

*Watson C. Closs*  
*Acadia '27*

# ACADIA ATHENÆUM



Graduation Number, 1924

# Acadia University

FOUNDED 1838

## A CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

---

BEAUTIFUL LOCATION      LARGE FACULTY  
BUILDINGS AND LABORATORIES WELL EQUIPPED  
NEW SCIENCE HALL

---

The following Courses are offered:—

- (1) Course of four years, leading to the Degree of Bachelor of Arts.
- (2) Course of four years, leading to the Degree of Bachelor of Science.
- (3) Engineering Course of two or three years qualifying for entrance to the third year of the large Technical Schools.
- (4) Theological course of four years leading to the degree of B.A. (Theology); an advanced course leading to the degree of B.D.
- (5) Special Courses for those desiring to take only Selected Studies.
- (6) Graduate Course requiring one year's residence leading to the degree of Master of Arts.

The University is affiliated with the University of Oxford in Arts, McGill University in the Sciences and Medicine; Nova Scotia Technical College in Sciences, and Edinburgh University in Medicine.

The expenses for the year, including board, room, laundry, tuition and incidental fees are from \$330 to \$350.

Full information may be obtained by writing for Calendar.

Address THE REGISTRAR,

WOLFVILLE, N. S.



# ROCHESTER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Rochester, N. Y.

CLARENCE A. BARBOUR, D.D., LL.D., President.

A graduate school of Theology, with a curriculum designed to train college graduates for effective service as pastors and preachers, at home or abroad.

A Faculty thoroughly trained by graduate specialization and by practical pastoral experience.

An ample Library, and modern equipment.

Degrees of B. D. and Th. M. granted to qualifying students.

All courses in University of Rochester (3 city blocks away) open to Seminary students.

Correspondence invited.

G. B. EWELL, Registrar.

## A Cup of RED ROSE COFFEE In The Morning

Not only is delightfully pleasing, but aids digestion—increases your energy—and supports the brain for a good day's work.

Now, while you think of it, have your grocer send you a can of RED ROSE COFFEE.

**WE** are Agents for the following well known lines:

**Bells Shoes for Women**  
**Ames Holden Rubber Goods**  
**Holeproof Silk Hosiery**  
**20th Century Clothing**  
**Hatchway No Button Underwear**

**WATERBURY CO., Ltd**

**Wolfville, N. S.**

**BOOTS, SHOES, CLOTHING.**

**PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US**



ACADIA ATHENÆUM

THE GRAHAM  
STUDIO

## PHOTOGRAPH SERVICE

CLASS GROUPS  
PORTRAITS  
TEAM PHOTOS  
HAND-COLORED VIEWS

A  
Good  
Thing



Rub  
It  
In

NOTHING TO EQUAL

### Minard's King of Pain

For Sprains, Bruises, Sore Joints, Sore Muscles,  
Coughs, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuralgia,  
Chilblains, Aches and Pains.

**It Never Fails--Keep a Bottle Handy**

ACADIA ATHENÆUM

## RAND'S DRUG STORE

ESTABLISHED 1853 AND GENEROUSLY PATRONIZED  
BY ACADIA STUDENTS EVER SINCE

Besides our complete DRUG SERVICE we carry a line of the BEST  
CANADIAN AND AMERICAN CHOCOLATES.

We also handle the celebrated "PIRATE" HOCKEY STICKS of  
Nova Scotia. Special Rates by the dozen to Clubs.

TELEPHONE No. 19

## ACADIA PHARMACY SPECIALIST IN PRESCRIPTIONS

FULL LINE OF DRUGS and TOILET SUNDRIES

AGENTS FOR NEILSON'S CHOCOLATES

STOCKS NEW—PRICES LOW

Two Qualified Druggists in charge of Dispensing.

Phone 41

**HUGH E. CALKIN**

WOLFVILLE,  
N. S.

How about bringing your Laundry to us? If you live in  
Willet Hall leave it at Room 28 and our team will call to get it.

WE AIM TO PLEASE

## The Valley Laundry Co., Ltd,

WE SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE

EVAPORATOR BUILDING - - - - Phone 80.

## DON CAMPBELL BREAD AND FANCY BAKER

FRESH CAKES AND PASTRY DAILY.

"THIS IS THE PLACE."

Awarded 9 Medals & Diplomas at London & Manchester, Eng.



*ACADIA ATHENÆUM*

## **ORPHEUM THEATRE**

N. EVANS, Prop. & Manager, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

For Refined Entertainment. Clean and Cozy.

Moving Pictures, Stage Productions, Concerts, Lectures, &c.

### **GOOD MUSIC**

Programme changes Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

**2 Shows Each Night.**

**Popular Prices.**

## **Printing Of All Kinds**

**Posters, Programs, Topic Cards, Menus, Etc.**

Also a good line of STATIONERY at Moderate Prices.  
Gentlemen's Correspondence Paper, the Very Latest, 75c a Box

### **DAVIDSON BROTHERS**

**PRINTERS AND STATIONERS**

Phone 217

**WOLFVILLE, N. S.**

## **A. M. YOUNG** FANCY BAKER

And Dealer in Full Line of Moir's Chocolates  
in Bulk and Boxes. Cake, Ice Cream, Sodas,  
Winter and Summer. Try our Oyster Stews.  
Our Pies Make a Good Lunch. Lunches Served.

**Baked Beans a Specialty.**

Ladies' Private Dining Room.

**WOLFVILLE, Nova Scotia**

**PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US**

# CONTENTS

---

Awards for the Month .....	1
Ode to the Class of 1924—C. M. Spidell, '24 .....	2
The Successful Failure—J. G. McLeod, '24 .....	5
Love—E. Ardis Whitman, '26 .....	15
Along the Coast—J. G. McLeod, '24 .....	16
The Optimist—R. W. Ward, Eng. '24 .....	21
Revenge—J. G. McLeod, '24 .....	22
A Fantasy—E. Ardis Whitman, '26 .....	28
Pursuing Cavaliers—C. R. Gould, '26 .....	31
A Symbol of Life—Margaret E. Hutchins, '26 .....	39
Spirits—R. D. Perry, '27 .....	39
History of the Class of '24—E. Louise Morse, '24 .....	42
Prophecy of the Class of '24—C. M. Spidell, '24 .....	53
Valedictory—E. L. Curry, '24 .....	72
Editorial .....	81
Athenaeum Competition .....	84
The Graduating Class of '24 .....	89
Sketches from Commencement .....	115
Engineers Prophecy—G. D. Anderson & F. T. Boutilier, Eng., '25 .....	121
The Graduating Engineers .....	129
Engineers' Horoscope .....	132-133
Seminary Closing .....	134
Academy Closing .....	145
Reports of the Societies .....	156
Athletics .....	162



# The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. L.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JUNE, 1924.

No. 7

## AWARDS FOR THE MONTH

Poems—1st, Ardis Whitman, '26; 2nd, R. W. Ward, Eng., '24.

Articles—1st, J. G. McLeod, '24; 2nd, Grace Beardsley, '25.

Stories—1st, J. G. McLeod, '24; 2nd, C. R. Gould, '26.

Humor—R. D. Perry, '27.

Science—1st, Margaret E. Hutchins, '26; 2nd, A. J. Brady, '27.

Athletics—1st, J. G. McLeod, '24; 2nd, J. A. Woodworth, '26.

Exchanges—1st, J. G. McLeod, '24; (no second).

Month—1st, J. G. McLeod, '24; 2nd, J. A. Woodworth, '26.

Seniors .....10 units.

Juniors ..... 1 unit.

Sophomores ..... 7 units.

Engineers ..... 1 unit.

Freshmen ..... 2 units.

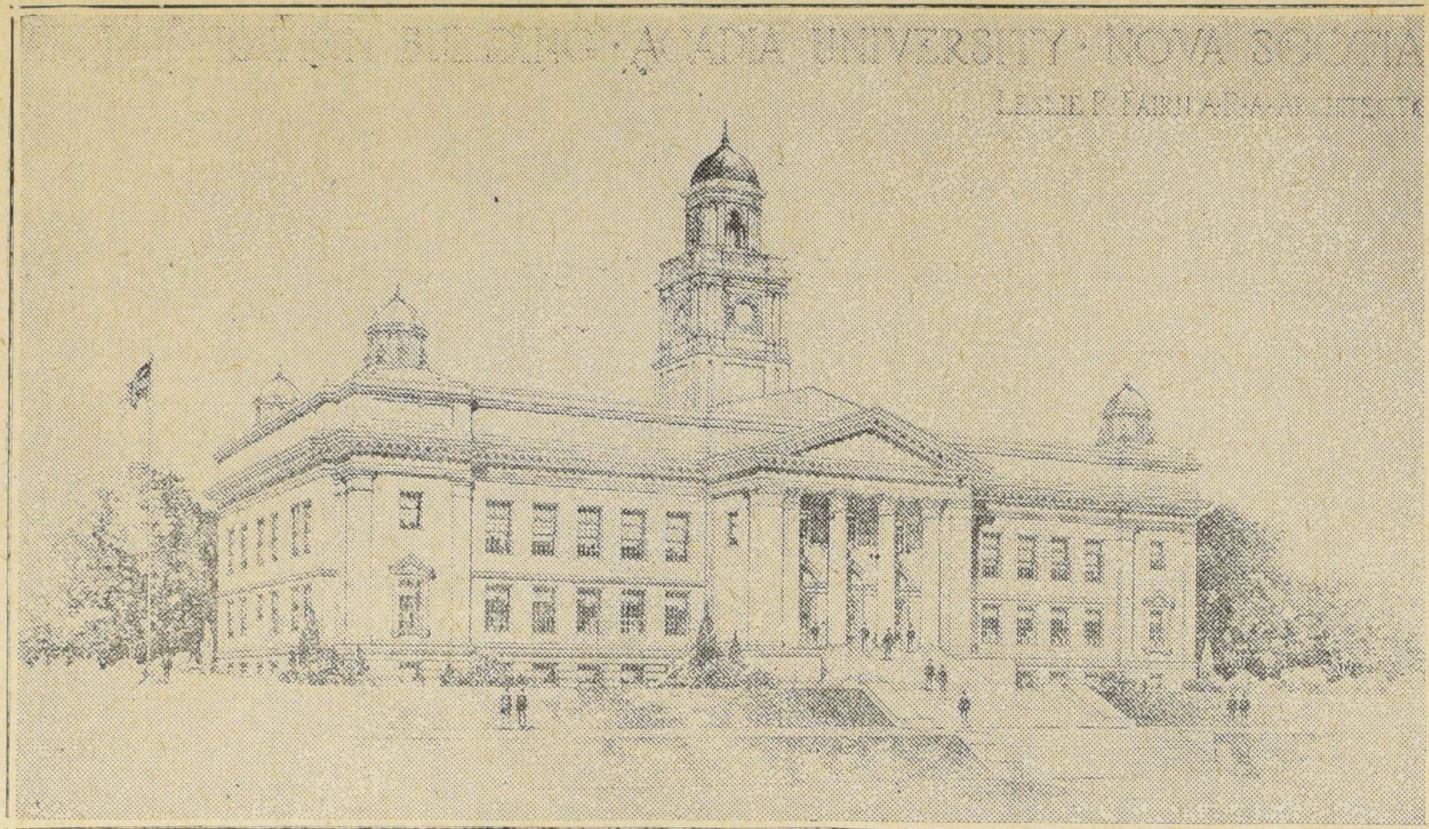
Pennant to the Seniors.

