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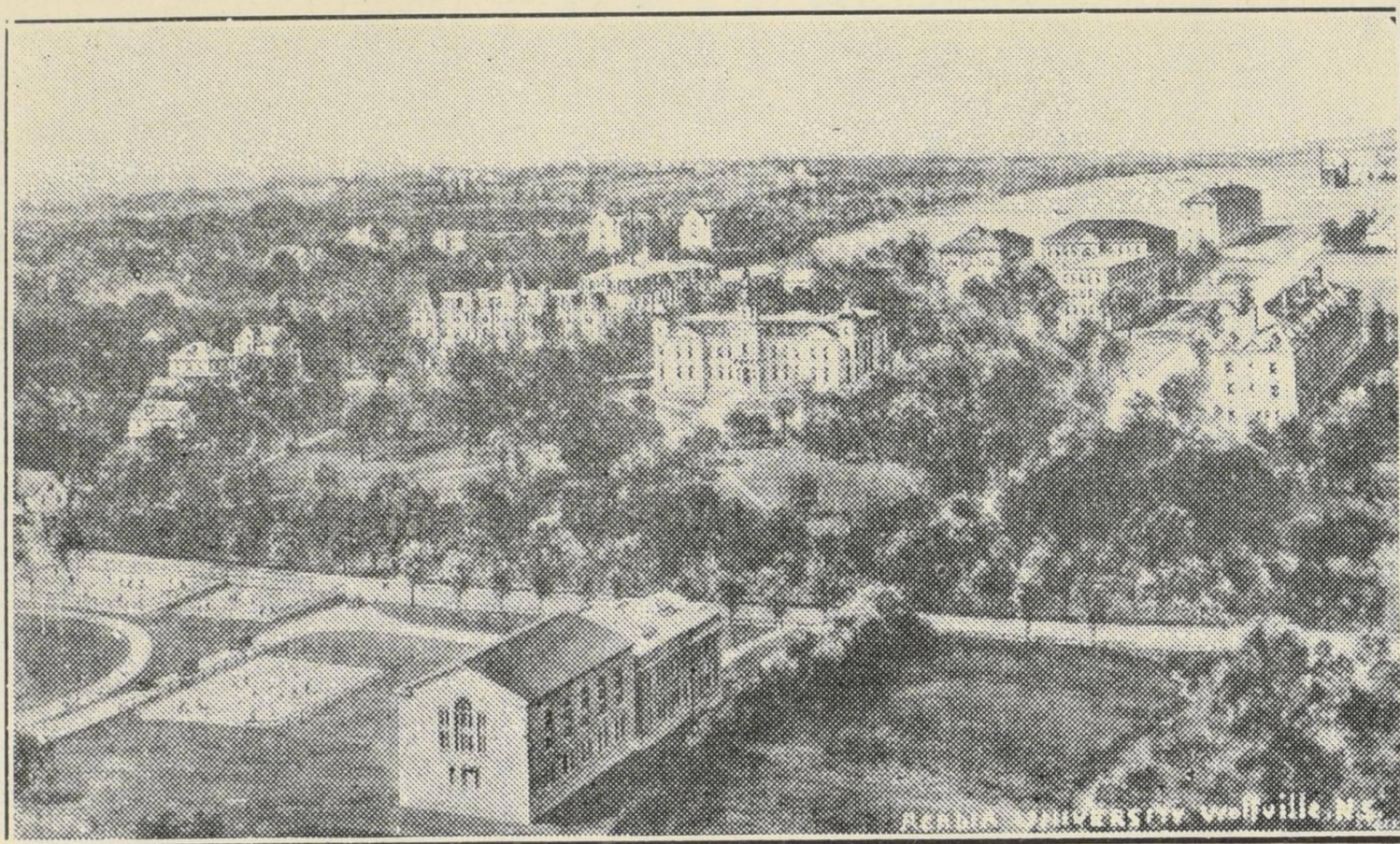
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PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US

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ACADEMIC BUILDINGS, WASHINGTON, D.C.

The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLVIII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JUNE, 1922.

No. 7.

AWARDS OF THE MONTH

Poems—1st, No award; 2nd, M. H. Mason, '22.

Stories—1st, L. F. Robinson, '23; 2nd, Marjorie Fitzpatrick, '23.

Articles—1st, Marjorie Fitzpatrick, '23; 2nd, H. H. Wetmore, '22.

Humor—R. A. Prosser, '23.

Science—1st, M. C. Bishop, '25; 2nd, A. E. Warren, '23.

Athletics—1st, A. K. Eaton, '22; 2nd, P. L. Judge, '23.

Month—1st, Helena Miller, '23; 2nd, No award.

Exchanges—1st, P. L. Judge, '23; C. O. T. Weiden, '23.

Seniors 4 units

Juniors 14

Sophomores 0

Freshmen 2

Pennant to Juniors.

ODE TO THE CLASS OF '22.

'Tis time! we must away, though lingering glance
Seek still the shore. Roll down the haughty prows
Unto the wave and set them well afloat.
Yet we must pause awhile to say adieu.

Long have we lingered in this goodly port
And, sitting at the feet of Wisdom, drunk
Deep draughts of knowledge, that inspiring cup
That quenches not but stimulates our thirst;
And pleasant converse and sweet friendship's bond
Half made us dream life ever should be thus,
And this our home, our sphere, our only good.

'Tis time! The accents call with clashing tone
Like the broad brazen clangor of a bell
Upon our startled ears: "Life holds a task,
Not easy sloth, for all! Arise and go,—
Forth on the vast adventurous untrack'd sea
With sail broad gleaming in the rising sun."

'Tis time. O helmsman, to the course! Farewell,
Old comrades, and Godspeed. We'll meet again.
Farewell, Old Hill, old buildings,—we have left
Our youth with you. Your spirit is with us,
And your fond image will unchanging dwell
Throned in the deepest fastness of our hearts.

'Tis time! 'tis time! Now helmsman, to the course!
Spread the broad sail; see yonder is the rim
Of the new sun to light us on our way;
The breeze is fair, and scudding o'er the foam,
We sail away into the great unknown
Strong with a courage of a noble aim.
Our backward glances watch the harbor fade
On our bright wake, and now we top the roll
Of the deep undulating mighty sea.

H. W. D. Fritz.

THE SKIPPER'S MISTAKE

IT was five o'clock on a January morning. The Ocean was as calm as glass, except for a low, slow, oily swell. Not a breath of wind could be felt, nor could a star be seen in the heavily-clouded sky. The dense, black darkness and the intense stillness of the air could almost be felt. The sharp, bitter, biting cold was such as is only found on the Banks in winter. But conditions like these are almost ideal for the task of the winter Bank fishermen, and the crew of the "Louise E. Marshall" began to bait up.

There was a sudden bash of light as the first flare was lit, and then another, and another, until the whole stern of the schooner seemed to be on fire with a strange, yellowish flame which flickered and wavered in fantastic, yet beautiful forms. The strong light of the torches plainly revealed the after-house of the vessel, and the figures of her crew, who clustered around it, were engaged in the cold and complicated task of baiting up. The surrounding darkness became more gloomy when contrasted with such intense light, and the lofty spars and rigging of the vessel appeared to tower into a vague and fantastic land of shadows. But the busy men noticed neither the beauty nor the fantasy of the scene.

"'Pears to me we're going to have snow afore long", observed Jim Rudolph to his left hand neighbor.

"Snow nor fire's no odds to our skipper when he goes off inter one of his tantrums", returned that worthy.

"But why should the ould man be sore when we've had such a run o' luck this trip?" persisted Jim, who was a new-comer to the "Louise E. Marshall"

"I guess you never heard how Martin's wife was stole, did yuh? It 'pears that Martin's wife was a no'count girl. Everybody in Gloucester knowed she'd no more brains than a squid, and it was common talk as how she flirted with any man who'd flirt with her. But Martin never knowed it, and when she up and ran away with some good for nothin' scallawag during our last trip it near broke Martin's heart.

Betimes, he has allus been touchy; but he has ben terrible this trip."

"It's odd, though ain't it, the difference you find in brothers?.....Now, the ould man's brother has none o' them tantrums. The ould man just worships him, and I reckon he would'nt take a trip without Tom was along. Why, I tell yuh,....."

But here all conversation was ended by the welcome sound of the breakfast bell, and the gang quickly dropped everything and hastened forward.

* * * * *

It was about eleven in the morning. The sky was still heavily overcast, and a gentle breeze had sprung up from the nor'west which increased the penetrating qualities of the already bitter cold. The "Louise E. Marshall" was slowly sailing down her string of dories, which were scattered in a line nearly five miles in length. The schooner had all her lower canvass set, and the spotless white of her finely cut sails, and the shining black of her finely modelled hull, presented a beautiful and vivid contrast to the dark, cold, greenish-blue of the ocean, and the still more sombre, leaden colored, low lying clouds.

Captain Martin Ross surveyed these clouds with some doubt. He was too good a sailor to allow even his recent sorrow to hinder his weather sense. But he soon began to think of his faithless wife. He did not even know the name of the man she had eloped with, he suddenly realized. If he did.....well, he would take care that that man would do no more eloping, he thought grimly....But, hold on—he remembered seeing a letter, two trips ago. It was lying on his wife's table and it was signed "James R." he recollected.... He had been very angry with her at the time. Then suddenly he saw a great light—there was a James Rudolph aboard this very schooner! Would it be, could it be, "James R." of his wife's letter? He jumped from the wheel box, and after furtively looking around to assure himself that he was not observed, he descended the companionway to the cabin.

He remembered that Jim Rudolph's berth was on the port side next to the bulkhead. He searched it carefully. A knife, many plugs of tobacco, and a few magazines were under the mattress. On the shelf there was a pipe and several pairs of gloves; there was no evidence there. Then he thought of the locker. He quickly opened it, and after pulling out and quickly examining three suitcases, came to the last one. He suddenly noted, with satisfaction, that it bore the initials "J. R." It was not locked. Hastily undoing the straps he opened it, and after removing nearly all the contents he came upon a packet of letters. Frantically he opened one, and at a single glance took in the heading: "Darling Jim: I know you love me, but." And it was in his wife's hand writing, and signed "Hilda"! The evidence was complete!

The nerve of the man! To come aboard of his ship after stealing his wife! A blind rage suddenly possessed the captain. Quickly, but accurately, he replaced the contents of the suitcase and of the locker, and hastened on deck.

The threatening clouds had become active. The air was full of snowflakes. Thick and white they fell, and they formed so perfect a barrier that it was impossible to see one hundred yards from the vessel. All the dories were still out. It would be easy to get lost in the snow; and he had never lost a man. He took the wheel and swung the vessel over toward the west'ard where he had seen the last dory, before leaving deck. He bellowed for the cook to come on deck to tend the sheets, and to sound the foghorn in the intervals. Five minutes later the skipper heard the sound of a dory fog horn, and eight minutes later, dory number six loomed up out of the white desolation. It was quickly lightened and hoisted aboard. Then his task was comparatively easy. Knowing that the string of dories lay north and south, it was easy to follow them by compass, and to pick them up, one by one. As he had hit the center of the string, he picked up five dories ending with number one, and then jibbed and sailed back for the other half.

Then suddenly he remembered Rudolph; and his fury again returned. He would get Rudolph—but how? Sudden-

ly a plan suggested itself to him. It had been done before. Why should'nt he do it, Such a man deserved no mercy.... Rudolph's dory was number ten, the last in the string. This would be all the better for his plan.

Suddenly the watch yelled from the bow "Number ten dead ahead! Hard a port! Hard a port!"

For an instant the skipper never moved. Then he started to spin the wheel. Suddenly he slipped, caught his foot, and fell. The wheel spun back and the vessel came up. One of the gang jumped for the wheel but it was too late. There was a crash from for'ard as the heavy vessel cut the frail dory in halves. Just as the skipper started to rise he saw two figures climb over the bow. They had evidently grabbed the bob stay. As they walked aft he suddenly realized that one of them was his own brother Tom..... In his blind rage he had forgotten Tom was in dory ten.

"God forgive me", he muttered under his breath, and, weak as water, leaned against the bulwarks for support.

* * * *

It was after supper and the after gang were busily engaged in overhauling their trawls in the cabin. The wind had increased to a gale and the violent rolling and pitching of the vessel made it difficult to work. But the men were cheerful, for they had a good day's fishing.

"Martin, said Tom, to the skipper, "It was a lucky escape....."

"It was all my fault," said the skipper. ' I should ha' had sense enough to scatter salt on that slippery deck, and....."

But here he was interrupted by the loud, but cheerful voice of Jim Rudolph.

"What do' yuh think? I have just found that I have Jim Rice's suitcase. He berthed next me on the "Catherine". I reckon I must ha' got 'em mixed when I left so suddenly. He was the worst fellow I ever see, that Jim Rice. Why.....'

But the skipper heard no more, nor did he speak.



AN IDYLL OF LOVE

There is a time within each human heart,
When love controls with an unbounded sway.
In deep mysterious fashion it is wrought,
It moves, and leads us on we know not where—
We blindly follow as the passion prompts.
'Tis a mysterious something, none can tell
From whence it springs, or whether it will lead.
Life then to us is wholly Paradise,
And Love, and Love alone, shines as a star.
Ah! then alas, it fades. Again we feel
That which we knew not in the earlier days.
Forsaken, though surrounded by a host.
The heart, then shrouded by a mystery,
Lives on apart in pensive solitude.

C. M. S., '24.



LIBRARY WORK IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES

(Anniversary Oration)

THE libraries of the Maritime Provinces are far apart from one another. The public is, as yet, apathetic concerning them and many of the librarians are without special training. Our most important libraries are those in connection with the different universities and the public libraries in the cities. Yet, we are not sufficiently interested in providing books for schools, for our town libraries, and for the general public. The citizens as a whole either do not realize the need or are indifferent to it.

We cannot have the highest social culture without the use of libraries. The uplifting of the democratic masses depends on the development of a taste for good reading. In these provinces the general public have not sufficient advantages for intellectual development. Our modern life is so tied up with commercial interests that we neglect the essentials for true citizenship.

Our development is impossible without the ready access of the masses to the library. We are the heirs of all departed generations. For us of today the students of the past toiled, explored, remembered and constructed. The library is the storehouse of the world's knowledge, the record of humanity's achievements, the history of mankind's trials and sufferings, of its victories, defeats, and of its gradual progress upwards. In any community the library is a potential force of untold cultural and educative value. After the church and school it is the most effective influence for good in America. In this chronicle of the past lie lessons for the present and for the future. From the lives of storied heroes comes the inspiration that leads the race onward and upward. Through the library we can learn how to emulate the good and to follow the footsteps of the great. If our aim is to be merely breadwinners, we can exist during the years to come without libraries, but if our purpose is to make our citizens men and women of a

progressive nation, active members of an aspiring society, then the public must have free access to books.

About four years ago, one who was interested in the culture of these provinces conceived the idea that library interest might be aroused here through the efforts of an organized association of library workers. Accordingly, an invitation was extended to all the librarians of the Maritime Provinces to attend a conference at Wolfville. This conference organized itself into a permanent body to be known as the Maritime Library Association, in which all the librarians of the Maritime Provinces should have the right of membership. The M. L. A. was organized on April 17, 1918, but, owing to the death of the President and the lack of official initiative, there has been no meeting since. This association has been organized but it lacks the impetus for progressive activity. The work it has begun has been by no means fruitless and is showing itself in an ever-increasing interest in books and libraries in the Maritime Provinces, especially in Nova Scotia. Several libraries have been established through the efforts of private individuals and have been maintained at the cost of much personal devotion and sacrifice.

Before the organization of this Association every library stood an isolated unit with very little influence even locally. Yet, if this Association is not again made active we will not only lose the benefits we have already gained but we will also lose all hopes for our development in the future.

We are far behind the Province of Ontario in this matter. As early as the year 1890, Ontario had an organized Library Association. By its activity since that time it has reaped numerous rewards and has seen many new modern libraries established. That province now has 400 public libraries, over 150 in high schools, 150 in continuation schools, 5,000 in public, besides thousands of Sunday School libraries, hundreds of travelling libraries and many notable private book collections. But the most important part of the success of this Association is its recognition by the Government as a part of the educational system of the Province.

If we compare the advancement which has been made in the Province of Ontario with the little progress we have made towards placing boons before the general public can we help but feel ourselves far in the background? Yet this progress has been undoubtedly due to an active Library Association since the year 1890. After considering how much this Association has accomplished can we not realize what an active Library Association could do for US? What possibilities have we in the Maritime Provinces for advancement along this line? What can actually be done to solve the problem of meeting the library needs of every man, woman, and child?

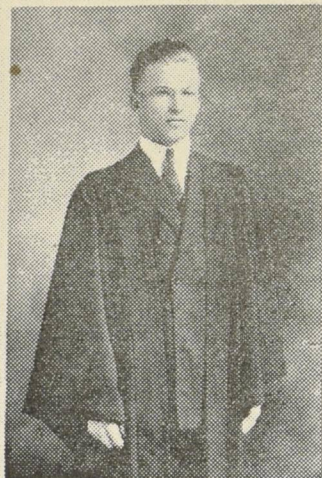
It would seem that a very careful study of the whole question should be made by those who are specially qualified to undertake the duty, those who are in touch with rural conditions who can make a careful survey of the library needs of these Provinces, of the libraries of various kinds now in existence, of the methods, administration and finance, which would be required to place these Provinces in the front rank in an adequate treatment of this great matter.

The training of the librarian is at the very heart of the library question. The trained librarian is as essential to the success of our libraries as the trained teacher is to the success of the school. The Association is the means whereby we may have trained librarians in all our libraries, by the formation of summer schools for their training. Through the Association we may have the most convenient system of cataloguing, the system by which the books will be made most accessible to the public. The Association can also render a great deal of service in the matter of Book Selection, and avoid a great deal of the loose purchasing methods in our small town libraries. But perhaps the greatest advantage of all to be gained by an active Association would be the establishment of additional libraries, thus giving a greater number of the best books to a larger number of people. Benefits would be reaped by children, by teachers, and by parents. The day has come when our people need books, but as yet the

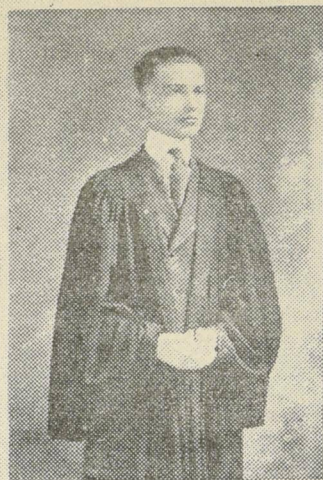
majority are being denied the privilege. Today the library is one of the necessary institutions of the people.

We are surrounded each day with evidence of the value of the necessity of co-ordination and co-operation. If we look at all phases and walks in life we see the uses of co-operation; in the business world, with its co-operative societies, the industrial world with its unions, the religious world with its denominational conventions, and synods, the social world with its clubs and societies. The advantages to be gained from co-operation in our Maritime Libraries are yet before us. By co-operation of all the libraries we can have scientific library management, trained libraries, library institutes, travelling libraries. Over and above all this we shall have a greater number of books which will be accessible to a greater number of people. These are a few of the forward steps which could be taken. Much has been gained by the service of libraries, much remains to be done. If men are once awakened to the earnest consideration of these conditions, they will undoubtedly rise to meet the needs, just as they have risen to meet the changed conditions in other lines of progressive educational work. With a strong and growing Association, with a favorable public opinion, with sympathetic and effective supervision in these three provinces we could look forward with high hopes for higher and nobler education and for advancement in the years to come.

—*Ella Jean Warren.*

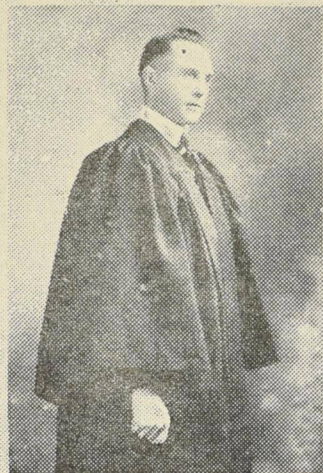


T.H. ROBINSON '24.



J.W.W. LANK '22. LEADER.

1921-22.



C.H. ATKINSON '22.

ACADIA INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATING TEAM.

THE POETS OF NOVA SCOTIA

“In joy and gladness on ye go
My country’s pleasant streams;
And oft through scenes as fair ye flow
As bless the poet’s dreams.
From hills where stately forests rear
Their heads the breeze to brave—
From dark morass, or fountain clear,
You roll to Ocean’s wave.

And there the graceful elms are found,
Your own peculiar tree;
And there stout-hearted men abound—
The happy and the free.
And childhood’s merry laugh is heard
Along the hills to float,
As by the gentle breezes stirred,
You waft his tiny boat

In joy and gladness there ye go
My country’s pleasant streams;
And oft through scenes as fair ye flow
As bless the poets’ dreams.”

The above lines by Joseph Howe express a sentiment that is characteristic of the work of most Nova Scotia writers—loyalty to their native land, and love of its history, its traditions, and especially its natural beauties.

The first feeling of the student who reads the literature of Nova Scotia is usually one of great surprise as well as pleasure—surprise that so much of fine literary value has been produced.

A great deal of prose has of course been written by men of this province, and although it is of value for many reasons, it is probably of less importance than the poetry.

All of the Nova Scotian poets were men who led busy, active lives, and whose work was therefore the spontaneous

expression of poetic impulse. Much of the poetry is religious, showing deep reverence and love for things sacred. There is strong emphasis on the deeper things of life, and a subordination of the humorous. Each poet has given us something worth remembering—something from which we may derive inspiration. Each by relating the charms of nature as revealed to the poet's eye, has increased our delight in this Province.

It is quite impossible to review all Nova Scotia poetry in one brief article, but we may get some idea of its nature by considering the work of a few of the most representative poets.

JOSEPH HOWE.

Joseph Howe was essentially a man of the people, not only in his own province, but wherever else he went. He loved his native province; he caught the inspiration of her woods, streams, and shores, and embodied it in poetry which has still the power to sway the hearts of her people.—"Joe Howe was Nova Scotia incarnate."

He was born near Halifax, in 1804, of Loyalist parents. At the age of thirteen he entered the *Gazette* printing office, continuing his education by reading. Although he is better known as journalist, politician, and statesman, we shall consider him as a poet.

His first connected poem, "Melville Island" was written when he was seventeen, and received with great favor. Yet his busy life left him little time to cultivate the poetic muse, and his verses are often lifeless and loaded with meaningless words. There are, however, many good lines, and occasional happy expressions which live in the memory.

His poetry represents the dominant passions of the man—love of country, love of nature, and love of humanity.

It was in no small measure due to Howe's efforts that the Mayflower became the floral emblem of this province—in fitting terms he celebrates its beauty:

“Lovely flow’ret, sweetly blooming
 ’Neath our drear, ungentle sky—
Shrinking, coy and unassuming,
 From the gaze of mortal eye
Scotia asked, and Flora gave her
 Precious boon, her fairest child.”

In a charming lyric to his sister Jane, he thus recalls the Arm:

“But the water yet remaineth,
 Blue and cheery as before,
Not a cove but still retaineth
 Wavelets that we loved of yore.”

Joseph Howe was not a great poet, but displayed the poet’s insight into nature. He lacked fine poetic imagination, and employed none too skilfully the common metres. He showed, at times, good descriptive power and sympathy for humble subjects. The personality of the man, which speaks for him in his works, is that which placed him at the head of Nova Scotians of the nineteenth century.

JOHN MCPHERSON.

“O raise me from my couch of pain
 And bear me to the door
That I may see the green, glad earth,
 And clear, blue sky, once more.”

Every striving and longing for higher things, but held down by circumstances, such was the life-long struggle of the poet—the bard of Acadia, the title he desired for himself.

He was born at Liverpool, N. S., in 1817, received only a common school education, which he later extended, and became a school teacher at Brookfield. He loved leisure and peace, and his health required rest, yet his employment was uncongenial and its reward insufficient, so his poetry reflects the suffering of his short life. The scenery and associations of his childhood are exquisitely alluded to in the much-ad-

mired "Longings for Spring." He also expresses his own desire to rise above the common, everyday tasks and to pursue his favorite study.

"I long for the Spring—enchanted Spring.
Her sunshine and soft airs,
That bless the fevered brow, and bring
Sweet thoughts to soothe her cares."

When overcome by the cares of his life, he turned to nature, and there found solace, so he tells us when speaking of the twilight:—

"Yet come there in this holy hour,
Deep spells that bid my sorrows cease—
Pure thoughts that heavenly comfort pour,
And yield the soothing balm of peace."

Whatever his personal difficulties and sorrows, he never lost his social feeling and kindly sympathy:—

"My fellowman ! Whate'er thy name,
Blest with a low or lofty lot,—
Content, or struggling on to fame,
Or young, or old—it matters not.
Thou art my brother, and I feel,
Oh ! deeply, for thy spirit's weal !"

His religious poems are subdued and meditative rather than demonstrative, as in the following simple hymn :

"O Saviour, it is good for us
To be assembled here !
For when we meet to worship Thee,
Thou art divinely near."

McPherson's poetry illustrates to an unusual degree the mood of the writer at the moment. Although he did not live to realize his ambition to be the poet of his native land, yet

his writings have been acknowledged by many as deserving that distinction.

THEODORE HARDING RAND.

“Had I two loaves of bread—ay, ay !
One would I sell and hyacinths buy,
To feed my soul—or let me die !”

This is the keynote of Dr. Rand's whole life. He loved the beautiful, and could discern beauty in everything, however humble—so it is natural that he turned to poetry to express his feelings.

Theodore Harding Rand was born in the Cornwallis Valley, and later educated at Horton Academy, and Acadia University. His work was mainly educational, and at one time he held the chancellorship of McMaster University.

Most of his poems deal with nature, or are an expression of religious thought, and there are many defects, such as poor metre, and too-apparent attempt at effect. Yet they contain much that is very fine and beautiful. The following stanza is taken from “The Dragon Fly,” often considered his best poem:

“Winged wonder of motion,
In splendour of sheen
Stay, stay a brief moment
Thy hither and thither
Quick-beating wings.
Thy flashes of light,
Is it pulsing with fears
Which scorch it and wither,
Or joys that upwell
In a girdle of green ?”

Here we have fine imagery in a very appropriate metre. He often regards the beauty of nature as a reflection of the beauty of God.

“O rose in the mirror of time—
 Calm image from under the rod—
 O form of eternal prime
 All-peaceful beauty of God.”

His last volume of poems, entitled the “Song Waves”, includes some eighty poems of uniform length and metre. Some are very fine—a beautiful expression of deep feeling, but others are a little obscure in meaning. Always he saw beauty:—

“Pure as the sapphire blue from blame,
 Humble as glad, of holiest aim—
 Love’s sevenfold became a flashing flame !”

ARTHUR WENTWORTH HAMILTON EATON.

“Sometime, sometime,
 The clouds of ignorance shall part asunder,
 And we shall see the fair blue sky of truth,
 Spangled with stars, and look with joy and wonder
 Up to the happy dreamlands of our youth,
 And thither climb.”

This is the keynote of Dr. Eaton’s poetry,—through all the sin and strife of time he sees the brightness of the dawning, and makes us aware of it.

Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton, of Puritan descent, was born in Kentville, N. S. He received his higher education at Dalhousie and Harvard, and later became known as priest, poet, historian and general literary man. He showed poetic ability at an early age, and has written much of high literary value. This has been published in four volumes, known as: “Acadian Legends and Lyrics”, “Acadian Ballads”, “Poems of the Christian Year”, and “The Lotus of the Nile”.

The themes are varied, yet all his poems are marked by fine poetic feeling in finished form. His nature poems show a

vivid richness of imagination, and reflect the mind of humanity.

"Acadian Legends and Lyrics", though it assured him a place among American poets, was not as fine as his later work. *Acadian Ballads* contain much that is better—here we find poems on "The Legend of Gloosecap", "Poutrincourt's Return to Port Royal", "L'Ordre de Bon Temps", etc. We find there, too, some delightful bits of description that appeal to us who know Nova Scotia,—the orchards which he calls:

"Banks of bloom in a billowy plain,
Odors of Orient in the air,
Pink-tipped petals that fall—that rain,
Allah's garden everywhere."

And the mists of the "mighty Atlantic"—

"Up from the sea the white mists roll,
Soft as the robes a dancer sways,
Pure as the dreams that swathe the soul,
Of a laughing child, at peace always."

The "Poems of the Christian Year" is a book of religious poems, arranged in the order of the church seasons. No one can read,

"I know a vast cathedral,
With sculptured walls and high,
And windows bright with every light
That decks the sunset sky."

or,

"Who does not love the tranquil mystery
Of twilight when the day is almost spent,"
without feeling the deep tenderness of this religious verse.

In "The Lotus of the Nile" we find mostly nature poetry,—the poet feels always the oneness of earth with "the deep heart of man." He sees in nature

"A motion and a spirit which impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,

And rolls through all things." (Wordsworth).
In "The Phophecy of Beauty" one is reminded of Keats;
"Sometimes I think the source of souls must be
The Primal Beauty, we so quick respond
To loveliness in earth, and sky, and sea—
Green in the majestic oak and fine fern froud."

Nova Scotians, at least, should know Dr. Eaton's poetry, for not only has he commemorated her romantic history, but has found a place in our national literature.

ROBERT W. NORWOOD.

"Mr. Norwood's is a new voice in Canadian poetry. But though new, it is a voice already mellowed, whose theme has been won out of years devoted to scholarship and philosophic thought; whose music has back of it a technique formed according to classical standards."

Mr. Norwood was born in New Ross, in 1874. His later education was obtained at King's, where he was fortunate in having as professor of English, Charles G. D. Roberts, who discovered his poetic gift, and encouraged him in its development.

His early years were like those of many other great men—a youth possessed with an active mind, and a spirit of independence—and living, as he did, away from the busy world, he early developed his imagination to the utmost, and nature became very real to him.

His first work, "The Witch of Endor," failed to receive recognition, but he preserved, and at the end of eight years produced a finished drama whose success was instantaneous. It is the story of King Saul, beautiful, passionate, and dramatic.

In the meantime he had published a volume of thirty sonnets, entitled, "His Lady of the Sonnets",—a book of splendid poems, whose personification and imaginative quality is almost perfect,—the feeling swift and intense.

“And guarded by my soul as with a sword,
Secure within the palaces of thought,
And guarded by my soul as with a sword,
These fancies are: you alone, adored,
May enter the uplifted gates of gold
To hear and see what never has been told.”

At intervals of a year appeared “The Piper and the Reed,” and the “Man of Kerioth”, a poetic drama of the time of Christ. These are the words he put upon the lips of Philip:

“Some must make merry, or the world would be
Sodden with tears. Ho, hand in hand together,”
and again,
“.....We must win

The world through love and laughter and proclaim
With joy the coming of the Son of Man.”

His latest work is “Bill Boram”, a fascinating sea story with which most of us are already familiar. He is a typical bad man, but one bright spot in his character is his love of nature:

“The only time I ever say a prayer,”
Bill used to say, “is when the birds begin.”

Speaking of pansies, he says:

“But them eyes tell me o’ the man I wuz
After I—hell ! Give me a glass of grog.”

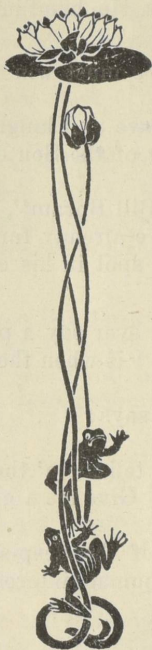
The racy language of the deep-sea fisherman pervades the narrative, and the human interest and action hold the attention with a thrill.

In reading or hearing Norwood’s poems, one cannot but feel the imagination, the originality of the poet, his faculty

for combining variety and beauty of words, his profound philosophy and dramatic power.

Norwood is typical of the great number of Nova Scotians who have won distinction for their province by their industry and perseverance—his life should indeed be an inspiration to his countrymen.

—M. F., '23.





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STUDENT COUNCIL. ACADIA

THE PROBLEM OF CANADIAN IMMIGRATION

(Anniversary Oration)

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

THE question of immigration is perhaps the most vital problem which faces Canada at the present time, for upon the wisdom of our immigration policy depends in no small measure the success of our railroads, our finances, the development of our national resources as well as the social and cultural development of our people.

Canada today is in a critical situation. During the last fiscal year our National debt increased millions of dollars. We are not even paying the interest on our war debt. This deficit is due to many causes: lack of trade, industrial depression and so forth, but it can be traced very largely to the drain upon our treasury by the Canadian Government Railways. Railway systems that cost us fifty six million dollars last year, railway systems that can not pay under the most efficient management because there is insufficient traffic, insufficient population to produce traffic across the great plains of the West through which these railroads stretch their thousands of miles of iron road. And if we turn our gaze toward that land of wonderful possibilities do we see there at the present time the conditions which assure us of more prosperous future? Rather we see men leaving their farms because they cannot produce at a profit in face of the high freight rates. The resulting decrease in output and traffic means even harder times for the railroad, and so the vicious circle goes on. As one close observer writes, "Ten more years of the present conditions means a bankrupt West." But this is only one phase of our industrial life though, though undoubtedly the most important. Turn to our mines, our forests, our fisheries, even our manufacturing industries and the conditions are largely the same but what is the answer to all these many phases of the one great problem? The answer is population, people and yet more people that our

millions of acres of vacant land may be tilled, our mines give forth their precious ores, our forests and streams yield their native wealth, our railroads be provided with traffic, and Canada, freed from her oppressive burden of debt may grow, expand and develop into the full flower of her nationhood.

