right, to follow right

Were wisdom, in the scorn of consequence,"

Next followed the awarding of diplomas and certificates. In the Collegiate department full matriculation diplomas were awarded to 18 students and certificates to 10 others; 24 diplomas and 39 certificates were awarded in the business department.

The Senior Class membership is as follows:

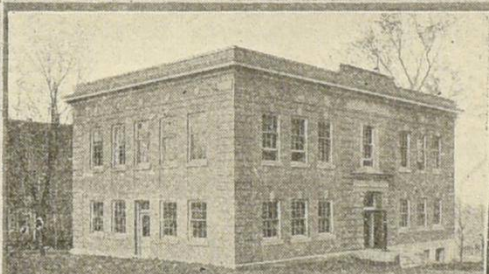
Amos O. Ayer, Sackville, N. B.

Joseph I. Ashkins, Caledonia, N. S.

ACADIA BUILDINGS

WOLFVILLE,
NOVA SCOTIA.

RHODES HALL.



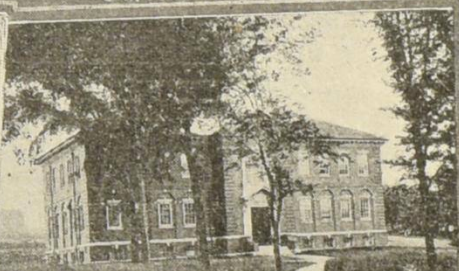
RHODES HALL - ACADIA UNIVERSITY.

LIBRARY.

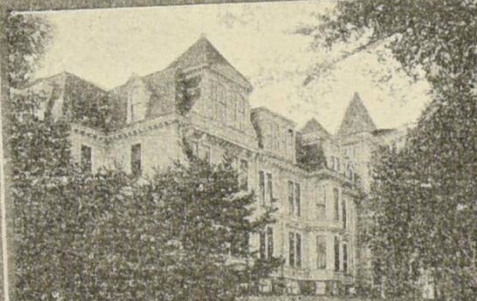


EMERSON MEMORIAL LIBRARY - ACADIA UNIVERSITY.

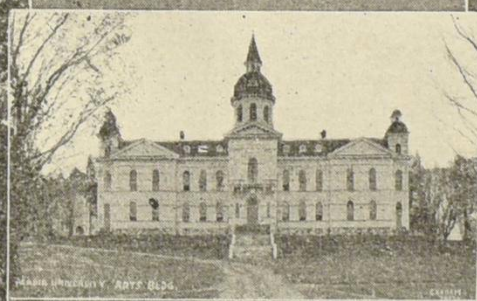
CARNEGIE SCIENCE HALL.



CARNEGIE SCIENCE HALL, WOLFVILLE, N.S.



ACADIA LADIES' SEMINARY, WOLFVILLE, N.S.



ACADIA UNIVERSITY ARTS BLDG.

ARTS BLDG.

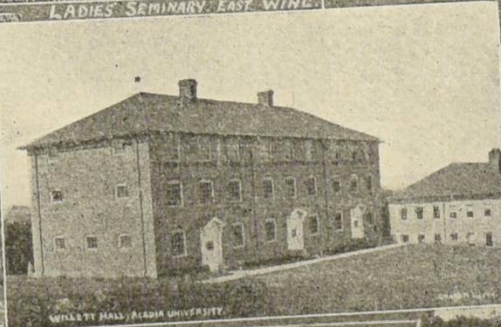


SEMI-WING EAST-WING



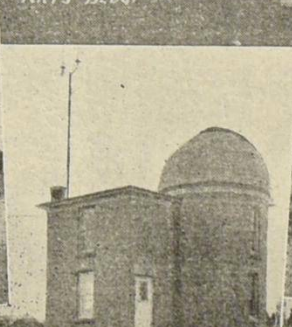
ACADEMY RESIDENCE, WOLFVILLE, N.S.

ACADEMY RESIDENCE



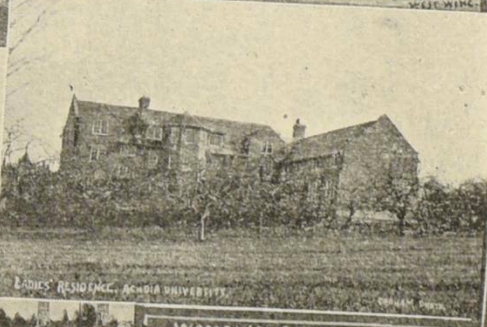
WILSON HALL, ACADIA UNIVERSITY.

COLLEGE MEN'S RESIDENCE.



ACADIA OBSERVATORY AND CANADIAN METEOROLOGICAL STATION, WOLFVILLE, N.S.

OBSERVATORY AND METEOROLOGICAL STATION.



LADIES' RESIDENCE, ACADIA UNIVERSITY.

WOMEN'S RESIDENCE.