## ODE TO THE CLASS OF '24.

BEHOLD, the end! The muffled drums roll faint  
And fainter beating taps to years now dead.  
'Tis ended. Hark! The bugles flare  
Their ancient clarion call to victory.  
The swelling notes leap forth to meet the sun  
And, vested in a flood of golden light,  
In marshalled line, we stand, prepared to march,  
And meet the battles of an unknown world.  
Behold, the end! And the beginning? Yes!  
Comrades "Salute!" In this replendent morn  
We bid farewell the Hill, and Halls, and Friends.  
We've lived, and learned, and loved, and now  
'Tis done, and we depart. 'Tis ever thus.  
Our task completed, be it great or small,  
We onward go. The future beckons,  
And erect we stand upon the threshold of  
A newer life. A moment's halt;  
A backward glance, e'er we can say adieu;  
The scenes of youth, the halls, the bowers, flash, fade,  
Are gone, and we, rich with our spoil, victorious stand.  
But comrades, this is not our goal; 'tis but the door  
Through which we pass to a strange land  
Where greater work will greet us. "Forward" all.  
No faltering feet are found among our ranks,  
For in the knowledge gained through years of toil  
We've learned that sweetest joys lie in the task.  
Hark! O'er the rim the clarion call is heard,  
'Tis the "Advance". March on, my comrades, on!  
The greater task awaits, and in the fight  
Let us be known by deeds that have been wrought  
With a firm faith in God and all mankind.

—Curry Milton Spidell.





ADMINISTRATION BUILDING  
(Under Construction)







## THE SUCCESSFUL FAILURE

SAMUEL PRICE pulled off his green eye-vizor, closed his text book, and tidied his table; then wiped his pen carefully. Next he arranged the books in a methodical pile, the largest underneath, and glanced at the alarm clock with an apprehensive shrug of his shoulders. It was time for him to go over to the campus and make his monthly call on Robert "Skippy" Herrick.

Although he was a senior in college, Price did not lodge at the college residence on the campus. He had never been asked to share a room with anyone, and the single rooms in the residence were expensive. Several gentlemen who had been classmates of Price's dead father were paying Samuel's way through college, and every penny counted, so Price lived cheaply and alone on an obscure side street. By lamplight the scanty furniture of the room looked particularly cheerless and barren. Price sniffed the stuffy air, raised the window, and went to the closet for his hat and other coat.

On an upper shelf in the closet was a tall, silver-plated cup which had been given to Price's father twenty-three years before by the members of the class of '00, because he was the first man among them to have a son. Price's father was a favorite in those prosperous days. Engraved on the cup were the names of the class committee, headed by that of James Herrick. Price had heard Mr. Herrick complain humorously because his son Robert was not the '00 class boy instead of Samuel. The class of '00 was famous for college loyalty, and it was somewhat of a distinction to be its eldest son. During his freshman year Price kept the cup on the mantle; but its bright splendored contrasted so emphatically with the shabbiness of the room and, in a way, with Samuel himself, that he relegated it to the closet.

The honor of being the '00 class boy could hardly have added to Robert Herrick's popularity. In the entry of "the hall" Price hesitated, enjoying the social buzz and hustle of the residence after the loneliness of his lodgings, and listen-

ing wistfully to the laughing babble behind the door. He knew that it would subside when he went in, and that the other visitors would gradually drift away, and that within ten or fifteen minutes he would be left alone with Herrick.

Price's prediction was accurate. Young Herrick yawned resignedly and stretched himself on the bed. He was a lithe, handsome fellow, but his blond comeliness was perhaps not quite manly. The comfortably fitted room was blue with pungent tobacco smoke, and Price's dull eyes watered behind his spectacles. Robert was forced to make a laborious search for topics of conversation.

"Well, Sammy," said he, "I suppose you've tried for the essay prize—the '00 medal."

"No, I have not, Robert," replied Price in his sharp voice. "I read up a little on the assigned subject, but I decided I couldn't afford the time from my studies. Have you sent in your essay to Professor Burleigh?"

Herrick nodded.

"The copy just came back from the typist's", he said. "You see, I felt bound to try, on account of '00 giving the prize. Father would be pleased as blazes if you or I should win it, Sammy. You ought to have sent in an essay. It would be a great victory if you should win their medal, being the class boy," and he laughed indulgently.

"Yes, I should have competed, I dare say," acknowledged Price, "but my studies ——."

He broke off with a weary little sigh, for his scholarship record was not creditable, although he toiled unceasingly over his work.

Robert bounced briskly from the bed.

"Well, I have to dress for a dance at the Willet's," said he. "Don't go, Sammy. Stay while I change my clothes, and then walk along with me. You look yellow—you don't get outdoors enough. There are some magazines on my desk. I won't be fifteen minutes."

He changed into his bath robe, made his way to the shower room, and was soon heard splashing in the shower. Price picked up a magazine. Underneath it were loose sheets



of theme paper, scrawled with Herrick's bold handwriting. The title and the first sentence stamped themselves on Price's mind sharply before he was quite aware of it. Evidently it was the original draft of his classmate's prize essay. Price read a full paragraph. He moved toward the door, scowling hard at the floor. The phrasing of the paragraph affected him curiously.

For a moment he halted at the door. Then he returned to the desk and skimmed hurriedly through the composition. His face twitched as the words sank deep into his memory. He lost sight of propriety in his amazement and troubled chagrin.

When Herrick emerged, extremely modish in his evening clothes, Price made an excuse and hurried back to his own quarters. He did not stop to touch a match to the lamp, but grabbed a tattered book from his table, and carried it eagerly to the window, whence a steely glare of electric light streamed in. The book was a bound volume of an old London periodical. When Price was thinking of writing for the '00 medal he had chanced on the book in a second-hand shop. He opened it at a turned-down page.

Mr. James Herrick irritably puffed a big cigar in the library of his classmate, Professor Burleigh. The chair in which he sat was massive and ornately carved, and the florid banker seemed to be precisely the proper figure of a man to occupy it. The professor, thin and stooping, smoked a cigarette in a quaint meerschaum holder which he thought gave him a certain European air.

"I claim we've done our duty by Tom Price's boy," asserted Herrick, "when we've paid his college bills. That's enough, it seems to me, under the circumstances. 'Burly', he's not much account, now, is he?"

The professor adjusted the broad eye-glass ribbon over his ear.

"Rather negative, perhaps," he murmured.

"Negative!" ejaculated Mr. Herrick. "He's a disgrace to his father's class. He's a disgrace to '00, that's what Samuel Price is."

"Oh, not quite that," gravely protested Burleigh, who had no sense of humor. "He's never done anything disgraceful, Jim."

"He's never done anything at all, Burly. That's the point. It isn't for the lack of trying, either. Seems as if the poor chap realized that we'd like to see him make a mark somewhere. My Bob tells me that Price has attempted nearly everything in college. He's tried debating, and writing, and chess—yes, sir, chess! No use at any of 'em. He tried to run with the hundred yard men, and lasted two days with the football squad. He grinds like an old-fashioned valedictorian, and he stands a good show of missing his degree. He never had a smell of society. It's too bad. Our class boy! Now, if Bob Herrick had only been born a few months earlier—by jove, I simply can't help contrasting those two youngsters, Burly!"

"So I have preceived," remarked the professor dryly.

Herrick recovered his equanimity with a laugh. He never took any pains to conceal his pride in his son's achievements, and he boasted about it almost as much as he boasted about Robert himself.

"Well, how about the essays for our medal?" he asked in order to change the subject. "Have you examined them yet?"

Burleigh shook his head and indicated a bundle of papers on the desk. His visitor fluttered them lazily. All were type-written and unsigned, and to each was attached a sealed envelope containing the author's name. Herrick wondered if his son's manuscript was among them. He hoped so, but he did not know. He had urged Robert to try for the medal.

While he was inspecting the essays, Burleigh opened the door in response to a knock so timid that Herrick had not heard it.

"Why, good evening, Price," said the professor, in dignified surprise.

Herrick leaned forward genially.

"How goes everything, Samuel? he inquired. "How's the '00 infant?"



"I am in excellent health, thank you, sir," said Price. "I didn't know you were in town, Mr. Herrick. Perhaps I'd better call later, but I—I wish to avoid delay." As he blinked at Herrick through his spectacles, the banker noted with a mild disgust that he was the picture of the goody-goody ministerial student of comic cartoon. Price fumbled nervously with his rusty black hat. "I called," he went on, "I called in connection with the essay competition, Professor Burleigh."

"Don't mind me," suggested Herrick. "I'm glad you're interested in the '00 medal business, Samuel. You ought to be. That's your class, you know."

"Yes, sir," said Price. "I've come to—to withdraw a thesis. I want to take it away. I don't wish it to be entered for the prize." Mr. Herrick sank back a trifle in his chair. "I want to withdraw an essay," doggedly repeated Price.

The professor and Herrick exchanged glances.

"Of course you have that privilege, Price," conceded Burleigh. "It's somewhat extraordinary, though. May I ask why——."

"I'd rather not say."

"But we are bound to be strictly fair." The professor meditatively handled the papers on the desk. "I must ask you to prove to me which is your essay. It would not be fair to open any of these envelopes and by mistake disclose another author's name."

"I can prove which essay I mean, sir," said Price. "I can quote a good deal of it, almost word for word."

"Well, give me the opening sentences."

Price complied, and the professor hesitated over one of the manuscripts to which a blue envelope was attached.

"This seems to be it," he decided.

"Wait a minute!" interposed Mr. Herrick. The others looked at him, for there was a sharp rasp in his voice. "In court," he proceeded, "that quotation wouldn't be evidence that the essay is Price's, would it? I don't mean to reflect the least on your word, Samuel, but—well, we must have everything above board, that's all. I'm on the medal com-

mittee, you know, and we can't return an essay to you without positive proof that it's yours. Now, the only positive proof of the authorship is sealed up in that envelope. Have we a right to open it?"