And yet such an answer, unqualified and unrestricted is both inadequate and fallacious. We have people in Canada today, thousands of them who are a liability to society and to the nation rather than an asset. We must have not merely an influx of humanity but humanity—plus. Men and women, sound in body and mind, plus a willingness, nay, a desire, to work, to sacrifice if need be, for themselves, for their families, and above all for Canada.

But whence, I ask you, shall this population come? Our natural increase cannot satisfy the need, the demand is too imperative. Our native sons and daughters are of inestimable value but they are not sufficient. Great Britain next, surely the Motherland that has given us so much can still continue to give. But here again we meet with only partial success. Our greatest need is farmers as we have seen, and it is almost impossible to secure farmer immigrants from the old country. There are only 4,000,000 farmers in the whole United Kingdom and the government is taking special care that they remain at home. We cannot look to Northwestern Europe for the type of settler that we desire. War conditions have rendered that impossible. But why go so far afield when to the South of us just across an imaginary boundary line lies a nation of 110,000,000 of our own stock? Why not get our immigrants from the United States? A splendid suggestion it would seem were it not for the fact that statistics show that in the last ten years there have been 600,000 more Canadians who have settled in the States than Americans who have come to make their home in Canada, so our prospect here must be a negative one. Thus by necessity we are forced to what we have often considered our last possibility, namely, Southern Europe. From Italy, from Greece, from Ukrainia, Galicia, Bohemia, Czecko-Slavokla, Poland, must come an ever increasing tide of immigration to our shores.

The problem of selecting from this heterogeneous flood those who with sturdy physique and sound mentality are fit to enter Canada as prospective citizens of our Dominion, and having once made that selection, of transforming this motely throng, speaking a score of different languages, imbued with different social and ethical ideals bred to a different environment, into Canadians. This problem is, I say the most vital which faces the people of Canada today. Is the task too great? Can we assimilate them? But after all are we not faced with the necessity of moulding these diveres strains into an enlightened unified civilization. For how are we to shut them out. First of all international relations practically prohibit any exclusive policy, and furthermore, what moral rgiht have we to mark off half a continent and to say to a large part of the people of the world "Stay outside, this is ours. It may be true that we have not the power to develop this country, it may be true that thousands of able bodied men and women are forced to starve in Europe who would be prosperous and profitable citizens here, but we are not considering that. If we cannot develop this country no one else shall." Such a course is inconceivable. We have then two sides to the problem, and selection of the fit on the one hand and assimilation on the other.

How are we to deal with the problem. Our present regulations seem inadequate if strictly enforced to shut out those who are physically, mentally or morally defective. It is then the phase of assimilation on which we must focus our attention. Here, while there are many agencies through which we are reaching and can reach these people, the great outstanding means of Canadianization seems to be found in education. And education, mark you, not merely of the immigrant, but of our Canadian population in regard to this question. It is true that the immigrant must undergo certain fundamental changes before he can in the truest sense become Canadian, but these changes must inevitably be brought about, first, by those agencies which we control through our legislatures, and, second, by our personal contact with the newcomer. Something has been done in the past and the reward of that

meagre effort has been marvelous, more is being done today, but much more must be done in the future if Canada is to solve her difficulty. And it can be done, it will be done, only as you and I and every Canadian citizen awakes to the need and through our collective control of the governments of this country, Municipal, Provincial, and Federal provide efficient agencies for assimilation. In addition to effective examination at the port of entry we must have distributing centres through which they may be placed in the positions for which they are fitted, adequate education and religious instruction, combined above all with a sympathetic toleration of the immigrant that shall permeate all our dealings with him. And this result will only follow when we climb down from the self erected pedestal on which we have stood so long gazing with curling lip and horror stricken soul at what we fondly called the degradation and coarseness of the great "unwashed." Climb down, I say, to *terra firma* and realize that these people, under exteriors that may at first seem rough are possessed of the same fundamental human nature, the same instincts, the same mental functions and probably the same mental capacity as you or I. That his strange habits of thought are not inborn, that they are the result of environment, and that upon their environment of the future that we provide for them depends very largely their success or failure.

Oh, but you say it is all very well to talk, but I have met a few of these south eastern Europeans and I know that they are a dirty, low, untrustworthy crowd. And the first answer I would make you is this: What chance did *you* ever give them, what effort did you ever put forth to make them anything else? And secondly, you are making generalizations from a few particular cases which you have no right to do. Do you realize that the Bohemians, one group of these people, are the best educated people in the world? That in the last two and one-half years Czecho-Slovakia has established 2,500 public schools, that since the war 20,000 have crowded into the University of Prague, that by such concrete means these people are showing a burning desire for education that is just as prevalent here as in their homeland. Do you stop

to consider the fact that in the Canadian West there are 300,000 Ukrainians who have established over 400 schools by their own efforts, that 50% of the students of the University of Manitoba, last year were foreign born, exclusive of the British, that these people we so despise oversubscribed their Victory Bond and Red Cross allotments, that two regiments of Galicians went overseas in our forces, and that even under the adverse conditions of the past these illiterate immigrants have made good to such an extent that Miss Agnes C. Lout the well known authority on the Canadian West writes: "They are the best immigrants our West has ever had. This is their record of the past. What possibilities they hold for the future if the Canadian people but do their share, and meet this incoming tide of humanity, which we so sorely need, with a broadminded tolerant sympathy, and a rational appreciation of the inherent worth of the 'Stranger within our Gates.' "

Thus by a natural unconscious blending of the best in their civilization with the best in our own, Canada, a greater, broader, nobler Canada may rise to fulfil her destiny.

—*John W. W. Lank.*

THE CALL

Oh! for the nights when when the rockets glimmered,
And the sighing shells swept overhead,
When the night wind rustled the flame dried grass
And the pale moon gleamed in the face of the dead,
When the ghosts sped past with a dismal gibber
And the rifles barked in the spectral light.
When you crawled and listned your heart a'thumping
Out in No Man's Land at night.

In No Man's Land where the star shells flickered,
How they squirmed and wiggled across the sky,
Then burst and burned in the sky above you,
And searched you out with a baleful eye.

Oh! the eerie sounds from the gloomy shadows,
'Twas the sobbing wind, or the hollow moan—
Of that phantom skirting the crater yonder,
As on your crept, alone, alone.

There with death as a boon companion,
Staking your all on a game of chance.
Fearing, yet loving the life, the beauty:
Filled with the joy of a real Romance.
Muttering low at the droning Minnie
That sweeps overhead in a streak of flame.
Crawling along in the ghostly glimmer,
On No Man's Land. What a splendid game.

On No Man's Land, in its mystery shrouded,
Stalking between the sons of Mars,
Horrible whispers all around you,
Rise and fall with the ruby stars.
Stars that burst in a pool of crimson
Prone you lie in the blood red glow
Hark! the drone of a Heine Bomber,—
You, on No Man's Land below.

God! what a life, I can hear it calling,
As I stand and gaze in the starry sky.
The night wind still has the same old murmur,
The same old moon gleams there on high.
The gibbering ghosts are haunting, haunting.
A shooting star drips pearly light.
Beauty, Romance it's calling, calling—
Me back to No Man's Land tonight.

—C. M. S. '24.

GLACIERS AND OTHERS

THOSE who study geology are very fond of airing their profound knowledge of the workings of nature by explaining to the more ignorant of us just how the various stones and rocks come to be in such and such a position. They tell us how glaciers picked these harmless but heavy objects from the place where the Creator set them, carried them miles and miles, then deposited them in somebody's backyard, or rather where somebody would probably build a back yard in the future.

This might be what really did happen; I will not attempt to advance valid or logical arguments against the dogmatic assertions of science; it isn't done. Instead of arguing, I always appear deeply interested when one of my geological friends begins to discourse on his favorite subject. In this way I have succeeded in acquiring, absolutely free, a conglomeration of disjointed, disarranged, and distorted "facts", such as I could scarcely have expected to receive at the wholesale rate of \$4.45 per unit.

To my juvenile mind glaciers seemed to be the most absorbing topic to discuss, so I bent all my attentions to the study of their actions, past and present. Previously, I had had the idea that a few tame ones were kept in Switzerland for the amusement of tourists, but never once had I suspected that these same ancient and highly respected glaciers had, in the days of their youth, run hither and thither over the land, scattering stones at random, and seeking whom they might destroy.

The manner in which I acquired my first "glacial" information might be of interest to the reader. My geological friend was attempting to explain the youthful frolics of these glaciers, and just to show me how much he knew or how little I knew, I never could decide, he went into the garden, picked up a stone about the size of a man's head, and brought it up on the verandah for use as exhibit A. He could not explain how this stone happened to be in the garden; he was sure one of that size could not have escaped the vigilant eye of

the gardener for long. This failure on his part was somewhat of a disappointment to me, since I had been led to believe that he could explain all things in which stones were concerned. I suggested that perhaps an iceberg or glacier or something like that had escaped during the night and started its old tricks. He thought that unlikely, but said he could explain everything else about that particular stone. He told me its name, but it sounded more like a Chinese curse than a name. Bent on acquiring information I asked him who named all the stones, and if they had as much trouble as people have in naming babies. He couldn't tell me that either, so I resolved to keep quiet and let him explain things he thought he knew.

He told me how a glacier had picked this stone up over in the States and smuggled it across the line, then dropped it in Yarmouth (we were in Yarmouth); of course Yarmouth wasn't there then, but the site had been picked by the gods long before (I wondered how they could see the place through the fog, but I didn't say it because he had the stone too handy). After this lengthy and clear explanation I ventured to ask another question: "Could the stone have been dropped in Wolfville or anywhere else but Yarmouth?" This absolutely shocked him. Did I think that a Yarmouth bound glacier stopped in Wolfville, did I think it was a D. A. R. train or something? Such a thing was unthinkable. Having proved to his own satisfaction that a glacier did the carrying and depositing, he began to discuss the stone itself. Could I see those scratches and dents? Well; they were caused by careless handling on the part of the glacier; he could almost point out the exact dent which it received when dropped in Yarmouth. This discussion was most interesting as well as instructive, since I was personally acquainted with that particular stone, for I had carried it all the way from Wolfville, wrapped in a clean shirt, and had thrown it out the window when I wanted to use the shirt. How it got into the club-bag is as much a mystery to me as how it got into the garden was to him, but probably a glacier did the deed.

This stone-carrying habit is one of the predominant characteristics of the modern college student. It is so pre-

dominant, in fact, that I have no doubt but what the biologist of the future will prove that we evolved from an iceberg or glacier, and that this is one of our inherited tendencies. It seems characteristic of the boys to secrete stones and rocks in their belongings, but the fair sex also have certain characteristics which would point to an iceberg origin.

This stone carrying has been going on for so long that Wolfville has become almost destitute of these humble, but useful articles. Only last year one of the farms in Malagash was enriched by the addition of dozens of valley stones, and the same might be said of almost any locality that has sent a representative to Acadia. As a direct result of this shortage in Wolfville, we have the proposal to move our college to Halifax. Modern psychologists agree that this primal instinct must be catered to if the youth of the land are to be educated, so the rule has been established that colleges should only be situated in towns where the supply of stones is inexhaustible; and Halifax certainly fills the bill. We will all admit that the shortage is serious. But why take such drastic measures? We still have the foundation of college hall, which should provide ballast for outgoing students for some years, unless it is confiscated by the college authorities, which seems unlikely. Then after that supply is exhausted, why not bring a few carloads of stones from some outlying district yearly, and thus keep up the supply, without submitting the students to all the disadvantages of attending college in Halifax. Besides, stones can be transported on flat cars while students require coaches.

I fear I have wandered from my subject. My first period of geological instruction came to rather an abrupt end the next morning. On the way to the train, still intent on acquiring knowledge, I quite innocently asked if the stones in the Yarmouth streets had been left there by glaciers. He didn't hear me so I made the guess that they had, probably by big glaciers at that. Then we met, I should say passed, a street car (we were walking quite rapidly,) and I asked him if the motorman could speed her up to the speed of a good lively glacier. He glared at me, and told me to go to some

place that sounded just a little bit like Halifax, but I told him I would have to get off at Wolfville. I have been wondering since why he wanted me to go to Halifax, and why he didn't ask me to come back again.

—R. A. P., '23.

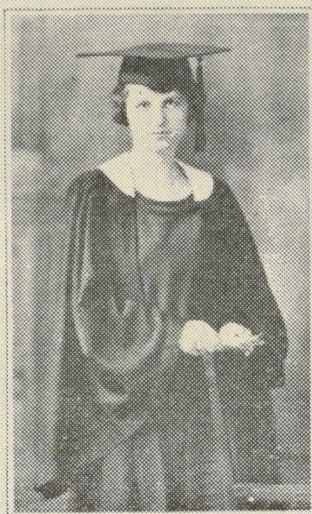
ON LEAVING ACADIA

Of, journeying o'er the pathless desert bare
The thirsty Bedouin in the distance sees
A tiny streamlet, 'neath a grove of trees,
Or shelter from the sultry noon-tide's glare,
With promise of refreshing breezes fraught;
But vainly following after, finds 'tis naught.
When we, in all the eagerness of youth
Athirst for knowledge of the things that be
And blindly groping where we could not see
Beheld afar the gushing fount of truth,
Whose pulsing waters caught the sun's first ray
With varied hues and flash of diamond spray,
We found 'twas no mirage outlined in space.
Ephemeral gleam, or fanciful ideal;
Though some, who drank most deeply, seem to feel
Impelled to follow still in endless chase,
And driven onwards by an unseen force
Pursue the waters to their pristine source.
But if we rest, or if we still pursue,
Or quench our thirst beside some other rill,
Whatever station may be ours to fill,
The sparkling fount whose waters first we knew
We often will revive in memory's chain,
And long to taste its waters o'er again.

'22.



Marjorie Fitzpatrick, '23.



*Ella J. Warren, '22
Leader.*



Evelyn Collpitts, '22.

ACADIA

1921-'22

LADIES' DEBATING TEAM.

THE MISSION OF THE BEAUTIFUL

*"The World is too much with us; late and soon
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."*

WE are living in an age of almost Utopian achievement, but an age of ruthless achievement. The god of progress is a hard task-master and demands much sacrificing at his shrine. With the impress of his mighty foot, in the smoke of the factories he crushes the flaming sunsets; with sharp hunger of steel, he seizes in greedy hands the giant forests, harnesses in sardonic triumph the singing waterfalls and, moulding Ugliness and Beauty alike in broken confusion, shapes the fabric of an ambitious century. Yet there is something lacking. We must delay our insane hasting a moment that we may brush the garment of Beauty, that we may find in the single breath of her passing that touch of the Infinite which alone can open wide the windows in the house of our generation and purify the stifling air.

Beauty has been defined as "in the long run only fineness of truth or what we call expression, the finer accommodation of speech to that vision within." All great men are great only because they see more truth. So spoke a wise Master of Beauty-seeking:

"Little flower, but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is".

Beauty is the natural expression of the facts of creation to the soul in harmony. Browning places the division-line between the truths of the soul and the truths of the finite:

"What matter to me, if their star is a world:
Mine has opened its soul to me; therefore, I love it!"

It is the natural instinct of man to express what is finest within him in terms of beauty. With his great wisdom, the

Creator saw that it was not good for man to look within himself, saw the need for a wide outlook. Each nation recognizes this craving in its national customs. So at Xmas do we commemorate our Lord's birth by the symbolic beauty of giving, at Easter we gather the pure rapture of the Resurrection into a sheaf of radiant lillies. Again beauty garbs itself in those wondrous legends of childhood which expressed then in fairies and giant and elves, make fine and sacred in later years the every day which they have symbolized. So "Santa Claus" youthfully pictured in tangible delights of bigness and "red-coatedness" slips almost imperceptibly in later years into the older "Spirit of Christmas."

Individuals and governments from the jungle leaders of Africa to the builders of great cities, from shrewd business men to proprietors of amusement places, recognize this craving and cater to it, whether it be in the primitive beauty of the savage war-dance or in the artificial beauty of potted palms and many-colored electric lights.

But most sacred of all the natural outcome of deep feeling of sacrifice or great happiness is the groping for beauty to express it. In India stands the great Tahj Mahal, magnificent token of the natural instincts of bereavement to express themselves in the beautiful. So do we carry to the graves of our loved ones, fragrant blossoms, significant of what their lives have meant to us. The great artists express this instinct in the beauty they have left behind them. While the tragic, dissipated life of "Bobby" Burns has sunk into oblivion, we remember reverently his lilting Scottish lyrics with all the magnificent sweep of the bonny lowlands a-tingle in them. Mercifully, Beauty has been given us not as the thin, ethereal blueness of upper altitudes but as the warm, vibrant air which we breathe daily. We pay for the gift only in loving it—the gift of "infinite riches in a little room"—the little room of an uplifted primrose cup, of a jubilant robin's throat, of a singing violin, of a fine thought in the soul of a man. There are some among us who, loving beauty, find their song in just living aloud and are blessedly in tune with God's creation.

Then, long after the power and wealth of today slip into the new power and wealth of tomorrow. Beauty lives, ever young, ever wise and glorious with age. Duncan Scott, a modern poet, cries with a great yearning:

“Who can tell,
That the last note in the long tune,
Of life on the earth will not be fraught,
With all the joy of each perished day.”

What is beautiful must live because it is essentially the earth-song of the eternal greatness. So the body of man because God made it from the dust of the earth, must return to dust. The soul of man, eternally beautiful, must live to immortality. Wealth, governments, power are at best, but ephemeral. Infinitely beyond them all, lives on always the old peace that God is—live on always the finest things in the character of a man—the greater love which makes its possessor lay down his life for his friend, the glorified soul of a mother, the humility of service which gives without thought of reward,—lives on always the giant tongue of nature,—the majesty of rivers, the mighty-mouthed hollows, the listening silence of the forests,—lives on always the ethereal voice of poetry, the mighty canvas, the palace of music of men who have caught a bit of the infinity of God in the amazement of the world about him.

So a man's life is ever more than his work, his dream ever greater than his achievement. To-day the characters of Florence Nightingale, Joan of Arc, Abraham Lincoln, speak with the same deathless glory, most of all the characters of Christ, the God-man, lives with all its first mighty grandeur. The feet of centuries pass by and touch not, the vastness of Homer, the tremendous creation of Shakespeare, the mighty, canvassed visions of a Raphael, the song-children of a Beethoven.

Yet there be some among us, disbelievers and consequential persons who like the monad in Edward Roland Lill's "Five Lives" cry:

“There is no world beyond this certain drop!
Prove me another! Let the dreamers dream
Of their faint gleams and noises from without
And higher and lower; life is life enough.”

But, alas! The sun smiles down. The “certain drop” blinks a moment, then disappears, carrying the vain glorious boaster and his boasting away on its current.

Nothing but an ideal ever endures.

Beauty is essential to man because it accomplishes and has accomplished, great things in the lives of nations and of individuals. All who have become truly great have been led by the steady light of an ideal, a torch of deeper truth. Only in so far as the good is made beautiful, the base and ignoble made ugly, will man reach for the good and abhor the ignoble, seek for the higher altitudes and leave the darkness behind like a cloak cast off. You are like the Bethesda pool. Within you, far beneath the artificial strivings of every-day life, bubbles a tiny spring of indwelling divinity waiting for some God-given beauty to trouble it that it may help and heal all about. Beauty to the soul in tune, is distinguishable by utter content at sight. Perhaps you are hurt and weary. Life's problems have touched with harsh fingers. Go into the sweetness of the out-doors, try if perhaps you may heal the broken, hurting places of life with the song that robin sang, on the bit of gold imprisoned in that small primrose. Go out at night,

“When the scroll of the Lord is unfurled,
And the wind and the wave are silent,
And world is singing to world.”

And gather inspiration from the loom of the mighty Master. Then you may find that like the fabled oyster, you have mended your broken shell with pearls. You have but to lay your finger on the throbbing heart of Nature, but to seek out the beautiful as you may find it and life is a new, strange sweet thing.

You've still the sunshine left you
And the big, blue sky,
Sky so blue it makes you wonder
If it's heaven shining through.
If you're a tramp in tatters
While the blue sky bends above,
You've got nearly all that matters,
You've got God and God is love!"

Evelyn Ardis Whitman.



A MORNING-MEDITATION.

(Late Spring)

O Sun, that shines on Nature's frozen face,
 And warms her 'til, responding to thy call,
 She dons a smile as perfect as thine own,
 And greets thee with thy light transformed to life!
 Pour down thy golden light on my cold heart
 Until this bare existence I endure,
 Responding to thy genial warmth, shall heave
 And groan and struggle and break forth in life,—
 Transformed by thy generative power
 From Winter's death, deep buried 'neath the snow,
 To Spring's soft song that vivifies the earth.
 O Thou, thru whom dead nature springs to life,—
 That bids the little seed beneath the sod
 Break from its bonds and tower o'er the strife
 And look to heaven, and grow up toward its God!
 Attend to me the trival I appear
 For deep within this animated dust
 There is a Seed. A soul is lingering here;
 It is the breath of God, and grow it must.

T. A. M.—(Acadia '21).

ACADIA



Frances M. Schuman, 22
Social Service.



Helene Miller, 23
Treasurer.



Laura Bagnall, 20
President.



Ethel Norton, 20
Secretary.



Helen Crockett, 25
Mission Study.



Mabel E. Brown, 21
Bible Study.



Wynne E. Cole, 20
Sec'y.



Kathleen Dunlop, 21
Membership.



Margaret J. Cullis, 21
Correspond. Sec.



Margaret Hopkins, 21
Vice Pres.



Ethel Norton, 22
Secretary.



Helen Crockett, 25
Mission Study.

S. C. A. CABINET.

1921-'22.

BEYOND THE ATOM

(Anniversary Oration)

MY friends, we are living in a great and wonderful age,—an age in which science holds sway, science, that study by which man discovers fundamental truths thru observation of obvious facts. Great and rapid strides are being made in all its branches,—in philosophy, the science of the universe; theology, the science of religion; economics, the science of social communism; sociology the science of moral living and improvement of the race; physics, the science of the material world; chemistry, the science of the transformation of matter; biology, the science of life; geology, the science of our earth, and so on. Thus man is ever striving for a greater and fuller knowledge of the universe,—not only asking the question: “Whence came I” but also asking “of what in a material sense do I and my surroundings consist”? The biologist will say that we keep alive because the organs, which compose our bodies, cooperate to give us what we call life. If some organ or part fails to perform its duty, the other organs, since they are all dependent upon one another, also cease to function. Then we, as human beings, cease to live. Yet the cells composing the tissues do not die outright. They remain alive until they have exhausted their individual supply of food. Thus the biologist takes us down to the cell as the unit of living matter. He examines the contents of the cell, the protoplasm or living matter and finds that it consists of substances having a definite chemical composition. The chemist is summoned. He analysis this protoplasm, breaks it down into its simpler substances and then into its so-called elements.

We learned in school that the smallest particle of a substance which could exist, as such, is a molecule, and that the molecule could be broken up into atoms which were said to be the smallest particles into which an element could be divided. We were taught only a few years ago that an atom was indivisible. Philosophers have asked: “Is this the final division

of matter, is the atom matter in its ultimate form?" What is *beyond* the atom? It is not possible that the atom is made up of definite entities?

Here is where the physicist takes up the challenge of Truth. Formulating theories and discovering natural laws by means of experimental facts, he builds up from them the Truth as we recognize it concerning things material: the truth which the ancient philosophers attempted to discover by means of thought and mind alone. Still we find that all the stupendous and wonderful discoveries have been made thru *research*. We know now that the atom is not in itself a complete whole but that it consists of least of two forms of matter. They have found that the atom is composed of a central nucleus with one or more electrified particles surrounding it. This central nucleus bears a minute positive charge of electricity, while the smaller particles known as electrons, bear small charges of negative electricity.

Suppose we had the means of separating out the individual molecules from a glass of water and labeling them so that we might recognize them again. Suppose then we emptied the glass into the oceans. After millions of years had elapsed allowing the water in our tumbler to mix thoroughly and uniformly with that of the seven seas, suppose we come back and took at random a fresh glass of water from the ocean. We would find in it not less than one thousand of our labelled molecules. That is to say, the glass of water is to the individual molecules as the combined oceans of a thousand globes would be to a glass of water.

An atom it must be remembered is not a compact, tight grain. The actual space or displacement of the nucleus and several electrons of an atom compared with the space inclosed by the orbits or positions of the electrons is almost negligible. In fact, if we were to magnify the diameter of the atom to the length of a mile the electrons would have a diameter of five feet each and the nucleus would be the size of a walnut. Although the nucleus is much the smaller, it contains the greater mass for the electron weighs only one-eighteen hundredth as much as the lightest atom. If the electrons are

separated such a distance relatively from the nucleus of the atom, we wonder perhaps why under ordinary conditions these particles do not fly away from their positions or orbits. This cannot be on account of balanced forces existing in the atom which hold them in place.

In the heavier radio-active elements, these enormous forces are never completely balanced. For this reason electrons and nuclei are continually being shot off from the atom at a speed comparative to that of light. Conclusive experiments have shown that radium, the element which is making for itself a high place in medicine, ultimately becomes changed into lead. In its transformation it evolves helium, a gas which is seven times lighter than air, non-inflammable, and is therefore the ideal gas for filling balloons and airships. The presence of helium in petroleum gas, which is the present great source, is believed to be due to the disintegration of radium and similar elements.

This property of uranium is utilized by geologists in calculating the age of the earth. They measure the amount of helium entrapped in the rocks which were formed when the earth was still hot. They also determine the amount of uranium enclosed in the rocks. Moreover they know how much helium is given off by a gram of uranium in one year. Thus by simply dividing the total amount of helium by the annual supply, the age of our planet may be determined.

Man has not yet discovered a means to hasten or stop the atomic disintegration of matter. Moreover, if he should find a way to speed it up before he had discovered a method of controlling it perfectly, a means would be found for the destruction of our earth and the disruption of the whole solar system. Sir Oliver Lodge, who has dealt with things more tangible than spirits, has estimated that could the enormous intermolecular forces existing in a pebble be set free all at once, there would be enough energy available to lift the whole British Navy to the top of the highest mountain.

This my friends is no mere speculation or phantasy. We have a universe governed by certain natural laws. To have a consistent universe, these laws must hold for the guidance

of the largest planets and the smallest atoms as well as for a stone thrown by a boy or the flying apart of a whirling balance-wheel. Upon such supposition are all calculations based.

Scientists are now able to break down into simpler substances with the aid of enormous electrical forces, elements which for hundreds of years were believed to be permanent. Sir Earnest Rutherford has succeeded in breaking up nitrogen and oxygen into helium and hydrogen. Just recently two men succeeding in disintegrating or literally destroying a fine tungsten wire. This wire was sealed in a glass tube exhausted of air. A heavy charge of electricity was passed through the same. A momentary temperature of 20,000 to 30,000 degrees was attained and the wire disappeared. Upon examination the tube was found to contain only hydrogen and helium.

Thus you observe we have the dream of the alchemist reversed. They have found the means of transmutation from the nobler to the base but not yet from the base to the nobler. Yet, what more should we expect? Man ever has learned to break down before he has learned to build up.

Another thought I wish to leave with you is that relative to energy. We never find the transformation of matter unaccompanied by energy. We have laws for the conservation of both mass and energy. Yet surely we have not reached the final products. Mental activity is a function of psychochemical phenomena. When our brain cells cease to give off energy all mental activity ceases. Is there not perhaps then a third entity beside that of matter and energy, an entity which we call mental activity, an entity which appears in other phenomena outside ourselves but in another form? Mental activity is not accompanied by a *loss* of energy, neither is energy accompanied by a *loss* of matter. In our brains each of the three is accompanied by the other but neither become greater or less.

Thus my friends, we find men, devotees and worshippers of science, delving deeper and groping further after her wonderful and awe-inspiring mysteries. Ever they seek after

the Truth. Seldom does she fail to reward them for their labor. Each new discovery, every little disclosure awakes for him who expresses himself in laws which guide both the infinitely large constellations and infinitely small atoms in their course.

Theodore Kierstead Cleveland, 'BB.

CONTEMPLATION

I like to wander in the fields,
Where gold-eyed daisies nod and sway;
Where grasses thrust their feathery heads
In waving mass to bar my way.

I like to watch the buzzing bee,
And see the clover bend beneath
The nectar-laden insects' weight
Until he wings to yonder heath.

I like to lie on a grassy knoll
To gaze at birds in leisure flight;
With wings outspread and firmly curved
They glide and swoop with pure delight.

I like to pierce beyond the skies,
And think of God who made this life
So full of love and peace and joy
And far removed from frenzied strife.

I like to wish that I could stay
And dwell with daisy, bee and bird,
And dream and contemplate upon
The beauteous earth as God's own word.

—M. H. M., '22.

CO-OPERATION

(Anniversary Oration.)

OF that co-operation, and that only, which is covered by the term, "The Co-operative Movement", I purpose to speak. It had its cradle in the century last to pass away. England, Germany and Denmark give a geographical setting for the three types of co-operation which I shall outline. England is the land of its birth. In other lands it became adopted. Each country welcomed the movement for a special motive. England, to settle the problem of consumption; Germany to provide credit; Denmark to redeem agriculture. In every case it came in response to the beckoning hand of need, and the hand that beckoned was the hand of the poor.

The cogs of England's industry had torn the soul of England's poor, and there were few who heard their cry. Robert Owen's heart was touched, and the powers of a mighty man were set in motion to heal the gaping wounds. He called to parliament for help, but a committee came forth. He appealed to his fellow manufacturers for assistance, but they heeded not. Chartism, Communism, even Co-operation had buoyed up drooping souls, but the promised help never came.

Hope deferred made the heart of England's poor sick, but not unto impotency, for twenty-eight clog-shodden flannel weavers met one winter's night in 1844 in the city of Rochdale to arrange as they said, "the powers of production" in a manner that has astonished the world. They had this maxim: "God helps those who help themselves," and this maxim became to them a creed more potential by far than creeds on which the church has split. That this, in industry, is a workable creed, the Co-operative history shows.

That history began with one dilapidated store in a dingy down-town street called Toad Lane, in the city already named. Its stock in trade, four articles; its capital \$140, which took its members one whole year to collect. Monday

and Saturday were open nights. There were no open days. With a beginning so small, who wonders those valiant men met in conference more than once to consider the store's probable demise. It did not die; its constitution was sound. Behold the movement today, a veritable giant in the land, fearless and dignified.

Cooperators have long since migrated from Toad Lane streets and stores to occupy, invariably, the most imposing building on the chief of a city's thoroughfares. They feel that they have a place in the sun, with fruit farms and factories within the land; tea plantations in India and Ceylon; wheat lands in Canada; and a fleet upon the sea. They supply the needs of one-fourth of Britain's people. They are a "state within a state", a democracy for four million souls.

German Co-operators blazed another trail and proved its worth in other fields. The famine years of 1846 and 1847 had left the peasantry with empty barns and fallow fields. Usury loans were the means by which these peasants tried to reach prosperity again, but Shylock's successors, like the Jew himself, demanded their pound of flesh. Where there is no vision the people perish. There was one who saw, Frederick Wilhelm Raifhersen, a burgomaster in Westerwald. He had the vision of a man standing alone, but gradually falling, to be crushed at last beneath the heel of usury. His soul rose in revolt. It need not be. It must not be. It shall not be. The vision continued. He saw a community standing erect and together, and casting forth from its midst as demons the sharks who had proffered their help. In 1849 the Community Bank came—an association of neighbors, who borrowed money on their joint responsibility, loaned it out at a slightly higher interest to any member who could prove his need, and would submit the scheme, in the execution of which the loan was to be used. Repayments was to be made in instalments and promptly the first bank, though a success, waited five years for a second, and the second eight years for a third. Today the Community Credit Bank is a world concern.

Denmark is a nation of Co-operators. Agriculture is its industry, and the Co-operative Society its typical business

organization. Far seeing men, after the defeat of 1864 turned the thought of the nation to education, and to this movement the Danes owe the progress of their country. But half a century ago the nation stood on the verge of bankruptcy. A royal commission was appointed to investigate, and that commission recommended that parliament should create legislation to facilitate the formation of Co-operative societies on the Rochedale plan. In 1882 the first Agricultural Co-operative Society was established. In ten years one had become a thousand.

Four-fifths of Denmark's dairy produce is marketed through Co-operative Societies. One-half of the country's hogs are disposed of in the same way. Sixty-five thousand members constitute the Poultry Societies, and such is their organization that a rotten egg in a London restaurant leads to an investigation and a fine on a Danish farm. Agricultural co-operation has been little less than revolutionary in Denmark. By means of it, a nation, second to none in poverty in Europe, has risen to be second only to England in wealth, in proportion to her population.