GRAND
PHOTOS

William Bonney, Vancouver, B. C.
Avarad R. Baird, Windsor, N. S.
Harold B. Camp, Woodstock, N. B.
Harold Crowell, Halifax, N. S.
Cecil Fraser, Halifax, N. S.
Cecil Giberson, Bath, N. B.
George E. Hannington, St. John, N. B.
Ronald Haley, Windsor, N. S.
Maurice Haycock, Wolfville, N. S.
Vaughan I. M. Henshaw, Wolfville, N. S.
Mark K. Inman, Argyle Shore, P. E. I.
David C. Kaine, Campbelltown, N. B.
Roy C. McDougall, Kentville, N. S.
John R. McGorman, Lachine, P. Q.
David S. McLeod, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Kenneth A. Munroe, Dartmouth, N. S.
Frank K. Neary, Fredericton Junction, N. B.
Leland F. Robinson, Canso, N. S.
George E. Ryan, Hartford Conn., U. S. A.
Bruce B. Reid, Truro, N. S.
John V. Stevens, Kingston, N. S.
Alvin H. Siddall, Lr. Southhampton, N. S.
Harry W. Snow, Digby, N. S.
Weldon B. Ward, Hartland, N. B.
Alpheus Wilson, Barrington, N. S.
Gordon P. Withrow, Halifax, N. S.
Howard K. Whidden, Wolfville, N. S.

BUSINESS CLASS MEMBERSHIP.

Ruth E. Adams, Deep Brook, N. S.
A. J. Boates, Grand Pre, N. S.
Ruby Bagnall, Bedeque, P. E. I.
Bernice Bentley, Middleton, N. S.
Doris Bagley, Liverpool, N. S.
Sadie Betts, Doaktown, N. B.
E. E. Campbell, New Glasgow, N. S.
Helen Cumming, Havelock, N. B.
L. B. Corkum, Mt. Pleasant, N. S.

Annie Cleversy, Pleasantville, N. S.
H. Wiley Day, Bath, N. B.
Mary Densmore, Noel, N. S.
A. H. Duncanson, Gaspereaux, N. S.
Rena B. Duncanson, Dartmouth, N. S.
Florence Eaton, Lr. Canard, N. S.
Helen Eaton, Lr. Canard, N. S.
Ella M. Ellis, Lepreaux, N. B.
Ruth Foster, Kingston, N. S.
A. Hazel Foster, Kingston, N. S.
J. A. Fraser, Westville, N. S.
G. W. Gunning, Moncton, N. B.
Madolen Guptill, Grand Harbor, N. B.
Mabel Grant, Perth, N. B.
Pearl Gerhardt, Middle Lahave, N. S.
G. L. Hatfield, Boston, Mass.
Esther Hall, Woodvale, N. S.
Mrs. R. G. D. Harris, Wolfville, N. S.
Edith Hunt, Halifax, N. S.
Eileen Jenkyns, Wolfville, N. S.
Verna Johnson, Truro, N. S.
Edward Kirk, Antigonish, N. S.
Luella Kinsman, Welsford, N. S.
Vera Longley, Paradise, N. S.
Eleanor Logan, Amherst, N. S.
A. R. McDonald, Westville, N. S.
F. W. McAdam, Hartland, N. B.
Mabel Morgan, Hartland, N. B.
Leah McCallum, Campbellton, N. B.
Myra McLeod, Wolfville, N. S.
Eric McKay, Summerside, P. E. I.
E. L. McGray, Pubnico, N. S.
Mrs. A. Marshall, Port Maitland, N. S.
Iris Morse, Grand Harbor, N. B.
David Nassau, Pictou, N. S.
E. R. Piggott, Kingston, N. S.
L. G. Pick, Wolfville, N. S.
Mabel Pollard, Yokohama, Japan.
Phillis Pollard, Yokohama, Japan.

Marjorie Purdy, St. John, N. B.
 Marion Prosser, Yarmouth, N. S.
 Frances Parsons, Cheverie, N. S.
 Amy Prescott, Wolfville, N. S.
 Elizabeth Ritchie, Wolfville, N. S.
 Mabel Ross, Reserve Mines, N. S.
 A. C. Rooney, Mt. Denson, N. S.
 Bessie Reid, Centreville, N. S.
 Jessie Swain, Canso, N. S.
 Alvin H. Smith, Pictou, N. S.
 Ruth Smith, E. Florenceville, N. B.
 H. D. Sadler, Perth, N. B.
 Maye Thurber, Wolfville, N. S.
 V. V. Trafford, E. Florenceville, N. B.
 J. R. Trenholm, Grand Pre, N. S.
 Roland Upham, Onslow, N. S.
 W. A. Westhaver, Digby, N. S.
 Carrie Wamback, Park's Creek, N. S.
 Blanche Willis, Pleasantville, N. S.
 Vaughn Warner, Plympton, N. S.

The prize list is as follows:—

Leader of Senior Class, \$10—

H. B. Camp, Woodstock, N. B.

Leader of Middle Class, \$10—

M. B. Vail, New Glasgow, N. S.

Leader of Junior Class, \$5—

Donald Murray, Dartmouth, N. S.