"I dare say that the original draft of the essay would be good evidence, Price," hinted Burleigh.

Price mumbled unintelligibly. His sallow face became pink, and he twitched his thick specacles as if they hurt him. The signals of his distress did not pass unchallenged to Mr. Herrick's keen eyes.

"Samuel," said the banker quietly, "you're concealing something, aren't you? Is this essay yours or not? And why do you wish to withdraw it?"

"Because it was stolen!" blurted Price abruptly. "Because it's a piece of dishonest work."

"What? Stolen?"

"Your essay, Price? Stolen?"

The question came simultaneously from Burleigh and Herrick. The latter picked up his cigar mechanically, lit a match, and blew it out before breaking the silence again.

"What do you mean by stolen?" he asked. "Plagiarized?"

"I mean that the '00 medal was a great temptation," stammered Price, wiping his forehead. "A great temptation, sir, to a student having reasons to wish—to wish to distinguish himself in the eyes of you gentlemen who established the prize. Don't be any harder on him, sir, than you have to be. He isn't the only one who ever gave in to temptation. The boy who wrote that essay—this temptation was too strong for him."

"For him?" echoed Herrick unpleasantly. "Why not put it in the first person?"

"Was too strong for me, then," corrected Price, with a defiance which contrasted oddly with his customary meekness. "The essay there was plagiarized. I can prove that, anyway." He thrust his hand into his coat pocket and produced the worn leaves of the London periodical. "Read that, sir,"



he said to Burleigh. "I think you'll see why this essay shouldn't be entered for your prize."

Burleigh scanned the printed pages. Price's little burst of vehemence subsided, and left him leaning against the table edge like a criminal in the dock.

"Yes, the essay should be destroyed," said the professor, turning to Herrick. "It is an audacious theft, beyond any doubt. I——"

"Let me tear it up, then," interrupted Price earnestly. "Surely you need not keep it any longer. Give it to me, sir. Give me——my essay!"

Burleigh passed the manuscript to him, and he held it loosely, as if it were contaminated.

"Have you nothing more to say, Samuel?" demanded Mr. Herrick.

"No, sir," murmured Price, shifting the essay indecisively from one hand to the other. "Only—since there's harm done—that you won't find it necessary to tell——."

"Tell?" cried Herrick hotly. "Do you think we'd shame the class of '00 by telling such a shameful story about Tom Price's boy? Do you think we'd tell how one of our sons tried to steal the class medal?"

"No, sir," gasped Samuel.

The banker waved a wrathful dismissal with his cigar. Price was very glad to go. He shuffled out hastily with his eyes set straight ahead.

"Well, that's the limit!" complained Herrick, facing about. "I knew the poor fellow was weak-kneed, but, by George, a contemptible act like that makes me downright disgusted. A fine specimen of a boy we're sending through college!"

"At any rate, Jim, he confessed in time," observed the professor mildly. "He's hurt nobody except himself."

"How about me, Burly? Remember, I raised the subscription for him. I'm hurt down to the toes. What are we going to do?"

"I fancy there's nothing to do," said Burleigh, glancing thoughtfully at the floor. "Price appears to feel sufficiently remorseful. Hello, what's this?"

He picked up a blue envelope that lay on the rug.

"Price must have dropped it out of his essay," Herrick said. "I remember the look of it. Let's see the thing," and he tore off the end of the envelope carelessly. "Yes, sir," he went on, "there'll be a howl if this ever gets out, this——this——this——."

"Jim! Jim! What in the world is the matter?"

For a panic stricken second the professor suspected apoplexy. Herrick, staring wildly at a card, had collapsed into a chair.

"Great Heavens!" he gasped. "Robert! Robert wrote that essay—that stolen essay! Samuel Price was lying!"

Professor Burleigh was not a man whose ideas were capable of any very speedy readjustment.

"What was Price lying for?" said he, bewildered.

"To save him—to save me!" retorted Herrick. "He discovered it somehow. But, Clem, how can I believe? How can I make my son—my own son—realize his disgrace?"

"You mustn't be too hard on him, Jim. Nobody will ever know. A disgrace—yes, but he isn't the only——."

"Listen!"

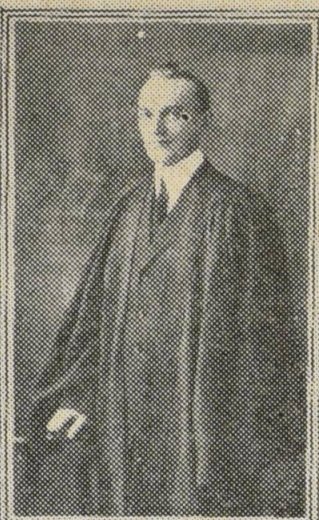
A shuffling step was audible on the mat outside the door.

"It's Samuel," whispered Herrick. "He's come back for the envelope. I'll take off my hat to him, Burly; he can have anything I've got. Let me do the talking, the apologizing. We can talk freely to Samuel because he's our own class boy, thank the Lord!"

—J. G. McL., '24.



R. B. CURRY.



E. L. CURRY, Leader.

F. S. CROSSMAN.



ACADIA  
DEBATING TEAM, 1923-'24.







## L O V E

I Could not believe in love at all  
And yet people talked about it a great deal;  
So I slipped under the gray robe of a raindrop  
And went back to God to ask him about it.  
He looked as if He were sorry  
That I did not believe;  
And then, wonderfully, He showed me Himself.  
He was just dreams of beautiful things  
And the power of making them.  
I looked on the earth  
And saw these dreams  
In still lakes  
And violets  
And specially children's souls.  
The dreams were very real  
And, wonderingly, I watched them built.  
The names of his tools were Love and Power.  
I looked at the spheres  
And the composite earth  
And saw Power,  
And believed in it.  
I looked at God Himself  
And people  
And all little things  
And saw Love.  
I believed in that, too.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was the creator of God's dreams,  
And the tissue of them.

—E. A. W., '26.

## ALONG THE COAST

SUMMER comes late along the Northumberland shore; and even when it stays there is something a little diffident and ticklish about it, as if each clear, warm day might perhaps be the last.

Though by the earlier part of May the fields are in their first emerald, there are yet few flowers. The strait and bay, ice-bound during many long months, are flecked with dancing white caps and purple shadows: surely summer cannot be far off.

Small ice floes are passing down through these waters, and once they have gone by you will see the change. Perhaps all in a day this change will come. The cold, heavy dank air that creeps in at night—it will all be sucked up; the sky will be as clear as glass down to the very edge of the water. What fine weather the people along the coast then enjoy!

That is the way summer arrives on the Strait shore; all Nature rushing pell-mell into bloom; buttercups and daisies and other wild flowers rioting in the fields, lilacs and roses disseminating their fragrance in sheltered gardens; and over all the world a drench of inexpressible sunlight.

You can never forget your first sight of a certain small Northumberland port if you enter its narrow harbor at this happy moment. Gently sloping hills, destitute of trees, form a definite sky line behind, and the village runs—rambles, rather—in a thin, wavering band for some hundreds of yards sheer on the edge of the water. Half a dozen wharves, a few of them fallen into delapidation, jut out at intervals from clumps of weather-beaten storehouses and fish-factories; and a few small fishing vessels, it may be, are lying up alongside or are anchored idly off shore. Only the occasional sound of the axe of some poor, hen-pecked husband splitting the day's firewood, or of a wagon rattling by on the hard roadway, breaks the silence.

Along the street the houses elbow one another in friendly fashion in neighborly groups, or straggle out in single file, separated by bits of white-fenced yard; and to the westward,



a little distance up the hill, sits the church, far surpassing every other edifice in size and dignity, glistening white, with a tall bronze weathercock on the peak of the high steeple.

But what impresses you above all is the incredible vividness of color in this landscape: the dazzling gold-green of the fields, heightened here and there by patches of foam-white where the daisies are in dress parade; or subdued to duller tones where, on uncultivated ground, moss hummocks and patches of rock break through the covering of grass. The sky has much room here, too; the whole world seems to be surrounded by azure; the thin strip of land lies between, claimed alike by the heavens and the waters.

In the olden days they tell us this port was a very different place from what it is now. Known to every vessel engaged in the fishing trade, there was a continual coming and going of brigs and ships engaged in the American fishing trade.

"Those were the days!" say the old fishermen, who loaf about the now deserted and delapidated wharves. "Then the wharves were as thick and as busy as ants in an ant-hill. Then in the winter, when the vessels were laid up, you would have called it a forest, for all the masts and spars you saw there. No, indeed, we never thought we would end our days in such a dull place."

Thus pass the little glories and vanities of the world. An air of tender reminiscence hangs about the town; and in its decline into obscurity it has kept a sort of dignity and experience, which, in a sense, will enable it to hold its head up in the days to come.

Looking out from the harbor, you see, far across the bay, a thin dark line, the shore of "the Island." You get a view of it; if you climb to the top of the hill—a long mass of land, fretted all day by the sea.

On the side of the harbor opposite the village, the shore is rough and ragged with many coves that have been eaten into its rocky shore. This region is uninhabited, save for the lone lighthouse keeper on the point to the southward. It is a waste of rock and small shrubs, across which a single thread

of a road takes its winding way, turning out for piles of rock and patches of marsh, losing itself amid dense thickets of alders, then emerging upon some bare hilltop, where the whole sweep of hill and sky fills the vision.