Co-operation has encircled the globe. It has an international organization. It is at once both expansive and fundamental. What is its philosophy? Is it cash payments? Is it dividend on purchases? Is it one man, one vote, or any such thing? "Go a little deeper," said a dying soldier in Napoleon's army to a surgeon who was probing his chest for the location of bullet, "go a little deeper, and you will find the heart of the Emperor." A little deeper than the economical, a little deeper than the constitutional lies the heart of Co-operation, and that heart has made it sensible to the injustices of industrial life. Poetic license, or a brilliant and blind optimism may proclaim that

"God's in his heaven,"
All's right with the world,"

but every page in history declares the statement false. Co-operation is a protest to such perverted poetry. All is not

well, but all grows better. Co-operation is the birth struggle of man as a personality in industry. The birthright of the toiler has too long been denied him. A Galilean long ago declared that man outweighs a world, but industry asserts that mammon is more than man.

A new day is at its dawn. The prophet of a new order arises. His voice is distant and low, but it comes nearer—it grows clearer. As wise an economist as Agard Marshall of England has said that the cardinal doctrine of the co-operative faith is the production of *fine human beings*, is the goal of all worthy endeavor. There co-operators stand; there with co-operators we too must stand. We can do no other, for the highest code of life gives man the throne. No claim is made that co-operation is the panacea for the world's ills, nor do we affirm that with it Utopia will come. Rather do we assert that the co-operative movement is a pathfinder in the jungle of industry, and in the world of tomorrow, when the ethical ideal has overtaken economic progress, and the past is brought to the judgment bar of the present. This will be found, that the co-operative movement was first to relate ethics to economics to forge out "*the better man*". The heart of co-operation is ethics.

—Herbert Tucker.

CARBOHYDRATES

Carbohydrates are a group
Of C and H and O;
You will find 'em in your sugar bowl
And everywhere you go.

They keep the trees from falling down,
And let the plants grow taller,—
As Wun Lung braces up your chin
With starch put in your collar.

Sucrose and glucose taste alike
As every cook has seen,
But sucrose forms no osazone
With phenylhydrazine.

Fructose has a ketone group,
Glucose an aldehyde,
When Kiliani found it out
They said the beggar lied.

Now add a little zymase—
The enzyme found in yeast;
You get a liquid you can drink
When fermentation's ceased.

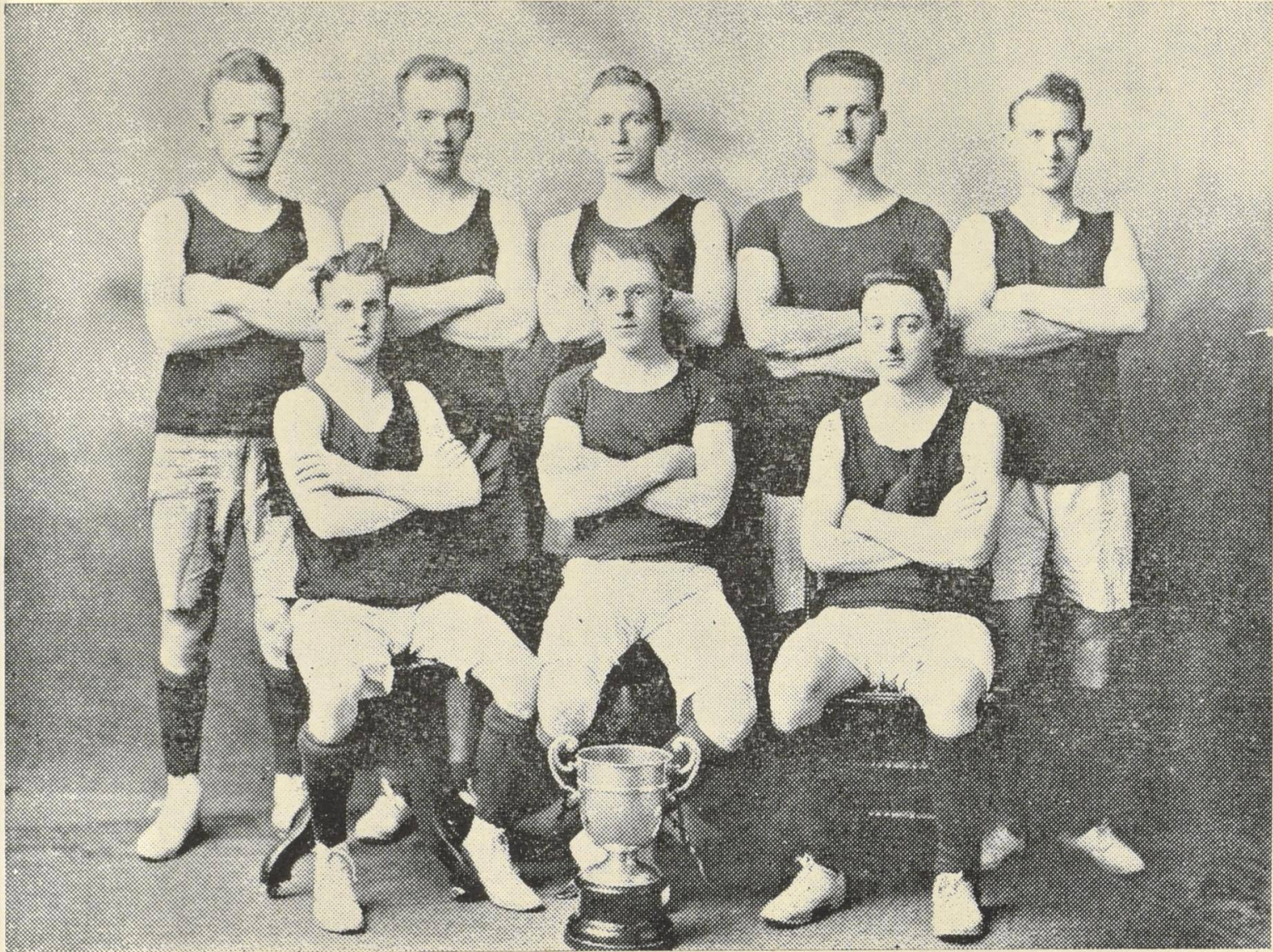
(Since writing up the verse above
I find I have neglected
To state the stuff is being made
By people most respected.)

Glycogen is a funny starch—
You find it in your liver;
It does the same to make you go
As gas does in a flivver.

The Jews would all have starved to death
Had it not been for Moses;
He fed them all for forty years
On polysaccharoses.

So carbohydrates,, as you see,
Are not to be forgotten;
They've done the world a lot of good,
Although this verse *is* rotten.

—J. L. B. '22.



Senior Bulmer Track Team

—Photo by Graham

MOTIVES

IT was nearing the end of November, and the season for navigation in the Saint Lawrence was almost closed, but one sturdy little freight steamer plowed her way through the Gulf in an attempt to make a last trip to Montreal. The night darkened early, with a strong rising wind, the black clouds being so low they seemed almost to touch the water, and those experienced in the treacherous weather of the Gulf prophesied a bad night.

The storm increased steadily during the evening, and the strong wind blowing straight from the north-west began at last to make itself felt in slowing down the speed of the ship, and giving the man at the wheel some difficulty in holding her to her course.

On the bridge, however, there was as yet no anxiety, for to men accustomed to the North Atlantic in winter, such a night was not unusual. Not that they enjoyed it either, for the blinding, cutting snow, swirling down in great clouds, made it impossible to see any farther than the ship's deck.

When the watch changed at midnight everything seemed to be going well, for the ship was at least able to hold her course.

There was, however, the greatest anxiety on the part of two officials of the company who had chosen to return from Liverpool by the somewhat slow method of one of their own freight steamers.

As the waves beat against the ports, and the icy spray froze as it touched the ship, coating rigging and sails with treacherous ice, the two men sat below in the saloon, too uneasy even to think of sleep. The ship rolled heavily, the long deep roll of a heavily laden steamer, and suddenly to their consternation a new sensation was added. The boat seemed to stand perfectly still for about a second; then the whole thing shook as if from a terrific blow before plunging forward with a sickening sensation. To the anxious passengers it seemed that every time the propellor "raced" it must surely shatter the boat.

When the captain passed through the saloon on his way for a lunch, he reassured them, though even he had to admit it was a pretty severe storm.

"We're a little closer to the Magdalens than I care to be just now," he added, "but if I can just keep her where she is it will be all right, for this wind can't last many hours." Then he admitted a little anxiety on his own part. "We won't have any trouble, unless it's down below, but that propeller racing back there is racking the engine pretty bad, and those firemen won't stick by it if it gets much worse."

Somewhat reassured, the passengers decided to turn in, but still held by a feeling of uneasiness allowed the time to pass until it was much later than they realized. Suddenly they started at the sound of the telegraph ringing on the bridge above them. All who heard it realized that something serious had happened to cause the captain to ring "full stop" in such a place as that. The two men coming up from below found the bridge deserted, except for the man at the wheel, and he couldn't enlighten them much, except to say that something had wrong aft. The mate, hurrying up, confirmed it. The rudder had loosened, and they feared the ship was farther off her course than it was known to be at first.

"Murphy," said he to the wheelsman, "we've got to have a couple of men go down there and fix it. Get them, and get them quick; I'll take the wheel."

Every man was summoned, but every one either volubly or surlily refused outright to undertake the job. As the ship lurched heavily in the trough of the waves, no one, especially a landsman, peering over the ship's stern into the inky blackness below would blame their cowardice.

"Great Heavens, men, don't you realize we'll lose the ship altogether?" cried the captain almost in a panic.

"Ah, then, I'll be after goin'," said Murphy quietly.

Before the rest could realize it he had lashed himself to a wooden seat and was being carefully lowered over the ship's side. There were plenty of hands willing to pass down tools and rivets from the safety above, while Murphy worked away below in momentary danger of a fatal blow as the waves

drove him against the ship. At the end of half an hour, the poor sailor, benumbed with cold and weariness, was pulled up to safety, and crept quietly to his bunk.

The ship steamed on, steadied herself as she headed to the wind, and the awful danger was past.

In the afternoon of the next day, as the little freighter came slowly up towards the lofty hills of Gaspé, the sun blazing down fine and almost warm upon her decks, and the sea sparkling with little wavelets, the events of the night before seemed only a vivid dream.

But they were real in the minds of the men who had felt the responsibility for the accident, and had realized its possible consequences."

"That's the stuff," said the captain, speaking of Murphy, "that good seamen are made of. They feel the thrill of fighting with the sea, and winning out."

"Oh, I don't know," proffered the chief officer in his turn. "I'll bet Murphy knew pretty exactly the size of the bonus he was going to get for that. Men'll do anything for money. That's not courage either."

"Well, we'll ask this John Murphy," suggested one of the company's officials, and forthwith summoned the Irish sailor, and without preamble demanded why he had done what no one else dared to undertake.

"Shure, an' didn't ye know," replied the Irishman slowly, with an easy laugh, "the sweetest gurrl in the Vale av Avoca is waitin' fer me to come back from this v'yage. Did ye think I was afther bein' smashed up back agin' them islands, and leave her to cry out her heart with tears?"

M. F. '23.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '22

IN the first days of October, 1918, when, owing to the war, Acadia was not in her present thriving condition, there arrived in Wolfville for the first time as unassuming and verdant a class as ever graced the portals of old College Hall. We admit that we were young, some of our boys feeling very self-conscious in their first suits of long trousers, and some of our girls still with their hair waving luxuriantly in the breeze. We admit that we were unversed in the ways of the college student, but it does not take long for a *clever* lot of individuals to adapt themselves to circumstances.

When some great and impending calamity stares one in the face, he or she does not stand around waiting for introductions, but deems it wise to make the acquaintance of some other "would-be" victim. Such was our case, for with that "horrible" Gravenstein reception but two days off, immediate action was imperative. We had our first class meeting at the home of one of our town members, where a few "wise ones", who had a knowledge of coming events, told us what we were up against. We elected our class officers and at last became organized, the Class of 1922. A class yell was drawn up amid great secrecy and we adjourned. The next night, however, saw us again in consultation, for we had learned of the presence, the night before, of three members of the sophomore class. A new and better yell was formed, and stored away in the dim recesses of our then undeveloped brains.

On Friday night, at the Gravenstein reception, after several barrels of apples had been disposed of, we gave our yell, unaided by any outside source, much to the glory of '22, and to the great discomfiture of the Sophomores. We then betook ourselves, with much inward fear, to the rear of the Seminary, where we were participants with the Sophs in the annual rush. Three deadlocks were engaged in, and then, since several of the combatants were complaining of cracked ribs, the three senior referees announced the result as a draw,

We were next introduced to the difficult and dangerous task of riding the fence pole, dangerous because some of the sophomores were well armed with pins, and were not bashful about using them. After most of the male beauty of '22 had been exposed to the fair inmates of the Sem. and Tully Tavern, and had gladdened the ears of said inmates with a most rapturous piece of music entitled "We want to go home to our Mammies, we do," the evening came to a very welcome end.

The Freshmen scored first blood in the year's battle with the Sophs on Oct. 12th. It was that time of year when the golden harvest of Autumn was ready for garnering, and so—

"Up from the meadows rich in corn,
Clear in the cool October morn,"

came—not Stonewall Jackson leading his band, but the Sophomore president and his band of pilferers. They were laden with three suit cases full of Dr. Cohoon's luscious corn, which was to be devoured by the Sophomore Class at a corn-boil, that evening, at Blomidon. But, alas for their hopes! Two eagle eyes, belonging to a certain Freshy, perceived the actions of the Sophomore president and his gang of marauders., and laid his plans accordingly. The Sophomores left, in the afternoon, for the grand "jamboree" at Blomidon, smacking their lips in joyful anticipation of their appropriated feast. Imagine their surprise, when, on arriving at their destination, they opened the suit cases only to find each filled with corn husks and three bricks for weight. That same evening the Freshman Class enjoyed to the full a sumptuous repast of excellent corn.

Of our next few weeks at Acadia, we have only the most pleasant of memories. Owing to the scarcity of farm labor, the College authorities were unable to secure help in harvesting the immense crop of turnips, covering several acres of land on the hill. We, in conjunction with the rest of the College men, offered our services as farmers, and for two days we delved in the soil of Acadia's farm, until the crop was safe in the cellar of the big barn on the hill. Then came

the word that the Armistice was a reality. At six o'clock in the morning the bell in Old College Hall chimed out its glad tidings. Those of us who were present will never forget the meeting of thanksgiving held in Assembly Hall that morning.

According to all reports, hazing had been abolished from Acadia forever, by a student vote the previous year. So we anticipated rather a mild time in comparison with other Freshmen years. But certain members of the Sophomore Class became fearful of the results of too mild a treatment of the young prodigies of the Class of '22. Accordingly, they formed a secret society, "The Terrible Ten", and on one quiet evening towards the last of November, they fell on their unsuspecting victims, and only too literally speaking, they "made the hair fly". It is truly remarkable how difficult it is to get shoe-blackening out of one's hair, as we found out after an all night attempt. Many and various were the coiffures in appearance next day. Anyway, the Sophs were revenged for the corn-boil affair, and we held them no malice. The next few days were trying times—for "The Terrible Ten", and ultimately a two weeks' suspension from classes gave them a well-earned vacation.

Having been defeated in football by the Academy, we were required by student Committee rules to supply two barrels of No. 1 Gravensteins, one to Willett Hall, and the other to the College Women's Residence. When the apples were delivered at their respective destinations, they were promptly removed from their barrels, not by all the classes, as intended, but by the Freshman class, and hidden in various places, so that the vigilance committee formed for the occasion, was unable to discover more than a dozen apples in either building. We have it on authority that our Freshman girls upheld the honor of the class that night at the Tavern, in a raging battle long after lights were out. They retained possession of the apples, on this "fruity" occasion, even though the casualties were heavy.

When we arrived back after Christmas holidays we felt that the trying time of our career was over, but we reckoned

amiss. For along came another trouble-maker,—this time mid-year exams, and our first experience with that necessary evil caused many resolutions among our members to do a bit more work in the future.

One of the big events, social and otherwise, of our first year was a theatre party, and banquet afterwards at Hughies. On leaving the opera house, we were suddenly enveloped in a white substance which had descended from regions above. It might have been snow, but we found to our sorrow that it was flour, and on a rainy night flour and water make rather a bad mixture in one's clothes. The young ladies of our class returned to the shelter of the theatre while their partners went in search of the offenders. A few were found on the roof of the building, and just punishment was meted out to them. After the banquet we escorted the girls to their domicile, and then—good-bye, Sophs! The five or six who had been in the flour escapade were introduced, after some little persuasion, to the middle section shower-bath, where for a few moments joy was unconfined.

Our first year at Acadia closed with a bang-up picnic in the Gaspereaux Valley on Monday of Commencement week.

When we arrived back again in the fall as Sophomores, we found that our class had been increased by the entrance of some thirty members, a few Freshy-Sophs, but the majority of whom were returned men. We were more than delighted to welcome this addition to our class, which now totalled seventy-eight members, for we felt that they still might not be averse to a bit of fighting, on the side,—if the Freshman Class should prove a bit antagonistic.

Under the able leadership of Davy Rogers, we were ready for anything that should come along,—except—well, we remembered what happened to “The Terrible Ten”. One of our number, after a four hour vigil, safely concealed behind a learned professor's gown, in the closet of old Room 2, was successful in hearing of the proposed Freshy yell, and much to the Freshie's disgust, the Class of '22 saved them the trouble of giving their yell at the Gravenstein reception the following evening. And, of course, we found little diffi-

culty in showing the newest class all around the field, in the rush that took place afterwards.

The Freshmen were having such a good time at a party in Room 2 a few nights later that two of our Sophs, being of a helpful disposition, went to Artie's and took the pies that were to be the lunch for the fouthful ones. Pies never yet tasted quite so good as that night.

Before going home for Christmas holidays, the Freshmen held a theatre party, and made arrangements with Hughie for a big feed afterwards. But when they arrived they found Hughie's upper room already occupied by the gay young Sophs. They hung around, hoping that we might relent and give way to them,—*what a hope* they had! Hughie considered us as unwelcome guests and refused to feed the famished mob thrust upon him so unexpectedly. It would never do for us to leave, so three young stalwarts were delegated to hie themselves to Artie's for pies. On the way back they were beset upon by numerous Freshies, and the pies met a most sad fate, being trampled under foot in the struggle that ensued. The entire police force of Wolfville arrived on the scene to quell the disturbance, and poor Albert very nearly became a guest of the town for the night. However, all's well that ends well, and we finally prevailed on Hughie to feed us.

The Class of '22 has always been noted for the many social affairs and good times. One of the most successful of these, though fraught with many mishaps, was the sleigh drive to Kentville, where we were served with a banquet at the American House.

About this time the Sophomores found it necessary, one evening, to do a little social service work. A visit was made to the Pest House and Butt Inn, where the Freshmen were wont to dwell, and several of the inmates of these buildings learned for the first time the unequalled horror of an ice cold bath in the middle of winter. Shoe-blackening proved an excellent massaging cream.

In the fall we came back prepared to live up to our reputation as jolly Juniors, and also to aid the Seniors in over-

seeing the activities of the two younger classes, who have a faculty of always getting into trouble. No doubt we appeared more staid, steady, and studious than before,—perhaps because of approaching age,—but probably because we saw ahead of us a faint light, reflected in the shape of a piece of parchment, and we did not wish for that light to burn out. But we still found room for many good times as a class, at our club-room parties, at our skates, or at our drive.

It was as Juniors, that our class particularly distinguished itself in all phases of college activity, and we are rightly proud of our record for those eight months. Our old rivals, the Class of '21, had outstepped us by two points in the race for the *Athenæum* pennant, during our period as Sophomores, and we resolved to reverse the result during our junior year. Competition was keen throughout the whole year, and we had the pleasure of winning the pennant with the Class of '21 some eight points behind us.

After a most successful series of debates, in which our girl debaters did quite as well as our boys, the Inter-class debating cup also came into our possession.

During both our Freshman and Sophomore years we were runners up in the Basketball League, but had never had a winning class team, altho we were always well represented on all intercollegiate athletic teams. In our third year, however, our baseball team combined with the Freshmen, took the championship of the Inter-Class Baseball League.

Two of our class, John Lank and "Bill" Elgee, were members of the debating team and were successful in defeating the University of New Brunswick. Miss Warren made the ladies' debating team, and aided materially in winning from Mount Allison.

Our present year at Acadia has passed all too rapidly, and with it goes the best year of our lives. It has been a busy life, this senior year of ours, with so many things outside the realm of study to take up our attention. It has been our duty and privilege to take the lead in all activities

common to the student body as a whole, and the time spent in preparing for this our last week at Acadia, can not be reckoned in minutes.

With our class well represented on the *Athenaeum* staff, interest in the college paper was increased if anything, and with the aid of the other classes, we have seen the paper grow to hold its place in the first rank of college productions in Canada. Our class holds the record for any one class at Acadia, in the winning of the Literary "A", eight of our members having been awarded that emblem for successful literary work while at Acadia. We were again successful in winning the *Athenaeum* pennant this year.

John Lank, the seasoned veteran of three years, was leader of the intercollegiate debating team, with Harry Atkinson as one of his two colleagues, while both Miss Warron and Miss Colpitts proved skilled debaters on the ladies' team.

After finishing in last position for two years, in the Bulmer relay race, our milers turned the tables and won out this year after a splendid uphill fight. Our basketball team finished second in the Inter-Class League, and our baseball nine is resting at the top of the league, with one more game to play.

As far as social events go, we have lived up to our reputation, and I believe our records in college office, along another line, will bear close observation. The life and activities of our past four years have now been hurriedly related. What lies ahead of us is not for me to unfold. With this let me close the history of the largest and, we believe, the best class ever graduated from this Acadia so endeared to all of us.

—Henry Gordon Goucher.

ACADIA



JUNIOR TEAM.

Winners of inter-class Hockey League, 1921-'22.

PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF '22

IT was about the fifth month of the fifth decade of the twentieth century when the prophet of the Class '22 travelled by means of the Wireless Transportation Express to the realms of *Eternal Youth*, where *Justus*, the great prophet of all prophets, holds supreme sway.

As the stranger approached the gilded, portals, *Justus* arose from his down couch, and was heard to remark to *Tenax*, his assistant: "Another one of these pesky platitudinous, perennial prophets!" To which *Tenax* remarked curiously, after surveying more closely the figure which was looming up ominously on the horizon: "Yon prophet has a lean and hungry look. He drinks too much. Such men are dangerous!"

By this time, the weary stranger had ascended the jewelled stairway, and his eyes drank in the invigorating sign, "If you ring for the butler, he will not come, for we have none; if you ring for anyone else, O stranger, beware lest they wring your neck!"

But suddenly, as if by magic, the massive gates opened outward, and the stranger was forced to withdraw to the bottom step. Then *Justus* appeared, and, after an imperious wave of his arm, he seemed to cast forth this muffled salutation from his mouth:—"O hail, stranger, hail!"

At these words the stranger was almost overcome with agitated and perpetual emotion, and draped himself artistically over the scintillating steps by ways of a fitting salutation.

There was an oblivious silence. At length the stranger clutched at the feet of the great prophet and cried out passionately:—"For this intrusion, pardon me, *Justus*, O prophet of all prophets, but you yourself must have prophesied that I should be a Senior Minor prophet, to prophesy for my class-mates, fifty and three in number, men and maidens. Have I not spent many dizzy days and nerve-racked nights before the great and only Idea I ever had, percolated and seeped through my skull,—the Idea which was,—

‘Go ye to Justus, the prophet of all prophets, and seek his instructions as to what you must prophesy,’ and lo! I have come, O Justus, to obey thy prophetic commands!”

Whereupon, the prophet Justus was greatly pleased with the stranger, and smiting him vigorously on the breast, he cried out:—

“Thou has done well and wisely, young man. Henceforth you shall be known to me and to all the other minor prophets, as the prophet of “Too-Too”. Arise, Too-Too, be not afraid, I am I, and Thou art Thou! But enough of this poetic passion—let’s to business.”

“Yes, those are exactly and precisely my sentiments,” remarked the prophet Too-Too, “permit me to repeat your statement, ‘Let’s to business’.”

Whereupon, Justus, the prophet of all prophets, called out in a loud voice—O Tenax, come hither my “Tinax”. Too-Too became fearful at the thought of the tin axe, and was somewhat relieved when the young assistant arrived minus this dreadful weapon.

Then Justus gave the following command:—

“Search out, O Tenax, from among the ponderous tomes in the archives below, a certain scroll which shall be known to you by your digits appearing in the following sequence—One, Nine, Two, Two. Extract this precious scroll, dust it carefully; have it fumigated; conceal it beneath your mantle as you pass by the wary librarian, and return here with it immediately. Get thee gone, now Tenax, and, whatever you do don’t mix the digits!”

In response to this command, Tenax made off hastily repeating this ranting rhyme:—

“ONE nine two two
One NINE two two,
One nine TWO two,
One nine two TWO.”

On the return of Tenax, who was bearing up bravely under the strain of the dreadful document, the prophet Too-

Too would fain have snatched it from his hands, but Justus restrained him with a gesture of majestic dignity. Seizing the scroll with his own unsullied hands, he proceeded gravely to read aloud the mysterious script.

Too-Too, having been excellently trained in the art of rapid note-taking, made good his opportunity and culled the following data from his prophetic utterances:—

Atkinson, Charles Harry.

On account of his vast military experiences, Harry soon assumed command of the Salvation Army, but had to resign his commission shortly after he had attained the rank of a General,—nuisance. Nothing daunted, however, he continued to climb the ladder of fame, rung by rung, upwards and ever upwards, until he became confused between going upwards and getting Edwards.

Bagnall, Laura.

Took up the teaching profession, but soon laid it down again because she was not strict enough with her pupils. Having started the practice of being in a fisherman's company for a few minutes daily while at college, she was unable to escape the hook. This practice finally grew lengthwise and sidewise, until it became a constant and life-long habit.

Bowlby, James Llewelyn.

Shortly after graduation, while pursuing post-graduate studies at Yale, Lew accidentally analyzed a glass of lemonade instead of a beaker of concentrated citric acid. To the surprise and gratification of the whole world, he made the discovery that lemonade, pure, unadulterated, and undefiled, is nothing more or less than irritated water. For this discovery he was awarded numerous degrees, until he reached fifty Fahrenheit.

Brinton, Myron Oakman.

Went into the ministry, but got thinner and thinner each year, until he was reduced to the faintest suspicion of a mere shadow of his former self. Being unable to propound successfully the doctrine of faith in visualization, he left hurriedly for those regions of Eternal Youth, and managed to slip in while the gates were ajar.

Brown, Mabel Coralie.

Became a librarian by force of habit and imitation, and adopted the requisite scholastic and reverential attitude towards all ponderous tomes which must be catalogued and moved continually. Has lately been received into this establishment with the position of Chief Librarian, Keeper of the Scrolls, and Taker of Strolls.

Brown, Marion Elizabeth.

Having completed her secretarial course, Marion obtained a position as private secretary, confidential advisor, and wife-selector for the Sultan of Turkey. She also originated a vogue in correspondence etiquette by her strong preference for pinky colored stationery.

Brown, Max Ordway.

Shortly after becoming Principal of the Massachusetts High Gear School, Max caught his foot in the clutch of matrimony. His wife definitely objected to his playing the cornet every day after meals, and so he applied for the position as Bandmaster and solo-cornetist of the Philharmonic Orchestra in connection with these blissful realms, but as yet, his musicians are still unborn.

Chute, Winnie Laurier.

Became a very cross nurse in a Montreal hospital and lost all patience with and for the doctors. Fell in love with,

and eventually married, a convalescent elderly gentleman after she had convinced him of the fact that his pulse was beating regular waltz time.

Cleveland, Theodore Kierstead.

Distinguished himself as one of the leading catalytic agents in making chemistry an unpopular science by means of his demoniacal capacity for producing horrible stench in the Chem. Lab. He rose rapidly in and from the world as a result of a sad but unexpected explosion while experimenting. He is now known to scientists as "Molecular Cleveland".

Cochrane, Myrtle Reta.

Became a successful exponent of the terpsichorean art, but was finally compelled to give it up because she became giddy. Attributed her physical fitness to the regular amount of skipping which she did in early college career.

Colpitts, Flora Evelyn.

Occupied the chair in the office of the Dean of Women at an Engineering School, but resigned her position because one of her pupils failed to make ninety-five in a three hour test in Uncalculable Calculus.

Corey, Albert Bickmore.

Plunged himself into a thorough study of Grimm's Fairy Tales, both as an undergraduate and post-graduate dissipation, until he came to the one which tells about "Alice in Wonderland". Found fault with the title of this story and revised it to read, "I wonder if I can land Alice?"

Cutten Margarita Joy.

Secured a high position at the Tewkesbury Insane Asylum, where nothing is quite right, not even the library

clock. Would have risen to the office of matron-in-chief, had she not inadvertently remarked to a sensitive supervisor, "O, you crazy thing!"

Eaton, Albert Kenneth.

Having survived the gruelling experiences of the Graduation Exercises, Ken became an orator and was dubbed by some, "a second Demosthenes", and by others, "another Ganong". Died from sheer exhaustion and despair while in the act of starting the 997th Class Letter, which, like its predecessors, was finally shelved in the Dead Letter Office.

Elgee, William Harris.

.. Soon became the greatest living authority in the translation of dead languages. Claimed the modern rendering of "It is I, be not afraid," should be "Was it I, Dr. Cutten?" Gave up his life work when he understood the commercial significance of the hymn which contains the verse:—

"His watch the little Levite kept!"

Ford, Margaret Happiness.

Amassed a huge fortune which substantially increased her means of support after introducing to the world a new confectionery dainty, known as "The Improved Conversation Lozenger", based on years of experience.

Freeman, Hazel Josephine.

Had the misfortune to choose a husband with a very violent temper, but threw herself whole-heartedly into the task of making him meek and mild. Her favorite lullaby was the Latin quotation: "*Gloria quam falsa sub prodicione pelasgi.*"

Fritz, Horatio Warren Douglas.

Became bald shortly after graduation, and gave up his life to the quest of a fluid which would be known as the per-

petual hair-restorer. His search proved fruitless, and to his profound disgust, he lost his poetic instinct, as evidenced by the following extract from his unfinished epic:—

“The sin was mine,
I did not know
That frost would make
Your gold fish go.

I left them out
All night, and so
The frost has made
Your gold fish go.”

Ganong, Carey Kierstead.

For a long time Carrie was unable to talk himself into a job until he finally got work in a livery stable, where there were several horses which refused to take the bit. It was necessary for him to sit on a soap-box in the stall and read extracts from his war dairy until the horse yawned—and presto, the bit was quickly slipped into the mouth of the unsuspecting animal.

Goucher, Henry Gordon.

Was better known in Parisienne circles as Henri Goushay, and insisted that the name of Goucher was merely a corruption of his new appellation. Went in for poultry farming and engineering. His inventive genius soon made him the possessor of something which he called a “cock-crane”.

Haley, Irene Constance.

Delved into the science of Librarians and soon became a wary and wily Librarian. Had a strong preference for medical journals, and was finally rewarded by receiving a doctor's title in exchange for her own surname.

Harris, Ella Blanche.

Became the editor-in-chief of the "N-C Gazette", which was issued every time *June* came round. It came round more than once a year. Unfortunately, the earlier publications are not extant, but they contained many brilliant articles on such profound subjects as: "Do Married Men Make the Best Husbands?"

Harris, Josephine Elizabeth.

Continued her musical career which she started at Acadia as a soprano. Having degenerated into a contralto, and then to a tenor, she finally styled herself a "basso-profundo". In her spare time, Joe acted as a model in a Parisienne tailoring establishment. This information was not gained from gossip or hearsay, but from Lindsay.

Hicks, George Claude.

Having peered surreptitiously at his watch and chain, Claude ascended these jewelled steps with all the natural grace and dignity of a baby elephant, and was immediately admitted an given the honorary position of court jester.

Lank, John William Whitney.

Went on a honeymoon trip. Took his club "bag and all" his belongings with him. Made a profuse study of economics and, by means of his thesis, he proved conclusively that two can live cheaper than one because they will only live half as long as they should anyway.

Lewis, Cecil Allen.

Turned out to be a highly polarized baseball magnate. Tried to invent a new baseball battery, but was never quite positive whether the pitcher or the catcher was the negative end of it. From constant experimentation, however, he con-

cluded that the batter had the power of completing the short circuit.

Marshall, Ralph Evans.

Made his headquarters at Monte Carlo, but considered his life a failure because he was unable to break the bank there. Was very hospitable to all his friends except when he kept a full house. Considered it a common occurrence to have three queens at his beck and call. Dies as a result of heavy blood pressure, which was undoubtedly caused by a royal flush.

Marshall, Mortimer Villiers.

Secured a B. Sc. degree in 1921, and a B.A. in 1922, and having indulged in extensive studies under Cupid's direction, Mort soon qualified himself to receive the honorary degree of M.A-in-Law.

Mason, Merle Hilburne.

Soon distinguished himself as a prominent social butterfly, and having broken at least twenty-five hearts, Merle became a confirmed bachelor. It was said that on one occasion he preached a sermon, but there is not much evidence to support this statement. His life ebbed to a close as a result of a fatal accident, he having inadvertently slipped on his trombone slide.

Miller, William John.