Leader of Business Class, \$10—

Edward Kirk, Antigonish, N. S.

Book-keeping Prize, \$5—

H. Wiley Day, Bath, N. B.

Spelling Prize, \$5—

A. C. Rooney, Mt. Denson, N. S.

Highest Aggregate for winter term, \$5—

L. G. Pick, Wolfville, N. S.

Leonard Prize, Essay Competition on the subject "Industrial Reconstruction in Canada"—First Prize, \$25—

David McLeod, Charlottetown.

Second Prize, \$15—

John B. McGorman, Lachine, P. Q.

The Academy has had a most successful year and a record attendance, the net enrollment being 227.

H. S..T.

Class Prophecy.

(By Vaughan I. M. Henshaw,)

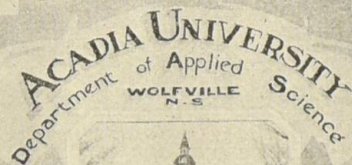
Acadia Collegiate Academy, 1919.

Prophets are born, not made. Though great credit can be given to one equipped with a large imagination or to another armed with an inventive turn of mind, wherewith he can hurl himself in advance of his time and so gaze into the future, still it is only on rare occasions that the genuine Prophet makes his appearance, this my friends is one of these rare occasions.

It is known that some old Country people, chiefly Scotch and Irish, gifted with what is called second sight are able at times to catch glimpses of the future; My ancestors came from Scotland and Ireland, and most certainly I have inherited, from my ancestors, my ability to tell of the future.

And it came to pass that as the time drew near when we would go out from Acadia Collegiate Academy, it suddenly dawned on me one fine afternoon, as I was deeply immersed in my studies. that a good many of us would perhaps never meet again. At this sad thought, with some regret, I pushed my books aside and drifted into a profound reverie which lasted several hours. I know I was not asleep because I recollect hearing my Mother answer the telephone very frequently, in fact I can recall some of the conversation, the first was about baseball, the rest. Miss who? Oh! yes. I'll tell him, Vaughan is busy now with his studies and cannot be disturbed. Now you see friends I *was* in a profound reverie but not asleep.

But to continue, you will go with me now, on my travels, share with me my adventures and joys. My sorrows I leave



ERRIDEN
1866.
Wetville. N.3

out for who can be sad at a time like this?

After leaving Acadia I went to Edinburg and in course of time I soared forth upon a long suffering world a full-fledged Doctor.

My first flight took me to South America, for having specialized in Chemistry I was anxious to explore the Amazon, the store house of the world, to investigate the medicinal properties of certain tropical herbs.

This vast country with its unlimited supply of raw material offered an excellent opportunity for research and discovery, for the scientist, the engineer, the manufacturer, the business man, in fact any one with life and ambition in him for better things had gone to that country imbued with the spirit of the pioneer, in the capacity of missionary, to help the natives and exert a good influence in that locality where he was stationed, and which was being rapidly opened up by an influx of people engaged in the world old problem of making their fortunes.

"Kain", as he enthusiastically informed me had taken an active part in the abolition of the demon alcohol. This good work accomplished, he sought for new fields to conquer. Alas his work was cut short for he was devoured by an alligator while baptising a number of converts in the river.

In my struggle with fickle dame fortune I travelled and explored a great part of the Amazon and beheld many strange and beautiful sights.

One of the strangest sights I witnessed was a tribe of natives who were born in trees, lived there all their lives, subsisting on the fruit, died, and were buried there. They usually lived to a ripe old age. I became greatly interested in this strange tribe and rather envied their free and indolent life, but surprises are ever in store for me, and one day as I was watching the antics of some of these strange people my attention was especially taken with one who came swinging toward me from bough to bough. As he drew near I was dumbfounded when I recognized him, it was my old friend Ash-kinds. He related to me his history. Poor fellow he had entertained great hopes of captivating New York with his violin but not creating the sensation for which he so fondly

hoped, and, disgusted with such a fickle and unappreciating people, he retired into the wilderness and falling in with this strange tribe his talent had been appreciated and there, far from the maddening crowds ignoble strife, serenely he dwelt under the dome of heaven.

After spending some years on the Amazon I made a valuable discovery for my Profession, but needing funds I decided to take a trip to Bolivia to interview an old friend who had several silver mines there.

On my arrival I found the country in a state of unrest and it was not long before my friend informed me that war was about to be declared on a neighboring state, as they desired an outlet to the sea. Perceiving that I was interested he asked me if I would accept command of the Medical Staff, which I gladly accepted. I organized, and upon the Declaration of War, established Hospitals near the line.

One day while on my rounds I noticed among a newly arrived batch of wounded men, one, who clasped to his breast a banner with a strange device. No, it wasn't "Excelsior," this banner was garnet and blue and bore the device "Acadia Sem," my interest was aroused and I examined the patient critically. In spite of the extreme pallor of that countenance I recognized Amos Ayer. He knew me despite my brilliant uniform, but was unable to talk just then. He had a remarkable escape, a bullet had penetrated above the costal-margin, but his heart must have been in his mouth for it was still intact.