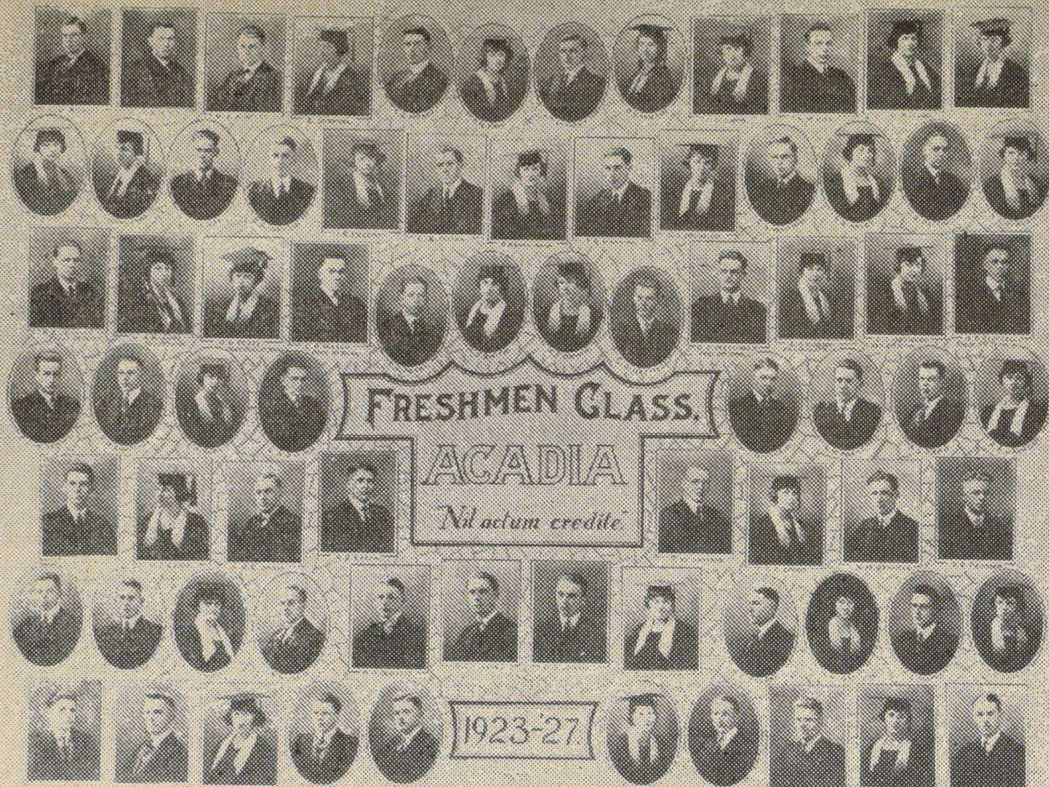
This desolate territory, where nothing grows above the height of a man's shoulders, still goes by the name of "the woods." At one time the forest was magnificent there, the trees were tall and beautiful, but a great fire swept it all away, and there has not been a good growth since. As the poor scrubby bushes which grow there form the community's only source of firewood, they have never had the chance to develop into a thick growth.

Yet in the full tide of summer these "woods" have a beauty in which their characteristic melancholy is only an undertone. Then the marshes flush with the colors of the many flowers amongst the dark grasses. And the wealth of color over all the country,—gray rocks show some warmth of life by sky reflections. The rusty green of alder thickets; the glistening silver green of balsam; and to the sky-line, the thin variegated carpet of close cropped grass, where creeping berries of many kinds grow in profusion. Flocks of sheep scamper untended over the areas all day, and groups of horses, turned out to shift for themselves while the fishing season keeps their owners occupied, look for a moment, nose in the air, at the passer-by, kick up their heels and race off.

As you look back from "the woods" towards the village, you catch a glimpse of its glistening white church, miles distant in reality, but looking curiously near across a landscape which has none of the usual standards of measurement. If you are walking in these "woods" and continue onwards, you lose it on the next decline; then it flashes in sight again, and between, you have the blue expanse of water. It occurs to you that the whole life of the countryside is centered there—christenings and first communions, marriages and burials. All these the church has in its keeping, and always it is the one source of comfort and hope for the sorrow-stricken. And as you leave this view the impression remains in your mind that religion is a most potent factor in the development of community and national life.

—J. G. McL., '24.











## THE OPTIMIST

PERCHED on the top most twig of a tree,  
Swinging away, singing all day,  
The optimist looks down at you and at me  
And sings in his challenging, rollicking way,  
“Cheer up! Cheer up!  
It’s a mighty good world and a mighty good day!  
Che—er up!”

In Spring when the days are so cheery and bright,  
Up in the tree, careless and free,  
He swings and he sings from the morn to the night  
The same little carol to you and to me,  
“Cheer up! Cheer up!  
Lots of work to be done, I’m as gay as can be!  
Che—er up!”

And yet when the clouds hide the sun from our view,  
Gaily he sings, lightly he swings;  
The sun is still shining somewhere in the blue,  
And even thru showers this message he brings,  
“Cheer up! Cheer up!  
If the world were all sunshine you’d never use wings!  
Che—er up!”

—R. W. W., Eng., '24.

## REVENGE

IT was at the afternoon inspection drill of the firemen stationed in Number One District of the City Fire Department. The air was hot and stifling, the men were bored and listless, and the officer in charge was young and inexperienced in the temperament of the city firemen. There are some days when even the best instructed and disciplined firemen cannot drill, and this was one of them. The careless attitude and wandering eyes of the men would have proclaimed this to a more experienced officer, but the "Johnny newly come" as the firemen called Blanchard, the new civilian appointment, saw nothing, knew nothing, and apparently cared nothing. He was there to drill them, and drill they should, so on the torture went until the climax came. Now this boy, for he was really little more, mistook sheer inability for obstinancy. He failed to realize that his commands were not given with the assurance that alone demands instant and prompt execution; he even failed to realize that his embarrassment and lack of confidence in himself gave him an irritating and nagging manner, and so in his ignorance he blundered on and on until he became downright cruel. There was a quick, sharp, but wrong command—a half-hearted response on the part of the men—the flash of a hand in the air—and—the worst had happened.

"He struck me, he struck me!" and Fireman Fraser moved his right hand in a threatening manner.

In a moment Blanchard realized what he had done, and his face blanched; there was a death-like silence, and then the first fire-sergeant jumped from his position in the ranks and seized Fraser's arm.

"Come with me"; and before the squad quite realized what had happened he had Fraser in a firm grasp, and was leading him toward the firemen's quarters.

And then for the remaining half-hour or so there was an apology of a drill, until the welcome strokes of the dismissal bell sent the men to their quarters, silent and puzzled. At



supper that day Fraser was missing; at the alarm for a fire in District Number One, at retiring, and the next morning at breakfast he was still absent. The whole station decided that he had been dismissed or had deserted. On the morning of the third day, much to everyone's surprise, Fraser tumbled out of his bunk at the first call for breakfast, answered his name, declined to make any explanation to the first fire-sergeant regarding his absence, and after completing his day's duty was ordered to report to the Fire Commissioner for investigation.

Now the Fire Commissioner was a keen judge of men. His admirers, and he had many, said: "The old man's the best judge of men and of fires in the service"; to which his few detractors always added: "and of whiskey."

He glanced at the offending fireman sharply for a few moments.

"Where have you been, my man?"

"I've been away, sir," answered Fraser in the soft, deliberate tone of the Cape Breton Scotchman.

Again the commissioner eyed him sharply; the voice and intonation were those of a gentleman.

"You had no permission?"

"No, sir."

"Why did you go?"

"I wanted time to think, sir."

The commissioner, knowing all the circumstances, appreciated the reply.

"And you've thought it out thoroughly?"

"I have, sir."

"You know, of course, that no man in our service can take the law into his own hands?"

"I do, sir."

"You intend to observe the law?"

"I intend to complete my service honorably, sir."

"Do you wish to make any complaint against any——any——," and here the commissioner hesitated——"against any officer in my department?"

"No, sir."

“Very well—that’s all.”

And so Fraser was restored to duty without trial, and the station heard nothing more of the affair. That is—not for some years.

Two years later the “Johnny come lately” was a thing of the past. Blanchard had developed from an untrained, impetuous boy into a man who had learned his lesson and taken it to heart; he had lived, fought fires, and faced death with the men he had so misunderstood at first, and between whom and himself there was now a feeling of mutual respect and real liking. Fraser was still in the company; and several modest chevrons showed that he too had learned his lesson, and was no longer the untrained “rookie” of months ago. If he bore any resentment toward his superior for the chance blow, it was never shown. Scrupulously polite, observant, cheerful, and willing, he had grown into a model member of the force.

It was about this time that a particularly severe epidemic of fires broke out in the city, and then one day the fire-fighting force of District Number One was called to assist in fighting an especially dangerous conflagration. This was one of the severest fires in the history of the department, and during the struggle with it several firemen were killed and many were seriously injured.

When the chief in charge of fighting the fire submitted his report to the Commissioner, he said, among other things:

“During the fight against the fire, I ordered a squad under the command of District Chief Blanchard to check the fire in a particularly dangerous section of the building. The order was brilliantly executed, although the officer in charge was pinned beneath a fallen beam. The Deputy Chief immediately placed himself at the head of the squad, and checked the fire in that direction. Fireman Fraser, who was one of the first to observe his chief’s plight, immediately went to his assistance, and though exposed to great personal risk of life, succeeded in bringing his officer out of the raging furnace. It was a gallant act and worthy of the highest commendation. I am happy to say that the hospital authorities report every hope of Chief Blanchard’s recovery.”



Once again Fraser stood before the commissioner, erect, but rather ill-at-ease.

"I wanted you to know, sir," said the commissioner, after some preliminaries, "that I have recommended you to the department for distinguished gallantry in saving the life of your chief. I believe its the same officer you had—er—" and here the commissioner gazed at him with a look of honest and open admiration in his eyes.

"The same, sir," answered Fraser.

"It was the act of a gentleman and a brave fireman," cried the Commissioner, who, occasionally tiring of the restraints of the service, gave way to his impulses. Then he jumped up from his desk and shook the fireman's hand.

"It was magnificent; you have forgotten—forgiven?"

"I have not, sir." The words were cold and deliberate.

"You haven't? And yet you risked your life for him—why?"

"I was afraid he might die, sir; I wanted him to live."

And the Commissioner sat for an hour after he had dismissed him, thinking.

Four long years from the date of the fireman's enrollment the record of District Number One Station showed the following alteration:

"Fireman Rhoderick Fraser discharged by expiration of service."

All the morning there had been but one thought in Fraser's mind—one constant, sonsistent thought he could not rid himself of.

"You are free—you are free—and now—."

The blood of a people who had never brooked blow or insult ran in his veins. He had waited patiently; no one could ever known the bitterness and degradation of that blow, impersonal though it had been; but now—he was free—free—free. Rapidly his mind reviewed it all. He even recalled that when, during the chief's convalescence, that officer had sent for him and tried to thank him with faltering voice and dimmed eyes, there had been no pity in his heart, only the

one thought: "Thank Heaven he will not die before I am free!"

He had received his thanks without a word, even without emotion, and had pretended not to see the outstretched hand. And now he was free, thank God!

At one o'clock the bell sounded for afternoon inspection. It was hot and sultry; aye, as hot and sultry as that day which it seemed he never could forget. The men were forming in orderly ranks, and from where he stood, near the new motor engine, ex-fireman Fraser scanned the officers as they made their way across the floor. He saw the chief (his chief) give a command, and the men move off in a precise manner. His mind was clearly made up. He would wait until the first rest, and in the presence of all the men he would wipe out the insult of years ago. He did not quite know how it would be done, but it would be a blow; aye, a blow for a blow. Soon he found himself watching the movements of the squad, his old squad, with quite a new interest. They halted, and then, to their surprise, they saw their old comrade, neatly arrayed in citizen's clothes, come toward them at a quick, sharp gait.

The chief, with his back toward him, learned of his presence only when he heard his well-known voice: "Mr. Blanchard."