Was Vice-President of his class in the Expressionless School of Expression. Would have made quite a hit had not an expression wagon run him down, thus cutting his career short. He remained unidentified for several aeons, but was finally recognized by some of his former friends, on account of his popular trait of being extremely bashful and highly non-plussed while in the presence of young ladies.

Murray, Isabel Conway.

In spite of her University training, Bob fell violently in love and refused to fall out again until she had cast the die and had crossed the Rubicon. Her husband insisted on calling her "Isabel", but partly on account of her physical prowess, he compromised with her by still calling her "Bob".

McCurdy, Margaret Louise.

Having petered out her life with countless joys, Margaret sought admission to these realms. Posing as a statue of Galatea, near the entrance of these magnificent portals, she completely outwitted the door-keeper, and slipped in quickly while the guardian was lighting a cigar.

McPhail, Carrie Isabel.

Became a connoisseur and cultivated a special desire for collecting Rogers' Community Silverware. Her collection became so expensive that it was almost impossible to carry Isabel and all her belongings to these enchanted realms.

McLeod, Clark Kenneth.

By an evolutionary process Big Mac became a doctor and sailed away to the land of the Lilliputians, where he hoped his weight would be felt. Died suddenly, however, from an attack of acute pride after winning the heavyweight championship title of Lilliput, but by means of an elaborate system of cranes and derricks, Big Mac was eventually swung into position before these portals and received the touch of Eternal Youth.

Nichols, Mabel Gertrude.

Studied piano for several years under Lofty Paderewski Leslie, and added a certain amount of weight to the musical profession. Was very successful as an accompanist, with a

special crush on tenors. Accompanied Davis on several occasions, but not always on the piano.

Parlee, Zella Idella Cleopatra.

Endowed by nature with a frank and open countenance, Zella was attracted by the glare of the footlights. She greatly distinguished herself in Shakespearian tragedies, her most successful role being that of Cleopatra. For further particulars see under Letter A, Scroll 1923.

Phillips, Beatrice Evelyn.

Couldn't settle down to intellectual pursuits, and so she decided to settle up with the world in general. Bee decided to lead a courtly life and satisfied this desire by taking up tennis. Raised an awful racket by winning the ladies' mixed doubles championship, having cultivated a wicked drive and successfully cherished a fiendish back hand stroke.

Prime, Egbert Corning.

Though still in his prime from his earliest infancy, he eagerly sought admission to these realms of Eternal Youth. Hung around outside the gate for several hours, and then finally burst forth into song, gaily chirping, "Open to me the Gates of the Temple". The door-keeper stated that he had the wrong key, but was evidently persuaded to let him in out of the kindness of his heart.

Prince, Arthur Reginald.

Was so successful with his post-graduate work that he became known as the Prince of Scientists and the King of Biologists. Followed the example of other great smientists by making an unsuccessful attempt to prove a new theory of the origin of life, but, as per usual, he was very successful in disproving and scornfully rejecting all other theories up to date.

Pyne, Joseph Allaby.

Went out to India as a Missionary. Shortly after his arrival there, he decided to become a Christian. Many of the natives followed his example, and Joe celebrated this auspicious occasion by declaring a general alcholiday.

Wetmore, June Horrid.

Held the Maritime Marathon championship title from St. John to Sydney, which distance he covered in the phenomenal time of one honeymoon. Over-ran the island of Cape Breton, and having *harassed* the inhabitants, he became governor-general.

Rogers, John Albert.

Wrote a book after the style of Walter Savage Landor, and named it "Imaginary Conversations with Women". The book created such a sensation that he acceded to the request to write a sequel, which he labelled, "Conversations Concerning Imaginaries with Dr. Coit".

Schurman, Frances Wright.

Made a great success of the teaching profession and rose steadily until she was head and shoulders above her associates. On account of a refusal to meet her obligations towards a certain bill, she was sentenced to be a prisoner for life, and took up her residence in Dorchester.

Thurber, Lindsay.

Was granted a pension from the government when it was discovered that he had been the chief instigator in furthering the scientific application of the Game and Play of "Crown and Anchor". Came up to these realms in a wheelbarrow, stayed a few days and left in a Packard limousine, gaily singing, "Old Black Joe".

Steeves, Leon Parkin.

Obtained his Ph. D. degree by casual study in his spare time and blossomed forth as a professor of Electrolytic

Biology.⁶ The title of his graduation thesis, written in original Latin blank verse, which was very original and very blank, was worded as follows:—"A startling revelation of facts which would tend to explain the direct cause of the sudden decline of the electric light bill at Willett Hall, since my departure in 1922."

Thurston, Herbert Stanley.

Supplemented his profuse knowledge of mathematics by becoming irrevocably linked up with an arm of the medical profession. Secured world-wide recognition by publishing a book, entitled, "Descriptive Domestic Geometry", the first theorem of which read as follows:—"Given a man and woman, just married, each to each, to prove that during the first year of married life, any three meals are together less than two square meals."

Tucker, Herbert.

Became a tower of strength in the theological ranks of the Methodist clergy, having been carefully reared and substantially nourished in the fear and admonition of Baptist instruction. He was looked upon as being the living embodiment of the desirability of church union.

Vincent, Gordon S. (Sweet Gordon Vincent)

Became a tent evangelist and invented a portable seating arrangement, consisting of a collapsible bench which accommodates his entire audience. Always noticed a marked decline in the amount of contributions whenever he preached from the text, "Women, obey your husbands".

Warren, Ella Jean.

Debated for a long time before she found out that her occupation in future life would be far from perfect, and so she decided that it was essential to adopt an imperative mood and assume a passive voice. Always took the negative side on the subject of matrimony and was successful in rebutting all the arguments of her opponents, altho she was

willing to admit that they often excelled themselves in powerful presentation and handled the subject carefully.

Webb, Thomas Merritt.

While preaching the gospel he was unfortunate enough to arouse the indignation of his parishioners because they discovered he was sub-agent for a fire insurance company. He was later appointed treasurer of the Home Mission Board, but resigned his position when the Superintendent insisted on installing a cash register.

Weeks, Ludlow Jackson.

Was elected publishing-editor of a college magazine entitled "Who's Whose and Why." Issued a weekly chart which indicated the probability of approaching conflicts. Used his literary position for nefarious purposes by writing a series of articles in which he strongly advocated the desirability of having a ten-thirty p.m. curfew rung in every home in a college community.

Wyman, Mary Miles.

Rose rapidly to the pinnacle of fame after she decided to become a movie actress. Was very successful in vampire roles. Here greatest achievement, however, was "Aladdin's Lamp", in which serial drama she played the part of "the wick".

The prophet Justus heaved a sigh of relief as he proceeded to roll up the sacred scroll.

"What an infernally long list that was, anyway," he grunted wearily, "you have my sympathy, Too-Too, because you are undoubtedly the hardest worked prophet to date. Howsoever, hie thee back now to mother earth with this important news, and, if you will be advised by me, you had better treble your life insurance before you dare to read it in public."

And kissing him fervently on the bridge of his nose, he uttered the magic motto, "Justus et Tenax Propositi," and hurled him with great violence into ethereal space.

—Donald D. Cameron, 22.



Y. M. C. A. Cabinet

—Photo by Graham

VALEDICTORY

MR. PRESIDENT, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

The words consecrated by custom for use at parting take on a certain formal quality by reason of their very sameness and oft repetition. For the most part they are but verbal gestures of politeness. We exchange them as mere tokens or counters of speech, without too curiously considering the metal whereof they are made or their weight and value in the exact scales of reason. The French word at parting is “Adieu”, meaning, “I commend you to God, or “au revoir”, means, “till the return”. The Spanish say “Adios”, which is very similar to the French “Adieu”. The Latin word is vale—farewell. But the English “goodbye” is even lovelier than the French “adieu”. It is a contraction of the phrase, “God be-with-ye,” which meaning is lost to view when we spell it in the usual way.

Henry Van Dyke says: “It is a comfort that so many of our frequent partings in this sphere are temporary, and carry with them the possibility of reunion. You shake hands regretfully with a good companion as you leave the ship—you going east, he going west—yet the world is small and round. Suddenly you and he turn a corner in Tokio or Cairo, and there you are, gladly shaking hands again. You finish a task this year, and feel half lost as you let it go. But, next year, you will find yourself busy with another task so like the first that you are sure it must be a reincarnation. You listen to some favorite actor or singer on a “farewell” tour, and sigh that you shall hear that voice no more. Yet it falls again upon your ear with the old familiar cadence.”

So shall it be with this graduating class. We say our farewell today, wondering if we shall see each other again, and when we least expect it, we may be brought face to face.

President Cutten and Members of the Faculty—

Very respectfully we tender you our greeting today. Most cheerfully and unselfishly you have guided us in our

pursuit of knowledge, applauding each small success, and encouraging renewed effort when we met defeat. We feel that we have found a true friend in each one of you, and that you will follow our career with interest as we leave Acadia.

When the newspapers a few weeks ago contained the startling headlines, "Will Nova Scotia lose Dr. Cutten?" we felt as if a bomb had fallen in our midst. Lose Dr. Cutten! What would happen to Acadia if she lost the president who has been her guide for nearly twelve years? Surely it was only a rumor, and we may leave Acadia with the hope that on our return, the face of our president will be one of the first to welcome us.

We especially extend our greeting to our beloved Professor, Doctor Chute, who has been forced thru illness to discontinue his teaching on the Faculty. For twenty one years he has labored for his Alma Mater, putting the best of his life into his work. Every student was sure to find in him a sympathetic friend and adviser. May you enjoy the rest you richly deserve, Dr. Chute! May God richly bless you, and make you in the future, as you have been in the past, an inspiration to both professor and student.

Gentlemen of the Board of Governors—

In your hands lies the governing power of this university, and for many years you have wisely guided the good ship, "Acadia", through waters both calm and troubled. A great issue is before you today—the question of amalgamation. Everyone who is interested in Acadia is asking "Will Acadia go to Halifax and join the other colleges or will she remain on this campus made sacred by many associations?" We know that you will decide what is best. It is a momentous question.

Citizens of Wolfville—

We would like to express our thanks to you for the interest you have shown in our behalf by attending our games and debates and plays, and also for your kind hospitality in

entertaining us in your homes. We particularly wish to thank the Social and Benevolent Society of this church for throwing open their homes to the new students on Sunday evenings.

Undergraduates—

For three years we have eagerly watched each incoming Freshman class to see what prospects there would be in it for debating, athletics, and so on. We have made many true friends among you, and we hope that the succeeding years will not weaken those friendships, but rather strengthen them. In these days, when we are hearing so much of amalgamation we wonder if *we* will ever see the old Acadia again. But *you* will still graduate from here—the change will not come in *your* time.

This has not been Acadia's winning year by any means, but behind us are a line of successes, and before us are still more if we work for them. Emerson has said: "Men talk as if victory were something fortunate. Work is victory. Wherever work is done, victory is obtained. There is no chance, no blanks." So we may feel that even though we have not won the bigger score, we have worked just the same. In one part of our college work we have excelled, and that is in our college paper—the *Athenaeum*. The other colleges have realized this, and congratulated us upon our success in writing. See that you carry on the good work, undergraduates and keep Acadia true to her traditions.

A new course of study has been mapped out for you, beginning in the Fall. This will enable you to specialize in your work and sooner reach the decision for what you are best fitted in life. What a splendid opportunity is before you! We envy you your good fortune, and hope that you will find this new course very helpful and beneficial.

Classmates—

Tomorrow we leave Acadia to undertake the service, to which our talents and our tastes invite us—the love of man

and the hope of fame. "Each man has his own vocation. The talent is the call. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. There are faculties silently inviting him to endless exertion. Remember, "He teaches, who gives, and he learns who receives." In the opinion of one of our modern educators there are four things a man must do if he would make his record true:

"To think without confusion clearly,
To love his fellow men sincerely,
To act from honest motives purely,
To trust in God and Heaven securely."

†Let us go about our work, cheerfully from day to day, with the feeling, "It is my blessing, not my doom. Of all who live I am the one by whom this work can best be done in the right way."

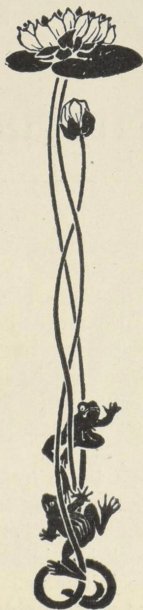
When we meet again in reunion five years from today we cannot all be present. That would be expecting too much. Each will have his or her story to tell, and perhaps it will not be a happy one. Life is a series of surprises and would not be worth taking or keeping if it were not.

It seems to me, classmates, that the following poem, which I will quote from, "The Three Best Things," by Henry Van Dyke, would be a splendid motto for our class to keep in mind, now that we are about to begin our life in the outside world:—

"Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face, and unreluctant soul,
Not hurrying to, nor turning from the goal,
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils, but with a whole

And happy heart, that pays its toll
To youth and age and travels on with cheer.
So let the way wind up the hill or down,
Or rough or smooth, my journey will be joy,
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy
New friendship, high adventure and a crown;
My heart will keep the courage of the quest,
And hope the road's last turn will be the best."

—*Irene C. Haley.*



The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLVIII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JUNE, 1922.

No. 7.

JOHN W. LANK, '22, *Managing Editor.*LEON P. STEEVES, '22 *Literary Editor.*H. H. WETMORE, '22, *Science.*H. G. GOUCHER, '22, *Athletics.*MARJORIE FITZPATRICK, '23, *Personals.*W. FORGEV, *Academy Representative.*RUTH I. HENNIGAR, '22, *Staff Artist.*H. K. GRIMMER, '23, *Business Manager.*WM. J. MILLER, '22, *Month.*A. E. WARREN, '23, *Exchanges.*M. O. BRINTON, '22, *Jokes.*KATHLYN MCLEAN } *Representatives.*A. WHITMAN } *Seminary*THOS. H. ROBINSON, '24, *Circulation Manager.*

Subscription, \$2.00 per year. All remittances and business communications to be addressed to the Business Manager.

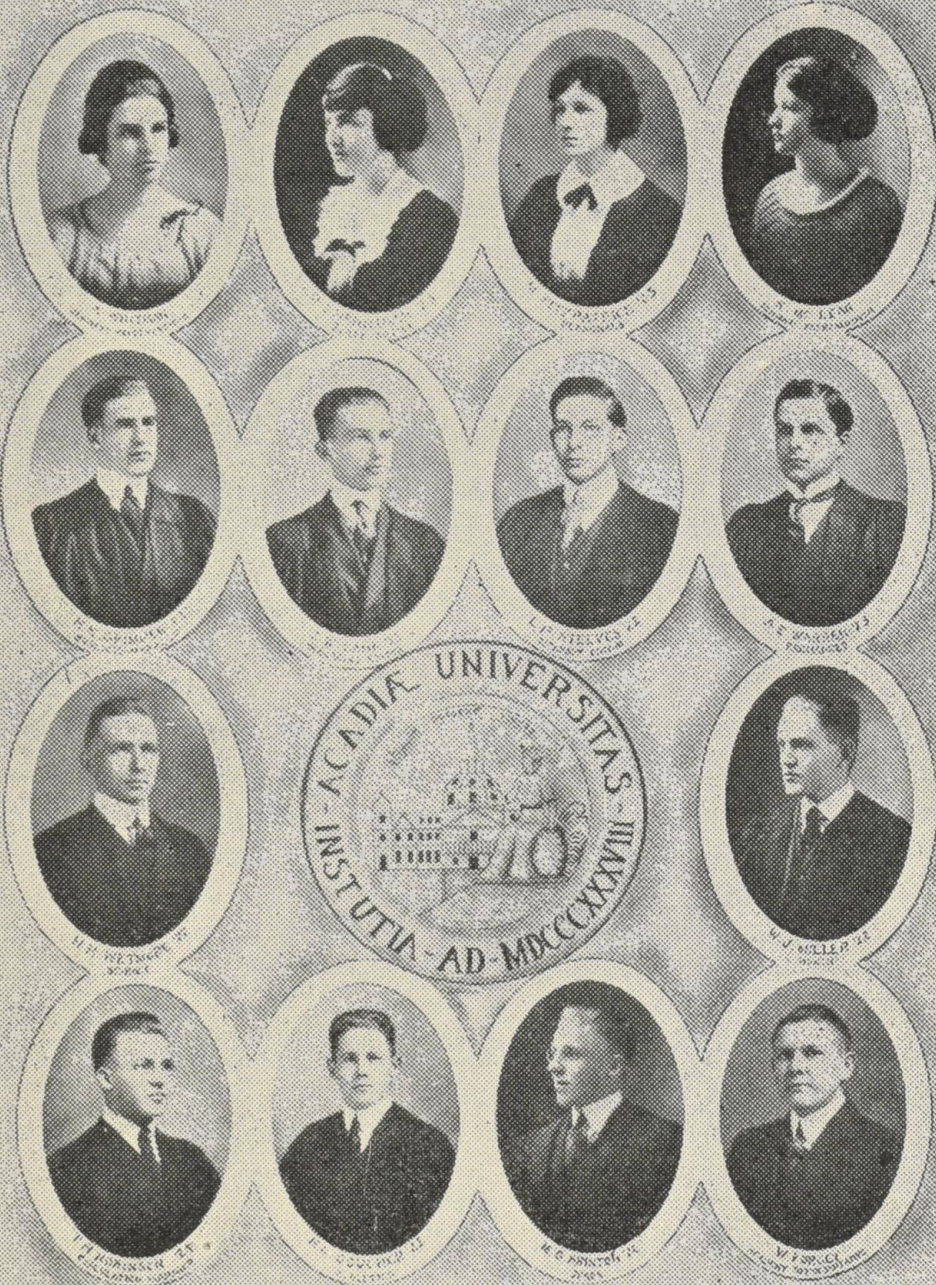


Editorial



IT is with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret that we send out this, the last issue of the *Athenaeum* for the year 1921-22: feelings of pleasure because we have enjoyed our work in connection with our college paper, and because we honestly believe we are completing one of the most successful years that the *Athenaeum* has ever known, and feelings of regret in that the appearance of this issue marks for some of us severance from the associations and friends of four years' standing.

Our work is done. We leave it in the hands of a new staff, which we know will continue on to even greater heights of perfection, and our reluctance on leaving will be somewhat compensated for if our work has in any way made the path easier for those who are to follow us. For we realize that it is the college magazine that reflects old Acadia and her ideal-



Acadia Athenaeum Staff
1921-22

ism out beyond,—into the hearts of those who have gone before, and to those who look to us for some expression of our right to stand out as a true influence on the broad-minded development of our young people.

This is our Farewell. Further words are not needed to express its significance to us. To others it is merely the transient *finale* of another college year. Soon our work will lie forgotten with that of our predecessors; yet if we have worthily aided in the forging of one of the links in the chain of progressive education, we are satisfied.

* * * * *

The staff for next year appears in the following pages. We believe that it is an excellently chosen one,—one that will co-operate, and work congenially together to produce a magazine well worthy of Acadia. The reasons contributing to our success, which we would like to pass along to them, were two: first, the *whole-hearted co-operation of the student body*, stimulated by lively competition; second, the *sympathetic co-ordination of an efficient staff*. The co-operation between the Literary Editor and the Business Management has been noteworthy, thus rendering the whole work pleasant and expedient. We have also instituted some changes this year, mention of which is made in detail on a later page.

* * * * *

In this connection, the Literary Editor extends thanks to Miss Fitzpatrick, '23, (Literary Editor for 1922-23), and Mr. H. H. Wetmore, '22, for valuable assistance in the preparation of the closing reports and the graduate biographies.

* * * * *

We would feel that we had left a pleasant duty undone if we failed to express our gratitude to Dr. Rhodenizer for the kind and sympathetic aid and interest he has manifested in our work this year. His aid and suggestions have helped us in no small degree in the production of a college magazine which we have every reason to believe will compare very favorably with any produced in Canada.

June 27
With regard to Athletics and other Intercollegiate activities this has not been a successful year for Acadia. This has been due to a number of reasons which have been beyond our control, not because we have not the material for participation in almost every branch of sport. With the Fall Camp preceding the next college year, and the return of the greater number of the present undergraduates, we should be "well away" for athletic victories. The very fact of our failure this year is acting as a stimulant toward greater effort next fall.

Our social and athletic activities have been carried on this year under very unfavorable conditions. We have no new college hall as yet in which all can meet freely and often to discuss the different phases of college life. Then, too, the Fall Camp, the means by which the new-comers are most effectively introduced to Acadia ideals and to those with whom they must associate for a longer or shorter time, was not held last October. Again, it is impossible for the residences to accommodate everyone, and so the first year students are, for the most part, forced to live in town. That this is disadvantageous to intimate acquaintance, is evident.

Then again, there is another matter concerning which we almost hesitate to speak. It is the question of initiation or hazing. Officially, hazing has been abolished at Acadia. This idea of non-initiation is no doubt good, but we question the force of the results. We do not hesitate to say that the class of '22, the last to receive such preliminary treatment, feel that they were *benefited* by that little initiation, rather than otherwise. To us it seems that it is the only method by which a class may be incited to work together, to get really acquainted, and to develop *class spirit*. And class spirit is the basis and motive for *college spirit*. We are forced to admit that this year there was every evidence of a deficiency in such among the lower classes. The attendance at college games was not what it should have been, and the lower classes, in particular, were very poorly represented.

We do not advocate hazing in its extremest form, but we do believe that somewhere between the two extremes lies the happy medium, which will not act as a deteriorating

force, but rather as a unifying power, by which college spirit may be increased, and greater interest be taken in college affairs. For after all, it is college spirit that makes the college.

“S”.

* * * * *

June 22

DR. G. B. CUTTEN.

A few weeks before Commencement, the Acadia students, and all other friends of Acadia as well, were startled to hear that Dr. Cutten had received a call from Colgate University and was considering its acceptance. By the first of June, it was definitely known that he had accepted the Presidency of Colgate, and would leave Wolfville some time in July.

It is scarcely necessary to say that all who know Dr. Cutten and love Acadia will regret his departure. He has been President of Acadia for twelve years, during which time our college has grown rapidly in numbers and influence through the Maritime Provinces and the Eastern States. Due to Dr. Cutten's efforts, seven new buildings of brick and stone have been erected on the college grounds.

Our best wishes go with Dr. Cutten, as he leaves us to take up his duties at Colgate, and we all join together in wishing him Godspeed.

M. L. F.

ATHENÆUM COMPETITION

STANDING OF CONTESTANTS.

Lit. Gen.		Lit. Gen.	
M. O. Brinton, '22....	0 13	W. L. Chute, '22....	0 3
W. H. Elgee, '22....	1 4	C. K. Ganong, '22....	8 0
I. C. Haley, '22.....	0 2	H. S. Thurston, '22...16	8
M. H. Mason, '22....	6 0	H. H. Wetmore, '22...17	7
B. E. Phillips, '22....	0 1	E. Goodwin, '24.....	0 1
E. Warren, '22.....	1 1	W. O. Coates, '24....	3 0
A. E. Warren, '23....14	1	L. M. Rhodenizer, '24. 1	0
D. D. Cameron, '22... 8	0	Marjorie Fitzpatrick,	
T. K. Cleveland, '22.. 3	1	23	8 8
A. B. Corey, '22.....10	11	A. K. Eaton, '22.....11	11
H. W. D. Fritz, '22... 6	0	F. P. Steeves, '23.....	2 0
H. G. Goucher, '22....12	9	C. M. Spidell, '24....	4 0
W. J. Miller, '22.....	0 8	F. E. DeWolfe, '22... 1	0
E. C. Prime, '22.....10	11	W. E. C. Proctor, '23. 3	0
H. M. Bannerman, '24 2	0	M. L. Ford, '22.....	0 1
V. I. Vaughan, '23.... 0	3	K. E. Bowlby, '23....	0 2
B. N. Goodwin, '23.... 4	0	W. H. Peters, '23....	4 0
Helen Crockett, '23... 0	6	C. O. T. Weiden, '23.. 0	2
M. Sylvester, '23.....	0 2	Mary Read, '23.....	0 4
W. B. MacKenzie, '23. 2	0	B. Harris, '22.....	2 2
E. R. Rafuse, '25.....	1 0	F. V. Anthony, '23....	0 2
V. L. Pearson, '23....	3 0	P. L. Judge, '23.....	0 6
H. G. Beardsley, '25.. 0	1	Helena Miller, '23....	0 5
M. C. Bishop, '25....	3 0	J. W. Crockett, Eng... 0	2
R. A. Prosser, '23....	4 0	K., '25.....	3 0
E. B. Lusby, Eng....	0 1	S. G. Seaman, '25....	0 2
		L. F. Robinson, '23... 2	0

INTER-CLASS COMPETITION

	Sen.	Jun.	Soph.	Fresh.	Eng.
November	15	9	2	0	0
December	17	9	4	0	0
January - February....	18	11	1	0	0
March	14	13	1	1	0
April	20	10	1	1	2
May	12	13	0	6	1
June	4	14	0	2	0
Total	100	79	9	10	3

Pennant won by Seniors.

WINNERS OF LITERARY "A"

W. S. Ryder, '15.	J. S. 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.	G. H. Estabrooks, '20.
T. A. Meister, '21.	Miss Erma Fash, '21.
Miss Elsie Layton, '21.	Miss Marion Grant, '21.
K. E. Mason, '21.	C. B. Lumsden, '21.

AWARDED THIS YEAR.

H. S. Thurston, '22.	A. B. Corey, '22.
E. C. Prime, '22.	H. G. Goucher, '22.
H. H. Wetmore, '22.	A. K. Eaton, '22.
J. W. W. Lank, '22.	L P. Steeves, '22.

STAFF OF ATHENÆUM FOR 1922-23.

Managing Editor	Harry K. Grimmer, '23.
Literary Editor	Marjorie Fitzpatrick, '23.
Science	A. Emmerson Warren, '23.
Athletics	Frank W. Doyle, '23.
Month	Leon M. Rhodenizer, '24.
Personals	Helen C. Crockett, '23.
Exchanges	Curry M. Spidell, '24.
Jokes	Peter L. Judge, '23.
Business Manager	Thomas H. Robinson, '24.
Circulation Manager	V. L. Short, '25.
Staff Artist	Ruth I. Hennigar, '23.
Seminary Representative	Not yet appointed.
Academy Representative	Not yet appointed.

CHANGES IN ATHENÆUM

With regard to the constitution of the *Athenæum* we quote the following: (June 1919, p. 297).

"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 most 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 of the *Athenæum*. They will act as a committee to assist the *Athenæum* 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, securing, 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.”

The *Athenaeum* system of awards is briefly as follows:

LITERARY UNITS.

(Judged by Literary Editor except as otherwise stated).

Poems: First award, 2 units; Second award, 1 unit.

Articles: as above.

Stories: as above.

Science: as above, judged by Science Editor.

Humor: 2 units for the best humorous article, essay, story, or poem submitted.

GENERAL UNITS.

(Judged by Department Editors except as otherwise stated)

Athletics: First award, 2 units; Second award, 1 unit.

Month: as above.

Personals: as above.

Exchanges: as above.

Jokes: 1 unit for the best collection of Jokes.

Illustration: 2 units for the best Cartoon; 1 unit for the best snapshot of general interest suitable for publication. (Judged by Staff Artist).

The Illustration department is an experiment this year, which, we believe, will develop into a valuable asset to the magazine. An award for Cartoons was given heretofore, but the first awards for photographs for publication were given this year. We have not published much this year in the line of cuts. We felt that due to financial reasons we could not sacrifice a good literary department for the sake of illustration: that the true function of a college magazine should be to stimulate *literary* effort. In this respect we feel that we have this year produced a magazine which will easily rank among the best in Canada.

Unless the staff should deem it good to act otherwise, Literary "A's" are to be awarded to the Business and Literary Editors at the first public function after assuming their duties in the fall, and others are to be similarly awarded on the accumulation of the required number of units.

Special issues may feature certain departments such as articles, poems, stories and humor. In such cases the awards are to be on a 3, 2, 1 basis. In the case of a humor issue, awards on a 2, 1 basis are to prevail in humor and jokes. Such special feature issues are to appear at the discretion of the staff.

This year power was given to the Literary Editor to withhold units in a department under his jurisdiction, and to make an extra award according to the worth of the material submitted; such extra units not to exceed *one* in either articles, stories, poems, or humor, in any one issue. The exercise of this power should in case of any doubt be approved by the English supervisor (Dr. Rhodenizer).

We published at one time this year an article to which we received a controversial reply later. This latter article we are not publishing this month, due to lack of space, but we do feel that the art of controversial writing should be encouraged and hope that next year it may be developed to some extent at least.

THE GRADUATING CLASS OF '22

CHARLES HARRY ATKINSON.

"That is good which doth good."

Harry was born in Hampton, N. B., in 1894. He has enjoyed the wandering life of majority of ministers sons, so that the various schools of the province contributed to his early education which he completed at the Horton Collegiate Academy, 1909-10.

Harry enlisted in the 40th Battalion in 1915, going overseas in the fall of the same year. His career on the field was one of the best, as he rose from the ranks to a lieutenantancy and received the Military Cross for bravery on the field. After his return to Acadia, he entered Acadia in the fall of 1919.

Harry has been an enthusiastic lover of sport, playing on the college football team for three years, as its captain in his Junior year. He was also on the Inter-collegiate Debating Team this year. He has taken a great interest in all college activities, and was President of the Y. M. C. A., 1920-21. We extend to him our best wishes for a successful career. He goes from here to Newton then to his chosen profession in the ministry.



LAURA BAGNALL

*"With gentle yet pervading force,
Intent upon her destined course,
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blessed where'er she goes."*



Laura was born at Hazlegrove, P. E. I. After studying two years at Prince of Wales College, she entered Acadia in the fall of '18 and joined the class of '22.

Laura always took an active part in the affairs of the college. She was on the House Committee in her Sophomore year. During her whole stay at Acadia she was a member of the Y. W. C. A. cabinet, being Vice-President in her Junior year and President in her Senior.

She goes forth from Acadia to Truro and then into the world with the heartiest wishes of her fellow students that she may enjoy a long life of usefulness and happiness.

MYRON OAKMAN BRINTON.

"I am not one who does not believe in love at first sight, but I believe in taking a second look."



Myron was born at St. Croix Cove, N. S., in 1901. As the High School there could not satisfy his thirst for knowledge, he came to Acadia in the fall of '18.

Myron is known as an all round good student and although he has always kept his marks up to a very high standard yet he always had time to help the other fellow. He always backed his class by hard work in debating Athenaeum competition and in his Junior and Senior years on the class Bulmer team. During his Senior year he was Joke Editor of the *Athenaeum*. He has chosen theology as his life work and expects to continue his studies at Newton after the lapse of a year.

We all extend to you our best wishes, Myron, and those of us who know you best fell confident of your success.

MABEL CORALIE BROWN.

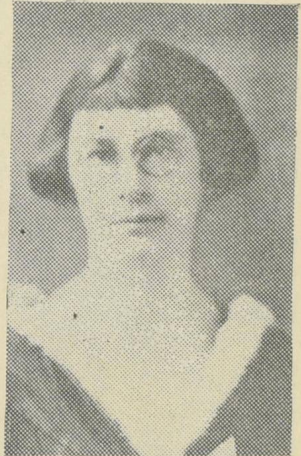
"Of soul sincere,

In action faithful, and in honor clear."

Mabel was born at Melvern Square, where she received her early education. After completing Grade XII, she entered Acadia in the fall of '19 and joined the class of '22.

During her three year here, she has won the friendship of all who knew her. She was a good student, always keeping her standing high; she took a keen interest in debating, and has helped several times to bring victory to her class. Mabel's activities were not all intellectual, she was always ready for a good time. Her power of impersonation will not soon be forgotten by any who have seen her exercise it.

Mabel is going from Wolfville to take the Normal Course at Truro. We heartily wish her success in her work of teaching, or in any career that she may decide to make her life work.



MAX ORDWAY BROWN.

"‘Old ‘er bo’"

On February 2nd, 1899, Max was ushered into a cold and bleak world. His education has been very general. After attending public school, he went to Mt. A. Academy, from which he matriculated and came to Acadia, in '18.

During his stay among us Max has been a hard and earnest worker, both in College and out. He has helped to keep the College Band together, and has been especially fond of giving serenades back of the Sem at midnight. Every week for the entire four years Max has shown a keen interest in the Boy Scouts of Wolfville, being of great assistance to Mr. E. P. Brown, the Wolfville Scoutmaster. This year Max was presented with the Scout "Swastika," or Thanks Badge, in recognition of his valuable work.

Max intends to teach school next year, and all his fellow students join in wishing him every success.



MARION ELIZABETH BROWN

"A maid of grace and complete majesty."



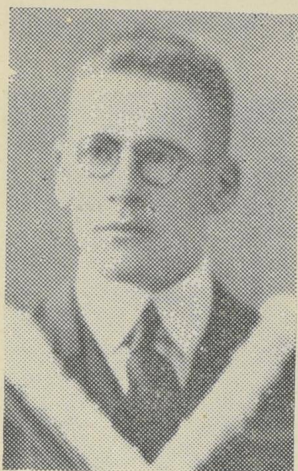
Brownie comes to us across the briny deep from St. John. She graduated from Grade XII in the high school there and then joined the class of '22 in 1919 as a Freshie-Soph. From the time of her appearance at Acadia, Brownie's friends found her a real all-round sport. She has always taken an active interest in college life, made her class basket-ball team her first year, and did splendid work in the college team her Junior and Senior years.