Later when he was convalescing he told me the latest gossip from Wolfville, no, I mean Canada. He and Harry Snow, graduates in Engineering, chums and roommates in College, had gone into business together and for a time they were very successful. All went well until Harry tried to get a contract to deepen and widen the Welland Canal. He and Amos couldn't agree and so the partnership was dissolved. Harry went to work on the Canal alone and Amos landed in South America in time to take command of the Engineers. He soon recovered and performed some very brilliant work. As a reward he was made Minister of Public Works.

The campaign ended disastrously for the enemy and resulted in the surrender of their army, nor was I surprised



M. B. Campbell



J. M. Veale



H. G. Eaton



Q. C. Chase



J. D. Roberts



E. J. MacFarlane



E. M. Lindsay



H. B. Kirkman



M. L. McEwen



M. LeBlanc



H. L. Young



F. L. Delvaux



H. J. Feltman



F. E. Nelson



W. E. Foster



E. Campbell



M. J. McCall



F. M. Thompson

FRESHMAN CLASS ACADIA

1918 — 1922

Justus et tenax propositis



J. A. Rogers



J. L. Dennis



B. A. MacIsaac



D. B. Gault



G. C. Hines



G. D. Eaton



F. E. McNeill



T. A. Clevelland



M. J. Cullen



J. B. Gault



M. J. McCall



W. L. C. Prouty



C. L. Kimball



S. C. Gilman



M. C. Branton



G. C. Hines



J. A. Dine



E. C. Poirie



E. J. McNeill



F. E. Rand



J. B. Gault



L. P. Steiner



J. B. McGill



C. B. Norman



R. M. Tuck



D. M. Gault



J. T. Gault



E. C. Gault



E. C. Poirie



E. J. McNeill



M. H. Mason



E. J. McNeill



E. J. McNeill

when I learned who was in command of it. It was our old friend Whidden, always a very active and bellicose individual and, coupled with this his love of languages, especially Latin, had made it easy for him to become a War Lord. He boasted that a battle could be fought and won on a mathematical basis but he must have applied a wrong formula.

It took me some time to straighten out my affairs but I finally secured the capital I needed to erect a large plant for the manufacture of medicine, also a Hospital.

My medicine proved to be a blessing to the human race and in a few years I became disgustingly rich, and, needing a rest and longing for a sight of my homeland, I set out for Bahia in Brazil, where I was to sail to Jamaica and New York.

While in Bahia my interest was aroused by an article I read in a paper.

It stated that a foreigner had been arrested and placed in jail for refusing to conform with the customs and laws of the country. When I read the name I seized my hat and rushed madly to the clinque and after some trouble was admitted to a dark dungeon where I found Brother Frank Neary in an agitated frame of mind pacing briskly back and forth and muttering to himself. I calmed him down as best I could and he related what had happened.

As he was taking his regular afternoon stroll in the residential section, deep in thought, the soft dulcet tones of a beautiful maiden changed the trend of his reflections from earthly things, heavenward, for there above his head was a Spanish Senorita smiling down upon him. This girl prided herself on her knowledge of English and as he was unknown, though he should have been more careful, he stopped and began to talk. He told me he got into an argument and couldn't argue properly and volubly looking up, as it cramped his neck, so he asked if he might enter. Neary stared me fixedly in the eye as he said this for fully half a minute but I looked just as innocent and as trustful as a little lamb: for I know his fondness for an argument, having had to listen to his ravings in class in the good old days.

Having spent a pleasant afternoon, as he was preparing to leave, he was introduced to the girl's father and after a

most effusive greeting on the part of the Don he asked Neary when the ceremony was to take place. "What ceremony?" demanded Neary. "My daughter's marriage," answered the old man. "I know nothing of your daughter's marriage," replied Neary, rubbing his hands at the prospect of a probable argument. But alas, he did not know the Spanish law which states that when a gentleman calls to see a lady it is a declaration of love and significant engagement of a marriage. Not being able to make Neary understand he became enraged and drawing a large knife sought to carve the object of his wrath. Just in the nick of time Neary was rescued by Gendarmes and thrown into prison.

I put Neary's case before the British Consul with the result that he was set free. Great Britain has an equal regard for her humble citizens as for the highest in the land.

I sailed from Bahia and landed in Kingston, Jamaica, which I had not visited since 1916. I went directly to the Myrtle Bank Hotel, where I was warmly greeted. Early in the evening while strolling through the grounds, among the most beautiful I ever have seen, I heard a familiar sound, a fierce swishing as of a tennis racket, and out of morbid curiosity went to watch, for I have always wondered how men could play such a rough savage game. When I had drawn near I gasped, for lo, one of the gladiators was Crowell and the other was Wilson.