"Fraser," and he turned toward him.

"Mr. Fraser, sir, if you please," and the ex-fireman's voice was clear and distinct.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Fraser," and the chief's attitude unconsciously stiffened; "you have something to say to me?"

"I have, sir, and something I wish these men to hear; they were the witnesses of my degradation; and they shall be the witnesses of my reply."

"It is just, perhaps," said Blanchard quietly; but Fraser, whose eyes never left his face, saw the cruel, deep scar, where the burning beam had left its brand, redden and quicken.

"You struck me, sir," suddenly cried the ex-fireman, fiercely. "By Heaven! sir, you struck me—you with the law and right on your side, I with the iron rules of the service



binding me to submission. You took advantage of your position, sir; but now, now I am as free as you, and now, here in the presence of these men, I propose to—" and Fraser moved a step nearer, intending to smite the chief's face with the gloves he held in his hand.

"I owe you my life, Fraser; would you have my honor also?" said Blanchard, looking him frankly and fearlessly in the eyes.

"I—I—" began Fraser, and then he suddenly saw before him no longer the enemy who had insulted him, but a man—a man of his own class and kind; one who had erred in the heat of passion, but suffered with the strength and dignity of a man; one who had been his chief for years; one who would have been his friend had he permitted it, and—now the thought was overwhelming—one to whom he himself had given life. Silently and strangely his face wandered to the faces of the men of the squad, then back to the face of his enemy.

Suddenly his anger vanished; he could not understand it, yet so it was. He was disarmed, completely disarmed.

How could he, a Fraser of one of the proudest clans in Nova Scotia, strike a man who spoke thus to him; who, though he did not fear him, would evidently not strike back; Good God! he had not understood till now.

An instant later, he raised his hat, and without a word hurriedly left the building.

—J. G. McL., '24.

## A FANTASY

GOD lent me wings, rose-colored,  
 For my shoes which are called Fanciful;  
 And I journeyed whither I would  
 Finding out the riddle of things.

\* \* \* \* \*

The drops of the rain came down, scurrying and terrified,  
 They were ladies who lived in the harem of Apollo  
 —Restless little ladies—

With a shy desire for things unknown.  
 I watched them put on their ugly, dun robes  
 Over the gayety that Apollo loved  
 And run away.

I watched his displeasure grow,  
 And darken the whole sky  
 Till the gray ladies fled home  
 Frightened,—

Cast off their dun robes  
 And stood penitently, in a row  
 Before their lord,

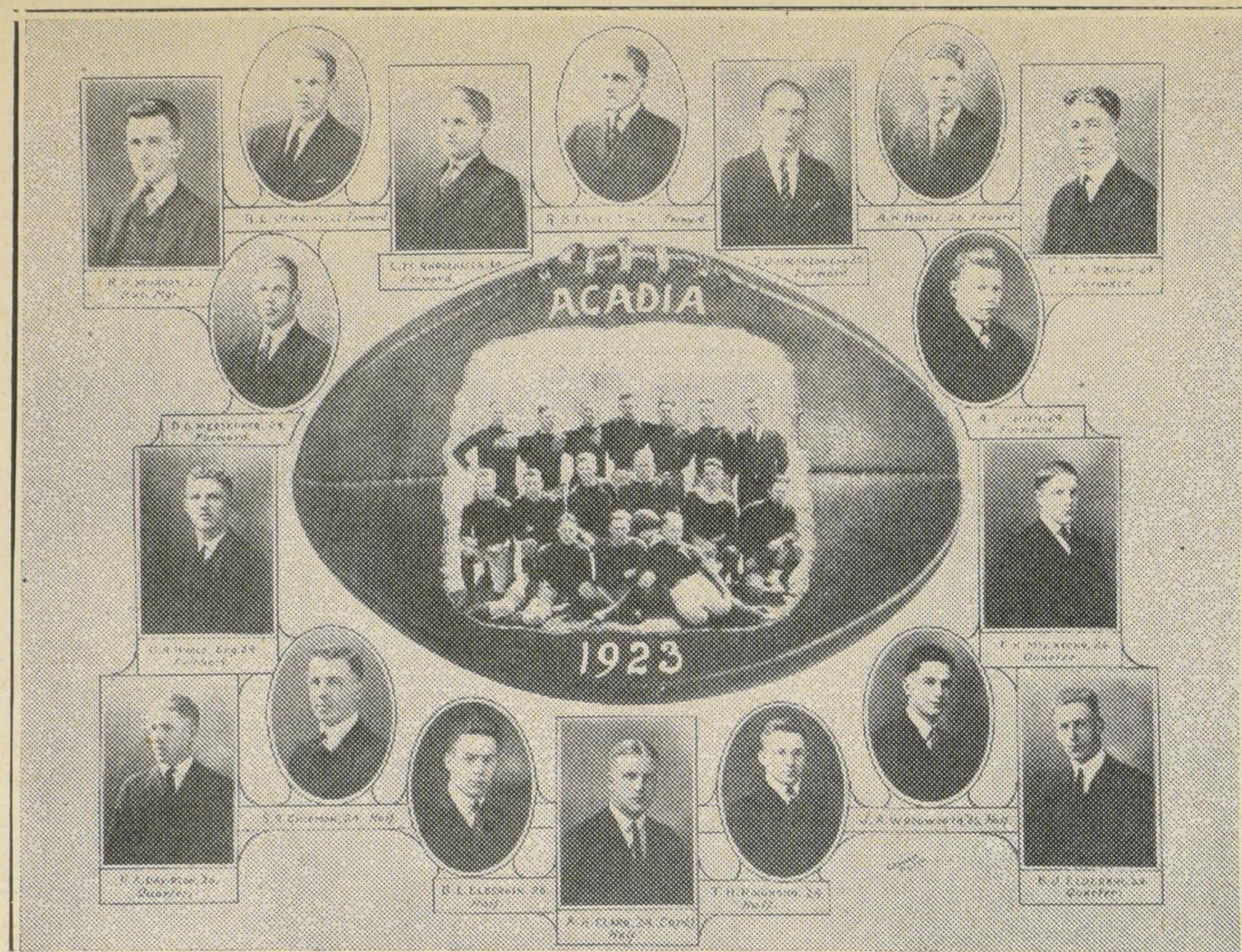
Clad in red, orange and yellow  
 Blue and indigo and violet!

\* \* \* \* \*

They were very beautiful  
 And Apollo was pleased to smile!

—E. A. W., '26.





COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAM

—Photo by Graham







## PURSUING CAVALIERS

TEDDY BARNES lay watching the moonlight as it played shimmeringly upon the ceiling. He was very tired—his face felt drawn and his hand clenched the white spread which had been thrown over his crippled legs. He was having another one of his “bad-spells.” They always came when he was idle. It was very monotonous and wearisome and a plagued nuisance to be shut up all day and night just when spring was in the air, and the garden pool was tinkling over the rockery, and the wrens from the birdhouse were chirping merrily under his window.

But Teddy Barnes was patient—that is, quite patient. The only thing that rankled was the monotony. Tonight it had been worse than usual. His sister Ann was having a party for some tiresome person, and although his wing was well separated from the rest of the house he could hear at intervals the harsh sound of saxophone and clarinet and the strident voices of men and women.

At length he could stand it no longer. He pulled the cord dangling by his bed.

“Bowers,” he said to the valet who soon came to his side, “I want to go out into the garden, down by the pool. Oh, yes, I know its wet but if I’m well bundled up I’ll be all right.”

Bowers glanced in surprise at his young master but merely replied with a discreet “Yes, sir.”

In less than ten minutes time Teddy Barnes was in his wheel-chair watching the stars reflected in the garden pond. For an hour he was quiet; then he decided to call for his valet. At that moment, however, he heard a soft footstep. He turned his head. Someone had come up, a someone in misty white turned blue by the moonlight, a someone very small and airy. Gradually the misty white heap slipped into the great rustic seat and a few quick sobs floated forth on the still air. Teddy Barnes watched awhile. His hands no longer clutched at the white spread over his twisted limbs. He

knew something was about to happen and he wanted to have a part. He softly spoke.

"Anything I can do?"

The little heap of misty white evolved itself into a girl who raised a tear-stained face toward the shadowy wheel-chair. She gasped a startled "Oh!" and then, "I didn't know anyone was out here. You're a man aren't you? Perhaps I had better go."

"Oh, you needn't unless you want to. But if you're going to stay you'd better wipe your face. They don't seem to have been able to make water-proof rouge yet and tears are very hard on it. Besides, it isn't exactly pleasant, you know."

The girl quickly passed a slim hand over her face and came over to Teddy Barnes. She was small and dark and the moonbeams turned her black hair to a phosphorescent green. She was somewhat like a moonbeam herself, and her airy clothing gave forth the intensely sweet odor of camellias.

"Camellias," Teddy Barnes breathed.

"Yes, that is my name," the girl responded. "You're—who are you anyway? Ann's brother?"

"Called by some Theodore Barston but by other Teddy Barnes."

"Not *the* Teddy Barnes who writes poetry? Honestly? But I mustn't stay."

She turned to leave but Teddy Barnes called her back. "Wait. You haven't told me much, you see. Don't you think an explanation is about due from a young lady who invades a gentleman's solitude—especially at this hour?"

"Oh, I suppose. But it was all Bob Thurston's fault. He would follow me out into the corridor."

"Bob Thurston? I don't believe I—"

"Don't you know him? He is rather good looking and I let him kiss me once and then he followed me out into the hall and—oh, I'm in such trouble, Mr. Barnes!"

"Teddy! please," the boy interrupted. "What is the trouble. It isn't that you are in love, by any chance?"

Camille looked at him in astonishment, her painted face still streaked and her mouth ghastly red in the dim light.



"How did you know?"

"I am correct, then?"

"Well one minute I think its Bob and the next I don't know—it might be that handsome Major with the ducky little moustache. Really, I don't know. That's what I am troubled about. You see Bob tried to get me to marry him and then I thought of the Major, so I ran away."

Again she turned toward Teddy Barnes, this time critically surveying him.

"You're awfully good looking yourself. Your hair looks so nice against the pillow and such long hands! You're sick aren't you? Still you do look very handsome."

Teddy Barnes sternly looked at her. "How old are you, Camille?"

"Well I pass for twenty but I'm actually only sixteen."

"Oh, ye gods!" Teddy Barnes softly groaned, "a mere infant. Where did Ann ever find her. Where are your father and mother, child?"

"Oh, the old dears went off to Europe and left little Camille to look after herself."

The other silently mused to himself, "Parents in Europe. Sixteen—in love with two men which means in love with neither. A painted doll—jazz type, no doubt. Thought it had about died out"; then, speaking aloud, "you say, my dear young lady that you are in love with two men and don't know which one to marry?"