Brownie was also a member of the Advisory Committee for the first term this year.

We wish her the best o' luck, and we know she will make a name for herself wherever she goes.

JAMES LLEWELYN BOWLBY

"He hath put oval plates before his eyes
So that he might drink from the printed page."



"Lew" was born in Paradise, N. S., but contrary to rule shows no provincialisms. He received his early training at the Paradise public schools and then taught school for a time, finally coming to Acadia.

Here he has made a name for himself in every phase of college activities. Lew specialized in Chemistry, being Assistant in the Chemistry Laboratory during his Junior and Senior years. He also took an active interest this year in the Acadia Science Club.

Bowlby plans to go to Yale next year for further specialization in Chemistry and we wish him everything leading to success, including the best of luck.

DONALD DOUGLAS CAMERON.

"He's a good fellow, an 'twill all be well."

Like most great men, Don has a secret to hide,—he was born in Coventry, Eng. At the early age of twelve, however, he moved to Amherst. His early education was obtained at a private school in England and at the Cumberland County Academy. He enlisted in the 40th Battalion in '14, and served in different units and in various positions in England and France for the next four years, during which period he was twice wounded.

In '19, Don came to Acadia as a Sophomore. Since his arrival he has proved himself a very able student in all lines, particularly in English, in which he took honors.

Don was particularly noted for his ability as an entertainer. He was elected class President the second term of his Sophomore year. In 1920, he won the Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical Contest. At graduation he was selected to write the Class Prophecy.

In addition to these and many other activities, he has been employed regularly as Organist of the Baptist Church.

Don has been awarded a scholarship at Harvard, and he goes there next year to continue his work in English, followed by the best wishes of his many friends.



WINNIE LAURIE CHUTE.

"Gentle and kind and true is she."

"Chutie" came to Acadia in the fall of '18, from the nearby town of Waterville. She has always pursued her education rather seriously, but still has found time to go in for sport, making her class basketball team in her Sophomore, Junior, and Senior years.

In her Junior year, "Chutie" was a member of the Student Committee. This year she was a member of the S. C. A. Cabinet.

Next year she expects to go to Montreal to train for nurse at the Royal Victoria, and we wish her the best of luck.



THEODORE KIERSTEAD CLEVELAND.

"In youth by Science nursed."



Theo was born in Alma, Albert Co., N. B. Graduating from the Alma Superior School in the spring of '18, he came to Acadia that fall and became a charter member of the class of '22.

From the day when Theo first came among us till the day of his graduation, his course has been marked by an exceptionally high standard of scholarship along scientific lines, so marked indeed that he has this year assisted in the Chemistry Laboratory rendering valuable service, and was finally called upon to deliver one of the Anniversary Orations.

However, Theo never permitted his studies to interfere with "class affairs" or athletics. He held many and honored positions in the various societies, was Captain of his class basketball team in his Junior year and has been elected Class Treasurer for life.

Graduating as a B. Sc. with honors, Theodore goes to Yale this fall to pursue his studies in Chemistry,—where, we feel sure, a brilliant career awaits him.

MYRTLE RETA COCHRANE.

Bright as her eyes and as her reason clear."
 "All Nature's charms in her appear.



Reta was born at Lower Cape, N. B., and later lived near Moncton, graduating from Aberdeen High School in 1917. The fall of '18 saw her wending her way from Sunny Brae to Acadia where she lost no time in entering into College activities, and by her charming disposition soon won many friends.

In her Freshman year she was Secretary of her class; the next year she was elected Secretary-Treasurer of the Propylaeum Society; her third year found her Secretary-Treasurer of the Girl's Athletic Association; and in her Senior Year she was a member of the Acadia Council and of the Student Council. Besides these offices she has acted on many committees and has always proved herself a faithful worker.

Reta never actively engaged in sport with the exception of skating, but she spent many enjoyable hours in this way.

She was also fond of books and it was not an unusual thing to see her deeply interested in those not prescribed as texts.

FLORA EVELYN COLPITTS.

"Not only in freedom, and science,
 And letters, should you lead the earth;
 But let the earth learn your reliance
 In honor and true moral worth."

Evelyn graduated from the Dorchester Superior School in 1918, and in the fall of that year went to Mt. A. After a year there, however, she came to Acadia and joined the class of '22.

From there the very first, Evelyn showed a decided preference for hard work, electing courses in math, physics, and chemistry—courses the rest of us can't even call by name—and apparently found them to her liking, since she took honors in physics.

In addition to her studies, debating claimed a large share of her attention. Not only did she take a large part in class debating, but she made the Girls' Inter-collegiate Team in her Senior year.

These are but a few of the ways in which Evelyn showed her remarkable ability, good judgment, and sincerity. She held many minor offices, and was finally elected Secretary of her class for life.

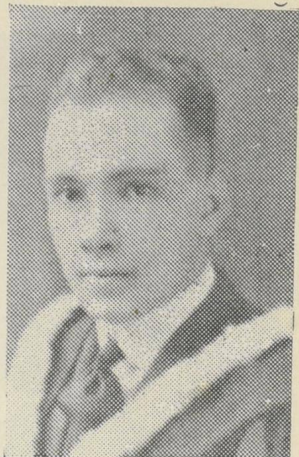


ALBERT BICKMORE COREY.

"Every lover is demented."

Albert was born in India, and spent his early boyhood there. In the fall of '13 he entered Acadia Academy and remained until he completed the course there.

During the war, he saw service in France with the infantry, and later went to Egypt with the air-force. On his return to Canada he entered the college, and class of '22. Albert has always taken a keen interest in college and class activities. In his Junior and Senior years he was Chairman of the Rink Committee and played on the Football and Basketball teams, being captain of the latter the first year. In his Junior year he was President of his class, and President of the Athletic Association. In his Senior year he was President of the Student Council and a member of the college track team. He also contributed much noteworthy material to the *Athenaeum*, and won his Literary "A" this year. Albert's plans for the future are not yet known, but we are sure that he has the ability to succeed.



MARGARITA JOY CUTTEN.

"If aught of prophecy be mine,
Tho wilt not live in vain."



Margarita was born in New Haven, Conn. She later lived in Corning, N. Y., Columbus, Ohio, and finally came to Wolfville in 1910. She received her early education here, and entered the University as a Freshette in 1918. Her popularity with her fellow classmates was shown when they elected her Secretary of the class in the second term of her Sophomore year, and Vice-President in the second term of her Junior year.

Margarita is going to Normal College this spring and next year she plans to take up psychiatry at Smith.

With her cheery disposition and her splendid ability, we are sure Margarita will be successful in her chosen profession.

ALBERT KENETH EATON.

"Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This is a man'."



"Ken" first saw daylight down at Lower Canard, Kings Co., back in the nineties. He attended High School in his home town, and when the war broke out he went over with the First Contingent in '14. He was in the big racket for two years, until severely wounded and incapacitated for further service in '16. He was transferred to the Pay Office, London, where he remained until the armistice.

Ken arrived at Wolfville in the fall of '19, and joined the class of '22. Besides making a good record in the class-room, he has taken an active part in all the college activities. He has been a valuable man in the front line of the scrim the last two years, President of the Student Council in his Senior year, and President of his class in the second term of his Junior and senior years, and life-president. Ken

also contributed ably to the Athenaeum this year, and won his Literary "A", being the only winner of this coveted distinction through work in one year only.

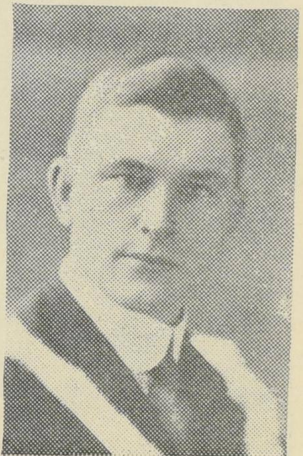
WILLIAM HARRIS ELGEE.

"Onward I move, with this to cheer my mind;
No one as yet has passed me from behind."

Bill was born in Queens Co., N. B., at a very tender age. He secured his early education at Jemseg, after which he attended the Provincial Normal College, Fredericton, in 1914. He taught for several years, and then joined the class of '22 in the fall of '19.

Since coming here, Bill has distinguished himself as a student, loyal to his class, his college, and his ideals. He has filled many positions of responsibility, including that of President of the Athenaeum Society, and has also showed much ability as a speaker and debater. He made the college debating team in '21. and won the Hunt Oratorical prize in '22.

Bill plans to continue his studies at Newton next year. We feel sure that the ability and breadth of vision which he has displayed here will assure him a high place among the leaders of the future.



MARGARET LETITIA FORD.

"Heart on her lips, and soul within
her eyes,
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her
skies."

The old college town has always been Margaret's home. She received her early education in the public school, doing especially brilliant work in High School. In '18 she joined the class of '22, where she has continued her splendid work.

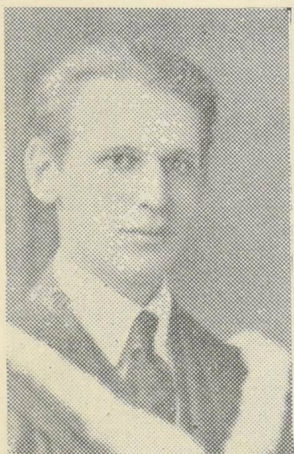
Margaret always took an active part in the Dramatic Society, in debating, and in literary work.

We all admire her cheerful disposition and bright smile which we shall sorely miss when she leaves Acadia. Whatever she may choose to do, we wish her the best of luck in all her hopes and plans.



HORATIO WARREN DOUGLAS FRITZ.

"Only what we have wrought into our characters during life can we take away with us."



"Doug" was born in St. John in 1899. He graduated from St. John High School in '16, and then took Grade XII there. He next served eleven months in the Air Force, but the armistice prevented him from going overseas.

Doug came to Acadia as a Freshie-Soph in the fall of '19. From his first arrival he showed a marked fondness for English literature, and his poetic contributions to the *Acadia Athenaeum* have been greatly enjoyed, while two of his efforts were recognized in *College Anthology*. He was of exceptional ability, and his favorite remark in this regard was: "It takes a man of intellect to be an egotist."

As his friend Steeves, he was an agnostic, holding the much coveted position of president of that Trio. He intends to study law, and we have no hesitation in saying that he will meet untold success before the bar.

HAZEL JOSEPHINE FREEMAN.

"My strength is as the strength of ten."



"Pollock" was born in Halifax several years ago, but at the tender age of one she moved to Bridgetown. She attended the public and high schools there, and graduated from the latter in 1916. Two years later she came to Acadia and joined the class of '22.

Hazel's chief hobby was athletics. In fencing she was Mr. Russell's right hand man. She also played guard on the Senior and Collegiate basketball teams this year.

Hazel expects to take up work in the business world, in which she has always taken a keen interest. We are sure that her ability will bring her success in her chosen field.

CAREY KIERSTEAD GANONG.

"If Nature has gifted a man with powers of argument, he has a right to make the best of 'em."

Carey was born in Advocate, Cumberland Co., in the nineties. Soon after, his parents moved to St. John, for five years, and later they resided at Long Point, Kings Co., N. B. Here he received his early schooling. When fifteen years old he learned telegraphy, and was employed with the Western Union at Moncton and Halifax. He was later employed with the Moncton Daily Times and still later with the St. John Telegraph.

Carey came to Acadia Academy in 1914. In November, 1915, he enlisted with the 6th Canadian Siege Battery, and served with that unit in France and Belgium until July, 1918. He was then granted a commission with the C. G. A., to which he was attached until the signing of the armistice.

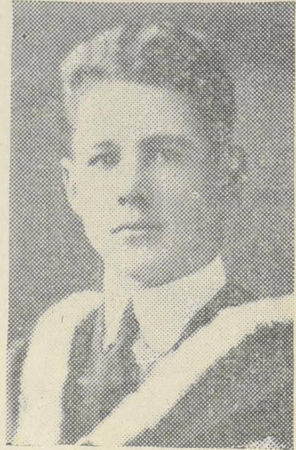
Returning to Canada in 1919, he re-entered Acadia. During his three years he has been specializing in the Social Sciences. This year he was successful in winning one of the prizes in the Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical Contest. Carey plans to continue his studies in Toronto University next year.



HENRY GORDON GOUCHER.

"He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play
and old men from the chimney corner."

"Giddy" first attempted to kick the slats out of his cradle at Middleton, N. S. He received his early education there at the MacDonald Consolidated School. In 1918 he came to Acadia, a budding youth of "sweet sixteen", and entered the class of '22. His occupations have been many and varied since coming to Wolfville. In his Junior year he was Vice-President of the A.A.A.A. and also of the Athenaeum Society. During his senior year, Giddy was business manager of the Hockey team, captain of the Baseball team and College cheer leader.



In two spheres of College activity, particularly, he has given his time and proven his ability—on the staff of the *Athenaeum* and in the Dramatic Society. He received his Literary "A" and took an important part in both college plays this year. We feel confident that success for Giddy will be written in block capitals. Our best wishes go with him in his life work.

ELLA BLANCHE HARRIS.

"Give thy love freely; do not count the cost;
So beautiful a thing was never lost
In the long run."



Blanche was born in Louisburg, C. B. She received her early education at Glace Bay Central School, and later at the Glace Bay High School, graduating from the latter in '18.

In the fall of '19 Blanche came to Acadia, where she soon became not only a valuable class member, but also an all-round college girl. She has worked hard in the Athenaeum Competition, and was on her class swimming team in her Junior year. She was always in demand when class functions needed planning, and she was sure to be around whenever a good time was to be had.

Our best wishes go with Blanche in her chosen profession of teaching.

GEORGE CLAUDE HICKS.

"Rara avis in terris, negroque simillam cygno."



"Claudius", who entered college in the fall of '18 as a charter member of the class of '22, was born and brought up in the City of Moncton, "God's country".

Previous to entering Acadia, Claudius won an enviable record as a student and graduate of Aberdeen High School, Moncton. During his entire college course, he kept faithfully at his studies and ranked high in all his class work. Besides this, he found time to teach Senior Latin at the Academy.

As an entertainer, Claudius distinguished himself on numerous occasions, his impersonation of "Galatea" being one of the best efforts that ever delighted an audience of college youths. In his Senior year Claude turned out for track sports, and won the hurdles at the intercollegiate meet this spring.

He goes from Acadia to take up the work of teaching, in which we wish him the same success that has attended his efforts here.

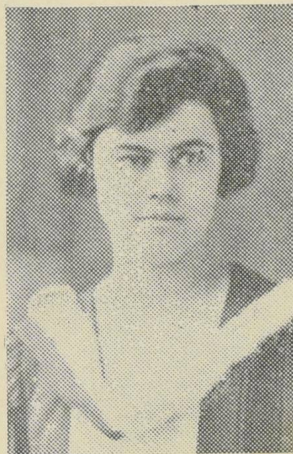
JOSEPHINE ELIZABETH HARRIS

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt,
But every laugh, so merry, draws one out."

Before entering Acadia as a charter member of the class of '22, "Jo" graduated from the Canning High School. She was Secretary of her class during the second term of her Sophomore year. "Jo's" happy disposition and merry laugh won her a place in the hearts of her companions.

In the May Music Festival, 1921, Jo took the solo part "Naomi" in the cantata "Ruth". She is an especially talented singer, and before long we expect to hear of her as one of the stars of the musical world.

Good luck, Jo, wherever the future guides your steps.



IRENE CONSTANCE HALEY

"Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed."

Irene arrived at Acadia as a Freshette in the fall of '18 from the busy little town of St. Stephen, N. B., having graduated from the High School there the year before. Her college career was characterized by a steadfast determination to achieve success in her work, which, supported by much native ability, secured for her a high standing in her class. In her studies, she showed a preference for languages, and she graduates with honors in German.

Irene was elected Vice-President of her class for the first term of her Sophomore year. She has also been on many committees, for she was always a willing and reliable worker.

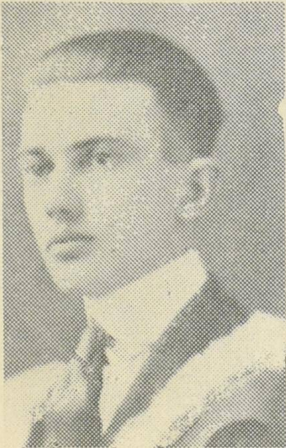
During her Senior year she was forced to leave college for a time, owing to illness. By pluck and perseverance she soon made up for the lost time and was able to keep her work up to its high standard.

Irene was Valedictorian of the class of '22 and proved herself well worthy of the honor. She has our heartiest wishes for her success in whatever she may undertake after leaving her *alma mater*.



JOHN WILLIAM WHITNEY LANK.

"He knew enough of the world to know that there is nothing in it better than the faithful service of the heart."



John was born in 1899, at Wilson's Beach, on the distant Isle of Campobello. He received his early education there, and then attended the Normal School at Fredericton for a year. The following year, however, he came to Acadia as one of the charter members of the class of '22.

As a student, John was right there, for he led his class in his Freshman year, and won the Class of '05 Scholarship. He was keenly interested in all the activities of college life. He took his place in athletics, chiefly basketball, as well as in the other departments. He was actively attached to the "Y" cabinet for three years, and was Managing Editor of the *Athenaeum* in his Senior year.

He completed his college activities by giving an oration on "Canadian Immigration Problems" at Commencement. He plans to continue his studies in Economics

at Harvard next year, and we can rest assured that wherever he goes success will follow him.

CECIL ALLAN LEWIS.

**"Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe."**



"Jimmy" made his first appearance in the fair city of Perth, N. B., on the 20th of January, 1899. He received his early education at the schools there, and was in his last year at High School when he enlisted in the 104th Battalion. He served with the 26th in France until he was wounded. On his return to Canada he came to Acadia, entering as an Engineer, in the fall of '19. Next year he joined the class of '22, and by dint of hard and sustained studying he is obtaining his B. Sc. degree this year.

"Jimmy's strong point was athletics. In his Senior year he was elected President of the Athletic Association.

In his Senior year "Jimmy" took an important part in the second college play. His history would not be complete without an allusion to his fondness for the "light fantastic".

From here "Jimmy" goes to take the Normal Course at Truro, and knowing him as we do, we predict for him a brilliant future.

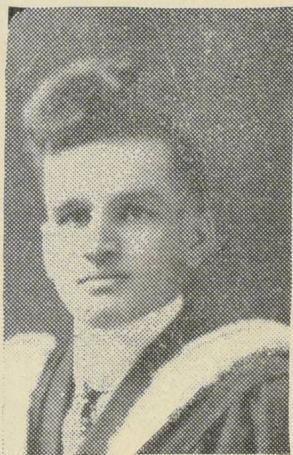
RALPH EVANS MARSHALL.

"Wit is the salt of conversation."

"Uncle" Ralph became a member of the cradle roll at Springfield, Annapolis Co., N. S., many years ago. He received his preparatory education at the Falkland Ridge School. In the fall of 1915 he entered the Provincial Normal College at Truro, but soon after he enlisted in the 106th Battalion. After a year's service in England, he was sent back to Canada on account of an injury. He was then a patient at the Nova Scotia Sanatorium for a year. Upon his recovery he became the Instructor in General Education of that institution.

Ralph entered Acadia in the fall of '19, and joined the class of '22. He has proved himself a good student and has taken an active part in college life. He is specially renowned for his ability in collecting funds for the Y. M. C. A. and other societies.

Ralph has no definite plans for his future work, but we are confident that he will be successful in whatever activity he adopts.

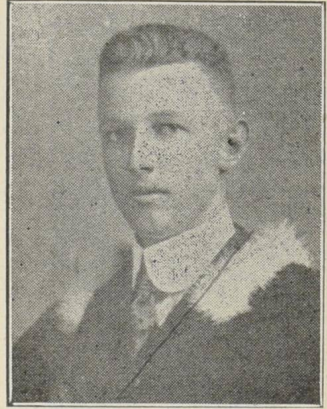


MORTIMER VILLIERS MARSHALL.

"Mort" was born in Yarmouth, N.S., about 24 years ago. He received his early education at the public school and Academy there, obtaining his "A" certificate there in '16.

Mort then had three years of active service in the army, returning in '19, when he joined the Acadia class of '22. Through hard work he graduated in Science with the class of '22, and did enough work at the same time to graduate with the class of '22 this year in Arts.

He has been teaching this year, but has visited the Hill several times.



MERLE HILBURNE MASON.



Merle has had numerous places of abode. Born at Margaree, C. B., he was later taken with his family to Lockeport, N. S. From there his parents moved to Port Maitland, and finally to Wolfville. Here Merle graduated from High School in the summer of 1918, and that fall began his studies at Acadia.

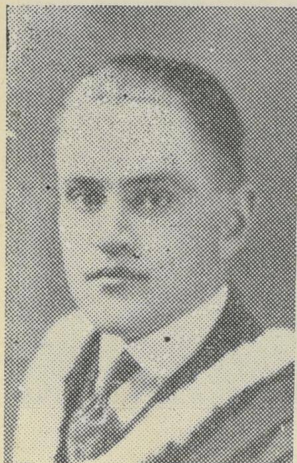
While at college, Merle has actively engaged in athletics, being spare on the college hockey team in his Senior year, and playing on his class Bulmer, baseball, and hockey teams. He was also an enthusiastic and valuable member of the college band.

During his summer vacations, Merle took charge of the Home Mission Church at Margaree, and there he won many friends.

As he leaves Acadia, we know that he will make good in his life work,—the preaching of the Gospel, and we wish him every success in his studies toward that end.

WILLIAM JOHN MILLER.

"Where there are two or three women gathered together, there am I in their midst."



"Bill" was born at Glassville, N. B. He received his elementary education in the schools there and during the year 1915-16 he attended the Provincial Normal School in Fredericton. He taught school a year after leaving Normal and then came to Acadia in '17 joining the class of '21. He remained away from Wolfville the following year, but returned in '19 and joined the class of '22.

Bill has taken an active part in all class and social activities. In his Senior year he was President of his class and also acted on the staff of the Athenaeum as Editor of the Month department. He was much interested in dramatics and played the leading roles in several plays. This year he was President of the Dramatic Club.

Bill receives his B. A. degree from the University and the artist's diploma in Elocution from the Seminary. He intends to teach in the States for a time. Our best wishes go out with you Bill as you leave your alma mater.

MARGARET LOUISE McCURDY

"Beauty and she are one, for in her face
Sits sweetness tempered with majestic grace."

"Marg" was born in New Glasgow not so very long ago. After graduating from New Glasgow High School, she came to Acadia to complete her education.

"Marg" early distinguished herself in Athletics, making her class basketball team when a Freshette, and the college team the next year. In winter Marg was usually found at the rink, in spring on the tennis courts, and at both places she appeared to advantage. She also went in for dramatics, starring in the college play, "Pygmalion and Galatea." In her studies Marg showed a decided preference for languages.

Her pleasing maner and gentle disposition have won her many friends, whose best wishes go with her as she leaves Acadia.



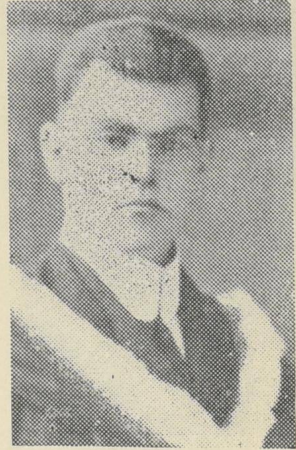
CLARKE KENNETH McLEOD.

"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world like a Colossus."

"Red" claims to have been born in New Brunswick some time after Noah. In 1912 he moved to Wolfville and entered the Academy. Next year he attended the college and joined the class of '17. When the war broke out, "Red" immediately enlisted in the First contingent, where he served four and a half years as sergeant in the First Canadian Casualty Clearing Station. In April, 1919, he returned to Canada and in the fall of the same year he joined his present class.

Clarke's favorite sport is football. In his Freshman year he played on the second team. Since then, he has been holding the first team scrim together as center-lock. His cheery grin and hard playing have always been a source of inspiration to his team-mates. He has also played on his class basketball team.

Clarke intends to make surgery his profession, and, with this end in view, he goes to McGill next year to carry on his studies. We wish him every success in his chosen profession.



ISABEL CONWAY MURRAY.

"To work that we love we rise betimes and go at it with a will."



"Bob" came to us from Springhill in the fall of '17. She took the Sophomore Matriculation Course at the Seminary, and entered the college in the fall of '18.

Through her four years here "Bob" has been an all-round college girl. Her specialty was sport,—tennis, hockey, rink, and basket-ball all having had their place in her life. She played on the college hockey team, and on her class and the college basketball teams, every year that games were played, and captained the college basketball team this year.

"Bob" was always right there when work was to be done for her class, and she was advisory member on the House Committee in her Senior year. From here she goes to take the Normal Course at Truro, and we wish her "all the best" in her teaching.

CARRIE ISABEL MacPHAIL.

"What I have I hold, What I haven't got, I'm after."



"Mac" was born in Perth, N. B., where she received her early education. Coming to Acadia in the fall of '18, she joined the class of '22, and began at once to take an important part in college activities.

Though a good student, "Mac" has always found time for almost everything else as well. She played on her class basket-ball team for three years and captained it to victory in her Senior year. In her Junior and Senior years, she played on the college team, being one of the first among the girls to win an Athletic "A". "Mac" was Joke editor of the Athenaeum during her Junior year, and as a Senior, she took up debating. Her popularity and good judgment are evidenced by the fact that one time or another she has held positions on nearly every committee and council in college.

She intends to take a course in the N. S. Normal College this spring and then perhaps to teach. But whatever she may do, her many friends at Acadia wish that all good fortune may accompany her, one who has ever been a moving spirit in college life and one who will be missed.

MABEL GERTRUDE NICHOLS.

"Music is well said to be the speech of angels."

Mabel was born at Kentville, N. S., where she graduated from K. C. A. in 1917. The following year she attended the N. S. Normal College where she obtained her "B" license. In 1918 Mabel came to Acadia as a charter member of the class of '22, which she served as Secretary in for Junior year.

Mabel's musical ability has been greatly appreciated by her fellow students and she will be greatly missed next year as a pianist and soprano soloist at College functions.

Mabel has obtained a position as teacher in a Kentville school for the next year, and our best wishes follow her.



EGBERT CORNING PRIME.

"He bore without abuse the grand old name of gentleman."

Prime was born at Freeport, Digby County, and received his early education in the Freeport Public School. Following a business course in St. John, he accepted a position with the Bank of Nova Scotia and rose to the position of Manager. However, he was not destined for a business career and in the fall of 1917, he forsook the world of finance and entered the Senior year of Acadia Collegiate Academy, was chosen President of his class, and graduated with high distinction. The following autumn he entered the University as a charter member of the class of '22.

During his Freshman year, Prime was Treasurer of his class, Secretary of the Athenaeum Society, member of the Student Council, President of the Theological Club, and served on the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet. During his Junior year, Prime was Editor of the Month on the Athenaeum staff, and acceptably filled a position on the teaching

Possessing a very pleasing and musical voice, Prime was always in demand at social functions and during his four years at college was a member of the College Quartette. The warmest wishes of his fellow students go with Prime for a very happy and useful life in the Christian Ministry.



BEATRICE EVELYN PHILLIPS.

"A maid there was of quiet ways."

"Bea" was born in Fredericton, N. B., and attended the public schools there. She took the Senior Matriculation course at the Seminary, and then joined the class of '22 as a Freshie Soph.

"Bea" has always maintained a high standing in her classes, being exceptionally fond of languages. During her three years at college, she has taken a keen interest in class activities, especially in debating and basketball. In the second term of her Senior year she was president of Propylaeum. We do not know what "Bea" will do next year, but we are confident of her success.



ZELLA IDELLA PARLEE.

"A kindly grace of manner and behavior
A something in her presence and her ways
That makes her beautiful."



Zella, better known as "Zip", was born at St. John, N. B. She received her early education there, and graduated from Grade XII in St. John High School in 1919. She came to Acadia that fall, and joined the class of '22 as a Freshie-Soph.

During her three years at Acadia, "Zip" kept her class standing top notch. In her Sophomore year she played on her class basketball team. In her Senior year her dramatic talent was evidenced, and she took a leading part in both college plays.

"Zip" has not as yet made any definite plans for the future, but we expect it will be "marked" with great success.

ARTHUR REGINALD PRINCE.

"He who labors diligently need never to despair; for all things are accomplished by diligence and labor."

Some twenty odd years ago Reg. first opened his innocent eyes and saw the light of Truro where he received his early education. Graduating from Colchester County Academy in '19 he entered Acadia and joined the class of '22.

Reg. has applied himself to his studies here with eminent success, as is plainly shown by his excellent standing in all his courses and especially in his chosen field, Biology, in which he has taken honors. Next year he will continue his work at Harvard.

We feel sure that his earnest endeavors will continue to be attended by success throughout his life.



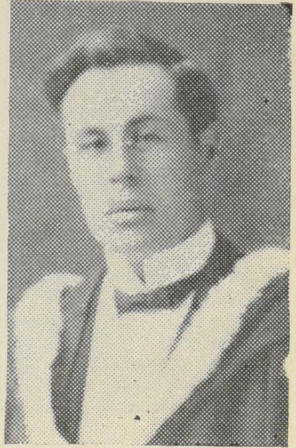
JOSEPH ALLABY PYNE.

"How soon has Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my nine and twentieth year."

"Joe" was destined to make his debut on the stage of life at Tiverton, N. S. He received his early education there, and then went to sea. After spending some ten years on the water, he came to Acadia Academy in the fall of '15. Joe completed the Academy course in '17, and entered the college a year later.

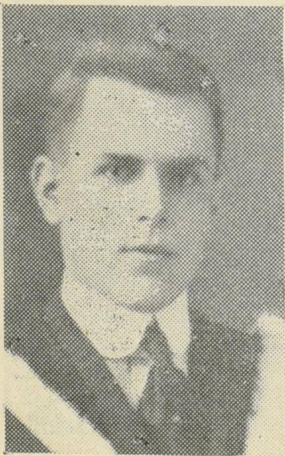
During his years at College, Joe has acquitted himself as a steady, conscientious worker, with a heart as big and a mind as broad, as his expansive smile. In September, '20, the old seafaring instinct once more gained the mastery over him, and he embarked on the so-called troubled sea of matrimony.

We wish him every success as he goes out from his Alma Mater to continue his course in Theology at Rochester Theological Seminary.



JOHN ALBERT ROGERS.

"When it's time to turn over, it's time to turn out."



John was born at Nictaux Centre, N. S., August 14, 1902. He received his High School education at Middleton and came to Acadia in the fall of 18 as a charter member of the class of '22. John has had a very brilliant career while with us. His marks were always near the top. In his Junior year he won the 1892 scholarship for the highest average throughout the year. He specialized in Mathematics and Physics. Besides completing the regular B. Sc. course, he is also receiving his Engineering Certificate. Wherever he goes we feel certain he will win honor and glory for himself and for his Alma Mater.

FRANCES WRIGHT SCHURMAN.

"A certain miracle of symmetry; a miniature of loveliness, all grace, Summed up and closed in little."



"Fran" comes to us from Central Be-deque, P. E. I. After spending two years at Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, she came to Acadia and soon gained a place in the hearts of all. As Vice-president of her class during the first term of her Sophomore year, President of Propylaeum during the first term of her senior year, a member of the S. C. A. Cabinet the same year, "Fran" has taken an active part in extra-curriculum college activities all through her college course, but still has maintained a high standing in her studies.

Gay and winsome at all times, she will be greatly missed by her friends at Tully, and especially by the occupants of Senior corridor. She plans to teach next year, and we know that success will attend her through the days to come.

LEON PARKIN STEEVES

"What we need most is not so much to realize the ideal as to idealize the real."

"Steevie", more often known as "Chick", was born at Hillsboro, N. B., in 1902. He graduated from the Hillsboro High School in 1918, and entered Acadia the same year.

His career at Acadia was marked by two distinct factors—his perseverance and his ideals. His perseverance gained him the position as Laboratory Assistant in Biology during his Sophomore and Junior years and that of Laboratory Instructor in his Senior year. For his literary activities he was appointed Literary Editor of the *Athenaeum* for 1921-22. He was also Vice-President of the Science Club and a Senior member of the Student Council.

His ideals were purely Huxleian and his advancing them with such vigor led him to take his stand with the Agnostic Trio, thereby inviting controversy with all ministerials as such.

"Chick" intends to study medicine, and we know that his disposition, expressed by his motto, "Tenax propositi", will lead him to success.



LINDSAY THURBER.

Lindsay hailed from Freeport, N. S. He obtained his early education there, and then attended the Provincial Normal College at Truro. Before he had completed his course at the latter place he enlisted with the R. C. R.'s, and went to France with that unit.

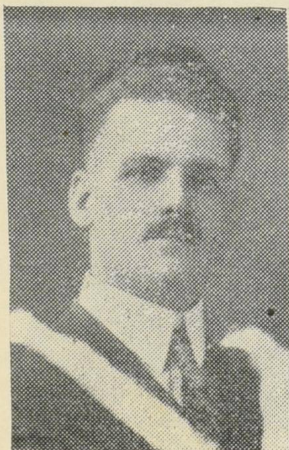
Lindsay won an honorable record for himself at the front, when he was wounded twice and invalided back to England. He returned to Canada at the close of the war and came to Acadia in the fall of '19.