As Crowell informed me, he was Manager of the Royal Bank and liked it immensely, the work was easy and he had plenty of leisure time to sleep and what pleased him more, perpetual summer so he could play his dearly beloved game of Tennis all the year round. Wilson had started an Alligator farm and expected some day to become very wealthy but complained rather bitterly that the reptiles didn't grow fast enough. They informed me that they had heard from Robinson and that he was doing well. He owned a fleet of fishing vessels and was engaged in fishing on the Grand Banks. I was surprised to learn that MacGorman was his Chaplain. What one couldn't catch the other could, as one was a fisherman and the other a "fisher of men."

I spent a very enjoyable week in Kingston with Crowell and Wilson, then set sail for New York. I arrived there Sat-

"Ad Altiora."



Hilda M. Cox,
Treas.

Catherine C. Melady

Marie Hay,
Sec.

Violet M. Black.



O. Mary McWilliam,
Vice Pres.

Lois G. Lamont,
Pres.

Margaret Fitch

Ellie J. Warren

Beth J. Hennigan

E. Helen Fitch

Mrs. R. W. Ford



Mary R. Cress

Bessie E. Phillips

W. L. Weaver, D. D., Principal

Irene M. Rand

Thelma G. Orr

ACADIA
LADIES' SEMINARY GRADUATING CLASS.

19

19

urday night and Sunday morning, having formed the habit at Acadia, I went to Church, for it is written there "Thou shalt attend Church every Sunday morning." Imagine my surprise when I entered the Marble Collegiate Church to be greeted by my old friend Hannington. After expressing our joy at meeting again, Deacon Hannington told me I would have the pleasure of listening to Dr. Hal Camp, and it was indeed a pleasure. Camp was a very able speaker and was the same boyish fascinating chap I had known at Acadia. After the service he invited me out to his home and told me of the things that had happened while I had been away from civilization.

Weldon Ward was a private Secretary to the Japanese Ambassador, so Ward had left the flowery banks of Munquart for the flowery Kingdom of Japan.

Munroe and Bruce Reid, he sadly informed me, were the heads of a Labor Union, but had been killed in a riot while leading a mob of I. W. W. and Socialists.

Stevens he said had surprised him and then he related how John had acquired a German battleship from the British Government, stocked her up as a Gin palace and anchored it off Boston, outside the three mile limit, for although Prohibition was enforced on land they couldn't touch him on the high seas, and as I saw for myself while in Boston he must have carried on a mighty business for the harbour was churned into foam by a multitude of craft plying back and forth, and as Boston was like an oasis in a dessert the population had increased to ten million in a single year.

Before I left Camp he introduced me to his wife and family, three boys and two girls, a full house. It made me feel quite envious as I was a bachelor, for being of a shy retiring nature where women were concerned I could never get up enough courage to take the final step.

Not having visited Wolfville since leaving Acadia, I was filled with boyish eagerness to get back again, so I set sail for Yarmouth. When I landed there I expected to have some trouble with my great array of baggage, but was relieved to find Ryan in charge of Customs and recognizing my honest countenance I experienced no delay and was soon on the "Flying Bluenose" bound for home.

There was the usual crowd at the station but no one recognized me, though many were the inquisitive and admiring glances at my sunburned face and stalwart figure. I was surprised to find a street car service in the town, which had grown so much I hardly knew the place. A new College building had been erected and a fine gymnasium which had been built almost entirely by money collected from the different classes.

I had expected to find some of my old classmates in Wolfville nor was I disappointed. Baird was a Professor of Latin and my old friend Bonney the autocrat of the Seminary.

MacDougall had followed in his father's footsteps and was a Druggist in Kentville, he had just been elected Major of that place and was so haughty and proud he would hardly speak. Finding that all I could get out of him was a series of grunts, I departed.

A school of aviation had been started at Aldershot and there I found Giberson as one of the Instructors. Always a wild man from a wild country, such a profession had appealed to him and he had made good. Siddall, he told me, had been with him but his fondness for the fair sex had been his undoing, for one day while flying with his monoplane, exhibiting his skill over the Seminary, he ran into the flag pole and great was the fall thereof.

My old friend MacLeod after matriculating from the Academy went to Truro Agricultural College and graduated with high honors, but Bill had ever been lazy though he made up for that in other ways. Let the other fellow work, I'll do the talking was his motto, and he had brass enough to get a Government job as Inspector and authority on farming. He spent his summers touring the country in his car and his winters in Palm Beach, Florida, where he could admire the styles on land and in the sea.

Haley had made a study of Astronomy and was stationed in the observatory on the Hill. He was greatly interested in locating a certain comet.

Haycock, according to the Athenaeum was in Ottawa, having secured a position with the Government as a Geological Engineer.

Inman had married a girl in White Rock and settled down as a school teacher, the first step on the road to Parliament.

Having been called to Halifax to lecture to the Students at Dalhousie, I had occasion one day to look over a new dry dock in the course of construction.