"Yes, that is right. Rather a problem I think. Could you decide for me?"

"Would you really like my advice?"

"Why that's what I have been staying for. But—what's that noise? Who is that?"

She faced Teddy Barnes in mock despair. Footsteps could be heard coming along the path.

"You're pursuing cavalier, no doubt. Do you mind if he sees you?"

"Sees me?" the girl whispered, "oh, don't let him. It would be terrible. He is so big and black and probably just boiling over with anger. What shall I do?"

Teddy Barnes was smiling as he motioned to his feet. "Sit down here in the shadow. Put the edge of the rug over you, he'll never notice." She understood. Hurriedly she sank down by the wheel-chair. She was just in time. A brown face surmounted by a mop of black hair appeared around a piece of statuary.

"Beg pardon," it excused itself, "haven't seen anything of Camille Richards, have you? Had something to tell her."

"There was someone by here a moment ago, Mr. Thurston."

"Oh, beg pardon again, my boy, she must have gone on. Not a bad child, you know, as far as she goes."

The intruder withdrew. Teddy Barnes addressed the still figure. Slowly she arose and faced him. Her eyes were angry and her mouth hard.

"Not a bad child! indeed," she muttered. "Did you hear that? I believe I hate Bob Thurston. Well I guess the danger's over and I guess the problem is solved."

The boy was just going to speak when another interruption occurred. This time a man of military bearing questioned the dark figure apparently alone by the pool.

"Eh, hello, you are—eh—Theodore?" the curt voice asked, "Miss Ann's brother? You haven't noticed a young—er—lady around here have you?"

Again the boy replied as truthfully as before, "I do believe I did see a bit of white over by the bench but now—."

"Ah, it was she, probably. Rather a pretty little thing, though I must say she uses too much powder and —eh—cosmetics. She seemed to want to make my acquaintance, so I was just going to tell her that I would take her down to the station tomorrow morning with me when I go to meet my wife. She is coming on the ten forty-five. Miss Ann told you? Rather a charming woman even if I do say so myself, and I have been frightfully lonesome without her. But I must be going. No doubt the child has slipped into bed. Gad! it's time she had!"



The droning voice ceased and the man went back to the house. Teddy Barnes could not help chuckling, but his quiet mirth was stopped by the girl.

"Of all the silly old guttersnipes," she declared in a voice not particularly quiet. "To think that I should imagine myself in love with a married man and what is worse, one who is devoted to his wife. Bah! What an evening, what a tangle—what do you think of it all?"

"Sh! not so loud'y. Here comes a third if I'm not mistaken. It may be Bowers, but I think not."

It was not Bowers. A tall, straight man in dark clothes walked over to the rustic seat. For a while he remained with his head in his hands seemingly oblivious to the two opposite him. He could have seen but one and even he seemed a part of the dark mass of foliage. But Teddy Barnes could not keep still.

"Would you care to come around here?"

The man started. "Oh, yes. I beg your pardon for being so still. I did not notice you. Ripping night, isn't it. I saw you yesterday, didn't I. You are Mr. Barston?"

Teddy Barnes now recognized the man sitting on one side of him. He was Brown Thorpe, a young journalist, a friend of a friend of Ann's.

"Yes, Mr. Thorpe. Enjoying the party? Everything seems rather quiet—no music now."

"The dancing stopped a half-hour ago. Nearly everyone has gone to bed—a few like Thurston and myself still up,—no one else I guess."

The white figure at Teddy Barnes' feet stirred slightly.

The drawling voice went on. "Yes, nice party, but not many girls. There is only about one I would care to—but she is monopolized by Thurston. I don't know her last name, Camille something, I believe."

Again the girl moved. Teddy Barnes turned to the man. "Oh, that is Miss Richards. Very popular, so they say."

"Yes, very. Couldn't even get an introduction. Oh, what's the use of all this worshipping from afar! I'm going away tomorrow. It's too boring—casting no reflections upon

your sister of course. Well, I must turn in. Coming soon? Its getting rather cold and its after twelve. Well, will see you tomorrow."

Once again the boy and girl were alone. Once again the latter aired her thoughts.

"That was rather a narrow escape. It's a wonder he didn't see me. Most agreeable evening, Teddy Barnes very instructive and pleasant. Found that I 'was not a bad child as far as she goes,' that I used too much rouge, and that I have been worshipped from afar. I must say that Brown Thrope staggered me. He has always seemed so aloof. Oh, what a mix up. I'm going to bed."

"Good night, Camille," Teddy Barnes called after the girl, "I'd advise you to concern yourself with one flirtation at a time. But I suppose it's impossible. Such a child as you—" but the angry figure had flounced out of sight.

---

The sun was well up when Teddy Barnes opened a note which Bowers brought in. It read:

"Hello, T. B. Am taking your advice after all. Cut Bob Thurston and the Major cold. Didn't put any rouge on this morning and—I have persuaded Brown Thorpe to stop over.

So long,

C. R."

Teddy Barnes smiled as he threw the scrap of paper into the fire and rang for more toast.

—C. R. G., '26.





D. C. Cutten, '25

LADIES' DEBATING TEAM

J. M. Walker, '24, Leader

—Photo by Graham  
A. McLeod, '25







## A SYMBOL OF LIFE

THE symbol and the sign of life must be  
A question mark,—the symbol of desire.  
A child, man's eager mind is first afire  
To know the why of all that he can see;  
A youth, he tears apart with fiendish glee  
The secrets of the universe, the higher  
Truths of Science which he must inquire,  
And, grasping, be not yet from longing free.  
For far beyond the realm of common things,  
Beyond the visible or e'en what man  
Has in his visions seen, he seeks the key  
That shall reveal the mystery of life.  
Not here, but far across death's dismal span,  
In God's own face, shall life's last answer be.

—M. E. H., '26.

## SPIRITS

AS I sat on the Ridge one fine, moonlight night and gazed into the silvery depths of the river, far below, I became instinctively aware of the presence of a spirit by my side. Glancing up I beheld an almost imperceptible shadow draped in long garments of Garnet and Blue.

"Who art thou, stranger, and whence thy origin?" I spoke when my awe was sufficiently overcome.

"I am the spirit of Acadia Past," replied a voice from the depths of the garnet and blue robe, "and I have come to watch over my sons and daughters as they pursue their quest of knowledge."

It was in my mind to tell the visitor that, if he should stay here much longer, he would see that his sons and daughters pursued other things besides knowledge. However, I contented myself with saying:

"And what wouldst of me?"

"I have need of one to guide me to the haunts of my children, and seeing you, I thought that you might perchance guide me as I wished."

As he spoke the spirit gathered his robe about him as if preparing for immediate flight, and added:

"Come, let's away, for the hours pass by on silvery wings! Do but touch my hand and we shall be borne to the Library, there to watch the youthful pursuers of knowledge."

"Ah!" I replied, "the stack rooms are not open in the evening, let us tarry here but a little, and we may see that which shall fill us with holy awe."

I beckoned to him, and reluctantly he came over and sat down by my side. We had not long to wait; the sound of muffled voices betrayed the ever nearing presence of a young couple.

"Methinks I hear the soothing lines of Ovid lightly tripping over the lips of yon fair maid."

I shuddered! What would the spirit say when the couple came nearer; but though I fain would have spoken, I left the spirit to find out the bitter truth for himself.

As the couple neared, the spirit peered into the night to ascertain, no doubt, what purpose had brought these youthful children of Acadia to the Ridge. After much gazing, he addressed me, still keeping his eyes on them:

"Methinks that the maiden's head is in close proximity to the shoulder of her stalwart young escort. Such should not be among those in pursuit of higher learning."

For the first time I, too, peered carefully to see the persons concerned, and recognizing two Seniors, my heart sank and I thought, "you'll see an eyeful, old bird, if you stay here much longer."

Meanwhile, as the pair continued their progress the spirit became agitated. "Alas! I fear that knowledge is forsaken," he sighed and, gathering up his robes, vanished.

I remained there, I know not why, and as I watched the receding figures, as they took up their homeward way, I became aware of another spiritual presence. Expecting to see my old friend, I turned, but lo! it was another spirit, clothed



in similar fashion yet distinctively different in appearance. I inquired his business and he answered, in tones that had all the spontaneity of youth:

"I am the spirit of Acadia Present, and seek your guidance as I watch my comrades in the pursuit of an education."

At least, there was some cause for relief. This spirit had said education, not knowledge, which reminded me of the adage, "Never let your studies interfere with your education." I bade him wait by me for awhile. He did so, and soon a second couple came. They could vie with the others, for one was a Sophette, the other, a graduate and frequent visitor at Acadia. As they continued their pastime in much the same manner as the others, the spirit shook his head.

"I believe that the young gentleman does wrong in taking the young lady from her work, but—"he added as an afterthought—"I suppose youth must have its fling."

"Oh, yes!" I answered, "and in the language of the poet it is a 'far flung fling' in most cases."

"'Tis true," was all he said.

As he spoke he vanished, and behold! a shining cherub stood before me. He bore a quiver of arrows and in his hand he held a bow. I even believe that I saw wings sprouting from his back. With the voice of a child, he informed me:

"I am the spirit of Acadia Future, and I seek your guidance as I watch my forerunners in the pursuit of ——" the last word fell indistinctly upon my ears, but I was quite sure that it was not studies, education, or any such drab word.

As a third couple drew near he carefully selected two arrows from his quiver, and shot them, one at the lady and the other at the gentleman. They seemed to have the desired effect for, as he watched, the youngster clapped his tiny hands and said:

"That's fine!"

With that he disappeared.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then, behold, I awoke as from a deep sleep. The moon shone brightly and a few yards away from me I saw an

amorous couple. The hush was intense, but then a sharp, feminine voice broke out upon the night air:

“Now, don’t be silly!”

—R. D. P., ’27.

## HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF ’24

*Mr. President, Classmates and Friends:*

PREPARE yourselves for a tragedy, for lo! the hour is at hand when the wrath of the Goddess of History must be appeased. From the mist-enshrouded summit of mighty Blomidon, the seat of the divinities of Acadia, she looks down upon the pilgrims who enter yonder temples of learning, and if perchance one recreant mortal fails to prostrate himself before her shrine, or even bows the knee in but perfunctory salute, without love in his heart, her ire is kindled against him. Thus it was that fire flashed from the all-seeing eye of the goddess as she watched the progress of the pilgrims of 1924, and forthwith her mandate went out to the leader of that band:

“Go ye and fetch yonder presumptuous maiden who has dared to scorn my gifts of historic lore. Cause a great multitude to be brought together that she may be humbled before mine eyes and in the sight of all men. Yea verily, because in her heart she hath not the love of written history, nor in her mind the knowledge of its structure, I command that she now write a history of your band which is called the Class of ’24, and that she read it before the assembled people.”