During his three years at Wolfville, Lindsay devoted himself to his work, and set a high mark as a student. He always took a keen interest in class activities, however, and ran two years on his class Bulmer Relay Team. He has not yet planned his career definitely, but if the future is as kind to him as the past, we can predict for him a great success.



HERBERT STANLEY THURSTON.

"A man well versed in scientific lore and Nature's wonders."



Herbert was born in Sanford, N. S., 1896. After receiving his preliminary schooling in the Yarmouth Academy and graduating from the Provincial Normal College he taught school for three years. In the fall of 1918 he came to Acadia to teach in the Academy and pursue his studies in the College. He joined the class of '22 in their Junior year.

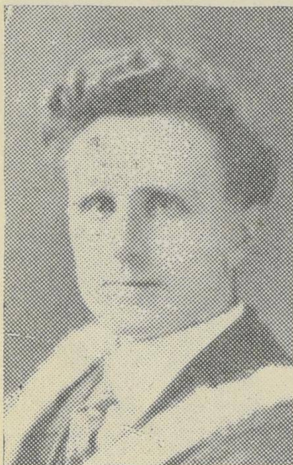
While at Acadia, Herbert was popular with the fellows, and was a valuable member of several student organizations, in particular as President of the Y.M.C.A., '21-22, and House Master of the Academy in '22. He wrote ably for the *Athenaeum*, winning his Literary "A" and also honorable mention in "Poets of the Future".

During his Sophomore year he played on the champion interclass basketball team, and in his Senior year he helped win the Bulmer Relay Race.

He is going in for Chemistry, and we wish him the best of success, both in his chosen profession and as he joins the ranks of the Benedicts next fall.

HERBERT TUCKER.

"A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure."



"Herbert Tucker came from England to Canada in 1913. In January, 1916, he enlisted in the 9th Canadian Field Ambulance, 3rd division, and saw two years active service in France. In October, 1919, following his return to Canada, he came to Acadia to study for the ministry. From the first he showed great industry and zeal, different from many of us in this respect—that we are willing to pay for an education and not get it.

His immediate plans are not certain, but we are sure that he faces the future with confidence, and we send with him our heartiest good wishes, and hope that the remainder of his life may be as happy and successful as his three years at Acadia.

GORDON SWEET VINCENT.

"You know Love, the greatest of things,
But you know also Duty, the sublimest."

Gordon first saw the light of day in Isaac's Harbor, N. S. He completed his High School training at Truro and then enlisted in the 193rd Overseas Battalion in February, 1916. After spending some months in England as orderly-room sergeant, he was transferred to the 25th, with which he served in France until his return to Canada after the armistice.

Gordon entered Mt. A. in the fall of '19, but the following year he came to Acadia and joined the class of '22. While here he has studied hard, but yet he has found time to take part in his class activities, being on his class debating and Bulmer track teams both years. This year he was also a member of the College quartette.

Gordon is about to prove that two can live more cheaply than one. In this, and in his work as pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, North Sydney, we wish him every success.



MARY WYMAN.

"I know you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm."

Carleton, Yarmouth Co., N. S., claims the honor of being Mary's birthplace. She took her preparatory training at Yarmouth Academy, graduating in '17. Next year she received her Superior First at the Provincial Normal College, Truro. She taught the following year at Rockville.

In the fall of '19 Mary entered Acadia as a Freshie-Soph. During her three years in college she has been noted for her application to her studies, and for her good fellowship.

Throughout her college course Mary has worked hard for her class in the *Athenaeum* competition, debating, and basket-ball.

We feel sure that her special work in Latin will be of great service to her as she continues her work as a teacher.



LUDLOW JACKSON WEEKS.



"Gaze on yon form, corroded and defaced,
Yet there the germ of future glory lies."

"Lud" was born in Wolfville, but soon moved to Truro, where he received his early education and from which place he enlisted in the Overseas Forces. After serving in France with the field artillery, he returned home in June, 1919. He entered Acadia the same year as an Engineer, but next fall he joined the class with which he is now graduating.

Lud is fond of all kinds of sport. He played hockey in the "wild-cat" league, and in the interclass games, and was a familiar figure on the tennis courts. Injuries prevented his playing football, but in all games he could play he proved himself a good sport. He was a good student, and showed his executive abilities in helping to organize the "Acadia Science Club."

Lud plans to continue his studies at Yale next year, where he will pursue his studies for a Ph. D. in Geology. With him will go the best wishes of all his Acadia friends.

ELLA JEAN WARREN.



"And grace that won who saw,
to wish her stay."

Ella's birthplace was New Glasgow, P. E. I., where she first attended school. She spent one year at Prince of Wales College, and then came to Acadia Seminary for a year, where she took the Sophomore Matriculation Course, graduating as Valedictorian of her Seminary Class.

In the fall of '19 she came to live in Wolfville and joined the class of '22. All through her college course she has taken an active part in debating. In her senior year she was leader of the Girl's Intercollegiate Debating Team. She held the office of Vice-President of Propylaeum, and was made life Vice-President of her class this year.

Ella was one of those who gave orations on Convocation day. Her literary skill, combined with splendid executive ability, forestalls her success, and we feel sure that Acadia will be proud of her career.

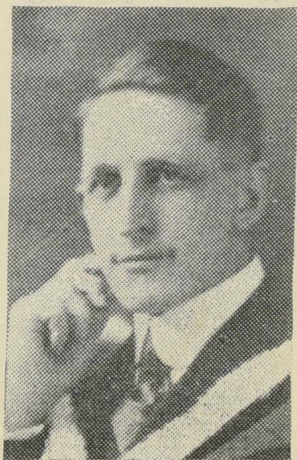
THOMAS MERRITT WEBB.

"He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman."

Tom was born at Westchester, Cumberland Co., N. S., sometime during the nineteenth century. He attended Oxford High School, but later completed his secondary education at Acadia Collegiate Academy as a member of the class of '15.

Tom enlisted at Christmas, 1915, went overseas with the 7th Siege Battery, and saw service in France and Germany until the spring of '19. Returning home, he came to Acadia in the fall of '19 and joined the class of '22.

Tom has had a successful college career, not only with regards to his studies, but also in athletics. He made the football team each year and represented his class at basketball. Besides, he was President of the Theological Club in his Junior, and Vice-President in his Senior year, when he was also Chairman of the Devotional Committee.



The best wishes of his many friends follow him as he goes out to take up his mission among men.

HORACE HANINGTON WETMORE

"Better to get up late and then be wide awake, than to get up early and be asleep all day."

"June" let out his first yell in St. John, N. B. When he grew old enough he went to school there, until he graduated from St. John High School in '16. The fall of '19 saw him arrive at Acadia with carpet bag, straw hat, and tan shoes, to register as an Engineer.



After his first term here, June never let his studies interfere with his education. After mid-years he was appointed Editor of the "*Survey*", and played on the Engineers' basketball team. In his second year he played on the Engineers and College basketball teams, and was on the Engineers' Bulmer, Track, and Swimming teams. He was also elected President of his class the second term, and edited the Engineers' number of the *Athenaeum*.

Having carried some extra work while an Engineer, June was able to register as a Senior in his third year. He was Manager of the Football team, Captain of the Senior Bulmer team, spare on the College basketball team, and played on the Senior team, College track Captain, and a member of the Senior track team, specializing in the mile run.

He was Science editor of the *Athenaeum*, and succeeded in winning his Literary "A". June also took part in both college plays in his Senior year, and did a certain amount of "lab-work" in his spare time.

Having secured a B. Sc. with honors and an Engineering certificate, in three years, he goes to Truro to take the Normal course, and intends to teach for a year or two. We know that the success which has marked his college career will also attend his future activities.

ENGINEERS' CLASS PROPHECY

Graduating Engineers of 1922.

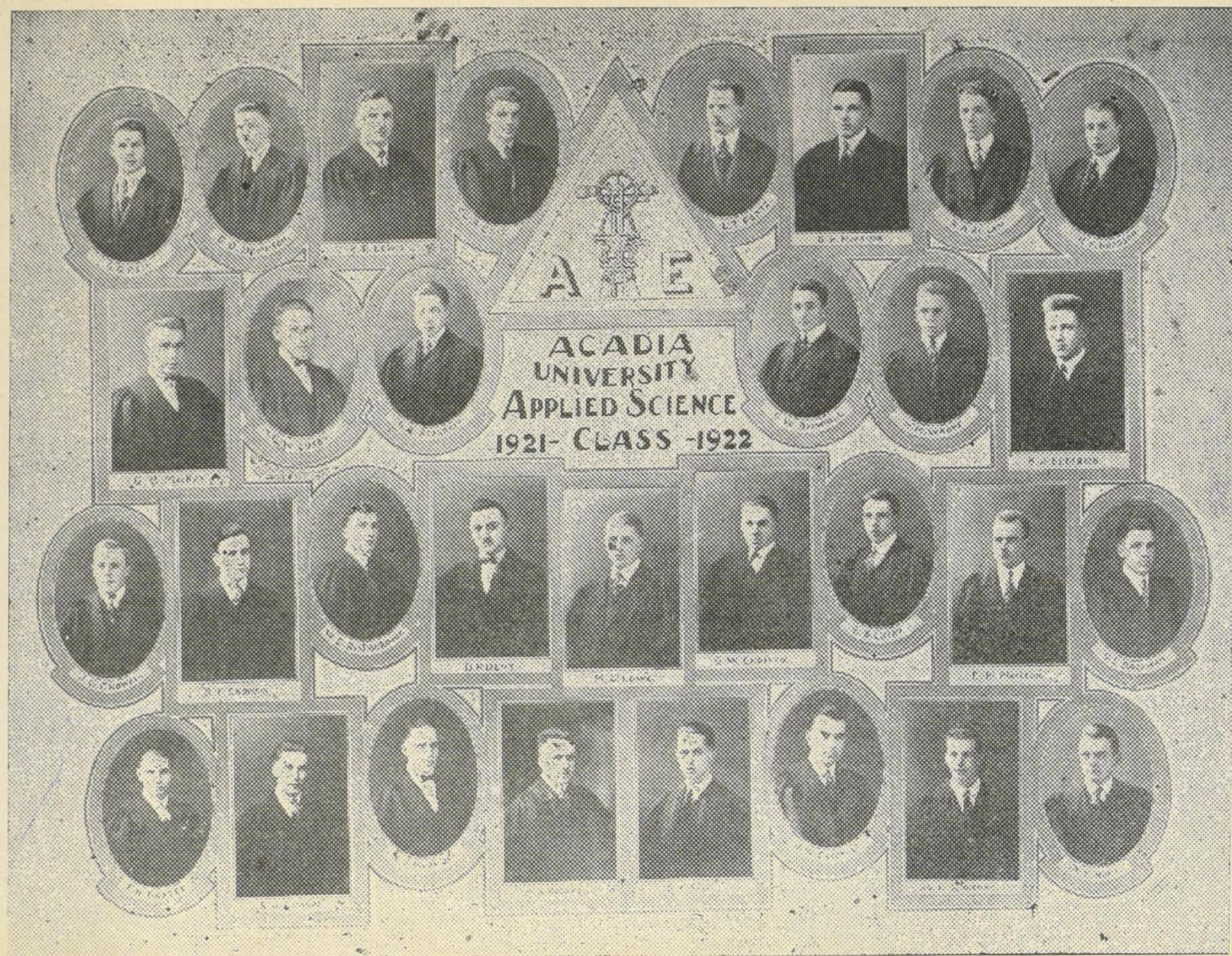
I WAS en route to the famous summer resort of our Canadian Rockies and while passing over the monotonous stretches of barren prairie land my thoughts reverted to the old college days at Acadia. As the fast express sped on, rushing through small farming villages every now and then, my mind drifted still farther from my present situation until I was almost entirely engrossed in the thoughts of what my past class-mates might be doing at that particular moment.

Suddenly the train came to a full stop and I was rudely disturbed from my deep thoughts by the noise of clamoring hotel agents and brawling newsboys. Immediately I realized that we had arrived at the railway depot of that large Canadian city of our great North-West at the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. I had become my natural self again so decided to take a stroll through the city as our Western-bound train did not leave for an hour and a half. On returning to the station I just caught my train and we were soon rolling on towards the great peaks that were ahead now in the dim distance.

During the next few hours, and in fact, until I reached my destination, I was greatly attracted by the superb scenery that nature has given us in the form of the Canadian Rockies.

It was evening when I arrived at the world famous mountain resort, and after securing my room at the hotel, I wandered into the surrounding gardens. Accidentally I came upon a path, showing signs of disuse, but in the bright moonlight I was able to follow it without difficulty. After walking for several minutes I came to a lookout and gazing around, I beheld a deep canyon, at the bottom of which a stream was surging by; the reflection of the moonlight on the flowing water rendered forth a scene never to be forgotten.

As I stood on my lofty lookout, above the roaring canyon, hearing naught but the din of rushing waters, my thoughts



—Photo by Graham

were flung to the four winds, and after roaming over many parts of the world finally focused themselves upon the Acadia Engineers of 1922. A haze came over my eyes and I saw the individual members of the class, one by one, in their present occupations.

The first to come before me was Neil Morrison, president of the class for the spring term of 1922. He was very busy making out his reports on the new water works that the city of Middleton is now installing. Neil became city engineer of the large and still growing valley metropolis some ten years ago, and under his engineering guidance the city has built up beyond all expectations. On the completion of the proposed water works, his next undertaking is to lay out new baseball grounds for the use of his fellow citizens in their favorite sport.

Following Neil there came George W. Christie, famed at college for his silence, and I must say he has changed considerably. He was attending a directors meeting of the Amherst Car and Foundry Co., and was deeply engrossed in specifications for extension of the work-shops. George is now consulting mechanical engineer for the large plant in "Busy Amherst" and I imagine the constant din of the many machines has affected his rowdiness to such an extent that he is now the most sombre of the company's officials.

Next came E. M. MacLeod, who has been interested in the welfare of his home land (Cape Breton) to such an extent that he has spent years of his valuable life in travelling from town to town, lecturing on the merits of Acadia University and especially the Department of Applied Science. He says that engineering training is useful to a man in any profession,—even the ministry. "Mac," as we all knew him, has spent his spare moments on inventions, the latest of which he has donated to Acadia. It consists of a double tunnel from Tully to Willett Hall, and in the tunnel run endless chains carrying endless trays of breakfasts to the late sleepers of the Hall. The new service is being installed at the present time and future students of Acadia will have the privilege of staying in bed on the "cold and frosty mornings."

The magic mist still remained before me. I saw Ralph Conrad, right on the grounds of old Acadia, in a small temporary office, erected near the Tavern. A small army of workmen were busy rushing hither and thither performing their various duties. Conrad emerged from the office and was giving the instructions to his foreman when I realized that he was supervising the building of an elevated passageway from Tully to Willet Hall, for the benefit of those who do not care to get their feet muddy, or to fall on the ice during the winter months.

Closely following Conrad, his old team-mate of hockey fame, came B. F. Crowdis, still known as Buck, who has made a name for himself as a construction engineer. Buck has tackled many difficult engineering undertakings and has handled them all with the success that characterizes everything he attempts. Among his latest feats of skill is a cantilever bridge joining his beloved Cape Breton with the rest of the world.

Next came V. L. Schurman, who, after leaving Acadia, specialized in Architecture at one of our larger Technical Colleges. "Vern." is much the same boy, his love for sports of all kinds is still with him. And that is not all, he has attained great heights in the realms of engineering. "Vern." has designed many of the fine sky-scrapers in our large cities and I am sure that Acadia University is very lucky in securing his services for the new College Hall, which is now under construction.

Going from Vern Schurman, my vision came to H. H. Schurman. When at College "Bert" was always very interested in the wireless section of Dr. Wheelock's electricity course, with the result that he has made it his life work and has met with every success. He has roamed the seven seas as operator on many different ships, but has finally given up the wanderer's life and settled with an electrical concern in the Eastern States, where he is factory manager. In his wide experience with wireless telegraphy and telephony, "Bert" has gained many useful ideas which he incorporates in the manufacture of the company's instruments.

Following in the paths of electricity my vision was next called to W. D. Riseborough, one of the bright lights of the Acadia Graduating Engineers of 1922. "Bill" has lived up to his college reputation of dealing successfully with everything that comes along. One of his latest attainments as an Electrical Engineer is the hydro-electric power plant at Cape Split, where the tides of the Bay of Fundy have been harnessed to supply light and power to residents of the surrounding towns.

Perhaps, by now, you are wondering what happened to Mark Lowe. He has given up engineering to join the ranks of the few who administer knowledge to the young, and I must say that he has met with great success. His subject is that of Physics and he specializes in Mechanics. We can readily this by the way he used to get through the Physics 4 problems, back to the days of 1921-22. Mark's first position was with the New Brunswick Technical College in St. Martins, N. B.; then he came to the Windsor Engineering Institute, where he has turned out many good engineers.

Another member of the class has distinguished himself and has been a credit to Acadia, in the person of D. P. Dent. He has given his engineering training and skill to the rebuilding of the Midland Railway. It has been a great undertaking, for the famous road from Truro to Windsor has been practically rebuilt and now the public have the use of this short route across Nova Scotia, with the added advantage of solid comfort.

My thoughts were now transformed to the other extremity of the continent, and I saw O. L. Bachman, one of the members of our class who specialized in Chemical Engineering. He has found a field for his chosen profession in the pulp and paper industry of the Pacific Coast. Mr. Bachman has designed several of the pulp mills now in operation on the coast, and at present is devoting his time to laboratory work, performing countless experiments, so that he may improve the processes used in the manufacture of paper from the very varieties of British Columbia woods.

The vision carried my mind farther north from the pulp and industries until it was focussed on the Arctic Circle, and I saw N. E. Hunt in the attire of an explorer. He had given up engineering and was bound to find where the world began. In his good ship "Mabou" he looked like a true successor to Admiral Peary, and I might add that his latest discovery is the "Mabou Cake", which is rapidly taking the place of the once famous "Peary Pie".

Last, if not least, came Bruce Reid, who gave up engineering long ago to go in for diamond planting. Finding this a failure he entered the ministry. I found him leading the Young Men's Bible Class one Sunday afternoon, and it was very evident that he would rather be back at the good old engineering game. Bruce has encouraged athletics in the Sunday school to such an extent that his parish has a star hockey team. He gained much experience in hockey while at Acadia in the year 1922.

And so with the remembrance of Bruce's smiling countenance, the haze drifted from over my eyes and I was soon aware of the rushing waters in the great canyon below me. Somewhat dazed I started on my return journey to the hotel. When I arrived, all was quiet, and glancing at my watch, I was surprised to find that it was almost three o'clock.

I hurried to my room, undressed, and was soon in bed. I lay there until morning, unable to sleep, reviewing in my mind all the wonderful thoughts of the successes of my former class-mates. Finally, worn out from sheer exhaustion, I dropped asleep.

—E. B. Lusby, Eng. '23.

ENGINEERS' ATHLETICS

THE proposal for a continuation of the success of former years in the field of sport was, if anything, very disheartening to the Engineers who resumed their studies in the fall of 1921. It was clear to all that the class was almost athletically bankrupt; of the past year's Bulmer relay team only one member had returned; the same was true of the baseball team, and even that could not be said of the basketball quintette.

However, preparations were made for filling the numerous gaps. With the Bulmer only a few weeks off, the engineers were faced with the all too apparent fact that it would be useless, through lack of material, to defend the cup which they won so decisively the previous year.

Basketball was next to claim the attention of the class so depleted of its athletes. Continued practice resulted in turning out a team, which, although light in comparison with the other teams, was one which was fast and willing to work, and work hard. Much to the surprise of the other teams of the interclass league, the Engineers suffered but one defeat. The Engineers' Senior game has never been played, and since each team has lost but one game the result of this match would decide the runners-up of the league.

The Engineers-Interclass basketball team was as follows: Forwards—G. H. Morrison, B. F. Crowdis. Centre—L. Coit. Guards—Hodgson, Pentz (Captain).

Although not at the top of the league, the Engineers were quite content with the showing their team, composed entirely of new material, had made against teams of recognized repute.

Soon after college had reopened for the winter months, as inter-class hockey league was formed, hopes of success were very high, owing to the fact that four of the college team were Engineers. However, our hoodoo still pursued us and were forced to be content with a secondary position in the league. The hockey line-up follows: Goal—J. Crowell.

Defence—B F. Crowdis, Pentz. Centre—B. B. Reid. Wings—Conrad (Captain), G. H. Morrison. Spares—Crockett, Hodgson.

No sooner had the hockey season closed than baseball became the sole topic of importance in sport circles. The Engineers were again confronted with the task of forming an absolutely new baseball organization, while the other teams, constituting the interclass league, had played together for the past two and three years. At the time of writing the Engineers have won the first game of the league and prospects are not as dull as might be imagined. The line-up follows: Captain, J. Elderkin; pitcher, G. H. Morrison; 1st b., R. J. Conrad; 2nd b., B. F. Crowdis (Capt.); s.s., R. R. Lewis; 3rd b., Hodgson; c.f., E. M. Macleod; r.f., N. E. Hunt; l.f., M. C. Lowe.

Although the success of former years in class athletics has not been attained this year, the Engineers fully believe that succeeding years will bring their class back into its former position in Acadia's field of sport. —B. F. C.



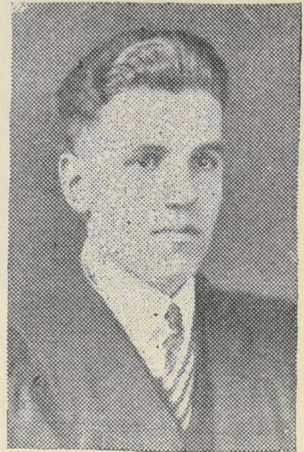
THE APPLIED SCIENCE GRADUATING CLASS OF 1922

OLEN LESLIE BACHMAN.

"No great thought, no great object, satisfies the mind at first view—nor at the last."

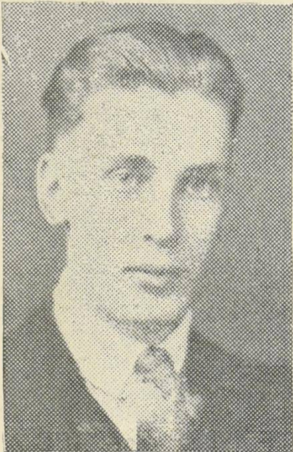
Olen was born in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, and received his early education there. He joined the Canadian Overseas Forces in March, 1917, and returned to Canada in June, 1919. He entered Acadia as an Engineer in 1920 and has succeeded in completing the course in two years. He has taken much interest in class work and sports, being President of the class during the first term of his second year.

He shows little interest in the fairer sex, but receives much of his enjoyment from hard, faithful work at his books. It is possible that he may come back to Acadia to pursue his studies in Chemical Engineering, and if he continues to work as hard as he has in the past, we feel sure there is no height which he cannot attain.



RALPH JONES CONRAD

"His chin is but enriched with one appearing hair."



"Connie" joined the Rollicking Engineers in 1920. He claims Sussex as his home and received his early education in the schools of that town. He is an ardent follower of all sports, but hockey and track are his specialties. Anyone who saw him play on the college teams will tell you that Connie was strong for skating, and has even been known to skate the first three and the last five bands without stopping, and as a result he contracted a bad attack of "flu" and is now convalescing in the Tully Reception Room. Connie says the Ridge air is great. Whenever there were any class activities, Connie was sure to be on hand, and his suggestions have always been helpful.

Although he intends to specialize in electrical engineering, he does not know just where he will continue his studies, but wherever he goes, he has our best wishes for his success.

GEORGE WILLIAM CHRISTIE.



"His hair is the envy of many a damsel!"

"George" first saw the light of day in Amherst, N. S., in 1902. He received his early education at the Cumberland County Academy, graduating in 1919. In the fall of the same year he showed his good sense by coming to Acadia and joining the Engineers.

Besides gaining the reputation of being the noisiest man around the College, George has also made a success of his studies.

On leaving Acadia he intends to enter The Technical College, where he will pursue his studies in Mechanical Engineering. Our every hope is with him for success in his chosen profession.

BLAIR FRASER CROWDIS.

"How wretched one is by himself, when Some One Else can't stay!"

"Buck" joined the ranks of *Homo Sapiens* in the suburbs of Baddeck, and soon moved with his family to Sydney. He commenced his studies in the latter metropolis by attending the night school, but after a short time the strain of studying in the dark was too much for his eyes. He consulted many specialists and wore both glasses and spectacles, but to no avail. At this crucial moment in his life's history he conceived the bright idea of attending the day school. With few exceptions, his life after that was a marked success. He graduated from Sydney Academy, and then signed on with the Acadia Engineers. By much hard studying, after 10 p.m., he has succeeded in completing his course in two years.

Buck has always taken a keen interest in athletics, and he made the Engineers' baseball team both years and was captain the second year. He also made the Engineers' hockey and basketball teams and the college hockey team, in his second year. On occasion, he can deal a nasty, mean deck. Buck has taken a great interest in class affairs, and was vice-president of his class the last term.

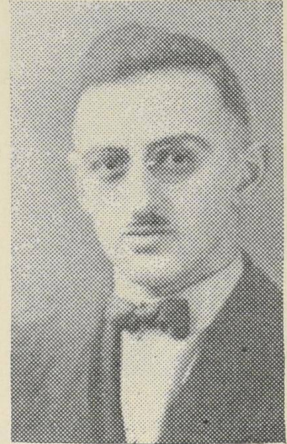
From here Blair goes to Nova Scotia Tech. to study Mechanical Engineering, and if left alone by the wild women of Halifax, will doubtless make a great success of his work. With the wisdom he has gleaned at Acadia he hopes some day to place a bridge across the Strait.



DOUGLAS PETER DENT.

"He was one of nature's noblemen."

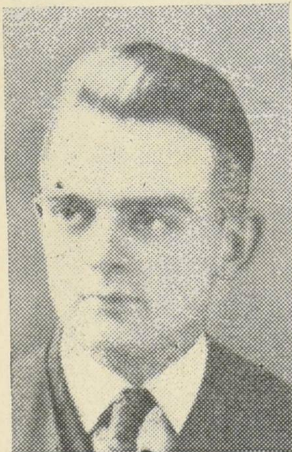
"Dinty" first saw the light of day in the nineteenth century in St. Sixte, Que. He received his early education in his home and then attended the High School at Grand Ligne, Que. After his graduation he went out West for a year. He returned home in the fall of 1920, and feeling the call of higher education, he wisely came to Acadia and still more wisely, joined the Engineering Class of '22. Despite his intermittent (?) interest in the opposite sex, he has completed the course in two years. Among his extra-curriculum activities, might be mentioned his acting as agent and consumer for a select firm of hair tonic manufacturers. He intends to study Electrical Engineering at McGill or Nova Scotia Tech.



Our earnest wishes for his success go with him.

NATHANIEL EARL HUNT.

"While words of learned strength and thundering sound
Amazed the rustics standing 'round."



"Mabou" came into existence in 1902 in a city of Cape Breton bearing that name. He attended school there and finished up at Colchester Academy.

In 1919, feeling that he was still ignorant along some lines, he came to Acadia to study engineering. His high standing testifies to his studious nature and natural ability, but in spite of strict devotion to work, he has not proved himself entirely in vulnerable to the wiles of the fairer sex.

We feel that his success is assured in his chosen field of Mechanical Engineering.

MARK CURRY LOWE.

"Un tiens vaut vieux que deux 'tu l'auras'."



"Mark" was born in Amherst in 1901. After attending school there for a few years, he moved with his parents to St. Martin, N. B. In '19 he realized his mistake and returned to Nova Scotia to attend the Acadia Collegiate Academy, from which he graduated with honors the following spring.

In the autumn of '20 Mark again appeared at Acadia and joined the Engineering Class of '22, and once more proved himself a first class student. He did not take a very active part in athletics, too much of his time being occupied with "Tra-la-la". He says he believes in the saying, "There is safety in numbers."

From here he intends going to McGill, and judging from his reputation here, there is no doubt but what he will make good there.

NEIL STANLEY MORRISON.

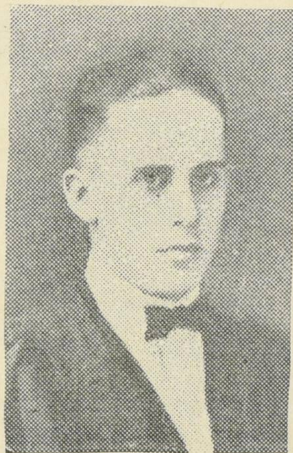
"Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning!"

It was in the metropolis of Middleton that the sun first shone upon "Stan". The place suited him, and there he secured his elementary education. He soon acquired an insatiable thirst for knowledge and bright lights, so he came to Wolfville.

Shortly after his arrival, the fair damsels became interested in him and Stan. was in great demand. These minor local attractions could not hold him, and after writing his mid-year examinations in 1917, he joined the Royal Flying Corps, received his training and commission overseas.

Intent upon being an engineer, Stan returned to Acadia to complete his course. He was progressing splendidly when taken seriously ill. We deeply regret that he was taken sick just after the peak had been passed, but we can assure him that his good record has tided him over the bar. Altho he did not take an active part in athletics, he took a keen interest in social functions. He was appointed class president for the spring term of 1922

and filled the office admirably. The class, one and all, wish Stan the best of success in his course in mining engineering, which he intends to pursue at the Nova Scotia Tech.

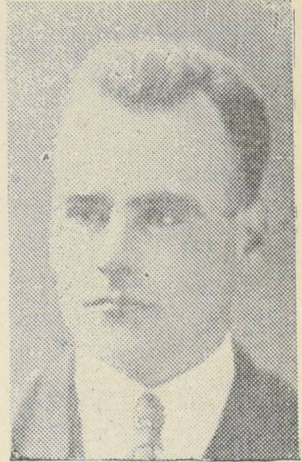


ERNEST M. MacLEOD.

"My life is one damned horrid grind."

"Mac" was born and brought up in the city of Cleveland, Cape Breton. He received his early education there and after attended Pictou Academy, where he obtained his "B".

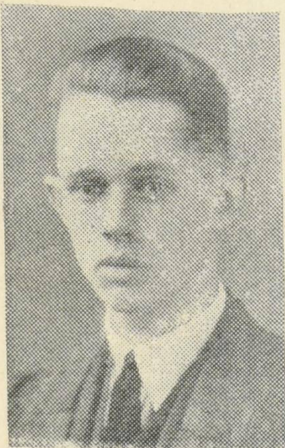
In the fall of 1917 he enlisted with the C. G. R.'s and was stationed at Halifax until the close of the war. In 1919 he entered the Freshman class at Acadia. The following year, he joined the Engineering Class of '22, and has successfully completed the course. "Mac" derives much pleasure from studying French, which he finds a most interesting subject, and plans on taking a special course in its next year.



From here "Mac" intends to go to Nova Scotia Tech. We will wish him success in his future career.

BRUCE BARNABY REID.

He could not stay, he had to go,
Praise God from whom all blessings flow.



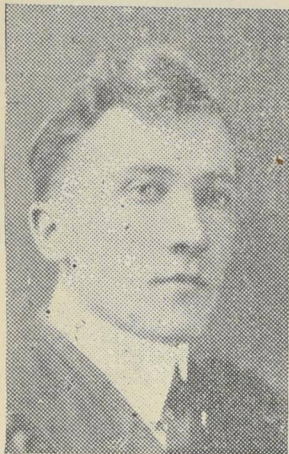
Bruce came to life in Toronto, but when he was very young and innocent his parents moved him to Truro and he received his early education in the public schools of the latter town.

He came to Acadia in the fall of '19 and began the study of Engineering, securing his certificate this spring. He always took a keen interest in athletics and society. In '22 he worked hard as spare on the hockey team.

After leaving Acadia, he intends to go into business with his father in Truro. His going will be felt by all who know him. Especially will he be missed by the Seminary girls who were quite familiar with his melodious voice, with which they were favored in the small hours of the morning.

WILLIAM DIXON RISEBOROUGH.

"The secret of success is constancy of purpose."



"Bill" hails from North Brookfield, N. S. He was born in Leeds, England, in 1898, and received his elementary education in Manchester. He came to Canada in 1912, and attended the Lower Woods Harbour High School, from which he graduated in '16. In 1916 he enlisted with the 112th Battalion. After twenty months service in France, with the R. C. R.'s, he was gassed, and he returned to Canada in 1917. His next thirteen months were spent in Kentville Sanatorium.

In 1920 he entered the Engineering Class at Acadia, where he has shown remarkable ability as a student. He was very popular among his classmates, and was well liked by all who knew him.

He is looking forward to spending his next two years at Nova Scotia Tech., where he will complete his course in Electrical Engineering.

We wish him every success in his future career.

HURLBERT HARTT SCHURMAN.

"Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should all labour be?"

"Bert" came to us from the "Island" via Sydney Public School and Wolfville High School. The Engineers claimed him when he entered college in 1919, and although he has tried to tear himself away at different times, even even the pleasures of banking and pharmacy have failed to hold him; he has come back to finish his course. On leaving Acadia his highest ambition is to join the ranks of Electrical Engineers at Nova Scotia Tech.