While walking down Water Street, I was attracted by a familiar figure standing in a shop door. I crossed the street to make sure, nor was I mistaken, over his head hung suspended three gold balls, and on the window in large gilt letters "G. P. Withrow."

At this point much to my annoyance MacLeod came in and disturbed me. The muse fled and so I was unable to see how Withrow made out and worse still, never had a chance to even glimpse Fraser's future. Perhaps though it is for the best. Who knows, he might have been hung?

Acadia Council Cup.

THe regulations respecting the Acadia Council debating cup were not clearly defined during the past year, and, as a result, the debates between the girls teams in the Propylæum Society were not in the competition. Hereafter, the preliminary debates will be arranged separately by The Athenæum and Propylæum Societies. The winning class receives the cup for the year; but in case that different classes win in each society, a final debate takes place between the winners. On this occasion, The Propylæum is represented by one girl on each team. Thus both societies will have an equal chance in competition and the girls will gain the practise needed before they can hope to take part in the intercollegiate league.

The Y. M. C. A. during the year

The work of the Y. M. C. A. at Acadia has been carried on this year as usual except for a few innovations and additions to its programme.

There was a handicap at the first of the year as several

of the offices in the cabinet had been left vacant thru the enlistments of a number of the boys. But despite this drawback we had a fairly profitable and successful year.

The Y. M. C. A. has been working along the following lines thruout the year:

(1) Prayer Services every Wednesday evening the Y. M. C. A. in conjunction with the Y. W. C. A. of the College and Seminary has held a prayer meeting in Assembly Hall or in one of the Classrooms. This year these meetings have experienced an increased attendance. In connection with these meetings mention might be made of the monthly meetings held by the Student Volunteer Band of the College. At these meetings in which the regular Wednesday night prayer services are held a special missionary programme was put on, and the needs and opportunities for service were presented by one of the Student Volunteers. Every Sunday morning there was a very informal prayer service around the fire-place in Willett Hall Club room. These meetings were generally led by one of the students, tho occasionally we had an outside speaker.

(2) During the months of March and April the Y.M.C.A. put on a series of addresses on Present Day Problems. These meetings took place in the club-room of Willett Hall, and seldom exceeded half an hour, and we often had as many as seventy-five boys present. The addresses were on such subjects as the "Present Social and Political Situations," "Bolshevism," "The Labour Problem," etc., and we had such speakers as Dr. Coit, Dr. Wright, Dr. DeWolfe, Prof. Balcom, and Dr. Elliott.

(3) Bible Study.—Dr. Thompson conducted a Bible Class for the Freshmen, and first-year Engineers. Dr. Thompson's Class this year was the most successful of the classes he has held in preceding years.

Dr. Coit conducted a Bible Class for Sophomores, and upper classmen. The classes were fairly well attended. V had some very pleasant, interesting, and profitable discussions on such subjects as "What it means to be a Christian", "What must I do to be a Christian", "What must I be to be a Christian", etc.



OFFICERS GIRLS' POLITICAL CLUB.



A. L. HOCKEY TEAM.

(4) The last phase of the Y. M. C. A. work that needs mention was the social and religious work in the town and neighbouring communities, such as the teaching and evangelistic services in the Tabernacle, and the fortnightly trips to the County Poor Farm to sing to the inmates.

The last month of the year interest has been fixed chiefly on the programme for next year. Already a large programme for social and religious work is mapped out. We are hoping for a banner year in Y. M. C. A. work at Acadia next year. by

The Student Volunteer Band

The Student Volunteer Band was reorganized this year with a membership of four. Band meetings were held every Wednesday night. Once a month public meetings were conducted in turn by members of the Band with the purpose of stimulating interest in Missions. A good deal of interest was evidenced. We are hoping for an increase in membership and interest next year.

H. D. S., '21.

Young Woman's Political Club

ACADIA'S youngest organization first saw the light of day, March 7th, 1919. It arose out of an ever-growing consciousness on the part of the girls of our lack of knowledge of things political. Officers were elected and a committee was appointed to act with these in drawing up a constitution to be submitted for recognition and approval of by the Acadia Council and Students' Committee. As the organization took place so late in the year little more than a beginning could be made, a beginning which we, who are departing, entrust to the girls of next year to carry on. Many mistakes have been made for it was a rush into something we felt should be done and yet we knew not how to do it.

Mrs. F. H. Sexton of Halifax gave the opening address and later Dr. DeWolfe spoke to us. Miss Ogilvie '19 led a discussion on Child Welfare. These pointed out the way towards something higher. The aim of the club is chiefly to study the political institutions and problems of Canada, in order to develop from Acadia's women students intelligent voters and public spirited citizens.