And in obedience to that dire command I come now to expiate my sins. Would that I had seen my folly sooner, would that I had sacrificed burnt-offerings of midnight oil to the Goddess of History, that I might spare you this agony. Would even that I knew the form a class history should take, that I could edify you in the recitation of great deeds, but because I know nothing of all this, because I can but tell my story in my own humble way, I throw myself upon your mercy



and beg that you have pity upon me even as the stern goddess has not. Behold, the fire is already kindled upon the sacrificial altar and my pride must be offered up upon it. I proceed to the history of the Class of '24.

\* \* \* \*

*"All the world's a stage,*

*And all the men and women merely players,"*

has been wisely said about the world at large and might as aptly be applied to this miniature world which is Acadia. Here on our smaller stage we have played our four-act drama which is college life. Here the faculty, as stage directors, have, as one of them once phrased it, "nursed us as Freshmen, tolerated us as Sophomores, taught us as Juniors and"—at least they were kind enough to say it—"loved us as Seniors." Here like the player "that struts and frets his hour upon the stage," we have passed our four years of mingled sunshine and shadow, and now we await the final curtain call which ends our drama at Acadia. In the pause before we bow our last "adieu" it is but fitting that we cast a look backward over the scenes wherein we have played our parts.

The curtain rose upon the first scene of our drama in October, 1920, revealing the gorgeous setting of old College Hall, surrounded by the scarlet and yellow and brown of the frost-nipped trees on the Campus, while far in the background the sunlight sparkled on the blue waters of Minas Basin. Nor was the coloring confined to the setting alone, for there emerged through the several stage entrances, the characters of the drama, these soberly clad figures whom you now behold, but whose beings were then suffused with the most delicate tints of green. The frost of experience had so far left their verdure untouched! They entered to the number of forty-five in characteristic manners. Some sidled in with wary glances cast behind as if expecting Nemesis to overtake them with every step; some sauntered in with well feigned nonchalance, determined to appear at ease though inwardly

timorous; others came with the bold stride of a Ceasar and announced their arrival in the classic terms of "I came, I saw, I conquered."

Meanwhile there passed across the rear of the stage a pack of bloodthirsty individuals, the leader of whom brandished his new and shining tomahawk and executed an Indian war-dance when his rapacious glance rested upon the verdant assemblage. To the sophisticated this species was known as Sophomores. Their path across the stage was next taken by a carefree group, the Juniors, much too occupied with the struggle of donning their new robes of upper-class dignity to give more than a passing glance at the newcomers. Finally, with stately tread, there entered a solemn company of Seniors who paused and looked long and thoughtfully at the would-be students. At length the most serious of the number turned to his companions with the statement:

"Methinks I see a gleam of intelligence flickering over yon countenances. Such is indeed remarkable in ones so lately come to Acadia. Truly, we are richly blessed that these youths and maidens have directed their footsteps hither!"

Such prophetic words were worthy of none but a Senior, for behold their fulfillment in this, the best class, without doubt, that Acadia has ever graduated!

Thus our entrance upon the stage of college life was made. It was followed by the scene of registration, from which we emerged proudly bearing aloft our blue cards, the insignia of our rank as Freshmen. Those same blue cards admitted us to the next scene, staged in Room 2 of old College Hall, where with stealthy tread we gathered for our first class meeting. There, in utmost secrecy we selected our yell, and to avoid any copies falling into the hands of the vigilant Sophs, we stored it away in the darkest depths of our profound minds. There were two—alas, they were wolves in sheeps' clothing!—whose minds appeared less retentive than the rest, and how carefully we instructed them in the intricacies of the renowned "Icha-ricka"! Two days later, on the occasion of the Gravenstein Reception, we found that our instruction had indeed been good—it gives me cause to hope



that we may be a great asset to the teaching profession—because the seeds of knowledge sown in those two traitorous minds had borne fruit in the whole Sophomore class and our carefully guarded yell first burst upon the ears of the expectant world from the lips of our arch-enemies, the Sophs. This was our first approach to tragedy, followed by losing “the rush” back of the Sem, but with characteristic consideration the Sophs then proceeded to raise the spirits of our boys by elevating them each in turn upon a plank—much to the delight of the fair Juliets looking downward upon the new Romeos thus exhibited.

The scene changed and the stage was wrapped in the shades of night. Dusky figures stole out upon a dimly-revealed road running upwards toward “the Ridge.” From muffled conversations about eluding the Sophs, the figures were found to be Freshmen bent on their first class party. Suddenly the stage was flooded with light from the headlights of a powerful car, and with cries of, “The enemy! They come, They come!” our heroes and heroines scattered. So sudden was their disappearance, the earth might have opened up to receive them, but the passing car—innocent of the commotion it had caused—revealed here and there an odd hand or foot protruding from hedges or ditches, thus explaining the phenomenon. With all danger past, the party extricated itself from friendly brier-bushes and proceeded to “the Ridge” where the light and shadow of a bonfire hastened the process of getting acquainted.

Our pride at holding our first party without interference from the Sophs led us with more daring than discretion, several weeks later, to stage our second party at their very doors. The scene was laid in Tully Tavern club room, and there, round about it, the battle raged loud and long. Minor casualties were reported, but the barricades on the doors held while through devious means the refreshments were smuggled in, so we rejoiced in our victory, and after the enemy had retreated from the field, sang our triumph-song:

“Where, oh where are the gay young Sophomores?  
Safe now in their little beds.”

That battle was the underlying cause for many another raid and skirmish during the next few weeks, in which over-zealous patriots on both sides were treated to numerous cold applications from shower-baths and fire-hose. Seeing that this was ineffective in cooling the ardent spirits of the Sophomores, the Students' Council decided upon cold cash as the most effective remedy, and by extracting a quantity of this from the Sophomore exchequer, their sanity was restored while we were left to gloat at leisure over our successes.

Meanwhile we had displayed our exceptional talents in the First Year Concert, had been inordinately proud when First Year Rules were removed because of the good work of four of our boys on the football team, and were passing through all the usual stages in the development of embryo college students.

Then on the night of December second there came a scene which we will always remember, when cries of "Fire" resounded over the Hill and smoke-wreaths began to curl over the dome of old College Hall. For several hours the old building stood there, growing more and more lurid as it reddened under the progress of the flames, and then slowly it crumbled, the embers blackened, and we were left with a gap in the centre of our stage. Yet the new situation was met with a determination to yield to no obstacle, and within a day we had taken up the slogan, "Business as usual."

Christmas vacation brought fears of midyear examinations and for the first—and last—time we went home with trunks weighted with books and minds fraught with good resolutions to study them. (Since then we have learned the little phrase about the road paved with good intentions). However, though the orchestra plaintively rendered "Home Sweet Home" in our ears as we advanced to meet those first exams., few of us succumbed to the seductive strains. The experience nevertheless caused us to become a sadder and a wiser class who settled down to a calmer mode of existence, saved from monotony by our defeat of the Sophs in basketball and of the Sophettes in debating.



In our social activities one scene of especial grandeur stands out above all else. The time was January 29th, the setting the Memorial gymnasium, elaborately decorated in honor of its formal opening. There was in progress the Freshman Reception whereat we were "at home" to the entire university—at least we had intended to be, but when we had the pleasure of welcoming few more than the Sems and Cads, it was borne in upon our incredulous minds that our efforts to thus honor the college were strangely unappreciated. How strange that any should have thought us presumptuous!

Yet our faith in ourselves as a class was unshaken and after the brief lowering of the curtain which indicated the passing of summer vacation, it rose again in reveal us all-sufficient Sophomores with a goodly number of Freshie-Sophs to swell our ranks. Realizing that the last year's Seniors had left and that much of the management of student affairs would thus fall into our capable hands, we proceeded to inspect the new Freshman class with a view to relieving the other classes of the worries connected with bringing them up. We kept a watchful eye on their incomings and outgoings for the first few days and on one occasion when they ventured out at night to the home of one of their town members, we became so worried over them that while standing under the windows of the house meditating on their conduct within, we developed very decided symptoms of water on the brain. We had at first merely intended to follow tradition and save them the trouble of *giving* their yell, but when the time came we decided it would be kinder to *compose* the yell as well as give it. The results were confusing since, not realizing our thoughtfulness, they had gone to the trouble of preparing another, and the two versions left doubt in the minds of some as to which was to be accepted. Our further good intentions toward them were scarcely allowed to mature owing to a new rule which called for all our kind offices to be performed on one particular day when we led them down to the campus and there displayed their various charms and accomplishments for the benefit of the other classes. Following this, we reluc-

tantly left them to take care of themselves and, perhaps somewhat inconsistently, the girls shed real tears—with the aid of onions—over a ceremony known as “The Burial of the Hatchet.”

Relieved of this responsibility, we had time to devote to other scenes of college activity, and everywhere, at least in our own estimation, we played stellar roles. Two things were of actual importance: one was to have one of our members make the men’s intercollegiate debating team, and the other was to win the interclass basketball championship. Throughout it all we enjoyed the usual number of social events and as a fitting climax to the second act of our drama, we staged a picnic to Evangeline Beach on the last Saturday before Commencement.

When the curtain rose upon us as Juniors we had put away childish things and looked but from afar upon the waywardness of the underclasses. We deemed athletics a proper sphere in which to display our greatness and here in the course of several scenes in the gymnasium and rink we earned the title of interclass champions of men’s basketball and hockey. In interclass debating we were less successful, yet two of our number were chosen for the ladies’ intercollegiate team.

In social activity we made a good start but during the year there came what might be called “The Great Schism.” A line of cleavage appeared in the class, motivating a scene laid in the Opera House where there appeared on one side the Junior boys and a number of Sems, on the other side the Junior girls and a like number of Engineers. But the wounds were quickly healed and we found it true that

*“Memory of pain, all past, is peace.”*

Thus we united to close the year with a Farewell Banquet to the Class of '23.

It was during our Junior year that the university was left without a president by Dr. Cutten’s resignation, but before the close of the year we were pleased to welcome Dr.



Patterson to the office. Further acquaintance with him as president has but increased our pleasure that he should be the one with whom we are thus associated.

Meanwhile the curtain had again lowered upon us for a brief time and when it was rung up for the final act, the stage was bathed in the sunshine which has smiled upon us throughout the crowning year of our college course. We have found new duties and new responsibilities calling out a fuller realization of the tasks life holds in store for us; we have met obstacles and striven to surmount them; we have assumed leadership and profited by the lessons it has taught us. Yet through it all we have found a new and deeper enjoyment of college life.