We predict for him not only many friends and "a whale of a good time", but also great success in his chosen profession.

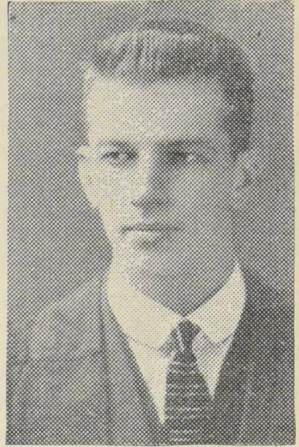


VERNON LIONEL SCHURMAN.

"Is not this a rare fellow, my lord?"

"Vern" was born and still lives at Be-deque, P.E.I. He secured his preparatory training at Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, P. E. I. In 1916 he enlisted and saw service in France with the 8th and 11th Canadian Siege Batteries. He came to Acadia in the fall of 1919, joining the Applied Science Class of '22. Although boarding in town, he has always kept in close touch with undergraduate activities.

"Vern" confined his athletic tendencies to football. Ill health prevented him from playing in his second year, but this year he made the first team, "tailing up" for the scrum. His genial friendliness has made him universally popular among his fellow students. He carries their best wishes with him to Nova Scotia Tech. next fall, when he will specialize in Electrical Engineering.



SKETCHES FROM COMMENCEMENT

FAREWELL TO THE SENIORS.

ONE of the most interesting events of the close of the year was the farewell banquet given the Senior Class by the Juniors, on the evening of April the 29th. Tully's dining-room, aided by a carefully planned decorative scheme, was quite transformed for the occasion; the menu was all that could be desired, and the Freshmen and Freshettes rendered very efficient service.

Yet, in spite of the festive appearance of the whole gathering, there was a feeling that this was the first step in the parting which must come between the class of '22 and that of '23—classes which had often met in the past three years as rivals, yet between whom a strong feeling of friendship had grown up.

G. DeW. Mullin, president of the Junior Class, acted as toast-master, and proposed the first toast to the King. F. W. Doyle, '23, proposed a toast to the class of '22, which was responded to by the president, A. K. Eaton. A toast to Acadia was proposed by R. D. H. Wigmore, '23, and replied to by Harry Atkinson, '22. V. L. Pearson, '23, proposed a toast to the ladies, to which Ella J. Warren, '22, replied.

Before the banquet came to a close, Dr. Cutten spoke a few words in appreciation of the banquet as a part of our social life, and as a mark of friendship and admiration to the graduating Seniors. He emphasized the value of friendship in college life, and all that life and friendship mean to us.

"A PRIVATE SECRETARY."

The Dramatic Society gave a second performance of "The Private Secretary" at the Opera House on May 27th, under the auspices of the Athletic Association. The play scored a decided hit, as was evidenced by the hearty laughter and generous applause of the packed audience.

It would be difficult to say just who were the stars of the performance, for everyone in the cast did well, and showed the result of hard practicing. Bill Miller certainly gave a masterful interpretation of "The Private Secretary", while Giddy Goucher as "Cattermole" and "Jimmy" Lewis as the tailor who wanted to sore, provoked screams of merriment. All the performers are to be congratulated on their excellent presentation of the comedy.

A special feature of the program was the awarding of the athletic, literary, and debating "A"'s won during the year. The number of distinction caps and Athletic "A"'s was exceptionally large, while the number of Literary "A"'s was the largest in the history of Acadia.

The Acadia Orchestra, under the talented leadership of Miss Langley, added greatly to the pleasure of the evening by rendering several selections.

Following is the cast named in the order of their appearance:—

Douglas Cattermole	Arthur Brown '24
Mrs. Stead (Douglas' landlady)	Jean Walker '24
Sydney Gibson (a tailor)	Cecil Lewis '22
Harry Marsland	Harrison Goodwin '24
Rev. Robert Spalding	William Miller '22
Mr. Cattermole (Douglas' uncle)	Gordon Goucher '22
Knox (a writ server)	Harry Atkinson '22
Miss Ashford	Edith Davison '23
Mr. Marsland (Harry's uncle)	Harold Bannerman '24
Edith Marsland (Mr. Marsland's daughter) ..	Zella Parlee '22
Eva Webster (Friend to Edith)	Margaret Ford '22
John (a servant)	Horace Wetmore '22

Scenes

Act I—"Found"—Douglas Cattermole's Chambers.

Act II—"Full Cry"—Mr. Marshland's country seat.

Act III—"Run to Earth"—Mr. Marsland's country seat.

Musical Program

Overture—March MilitaireSchubert-Tausig
Orchestra—Between Acts I and II.

Violin Soli—(a) Lento Gluck
(b) Harlequin Haesche
Myra Alcorn.

Battle Royal Allen

Orchestra.

Violin Soli(a) Son of the Puszta.....Keler Bela
(b) Indian LamentDvorak-Kreisler
Verne Thompson.

Orchestra—Between Acts II and III.

Violin Soli—(a) GavotteRameau
(b) Wings of SongMendelssohn-Achron
Mary Lusby.

Under the Double Eagle Wagner
Orchestra.

BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.

As has been the good fortune of Acadia students for the last few years, Baccalaureate Sunday was one of those warm spring days for which the Annapolis Valley is so justly famous. The light breezes bore a hint of apple blossoms just opening out in the warm sun of latter May. True spring was here at last. As the sun gradually crept up over the edge of the horizon and looked out over the smiling world, a listener in Willett Hall or Tully Tavern must have heard the sounds of arising slumberers. Presently the old flag-pole on the Hill was surrounded by the members of the class of '22; the old flag-pole, still standing majestically near the undisturbed ruins of College Hall which soon bore aloft the banner of another graduating class. The cool breezes from Minas Basin swelled out the farewell pennant, while with a

feeling of real sadness, the group about the pole joined hands and gave their yell. Thus, according to custom, the class of '22 began their last Sunday at their *alma mater*.

At ten o'clock in the morning, before the largest audience ever assembled in the Wolfville Baptist church, the graduating class filed solemnly into their seats to listen to their Baccalaureate service.

The speaker of the morning was Rev. Dr. Barbour, the president of Rochester Theological Seminary, who presented the true philosophy of life in a most striking and practical sermon addressed to the Seniors. A warning was sounded against that all-to-common fault of college students, of *possessing* but not *mastering* the education which they received, a fault which none of the great men and women of the intellectual world have failed to conquer.

The evening service, which was under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., was equally interesting. The speaker was Dr. Johnson, with whom we were already familiar, he having conducted a special series of meetings here this spring. He brought out forcibly the direct relationship between Christianity and everyday life in college and the outside world.

After the service at the Church, the Acadia Band rendered a concert of sacred and classical music on the college grounds, under the direction of Mr. R. H. Murray. This concert marked the end of a day that will live for many years in the memory of those students about to complete their stay at Acadia.

CLASS DAY.

On the morning of May 30, a large number of people gathered in the Baptist church to hear the Class Day exercises of the University Graduating Class—a program which is always anticipated with great pleasure by friends of the graduates, and which, this year, proved exceptionally interesting.

Led by the four officers, the class entered in solemn procession to the stately "March Militaire" played by Miss Ethel Norton, '24, and W. H. Peters, '23. The program was prefaced by a short address by the president, Mr. A. K.

Eaton, in which, after welcoming the visitors, he gave the students' view of the value of college life—a life in which books are not the entire thing, but where one learns to *live* to the fullest extent.

Next came the business of the meeting. The secretary read the minutes of the last meeting, following with the roll call. It was decided to hold a class reunion every five years, beginning with 1921. A motion was passed that the present officers be retained for life: A. K. Eaton, President; Miss Ella Warren, Vice-president; T. K. Cleveland, Treasurer; and Miss Evelyn Colpitts, Secretary.

Miss Josephine Harris rendered a vocal solo, after which Mr. H. G. Goucher read the class history. The history was well written, and we followed the illustrious class of '22 with great interest from their successes with corn and pies to their successes in athletics, debating and literary work. A great honor is held by this class, in that *eight* of their number received the Literary "A" this year.

Mr. D. D. Cameron, as the heroic prophet, "Two-Two", brought back from the formidable sages Justus and Tenax a lengthy scroll from which he read the future of his classmates—futures which we found extremely interesting, and touched with the realism of true prophecy.

Class Day was brought to a close with the Valedictory by Miss Irene Haley. Miss Haley expressed the gratitude of her class to the faculty, the board of governors, to the president and to the citizens of Wolfville, for all they owe to them. To her class-mates her parting message was one of inspiration to take up their life work and to form new friendships, and meet new difficulties cheerfully, confidently and courageously.

UNIVERSITY GRADUATING EXERCISES.

Every day of Commencement seemed to be just a little more perfect than the one preceding it, and on Wednesday the weather, the apple blossoms, everything in fact, seemed almost ideal.

The impressive exercises began with the entrance of the president, faculty and Alumni, followed by the graduating class in stately procession. After prayer had been offered, four members of the graduating class delivered addresses on the different problems of the day.

The first, by John W. Lank, dealt with Canadian Immigration,—a very vital problem just now, and one which concerns the economic life of the country as regards her industries, railroads and social development. Education was the solution offered,—education, not only of the incoming foreigner, but of the Canadian citizen, that he may develop a right attitude toward the situation.

The second address, by Miss Ella Warren, was on "Library Interests of the Maritime Provinces". Miss Warren showed the value of libraries, of having books accessible to every one, and outlined the steps that had been taken in the Maritime Provinces to meet this need, and the work that must be done in the future.

Mr. T. K. Cleveland, in the next oration, "Beyond the Atom", touched upon the nature of some of the recent scientific discoveries, and pointed out a few of the possibilities of the future.

The last address by Mr. Herbert Tucker gave a history of Co-operation from the time it originated in England in the last century—the need of it, its benefits, its practical application, and its value in modern economic life.

Then followed the announcement of honor certificates—this year to an unusually large number, nine in all, and the most impressive part of the service, the formal conferring of degrees. Following is a list of those receiving degrees:

Degree of Master of Arts—

Collins, Wylie Louis, Port Williams, N. S.
Meister, Terence Alexander, New Ross, N. S.
Richardson, Claude Sartoris, Sydney N. S.

Degree of Bachelor of Arts—

- Atkinson, Charles Harry, Apple River, N. S.
Bagnall, Laura, Hazelgrove, P. E. I.
Bleakney, Guy Garfield, Boston, Mass.
Brinton, Myron Oakman, St. Croix Cove, N. S.
Brown, Mabel, Coralie, Melvern Square, N. S.
Brown, Marion Elizabeth, St. John, N. B.
Cameron, Donald Douglas, Amherst, N. S.
Chute, Winnie Laurie, Waterville, N. S.
Cochrane, Myrtle Reta, Sunny Brae, N. B.
Colpitts, Flora Evelyn, Upper Dorchester, N. B.
Corey, Albert Bickmore, Bimlipatam, India.
Cutten, Margarita Joy, Wolfville, N. S.
Eaton, Albert Kenneth, Lower Canard, N. S.
Elgee, William Harris, Jemseg, N. B.
Ford, Margaret Lettia, Wolfville, N. S.
Freeman, Hazel Josephine, Bridgetown, N. S.
Fritz, Horatio Warren Douglas, St. John, N. B.
Ganong, Carey, Kierstead, Jemseg, N. B.
Haley, Irene Constance, St. Stephen, N. B.
Harris, Josephine Elizabeth, Canning, N. S.
Harris, Ella Blanche, Glace Bay, N. S.
Hicks, George Claude, Moncton, N. B.
Lank, John William Whitney, Wilson's Beach, N. B.
Marshall, Ralph Evans, Springhill, N. S.
Marshall, Mortimer Villiers, Salem, N. S.
Mason, Merle Hilburne, Wolfville, N. S.
Miller, William John, Glassville, N. B.
Murray, Isabel Conway, Springhill, N. S.
McCurdy, Margaret Louise, New Glasgow, N. S.
McLeod, Clarke Kenneth, Wolfville, N. S.
MacPhail, Carrie Isabel, Perth, N. B.
Nichols, Mabel Gertrude, Kentville, N. S.
Parlee, Zella Idella, St. John, N. B.
Phillips, Beatrice Evelyn, Fredericton, N. B.
Prime, Egbert Corning, Freeport, N. S.
Prince, Arthur Reginald, Truro, N. S.
Pyne, Joseph Allaby, Tiverton, N. S.
Schurman, Francis Martha, Central Bedeque, P. E. I.
Steeves, Leon Parkin, Hillsboro, N. B.
Tucker, Herbert Stanley, Sanford, N. S.
Vincent, Gordon Sweet, Sackville, N. B.
Warren, Ella Jean, Wolfville, N. S.
Webb, Thomas Merritt, Amherst, N. S.
Wyman, Mary, Carleton, N. S.

Degree of Bachelor of Science—

Bowlby, James Llewelyn, Paradise, N. S.
Brown, Max Ordway, Princeton, Maine.
Cleveland, Theodore Kierstead, Alma, N. B.
Goucher, Henry Gordon, Middleton, N. S.
Lewis, Cecil Allan, Perth, N. B.
Rogers, John Albert, Middleton, N. S.
Thurber, Lindsay, Freeport, N. S.
Thurston, Herbert Stanley, Sanford, N. S.
Weeks, Ludlow Jackson, Wolfville, N. S.
Wetmore, Horace Hannington, St. John, N. B.

Dr. Cutten, in addressing the graduating class, mentioned the fact that this was the largest class in Acadia's history, and he believed, the largest graduating this year in the Maritime Provinces. Continuing, he explained the development of character as a part of education, and the value of sound character over mere knowledge.

Certificates were granted as follows:—

Certificate of English Course in Theology—

Ayling, George R. T., Rawdon, N. S.
Mott, George N., Falmouth, N. S.
Neary, Frank K., Wolfville, N. S.

Certificate of Engineering—

Backman, Olen Leslie, Lunenburg, N. S.
Conrad, Ralph Jones, Sussex, N. B.
Christie, George William, Amherst, N. S.
Crowdis, Blair Fraser, Sydney, N. S.
Dent, Douglas Peter, St. Sixte, Que.
Hunt, Nathaniel Earl, Mabou, N. S.
Lowe, Mark Curry, St. Martins, N. B.
Morrison, Neil Stanley, Middleton, N. S.
MacLeod, Ernest Milton, Cleveland, N. S.
Reid, Bruce Barnaby, Truro, N. S.
Riseborough, William Dickson, North Brookfield, N. S.
Rogers, John Albert, Middleton, N. S.
Schurman, Hurlbert Hartt, Wolfville, N. S.
Schurman, Vernon Lionel, Bedeque, P. E. I.

Dr. Cutten then announced the prize list as follows:—
The Ralph Manning Scholarship—Karl Nowlan.

Khaki University and Y. M. C. A. Scholarship Fund—Alce MacLeod and Gwendolyn Belyea .

Women's Scholarship—Edith Davison and Jennie Tamplin.

Edward Manning Entrance Scholarships:—

Nova Scotia—Vernon Shaffner.

New Brunswick—Marjorie Manning.

Continuation Scholarship—Harry Atkinson, T. H. Robinson, Edith Davison.

Governor-General's Medal—John A. Rogers.

W. B. Bishop Gold Medal—John W. Lank.

W. R. Brock Scholarship—B. N. Goodwin.

Ralph M. Hunt Scholarships—Mary Patriquin and Margaret Ford.

Sergeant Philip Beals Memorial Scholarship—Harold Puddington.

Class of 1892 Scholarship—G. W. Gardiner.

Class of 1905 Scholarship—J. R. Lingley.

Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical Contest—First, W. H. Elgee; second, C. K. Ganong.

The Seely Medals—First, S. D. Trites; second, V. C. Short.

The A. M. Wilson Prize—W. D. Riseborough.

The A. G. McIntyre Prizes—M. C. Lowe and O. L. Backman.

Prize of Wolfville High School—Margaret Allan.

The Rose English Prize—D. D. Cameron.

Then followed the conferring of honorary degrees, after which Dr. Cutten presented the re-union cup to Dr. Ross on behalf of his class of 1892.

Doctor of Divinity—

Rev. C. W. Rose, Amherst, N. S.

Rev. S. S. Poole, St. John, N. B.

Rev. E. H. Ramsay, New Glasgow, N. S.

Doctor of Civil Law—

Howard S. Ross, K. C. M., Montreal, Que.

Hon. E. N. Rhodes, P. C., K. C., Ottawa.

Hon. Justice T. Sherman Rogers, Halifax.

Doctor of Letters—

J. D. Logan, Ph. D., Halifax.

Master of Arts—

Mrs. George Churchill, India.

The service came to a close with short speeches from those who had received honorary distinctions, speeches which abounded in appreciative expressions of their loyalty and devotion to Acadia, with hopes, echoes in the hearts of all that her great name may become even greater.



ACADEMY CLOSING

The big attraction of the Second Day of Commencement was the Academy Graduation Exercises which took place Monday evening, May 29th, in the Baptist Church.

After the faculty and Graduating Class had filed into their places to the strains of the Processional, the following excellent programme was rendered:—

1. Processional March—
Miss Miriam Coit, Miss Alice Lamont.
2. Opening Prayer—Rev. D. B. Hemmeon, Wolfville.
3. Piano Solo, “Rhapsody Hongroise No. 6—*Liszt*.
Eleanor Mitchell, Sem. '22.
4. Essay, “Ireland”—Fred. S. Crossman.
5. Essay, “Class History”—George R. Mitchell.
6. College Quartette, Selected:
Messrs. Crossman, Parsons, Prime and Vincent.
7. Essay, “Peter Abelard”—Charles F. Allaby.
8. Essay, “The Valedictory”—Wallace F. Forgey.
9. Violin Solo, “Son of the Puszta”—*Keler Bela*.
Verne S. Thompson, Sem '23.
10. Address to the Graduates—Howard S. Ross, B. A., K.C.,
Montreal.
11. Awarding Diplomas.
12. Principal's Address.
13. “God Save the King.”
14. Processional March—Misses Coit and Lamont.

CLASS ODE

Another year has flown, and with its close
 We pass along and yield our place to those
 Who follow us. In far off calm repose
 The never ceasing stream of wisdom flows;
 And as is wafted to our listening ear
 Its dulcet voice, in accents soft and clear,
 It hails us onward 'till we reach its side,
 And then upon its rippling breast to glide;
 Then on until the hills of glory ring,
 On, on, until the hoary minstrels sing
 The song of goals to which we have arrived—
 'Till on the scroll of fame our names' inscribed.

We pause and cast behind a lingering look,
 A last good-bye, 'ere to the babbling brook
 That flows in ceaseless melody, we turn;
 And that our hearts may not within us burn,
 We fix our eyes upon the moving stream
 And see the past but in reflected gleam.

—F. S. Crossman, A.C.A., '21.

ACADIA COLLEGIATE AND BUSINESS ACADEMY

Senior Class, 1921-1922

- Allaby, Charles F., St. John, N. B.—“Peter Abelard”.
 Armstrong, George, Sydney, N. S.; Anderson, Fred H., Morrell, P. E. I.—
 “The Black Fox of P. E. I.”
 Archibald, Harold F., Wolfville, N. S.—“The Honey Bee”.
 Honney, Stanley C., Vancouver, B. C.—“British Columbia”.
 Borden, Brenton, Avonport, N. S.; Bancroft, Willard, Wolfville, N. S.—
 “Recent Radio Development.”
 Burgess, Montague, Canning, N. S.; Bleakney, Charles, Bedford, N. S.—
 “Political Conditions in Canada.”
 Crossman, Fred S., Truro, N. S.—“Ireland.”
 Chambers, Harold, Truro, N. S.—“The Class Prophecy.”
 Cook, T. W., Murray Harbour, P.E.I.; Currie, Freeman, Canaan, Yar. Co.,
 N. S.; Condon, Harold, Hopewell, C. B.; Cushing, Raymond, Bridge-
 water, N. S.—“Sulphur.”
 Duxbury, Frank, Halifax, N. S.—“General Smuts”.
 Evans, Carl, Wolfville, N. S.; Forgey, Wallace F., St. John West, N. B.—
 “The Valedictory.”
 Flowers, A. D., Campbellton, N. B.—“Religious Opportunities in India.”

- Hoyt, Percy A., St. John, N. B.; Israel, W. E., St. John, N. B.—“The Apple Industry in Nova Scotia.”
- Johnson, Emmerson, Greenwich, Kings Co., N. S.; Lawrence, James, St. George, N. B.—“W. L. MacKenzie King.”
- Morrison, Clarence, Sydney, N. S.—“The Open Hearth.”
- Meadows, Roy S., Port Maitland, N. S.—“Sir John Byng.”
- Mitchell, George R., Cody's, N. B.—“Class History.”
- Mellish, C. Murray, Moncton, N. B.—“Water Power Development.”
- MacDonald, Robert S., Boyle, Alberta; MacLean, John T., Springville, Pictou Co., N. S.—“David Lloyd George.”
- MacLean, Roderick, Inverness, N. S.—“Resources of Nova Scotia.”
- Neal, Arthur, Yarmouth, N. S.—“Woman Suffrage.”
- Pushie, William N., Glace Bay, N. S.; Roop, J. Soley, Wolfville, N. S.—“Advertising ”
- Ryan, Frank, Newport, Hants Co., N. S.—“Helium.”
- Robinson, Karl, Canso, N. S.—“Fishing of Nova Scotia.”
- Rand, Gilbert, Wolfville, N. S.—“French Revolution.”
- Raines, Harry, Halifax, N.S.; Sharp, George, Mouth-of-the-Keswick, N.B.—“The Ideal Minister.”
- Schofield, Vincent, White Rock, N. S.; Sprague, Gilbert W., Halifax, N.S.; Toombs, J. Garth, Mount Stewart, P. E. I.—“Modern Belgium.”
- Tupper, J. Aubrey, Bridgewater, N. S.—“The International Schooner Race.”
- Tuttle, L. Vaughn, Moncton, N. B.—“Caste System in India.”
- Wardrope, James, Springhill, N. S.; Webber, Ruben, Halifax N. S.—“The British Empire.”
- Wright, Leon B., Clementsvalle, N. S.—“Ideal Citizenship.”
- Wood, William M., St. John, N. B.

BUSINESS CLASS

Pursuing Commercial Course and Course in Stenography and Typewriting.

- Bezanson, Clifford, Brooklyn, Hants Co., N. S.
- Bowers, Bernard, Westport, N. S.
- Bentley, Miss M., Middleton, N. S.
- Bennett, Miss L., Gaspereaux, N. S.
- Card, Donald, Brooklyn, Hants Co., N. S.
- Cox, Miss Irene, Middleton, N. S.
- Crosby, Miss A., Sydney, N. S.
- Clarke, Miss Dorothy, Chipman Corner, N. S.
- Cleveland, Harley B., Kingston, N. S.
- Coldwell, Clyde, Gaspereaux, N. S.
- Culliton, James, Lower Southampton, N. B.
- Davis, Pool Field, Canso, N. S.
- DeLaney, Miss Gladys, Wolfville, N. S.
- Evans, Miss Rhea, Wolfville, N. S.

Eye, Miss Mildred, Wolfville, N. S.
 Ells, Thomas, Kingsport, N. S.
 Gertridge, Miss Leta, Gaspereaux, N. S.
 Hiltz, Stewart, Kingsport, N. S.
 Hamilton, Willis, Chester, N. S.
 Higgins, C. Aubrey, Wentworth Valley, N. S.
 Johnson, Miss Margaret, Wolfville, N. S.
 Kennedy, W. Horace, Woodstock, N. B.
 Longley, Miss Eleanor, Paradise, N. S.
 Larkin, Miss Wilette, Pubnico, N. S.
 Marsters, Wilfred, Deep Brook, N. S.
 Morrison, Miss Annie, Sydney Mines, N. S.
 Morash, Miss Margaret, Dartmouth, N. S.
 McGill, Miss Katharine, Shelburne, N. S.
 MacGowan, Miss Laura, Hillaton, Kings Co., N. S.
 MacDonald, Miss Norma, Westport, N. S.
 MacDonald, Harry, Kentville, N. C.
 MacKenzie, Donald, Sunny Brae, N. B.
 Milbury, Boyd, Digby, N. S.
 Neal, Arthur, Yarmouth, N. S.
 Nickerson, Harold, Shag Harbour, N. S.
 Palmeter, Miss L., Grand Pre, N. S.
 Porter, Bernard, Yarmouth, N. S.
 Pritchard, Orlando, Amherst, N. S.
 Ruggles, Ralph, Deep Brook, N. S.
 Ransom, Miss N., Louisburg, N. S.
 Rogers, Miss Gertrude, Wolfville, N. S.
 Snell, Leslie, Bear River, N. S.
 Sprague, Gilbert W., Halifax, N. S.
 Stewart, Ralph, Antigonish, N. S.
 Stuart, Donald, Wolfville, N. S.
 Sheehy, Miss Marjory, Wolfville, N. S.
 Thomson, Miss Helen, Halifax, N. S.
 Vaughn, J. D., Grand Pre, N. S.
 Weldon, Cyril D., Montreal, P. Q.
 Woodworth, Gaylord, Canning, N. S.
 Whitman, Miss Muriel, Clarence Centre, N. S.
 Wentzell, Miss E. R., Liverpool, N. S.

RECORDS IN ATHLETICS—SCHOOL YEAR 1921-1922

Football:—

A. C. A. vs. Pictou Academy 6—0

Senior High School Champions of Nova Scotia,
winning the Herald Trophy.

Hockey:—

A. C. A. vs. Canning	5—3
A. C. A. vs. Sydney	5—2
A. C. A. vs. Bridgewater	5—6
A. C. A. vs. Mahone	8—6
A. C. A. vs. St. F. X.	4—8

Basket Ball:—

A. C. A. held sixth position in Inter-Class League.

Baseball:—

A. C. A. vs. Juniors.	
A. C. A. vs. Engineers	6—10
A. C. A. vs. Seniors	8—12
A. C. A. vs. Sophomores	2—10
A. C. A. vs. Freshmen	9—22
A. C. A. vs. Yarmouth	9—11

Winners of Prizes and Scholarships

Acknowledgment to the following for generous contributions to the prizes and Scholarship funds during the year:—
T. H. Estabrooks, D. C. Clark, and Rev. S. S. Poole, St. John; H. T. Warne, Digby; S. B. Chute, Berwick; E. W. Robinson, M.P., Wolfville; Mrs. N. A. Rhodes, Amherst; and Mrs. C. S. McClearn, Middleton. The prizes are as follows:

To the leader of the Senior Class, \$10 gold and a Scholarship of \$50 at Acadia University, 1922-23. Winner, Wallace F. Forgey, St. John West. (Average 89).

The second prize, a \$40 Scholarship. Winner, Franklin Ryan, Newport. (Average 88.5.)

To the leader of the Middle Class, \$10. Won by Raymond D. Johnson, St. John. (Average 86.)

To the leader of the Junior Class for the year, \$10. Won by Archibald Adams, Port Maitland. (Average 77.)

To the leader of the Business Class, \$10. Won by Gaylord S. Woodworth, Canning. (Average 81.1.)

Book-keeping Prize, \$5.00. Won by Clyde I. Colwell, Gaspereaux.

Rapid Calculation Prize, \$5.00. Won by Miss Annie Morrison, Sydney Mines.

Robinson Special Prize, \$10.00. Donated by E. W. Robinson, M. P. Won by Stanley C. Bonney, Vancouver.

McClearn Special Prize, \$10.00. Awarded for most rapid advancement during the year. Won by Alvin Robertson, Kingsboro, P. E. I.

VALEDICTORY

Mr. Principal, Fellow Students, Ladies and Gentlemen:

WE are gathered here tonight with a purpose,—to celebrate the ninety-third anniversary of this Academy. The thought of today will linger long in the memories of the members of the class of '22. At the beginning of our course, our graduation day seemed so very far away, a dream as it were, but now it is a reality. An event is happening tonight which will help to fashion and mould our character; it may seem small and unimportant in itself, but it is great and important to each of us; it marks that slight bend where lines which have been running parallel begin to diverge, never to run parallel again. We halt for a moment; we look about and wonder, and then choose our future path in life.

Within our class-rooms we have learned to appreciate literature. Such studies as history have claimed a large part of our time. Classical languages have given to us a glimpse into the lives and customs of other people, of both Ancient and Modern times. We have also delved into mathematics and science. These studies have only increased our appreciation for knowledge, because we realize that what we have learned up to this time is but a drop in the great ocean of knowledge.

We are living in a day when great things are transpiring about us. Thrones have fallen. Empires have been shattered. Bolshevism has been tried and failed to accomplish its

purpose. Conferences have been held to make secure the future peace of the world. Shall peace be accomplished. The answer depends, is a measure, on us and upon all other students who are graduating at this time, and who will take their places in the world as men. The world is looking to us for we shall be the men of tomorrow. If we are to be of the greatest service to the world, we must be prepared.

Life asks for preparation. There is something wonderful in being alive, in having within one's self all sorts of possibilities, each of which may be a new discovery, and then to face the world of experiences coming out of the unknown. We look on a piece of music, a picture, a foot-ball match, or a boat-race as having a sort of rounded completeness. It has been worth the preparation; the contest keeps us full of interest, finally the recollection remains as something added to our treasures of thought. In like manner the great preparation for our tasks should be made because we feel it our duty to God and humanity. We should get into this great game of life, and never confess the game is lost while it is still going on. And when the Creator sees fit to promote us from this life to a still greater sphere of activity, may each of us be able to say "I did my best."

The man who would be the greatest help in the world, should place his ear at the heart of humanity, and there learn what is his work in the world. It may be as a doctor, for in order to have a prosperous world we must have a healthy world. It may be as a mechanic or an engineer, for factories must be run, bridges built, canals dug, and thousands of other kinds of work must be accomplished. The laborer and the farmer have their place in the world, for what could we do without them? The preacher of the Gospel, too, has his task, for this old sin-wrecked world still needs the Glad Tidings of Jesus of Nazareth.

And why all this preparation? Because man is the *Thinking* power on this earth, the *Brain* of the earth. This is a fine old planet, twenty-five thousand miles around, sailing in the sunlight on a mysterious errand. *We* have our work to do, a place to fill, and tonight marks but a step toward the goal.

We may never achieve greatness in the common acceptance of the term. We feel that we are but tools in the hands of God. It is for us to equip ourselves, as best we can, for our particular work. As the nail in the scaffold is just as important as the stone in the structure, so are we important, no matter how small we may be if we seek to work for the good of humanity.

We are met here for the last time as a class, and, as we linger, many fond recollections of happy moments come to mind.

In a public way we wish to express our deep sense of gratitude to all who have been interested in us.

Citizens of Wolfville:

During our stay among you, we have found you to be our friends. Many of us have enjoyed the hospitality of your homes, which helped us to bear the loneliness of separation from home and from family friends. We have been with you one, two, and some of us, three years, and have liked your town, and have enjoyed many visits to surrounding places of interest. We say farewell, but feel that we are leaving many warm friends, the memory of whom will not easily be forgotten.

Students of our Sister Institutions:

Our relationship with you, during our stay at the Academy, has been most friendly. On the campus we have yelled for Acadia, and on all occasions have felt proud to wear the garnet and blue. We hope, in future years, that our efforts will supplement your efforts in adding much to the good name of Acadia. It is with feelings of regret that we say farewell.

Dr. Archibald, and Members of the Faculty:

We find it difficult to express our feelings at such a time as this. You have worked with us, in order to give us the best. We have made mistakes and failures, but have found

you always willing to counsel and advise, thus enabling to change from our old habits to a better way. We shall never forget your untiring efforts to bring to the surface all that makes a man, and to lose forever, that which would tend to hinder us in life.

Some of us may become men of fame, some wealthy, while others may become successful in their own sphere. But whatever standard of success we may attain, it will be due, in a measure, to you who have given us of your best.

We may say farewell with our lips, but in our hearts the spirit of friendship will remain unbroken.

Fellow Students:

We regret to sever the bonds of fellowship binding us together as a school. We have enjoyed your friendship and now feel that all this must be broken. Where we have lost, may you win. Where we have made mistakes, may you prosper by avoiding them. Where we have failed, may you succeed.

While it is of little use to give advice, yet we will leave for your consideration the thought contained in these lines:

“Life is like a mountain railroad,
With an engineer that’s brave;
We must make the run successful,
From the cradle to the grave;
Watch the curves, the fills, the tunnels;
Never falter, never fail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle,
And your eye upon the rail.”

To you we say, farewell.

Members of the Commercial Class:

You are about to enter the great school-house of the world. *Life* is the teacher, while *Success* is the desired goal. *Opportunity* has opened the way for you, *Ambition* is the spur, and *Work* the means by which you may attain success.

It is true that the business profession is overcrowded, but there are thousands of young men and women who will in time succeed, *despite this fact*.

The business profession is crowded,—but don't be afraid of a crowd. If you want to be a business man or woman, *be* a business man or woman. The battle with thousands of others will sharpen your wits and put strength into your determination.

You have chosen for your life the thing that most interests you. You may have to wait longer, and work harder than if you had picked some less crowded calling, but you may get much farther in the end. To you, also, we must say, farewell.