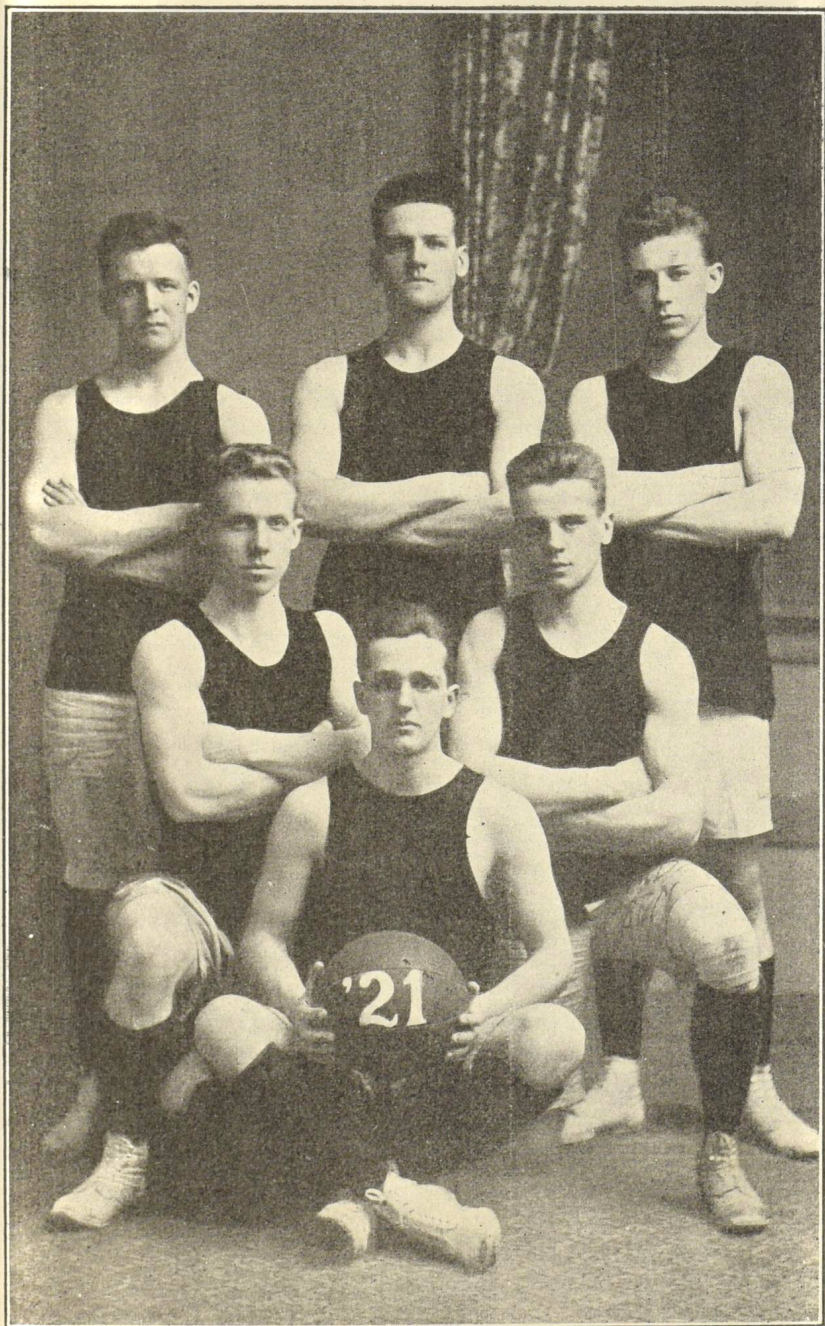
We leave to next year's officers a lot of un-realized hopes—plans which we made but were too fearful to put into practice. We feel deeply the need of the organization—we had high ideals in its formation, and these will be made higher, clearer and brighter in the years to come. In releasing the "reins of government" the president would extend her thanks to Mrs. Cutten, the honorary president, for her kindly interest and help, and to those girls who have aided her in her work, especially to Miss Ogilvie '19, chairman of the executive committee, and Miss Fitzpatrick '21, secretary. May Miss Parry as president in 1919-20 so have the support of every girl to bring the political club to its rightful place among Acadia institutions.

E. G. M., '19.

The Athenaeum Society

The Society is pleased to report a fairly successful year. For the past few years, the Athenaeum has not been living up to its full duty; but now that conditions in college life are fast assuming normality, we can look forward to the Athenaeum Society once again taking its rightful first place in the college. In the year just done, the Society has been presided over by Beals, Spencer and Archibald respectively, first, second and third terms. The help of the Executive Committees, and the support of the several classes enabled these men to do much toward setting things in shape again in the work of the Society.

A shortened debating schedule was run between classes. These debates steadily increased in interest and brought out the fact that Acadia still has numbers of men who are debat-



SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL TEAM
Champions Inter-class League.

ers of high order. It is to be hoped that a full schedule will be run next year and that a greater attempt be made between classes. As a matter of fact the Debating Cup presented by the Acadia Council for interclass competition, promises fair—with its competition rules—to do much to aid in this.

The entertainments “staged” by the various classes were very laudable and interesting, indeed it “got to be quite the thing” to go to “the show” at Assembly Hall on every second Saturday evening. We would call attention to the fact that nothing much was done this past year in way of *literary* entertainments, save one lecture given by Rev. A. J. Archibald of New Glasgow. May we not suggest that this department of the work be never lost sight of? For, after all, this is what the Society stands for. Next year it is proposed to have an Athenaeum Magazine edited complete by the Freshmen in their entertainment and *read* as in the good old days.

During the year the constitution of the Society was brought down to date. It is proposed to hold to the letter of the law, and to bring parliamentary order in the place of some that has arisen decidedly unparliamentary.

A pleasant feature of the year were the evenings spent in the Willet Clubroom. While we do not boast of its beauties, still the room was the scene, during the year, of gay laughter, song, and chat—and eats. Perhaps next year this room might be used either on alternate Saturday nights or once a month for these social gatherings.

The officers during 1918-19 leave to Mr. Titus, '20, and his helpers—executives, and student body, that is—the affairs of the Athenaeum Society, with the hope that they will bring to completion the work re-begun this year. We have two suggestions to offer: one, that the public be excluded from the business meetings but invited as often as convenient to “the program. Success to you in the work, people of Acadia. weeks, so that things be got ready before the evening of the program. Success to you in the work, people of Acadia.

C. W. S., '19.

The A. G. A. A. A. has spent its time this year in developing the material which we hope to see make good next year.

Only two games have been played in basket-ball and these were interclass games. The first between the new girls and the Juniors and the second between the Sophettes and Juniors. In regard to hockey it has been very difficult to get practices because only a few of the girls play. One game was played with the Sems.

Next year with a gymnasium we hope to be able to accomplish much that we haven't been able to do without one.

Our thanks are due to our coaches, Mr. Arbuckle in basket-ball and Mr. Ayer in hockey for the interest and help they have shown.

—H. H. H. H.

Of all the Societies at Acadia the Athletic Association started out with the poorest prospects of any. At the beginning of the year there was not one old college man who knew anything about football. Altho it was a hard job to get them to practice. However interest was revived when Mr. Chittick '07 offered to coach the team and thru his efforts a team was turned out but the material was not up to the standard. Only one or two games were played resulting in defeats.

Football season over the boys turned to basketball has made the best showing. The Boy Scouts' gymnasium was obtained and a very good team turned out. As there was no Intercollegiate basketball this year the interest centred in Inter-Class games ending in the Sophomores gaining the Inter-class Championship.

At the time basketball was being played the boys began to look forward to hockey. Late in the fall the boys built an outdoor rink for practise purposes. Under the direction of Mr. H. E. Fraser a team was turned out which did credit to itself considering conditions and material. We were beaten by Mt. A. but there was no doubt but that if we had had a good practising place and a little more time the tables would have been turned.

As the hockey season began to draw to a close baseball claimed the attention of the boys and many interesting class games have been played.

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Along with baseball came tennis. A series of games has been played among the students but the championship has not been decided owing to lack of courts, and examinations making it impossible for some of the contestants to play off their games.

So much for sports this year but there are several things that need remedying. First of all we need a gymnasium. This has been proposed for next year so we hope to overcome that difficulty. Next we need a coach who knows the various games and how to instruct in them. This want must be filled in the near future if Acadia is to take her place in Intercollegiate Athletics. Lastly, we need the College spirit. Boys, let us make next year a bumper one for Acadia in the Athletic line.

Propylæum Society

The activities of the Propylæum Society form an important part of the college life of Acadia's women students. The opportunities given there for the expression of literary ability and for practice in public speaking are, we believe, of great value and should become increasingly so in the future. The present month brings to a close a most successful year. Entertainments of a literary and theatrical nature have been enjoyed, not only by the girls but by outside friends as well. A new feature of this year's work has been the carrying out of a regular schedule of inter-class debates. We have the promise that next year these debates shall count in the regular inter-class debating contest for the cup presented by the Acadia Council.

With an increased membership we hope that next year the work of the Propylæum may be even more successful than it has been during the year just ended.

H. D. B., '19.

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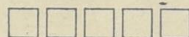
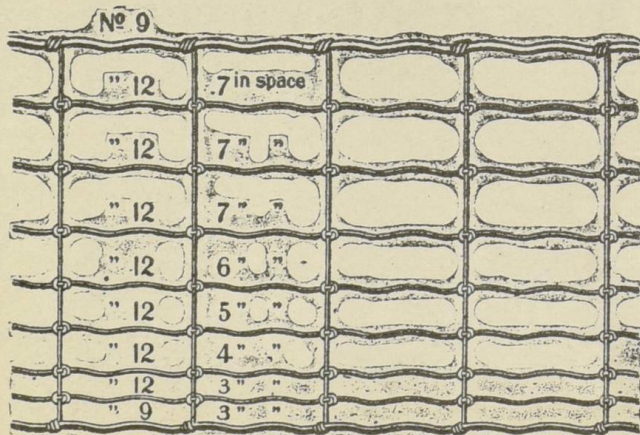
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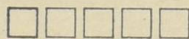
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