Fellow Classmates:

The cords of comradeship have bound us so closely together that it is difficult to say farewell. For the past two or three years our one hope and aim was to matriculate from the Academy. Until today we have been thinking as a class; from now on we must think as individuals. We have a task to do and a place to fill. When we know our task and find our place, let us play the man.

Some of us are going out into the world this coming year. while others are returning to college next Autumn. Wherever we may go, we will watch each other with the greatest interest. If one succeeds, we will rejoice with him; if one should fail, we will lend a helping hand.

As we say our sincere farewell, let me express the feelings of each fellow to the other, by the words:

“When you are happy, friend o’mine
And all your skies are blue,
Tell me your luck, your fortune fine,
And let me laugh with you.
Tell me the hopes that spur you on
The deeds you mean to do,
The gold you’ve struck, the fame you’ve won,
And let me joy with you.”

We have chosen purple and white as our class colors, purple for honor, white for purity. They stand for the highest and best in life. Never shall *our* colors draw in the dust, Our motto, "*Nobis cura futuri*," "*our care is for the future*," should be an inspiration to all of us. It is true we are living today but we should look forward. The one who will get the most out of life, is he who works persistently for the betterment of mankind, he who has a bright vision of the future, he who makes careful preparation. Life is real and it takes a man to "*play the game*" fair and square. May we always stand loyally for what is right, and seek to crush that which is mean and small.

Classmates, let us ALWAYS keep our colors flying. Farewell!

Dr. Archibald, Members of the Faculty, Fellow Students, Classmates and Friends,—farewell,—farewell.

W. F. Forgey.





SEMINARY CLOSING

ALTHOUGH the strenuous week of the closing exercises at Acadia Seminary did not begin in truth until May 26th yet an account of the activities would not be complete without at least some reference to the Annual Musical Festival which took place on April 27th and 28th. On the afternoon of Thursday, April 27th, a fairly large audience gathered and listened with appreciation to an excellent concert given by seven members of the graduating class in music and expression. On the evening of the same day, the Acadia Orchestra, under the leadership of Miss Beatrice Janet Langley and the Glee Club with Mr. William Arthur Jones as conductor, united and produced a most pleasing program. The third concert, given on Friday afternoon, April 28th, was a rare treat to all music lovers who had the good fortune to be present. The artists taking part, Mme. Nevada Van Der Veer, Mezzo-Contralto and Mr. Fred Patton, Bass-Baritone, more than upheld their reputations for great musical ability. Miss Marion V. Gay and Mrs. Winifred Burbridge Clark, officiated as accompanists in their usual pleasing manner.

The last concert of the Festival was held on Friday night by the Acadia Choral Club, consisting of 130 voices and the Acadia Orchestra. The series of concerts was pronounced a great success and well justified the pride Acadia has in her Conservatory of this year.

Then followed rapidly the Graduating Recitals of the Senior pupils. Though we might eulogize at some length, the excellent programs given by these graduates, space will not permit more than a mention of the various recitals. The following, named in order, are the young ladies who gave the recitals—Alice Alexandra MacLeod, Reader, completing the Teacher's Course in Expression and Alice Annabella VanWart completing the Teacher's Course in Expression assisted by Elsie Smiley, Singer. Vera Francis Coy completing the Teacher's Course in Expression and Minnie Ann MacLean completing the course in Expression assisted by Joyce Clark of the Junior Class, Violiniste; William John Miller,

completing the course in Expression assisted by Verne Thompson, of the Junior Class, Violiniste. Mary Muriel Eagles completing the course in Pianoforte for a diploma assisted by Olivia Lamont, Singer; Mary Eleanor Mitchell completing the Soloist and Normal Course in Pianoforte and Frances DeWolfe completing the Vocal Course; Miriam White Bancroft completing the Soloist and Normal Course in pianoforte and Myra Black Alcom completing the course in violin for a certificate of standing; Edys Eileen Wilson, completing the soloist and normal course in pianoforte and Mary Tilloet Tusley completing the course in violin for a certificate of standing. These recitals were held in the auditorium of the Baptist Church and, to the large audiences attending gave excellent proof of the very real ability of the graduates.

Then with scarce a pause in activities the strenuous days of closing opened up auspiciously on Monday afternoon, May 29th, when the Class Day Exercises of the Senior Class of the Seminary were held. Miss Jean Orr Glendinning of Parla Kimedi, India, presided as Class President. The officers were re-elected for life. They are as follows: President, Miss Glendinning; Vice-President, Clara Lockhart; Secretary, Jean Murray; Treasurer, Eleanor Mitchell. The class marched in, dressed in their class colors of green and silver, and took their places upon the platform. Miss Miriam Coit and Miss Alice Lamont played the entrance march. The following programme was then rendered:

PROGRAMME.

1. Entrance MarchClass
2. Opening Address Jean Glendinning, President
3. Reading of MinutesJean Murray, Secretary
4. Roll Call Secretary
5. Election of Officers.
6. Class HistoryGertrude Vail
7. Violin Solo Myra Alcorn
8. Class Will Mary Lusby
9. Presentation of Gifts.....Freda Fraser and Helen Munroe
10. Reading Alice MacPhail

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----------------|
| 11. Class Prophecy | Adelaide Haley |
| 12. Piano Solo | Madge Musgrave |
| 13. Valedictory | Kathleen McLean |

The programme proved excellent and was, as usual, one of the momentous events of closing.

Immediately after the Class Day Exercises the Art Exhibition was held in Alumnae Hall and the House held Science Exhibition, held in the Household Science Rooms. Both exhibitions deserve much more space than we are at liberty to devote to them. The work of the students displayed great promise and was excellent in every respect.

On Tuesday evening, the graduating exercises of the Seminary were held in the Baptist Church. The graduating class is larger than usual and is as follows:

GRADUATING CLASS, 1922.

Collegiate Course—

Laura Amelia Duncanson, Falmouth, N. S.
 Freda Merrill Fraser, Halifax, N. S.
 Minnie Ann MacLean, Hopewell, N. S.
 Kathlyn Corinne McLean, North Sydney, N. S.
 Jean Mumford Murray, Dartmouth, N. S.
 Edith Bernice Rand, Wolfville, N. S.
 Helen Elizabeth Thompson, Halifax, N. S.
 Gertrude Maretta Vail, Sydney, N. S.
 Treeva May Vail, Yarmouth, N. S.

Special Collegiate—

Olive Pauline Colbath, Presque Isle, Maine.
 Jean Orr Glendenning, Parla Kimedi, India.
 Ruth Radford, German town, Pa.
 Evelyn Ardis Whitman, Margaretsville, N. S.

Soloist and Normal Course in Pianoforte—

Miriam White Bancroft, Annapolis Royal, N. S.
 Mary Muriel Eagles, North Grand Pre, N. S.
 Mary Eleanor Mitchell, North Sydney, N. S.
 Edys Eileen Wilson, Fredericton, N. B.

Normal Course in Pianoforte—

Marion MacDonald, Boyle, Alberta.

Course in Expression—

Minnie Ann MacLean, Hopewell, N. S.
 William John Miller, Glassville, N. B.

Teacher's Course in Expression—

Vera Frances Coy, Upper Gagetown, N. B.
 Alice Alexandra MacLeod, Amherst, N. S.
 Alice Annabelle VanWart, St. John, N. B.

Soloist and Normal Course in Voice—

Frances Eaton DeWolfe, Wolfville, N. S.

Normal Course in Household Science—

Adelaide Robbins Haley, St. Stephen, N. B.
 Margaret DuRoy Harris, Kentville, N. S.
 Clara Beatrice Lockhart, Falmouth, N. S.
 Margaret Marsters, Berwick, N. S.
 Helen Shaw Munro, Stellarton, N. S.
 Annie Evelyn Penwarden, Harcourt, N. B.
 Helena Margaret Seaman, Marble Mountain, C. B.

Certificates of Standing—

Myra Black Alcorn (2), New Horton, N. B.
 Mary Lilloet Lusby (1), Amherst, N. S.
 Madge Lorimer Musgrave (3), Campbellton, N. B.
 Alice Aileen Gordon (4), Oxford, N. S.
 Inga Marion Vogler (4), Vogler's Cove, N. S.

(1) Soloist Course in Violin; (2) Normal Course in Violin.

(3) Normal Course in Pianoforte; (4) Sophomore Matricuation Course.

The programme of the evening was as follows:

Processional March—Miriam Coit and Alice Lamont.

Pianoforte Solo—"March Militaire"..... Schubert-Tausig
 Edys Eileen Wilson.

Essay—"The Advancement in the Education of Indian Women"
 Jean Orr Glendenning.

Violin Solo—(a) "Gavotte" Rameau
 (b) "Old Refrain" Kreisler
 Miss Mary Lilloet Lusby.

Essay—"Vitamines"

Adelaide Robbins Haley.

Vocal Solo—Ariamrom "Samson and Delilah" Saint Saens
 "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice"
 Frances Eaton DeWolfe.

Essay—Robert Norwood—Poet.

Jean Mumford Murray.

Essay—The Mission of the Beautiful.

Evelyn Ardis Whitman

Pianoforte Solo—"Rigoletto"Verdi-Liszt

Miriam White Bancroft.

Address to the Graduating Class—Principal DeWolfe.

Presentation of Diplomas. Award of Prizes.

"God Save the King"

Dr. DeWolfe's address to the graduating class was on the subject of the class motto, "Finis Opus Coronat" taking up each word of the motto under a separate heading. To obtain the goal of our desire it is always necessary to work to reach out and struggle for the things we would possess.

The prizes were then awarded as follows:

The G. P. Payzant prizes of twenty dollars each for

(a) Highest standing in all branches of an English education, Lois Flower, Minto, N. B., average 86.8.

(b) Highest standing in the French language, Jean Mumford Murray, Dartmouth.

(c) Highest proficiency in instrumental music, divided, ten dollars each to Edys Eileen Wilson, Fredericton, N. B., and Miriam White Bancroft, Annapolis Royal.

The St. Clair Paint scholarship open for competition to young women of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, \$50.00, awarded to the pupil making the highest standing in scholarship and deportment for a year's work in the collegiate course, Gertrude Vail, Sydney, N. S.

Governor-General's Bronze Medal for highest standing in English essay work, awarded to Evelyn Andis Whitman, Margareville.

The Mabel Millard prize in Household Science, \$10.00, awarded for highest standing in the theoretical and practical work of the Household Science course, average, 89.3.

Pierian prizes of five dollars each for second highest standing in Household Science awarded, to Margaret Harris, Kentville, N. S., and Clara Lockhart, Falmouth, N. S.

The C. Winter Brown art prizes for the two best drawings for cover designs suitable for catalogues of the Seminary, the Academy and the College. First, \$15; second, \$10; awarded to Mona Harris, Kentville, N. S., and second to Marie Sexton, Falmouth, N. S.

A special prize offered by Mr. Smith of the art department for greatest improvement in the year's work in the art department, an etching by Lewis E. Smith, awarded to Marie Sexton, Falmouth, N. S.

Better English week prizes, one dollar each:

Senior—Audrey Riseborough, North Brookfield, N. S.

Junior—Frances Coming, Yarmouth, North, N. S.

First Year—Irene Cox, Middleton, N. S.

Preparatory—Mildred Eye, Wolfville, N. S.

Junior School—Greta Rose, Wolfville, N. S.

Pieian prize of \$5.00 for the best essay prepared on the subject, "My Personal Impression of Robert Norwood," awarded to Margaret Cochran, Sydney.

Honorable mention in the Junior year of Household Science for excellent work, Marjorie Sheffield, Chipman Corner, N. S., and Frances McLelland, Deep Brook, N. S.

We are permitted to excerpt the following items of interest from the report of the Principal to the Board of Governors: The total attendance has been 389, of which 126 have been in residence, 195 are non-residents and 68 are pupils from the public schools taking work in Household Science. The graduating class numbers 35.

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE SCHOOL.

The religious life of the school has been a dominating factor through the year. A week or two before Easter, special services were held in the Seminary Chapel, conducted by Dr. H. T. DeWolfe, although Rev. Herbert Johnson, of Boston,

gave several inspiring addresses. These services gave splendid results. Many girls dedicated their lives to the service of God, seventeen of whom united with the Baptist Church in Wolfville.

GRADUATES IN STENOGRAPHY AND TYPEWRITING.

The Seminary course in stenography and typewriting is of great excellence. In spite of the severity of its demands, much good work has been done in this department during the year. The following girls received certificates in stenography and typewriting:

Elma, Corning, Shegoggin, N. S.
Anna Grant, Wolfville, N. S.
Gertrude Rogers, Wolfville, N. S.
Marion Spencer, Glace Bay, N. S.

Principal DeWolfe announced that Mrs. N. A. Rhodes, of Amherst, N. S., had contributed \$500 to found a scholarship to be known as the Winnie Rhodes Scholarship, the course to be applied in the music department. Mr. C. Winter Brown also contributes for a period of four years, two prizes, a first and a second, of \$15 and \$10, to be given to the student in the art department producing the best live drawing cover design for the Seminary, College or Academy catalogue.

The total attendance this year has been 345, of whom 126 students have been in residence. The prospects are bright for the next year. Mr. Carl Farnsworth, who succeeds Mr. Marsh as Director of the Conservatory, comes recommended as a man of outstanding ability, eminently fitted for the place.

REPORTS OF THE SOCIETIES

ATHENEAEUM SOCIETY.

This year the Athenaeum Society carried on its usual program of interclass debates, the series being won by the Juniors. The debates were hindered considerably by lack of a suitable room, but were enthusiastically supported, nevertheless. The "Athenaeum Skate," one of the prominent social functions of the year, was unavoidably cancelled this winter owing to the sudden warm weather. The intercollegiate debating team, consisting of J. W. W. Lank '22 (leader), C. H. Atkinson '22, and T. H. Robinson '24, went to Sackville this spring, and though unsuccessful, put up a very fine debate.

Y. M. C. A.

In common with all the other college societies, the Y. M. C. A. has had its ups and downs during the past winter. On account of the state of the treasury it was impossible to hold the usual camp at Evangeline Beach last fall. In former years this Camp has opened three or four days before the college and has proved itself of greatest assistance in getting the new students acquainted with each other, and with the older students and professors. Next fall, however, the camp will open about the twenty-third of September and everybody will be welcome.

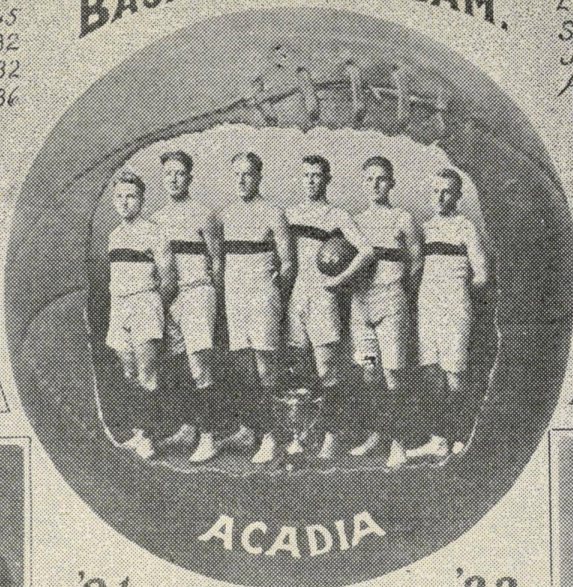
As soon as the excitement of college opening had subsided last fall, the "Gravenstein Reception" was held with all the accustomed pep and ceremony. About three barrels of excellent Gravensteins were consumed, after which everyone took part in the interclass contests of strength and capacity, victory resting with the first-year Engineers. The gathering then retired to the Sem and Tully Tavern, where the Sophomores persuaded the Freshmen to render some excellent vocal solos.

A fortnight later, the Y. M. C. A.—S. C. A. Reception was held, a stiff-collar affair at which the whole student

SOPHOMORE BASKETBALL TEAM.

Sophomores 30
" 45
" 32
" 32
" 36

Freshmen 14
Engineers 23
Seniors 17
Juniors 9
Academy 9



ACADIA

'21-- --'22

INTER-CLASS CHAMPIONS.



E.M. ROCHESTER,
Guard



W. H. ESTEY, Guard



T. H. ROBINSON,
Forward



S. S. CHIRMAN,
Center's Guard



C. L. A. BROWN,
Forward



A. R. CLARK, Centre

body was present. These two gatherings constituted the purely social activities of the Y. M. C. A. for the year, but constituted only a small part of the year's work.

A mid-week meeting has been held every Wednesday evening, and all were well attended. Every three weeks a band of singers and a speaker visited the County Poor House and carried a message of cheer and comfort to its inmates, which did much to brighten their somber lives. The Social and Benevolent Society of the Wolfville Baptist Church have recently undertaken to supply conveyances for these parties.

Early in March, Rev. M. L. Orchard and Dr. H. S. Johnson conducted a series of meetings, lasting for a fortnight, which were greatly enjoyed by many of the students.

During the second term this year, the Y. M. C. A. took charge of several of the evening services in the Baptist Church, and provided speakers who dealt with questions of particular interest to students. The last service of the year deserves special mention. Dr. Johnson, who had helped to hold the special meetings in March, returned and preached the evening sermon on Baccalureate Sunday, discussing the student's relation to life, and life's problems.

THE SCIENCE CLUB.

Up until two or three years ago the Science Society at Acadia was one of the strongest college organizations. From that time, however, it rapidly degenerated into a mere nominal body, and in 1920-21 it held no meetings at all. The loss was much felt by those interested, and as a result the Science Club was formed early last fall.

Very successful meetings were held throughout the year dealing with practically every branch of science. Competent lecturers and speakers were obtained both from the faculty and the students, to address the gatherings, and many matters of interest and of value were discussed. Despite the formal nature of the club it was felt that the age-old but still unrecognized "science" could not be ignored and as a result

some very pleasant social gatherings were held in the Willett Hall Club Room.

The officers of the club have a very ambitious programme mapped out for next year when it is hoped that the newly awakened interest will make it possible to open all the meetings to the whole student body—a course that was not thought desirable this year in view of the youth of the organization.

THE A. G. A. A.

No longer hampered by the lack of a gymnasium, each year has shown a marked progress in girls' athletics, especially in basketball.

The college team scored second place in the Intercollegiate league, the last game being played against Dalhousie. It was a hard struggle for the championship, which was won by the latter. Thus the cup, which was so kindly donated by Mr. Chase, Wolfville, went to Halifax. Next year we hope that we will come out on top and bring the cup to Acadia. This year Athletic "A's" were well-earned by Hazel Freeman, May Proctor, and Edna Sanford. The first team defeated the Sems and again brought the Pierian Cup to the Tavern. The Seniors were leaders in the interclass league, the Juniors winning second place.

Less interest was taken in hockey as the most important thing seemed to be basketball. Although no games were played we enjoyed the practices.

For the first time the Maritime swimming meet was held at our gymnasium and we felt quite proud when May Porter and "Skinney" (McLaughlin) captured prizes. On Monday, May 29, the swimming meet between the Co-eds and Sems, was held, the laurels being carried off by the latter. May Proctor was appointed swimming captain and did excellent work along that line. Mr. Russell has proved a worthy coach in all gymnastic work.

We feel sure that next year a greater interest will be taken in all sports.

ACADIA DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The year 1921-22 has been the most successful one in the history of the Acadia Dramatic Society. The regular monthly meetings have been well and enthusiastically attended. Several were featured by short addresses by Dr. Rhodenz or Dr. MacDonald, followed by literary, dramatic and musical programmes.

The Society presented two plays this year, "Pygmalion and Galatea," in December, and "A Private Secretary," in May. The proceeds of the former went to the Athenaeum and those of the latter went to the Y. M. C. A. and the Athletic Association.

This year the Society established a precedent by taking the play "A Private Secretary" to Truro and Amherst, on June 1st and 2nd. The play made a decided hit in both towns. After the performance in Truro, Mrs. Vernon, (nee Myra Barnes '17), entertained the caste at her home. After the Amherst performance, Mrs. McLeod held an informal reception for the performers, at which all the Amherst Acadians were present. The proceeds from the trip were given for the support of an Indian student. The cast was the same as at the Wolfville performance. (See Sketches from Commencement).

PROPYLÆUM SOCIETY

The centre of interest during the past year seems to have been debating, no doubt, due to the formation of the Maritime Girls' Intercollegiate Debating League last fall. With our coming debate with Mount Allison for a stimulus, besides the usual series of interclass rivalries, a programme of six debates was carried through in a satisfactory and vigorous manner. The Seniors were the winners of the Interclass League.

Variety was added to the meetings by original entertainments, humorous and otherwise, given from time to time by the different classes. Also, we gave the mountain folk a Christmas tree, and later enjoyed one ourselves.

Last years it was decided to do away with Political Club and Propylaeum to undertake its work. Owing to the renewed interest in debating, this phase of the work was neglected during the past year, but we look to next year's officers to give meetings of political interest a place on Propylaeum's schedule.

We wish Propylaeum every success for the coming year in all its activities, particularly in debating.

S. C. A.

This Association has been, for some time past, part of the Student Christian Movement of Canada, but continued under the old name of Y. W. C. A. until this year. The work has been carried on on much the same lines as formerly, but under the direction of Laura Bagnall as president, has made real progress, and we believe that the larger aims of the S. C. M. are beginning to be felt at Acadia.

About half of our regular meetings were led by the girls, and we were fortunate in having many interesting speakers from outside. Among them were Mr. E. H. Clarke, Gen. Sec. of the Movement, Miss White, Mrs. S. C. Freeman, Miss Mabel Archibald, and Dr. Zella Clark and her sister Miss Martha, who spent a week-end with us.

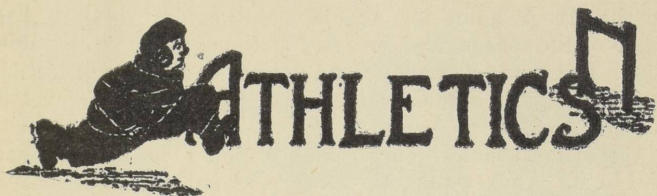
In our Bible Study groups the upper class girls studied again Rausenbusch's "The Social Principles of Jesus," under Prof. Balcom, another group studying the "Life of Christ" with Miss White.

This year we sent a large delegation—ten girls—to the Maritime Student Conference at Pine Hill, and we know that the ideas and the inspiration they received will be shown in the work of the coming year.



Acadia Basketball Team

—Photo by Graham



"In sooth we know not why we are sad."

THIS year an evil-minded jinx seems to have trailed every Acadia team. For the first time in many moons we have had to admit that we went through an entire year without winning in any branch of sport. The reason for this state of affairs is by no means easy to find. It was not lack of material, for we have had quite sufficient, particularly in football. It was not lack of enthusiasm, for the students backed athletics from fall to spring without slacking. It was not lack of effort, for each team trained hard and played its best. Lack of coaching might partly explain our failures at football and track, but would not do for basketball or hockey. A large share of our run of defeats can only be attributed to the fact that it was Acadia's "off-year."

The one small ray of comfort shining through all our troubles is that we tried to take our trimmings with a smile. We only hope that we will have a chance to show ourselves as good winners next season.

Last fall, when college opened, the students turned out for football enthusiastically. Despite the lack of a coach, everyone was optimistic of producing another winning team. The practice games with the Crescents, Kings and the Wanderers showed that we had lots of material, if it could only get organized, but the lack of scientific coaching was also very evident. The game with U. N. B., which resulted in a draw 3—3, was a disappointment to all. The team showed individual ability, but lacked co-operation.

A week before the Mt. A. game, the services of Mr. P. T. Andrews were secured as a coach. The improvement he made

in the team was noticeable at once, especially to the players. In the Mt. A. game the Acadia team played by far its best game of the season, and revealed at times its latent possibilities. The game was played on a field covered with ice and water, and half hidden in the rain. It resulted in a victory for Mt. A. 6—3.

Mention should be made here of the obligation the team feel to Mr. Andrews for his services, and also to Dr. DeWolfe for his enthusiastic support and help.

Immediately after the football season, the Bulmer Relay Race was run off, and was won by the Seniors after a dramatic rally in the last mile.

This year the Interclass Basketball League was held before the Christmas holidays, chiefly to find out what material was available for the college team. The league was won by the Sophomores, while the Seniors battled hard to secure second place.

After the holidays, the hockey and basketball squads began practicing. The hockey team had a hard task ahead of them, as all of last year's first team and most of the second team had gone. Coach Fraser worked hard, however, with the new material that was on hand and turned out a snappy team, considering the opportunity he had. The big night of the season occurred when Acadia beat U. N. B. 4—3. The Fredericton team were known to be faster skaters than our boys, but this night they did not seem to get going. The ice was a trifle slow, but neither team let up once during the entire sixty minutes.

Our team then went to Sackville, but did not do so well against the more experienced stick-handlers there, losing 6—1. As U. N. B. had defeated Mt. A., we had a three-cornered tie in the Western League. Owing to a misunderstanding, and circumstances beyond our control, Mt. A. and U.N.B. insisted on playing off for the championship, and Acadia was relegated to the background.

Instead of the "Wildcat" Hockey League of former years, an interclass league was held immediately after the holidays, chiefly to produce material for the college team.

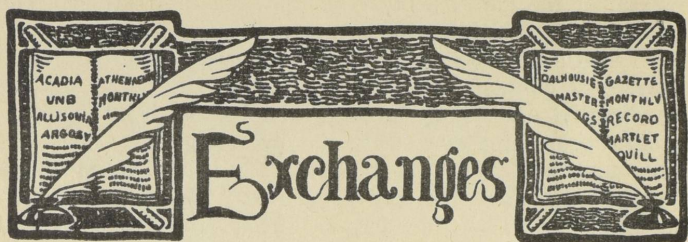
Several of the games were very fast and interesting. The league was won by the Juniors.

Athletic interest next turned to basketball. Several games with outside teams showed that the team was improving steadily, and finally we defeated Dalhousie at Halifax. In our league game with U. N. B., however, we were considerably outclassed and were defeated 53—27. The St. John Trojans also defeated the team by a score of 36—17. Although we had been unsuccessful away from home, we still thought we could defeat Mt. A. on our own floor, but it was not to be. The game was a thriller, but we came out on the wrong end of a 32—24 score.

This year an Intercollegiate Track-meet was held between Mt. A. and Acadia, U. N. B. being unable to compete. Most of the events were well contested, but Mt. A. did not have much trouble in winning, 54—36. Acadia took first place in half the events but was weak at securing seconds and thirds, and this cost her the meet. The reason for this weakness seemed to be that her team was composed largely of specialists rather than all-round men.

The Interclass Field Day at Commencement was well contested, and was won by the Juniors by a narrow margin, with the Seniors a close second.

In closing, we wish to express our appreciation of the get-together meeting held in St. John this spring by the representatives of the colleges in the Western League. Besides the practical work that was accomplished, the feeling that each college was trying to do the others was completely dispelled. We feel sure that the work of this conference will go a long way toward avoiding any more of the disputes which have marred intercollegiate sport in past years.



“To gain knowledge of ourselves, the best way is to convert the imperfections of others into a mirror for discovering our own.”

On taking a brief survey of our various exchanges for the past year, we feel that there has been a constant striving towards a higher literary standard on the part of all the college magazines, the contents of which it has been our pleasant duty to pursue and comment upon.

Perhaps the ideal of literary progress has been first and foremost in our minds because we have always endeavored to do everything within our power to bring our own magazine to a higher state of perfection. We have watched and we have learned from our contemporaries. We have not been afraid to try out new ideas for the first time and then to pronounce upon their merit or demerit. With a feeling of true literary “comaraderie” we have always been willing to pass along any information which might lend some assistance to the editors of other college journals. To the criticisms of others we have paid the greatest respect, but we have further supplemented this by an attitude of *rigid self-criticism*.

To those who are responsible for the journals which have adorned our exchange shelf for the past year, we wish to offer our sincerest congratulations for the work they have accomplished, and to wish them and their successors an even greater measure of success in the future.

We gratefully acknowledge the following:

“Argosy.”

“Xaverian.”

“The Collegiate.”

“King’s College Record.”

“McGill Daily.”

“Minnesota Daily.”

“Dalhousie Gazette.”

“Maragra.”

“Western U. Gazette.”

“McMaster Monthly.”

“Oakwood Oracle.”

“L. C. I. Review.”

“The University Monthly.”

1921

Engineers'

NAME	ALIAS	AGE	APPEARANCE	CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC
O. L. Bachman	Ole	Intermediate	Natty	Good looks
F. H. Baxter	Bax	Obsolete	Not often	His walk
G. W. Brownell	Brownie	Prehistoric	At Church	Baptist
G. W. Christie	Ding Bat	Just about that	Everywhere	Marcel wave
L. A. Coit	Calculus	Size 12	Elongated	Feet
R. J. Conrad	Ralphy	Shaves monthly	Around the tavern	Work (?)
J. W. Crockett	John	Sweet sixteen	Always	Hair cut
B. F. Crowdis	Buck	Never been kissed	With Mary	Blushing
J. C. Crowell	Jiggs	Past the limit	With Haycock	Chin
G. D. Davidson	B's Baby	Hasn't shaved yet	Without a coat	Sweaters
D. P. Dent	Count	?	With a beard	Spots
B. J. Elderkin	Jost	Older than Blair	Loose and careless	Speed
H. F. Hodgson	Hoddy	Over 5	Stunned	Ruthless
N. E. Hunt	Mabou	Ripe	Artie's	Boots
K. A. Killam	Kenny	Uncertain	Graceful	Brevity
R. R. Lewis	Hank	Early Victorian	Vain	Noise (?)
M. C. Lowe	Mark	Doubtful	Not much	Gold tusk
E. B. Lusby	Ric	Variable	Normal	His cackle
G. W. Lusby	Shrimp	Juvenile	Sloppy	Grin
E. M. MacLeod	Mac	Venerable	Down town	Specks
G. H. Morrison	Morrie	Youthful	Innocent	Woman hater
N. S. Morrison	Stan	Marriageable	At the Sem.	Pompadour
L. T. Pentz	L. T.	Married	At meals	His beard
B. B. Reid	Mascot	X plus 12	Late for classes	Melody ? ?
G. G. Reid	Sir George	Future	Uncertain	Telling yarns
W. D. Riseborough	Bill	Veteran	At classes only	His pipe
W. H. Rockwell	My Willie	Old enough to know better	At the Annex	Soberness
H. H. Schurman	Bert	Not old enough	Boozy	Clever
V. L. Schurman	Vern	Infinity plus	At all the dances	Dispute
G. R. Starratt	Bell Hop	Childish	Insignificant	Long Legs
M. M. Warne	Juke	Goofy	With Dimples	Goggles

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"Yas" and "No"	Chemist in South Africa	To run a slide rule	Nurses
How about Class Dues	Mechanical farmer	Raise a moustache	White Sweater
I didn't see you in chapel to-day	Monitor	Hymn composer	Halifax
Well! How about it?	None (so he says)	To make more noise than and six men in college	Silence
Crumbs	Auto designing	To solve V. i. V.	Knees
Where will we go tonight?	'Flu, Doctor?	Take in all the shows	1st 3 and last 5
Hold 'er	Waiter at Tully	To sell Bibles and Lemon Extracts	His smile
Ah! Christie, shut up.	Digby Fisherman	To Read with Nessie	Bow-legged
I'll say so	Lineman for Wireless Co.	To drive a taxi	Arlington time
Seen the woman?	Messenger	To get his "B"	Long walks
Hurrah for Bourassa!	Bartender	Grow a Van Dyke	Garlic
How's that for dead centre?	Stevedore	65 in Descript	Small Sems.
How's chances for a half?	Night Watchman	More sleep and less work	Yanks
Use the 3-16 scale	Plumber	Architect	Woof-woof
Pretty nice. What?	Undertaker	Artist	Aeroplanes
How's she logging?	Prof. in descript	Play poker	Dancing
I haven't done any work for a week.	Lumberjack	Play hockey	His voice
Sez which?	Chinese laundry	Play saxophone	1st from dinner
Haw! Haw!	Hearse driver	Motorcycle chauffeur	Bow-ties
Gimme the spuds	Civilizing Cape Breton	To sleep	Pearl
I'll dump your bed	Hockey player	To make more noise than Christie	Raising H—
Kiss me kid	City Engineer, Middleton	To meet a new Sem	Bull Durham
That's out	Shaving	To stick a Prof.	Fords
Let me see	Jeweller	To win his "A"	Sem. at 2 a.m.
Free rum and wider roads	Street Sweeper	Boiler maker	Stogies
Get the Calculus?	Bachelor	Wedlock	Loafing.
I'm tired	Chasing knowledge	To be a barber	Freshettes
By the pickled tripe	Successor to Sandy	Instructor in Wireless	Work
Well, I'll be d—d	Leading a choir	Marry a waitress	Strength
Gotta cigarette & match?	Tailor	A perfect crease	Morse code
Hot dog	Parson	Tully night shift	Dress

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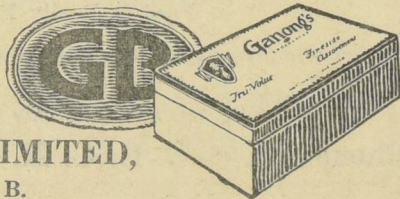
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