Our graver tasks have, however, left time for other activities and after several pleasant social functions during the year, we look back on the Farewell Banquet at which we were the guests of the Juniors, at the party given by Dr. and Mrs. Patterson, and on our final picnic at Evangeline Beach as the outstanding social events.

In intercollegiate and interclass competition we have met with great success. We have captained to victory the college football, hockey and basketball teams. We have again captured the interclass basketball and hockey championships and won the Bulmer race. In debating, one of our members led the ladies' team in its victory over Mt. Allison, another led the men's team in its defeat of St. Francis Xavier. We have succeeded in winning the Athenaeum pennant for the year, and along with everything else, have kept up the chase after the elusive parchment. As the end of the act drew near and it seemed that we should finally capture the long-sought degrees, there arose a danger lest we, regarding ourselves as the final product of that evolutionary process, "the survival of the fittest," should yield of self-conceit. Seeing the danger of this, it was decreed that we submit ourselves to the taking of graduation pictures, and there, under the onslaught of the camera, our vanity has gone down to defeat, and we stand before you today, humbled, abased, stripped of the veil which has hitherto blinded our eyes to our own imperfections.

Thus our roving gaze comes back from the scenes of the past and we find ourselves here awaiting the cue for our final departure, our *exeunt omnes* from the stage of Acadia. The lights are lowered, the music plays solemnly, and a hush hangs over our theatre as we come together in the final ensemble before going off behind the scenes. We are but a travelling troupe, and must leave the stage to other players. We have warmed both hands before the fire of college life; it sinks and we are ready to depart.

Yet what has been the significance of our little drama? We know not, save that it has been a training for the greater play of life itself. If at times here we have made our blunders, if we can say with the poet,

“Let the thick curtain fall,  
I better know than all  
How little I have gained,  
How vast the unattained.”

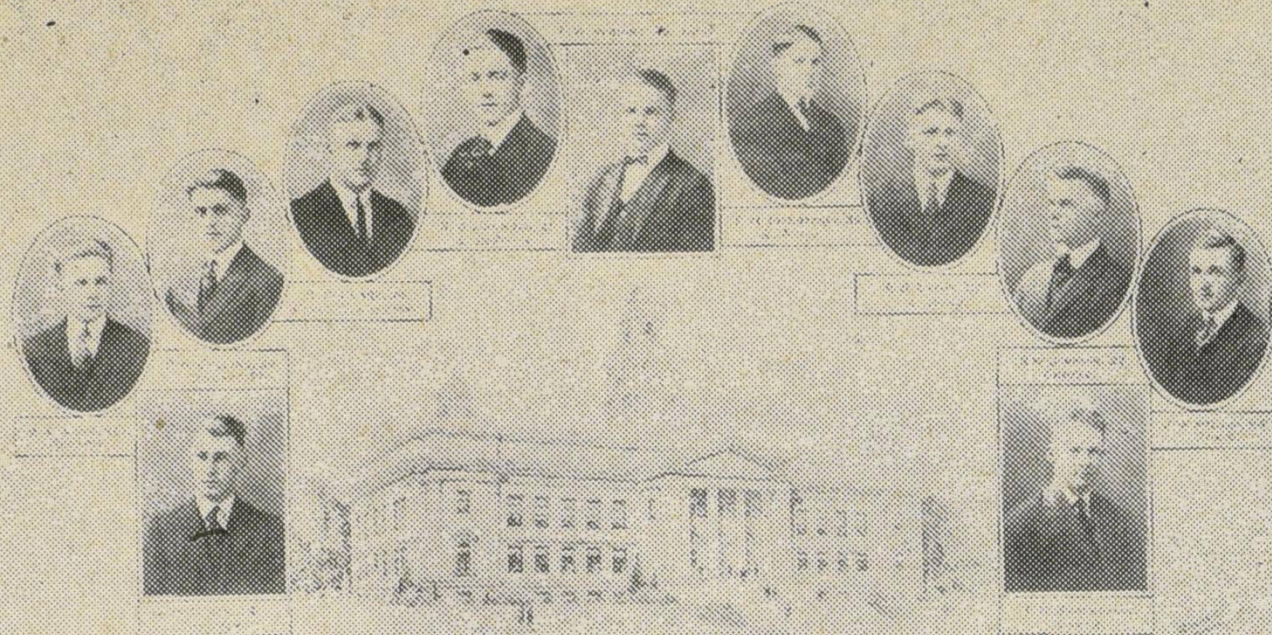
such knowledge but nerves us to face the future with a greater courage, an undaunted spirit which is our heritage as sons and daughters of Acadia. We go out into the character roles of life where our cue shall be in the words of our class motto, “Life is given to none for pleasure, but to all for service.”

We go out with the realization that,

“To heal the woes of earth,  
To set the captive free,  
To give life truest beauty,  
To teach men holiest duty,  
This is greatly great to be.”

—EDITH LOUISE MORSE, '24.





'23- **ACADIA** '24

MANAGER: [illegible]  
 COACH: [illegible]







## PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF '24

Alone I wandered 'neath the dim, pale, pearly stars,  
In that famed, foreign land that's called the Ridge.

Far down below a winding, flickering line  
Showed where the sullen-flowing Gaspereaux  
Reflected twinkling, glowing lights of heaven.

Depressed was I. My soul was heavy, sad;  
Dark gloomy thoughts ran riot through my brain.  
"What will become of them?" I cried aloud,

Again, again, again, and yet again.  
"What will become of whom?" a low voice asked;  
I stopped, and turned, and lo, behold, there stood

A man with flowing beard and sombre gown,

Who in his right hand held a staff,  
And in his left a gleaming crystal globe.

"Who art thou? Speak!" I panted, filled with awe,  
"Whence hast thou come and what is thy desire?"

With a slow, unfaltering step he gained my side,  
And in a low, deep, meloncholy voice spake thus:

"I am the Ancient Spirit of the Ridge,  
I've watched Acadia's sons and daughters

Year by year. I've wept with some,  
With others I've rejoiced, I neither could prevent  
Nor aid them in their divers ways,

But often seeing blind, haphazard steps,  
And wondering where such foolish, fancy flights

Would lead them in the coming years,—  
I gazed within this gleamig crystal ball,

And learned what they would do in future life."  
"The future," cried I, "That is my desire,

My classmates, what of them in coming years?  
The tall ones, small ones, lean ones, fat ones, all;

Pray gaze within your globe, tell me the worst,  
That I may warn them e'er it be too late."

"The future of thy classmates? It is well.  
Take thou the globe and sit on yonder rock.

Then gaze within and thou will see and know.”  
With trembling hands, I took the glittering sphere;  
The pale stars shone above me, and the wind  
Blew sobbing through the trees as down I sat  
And gazed within the lucid, limpid ball.  
Deep, deep I gazed; a universe unrolled;  
Suns, moons, and planets swam before my sight.  
Then from the flaming depths the earth appeared,  
And slowly, softly 'neath my wondering eyes,  
It rolled while towns and cities, mountains  
Vales and plains, grew clear and clearer still  
Until I saw my classmates one by one appear.  
They spake, they sang, I heard and learned what I  
Now tell with faltering voice, and a fond hope  
That some of it at least will prove untrue.

The curling clouds within the globe were reft,  
And lo, behold, my first class-mate appeared.  
'Twas H. M. Bannerman; long years he'd spent  
In search of fossils, and had given  
Much valued service everywhere he went:  
And now he sought rest from his weary toil;  
He thought he'd take one of the favourite tours;  
And so, I saw him on the road to heaven  
Driving a splendid team of Dinosaurs.

Then I stared in amazement, and, oh! I was sad.  
There was Winnifred Armstrong, so gloomy and stern:  
Her smiles were all gone. It was really too bad,  
But hard were the lessons that Freddy had learned.  
She had suitors galore in the bloom of her youth,  
But with fickle mind and frivolous ways,—  
She could not decide, and now the sad truth;  
A spectacled school marm the rest of her days.

Then through the clouds in the pure white light  
Helen Archibald come to my sight.  
I looked in amazement, she led a small boy.



I learned of her work, and I chuckled with joy.

For years she had worked with Acadia's brood  
To keep the Cheer Leaders from being so crude.

She failed, but undaunted she kept up the fight,  
And kept Sidney Junior just doing things right.

Then Florence Bagnell floated from a cloud.  
A varied and a checkered course she had pursued;  
Had travelled round the world, much wisdom gained;  
Knew the great singers, spoke with perfect ease,  
Called them by name, and, furthermore, I learned;  
To make use of the knowledge she'd acquired,  
Signed a life contract with a Basso Man,  
And shared the triumphs of his worldly fame.

A glittering light broke from the depths.

The sphere glowed as a ball of fire,  
And Dora Baker stepped with knowing look;  
A book of notes she held beneath her arm,  
A digest of the knowledge of the world.

She had degrees from every college known,  
And, in a mad desire to test her skill,

Had sent a message to friend Peter at the Gate,  
And asked for a questionnaire from heaven.

Her wish was granted and she wrote the test,  
She made One Hundred plus, and Peter said,

"I hope they don't let such a person come in here,  
She'd make we poor, untutored souls feel awful queer."

How great the change,—I laughed aloud,  
For in there coming through a crowd  
Was Gwendolyn Belyea.

She had spent many years of life  
In Hollywood where joys are rife.  
A Griffith movie vamp.

But harsh is life, she old had grown;  
Her pale blue eyes no longer shone,  
But still she sat upon a throne,  
And ruled the Troops.

The ball I held, turned,—oh, so dark!  
I wondered why?  
It cleared and Catherine Black stood there;  
I sighed a sigh!  
Years she had spent to find her proper sphere,  
At last she found it!  
She had a home within a pleasant land,—  
With trees around it.  
But each rose has its thorn; her husband, good  
Old soul, but loved his horse.  
And, Catherine, feeling herself slighted,  
Got divorced!

There was a great commotion in the sphere;  
I wondered why? Then it became quite clear;  
Charles Edward Arthur Brown.  
With springing step, he gaily strode  
Down a long, crooked, dusty road,  
And loudly sang this song.  
“I’ve loved ’em all; the short, the tall;  
The free, the debonair.  
Oh how I lied, oh how I sighed,  
They’re gone, but I don’t care.  
My only books were women’s looks.  
And folly all they’ve taught me:  
But, still, I’d rather be a fool  
Than miss the fun they’ve brought me.”

Then I beheld a quiet little town,  
And walking down the street was Mary Brown.  
She had become a noted Movie Star;  
Her name was on men’s lips, both near and far.  
A red-haired parson said he loved her well,  
And that he’d follow her,—where none can tell;  
But all in vain for Mary loved to dance,  
And she was playing “Madam Butterfly” in France.



Another came, with eyes of blue,—  
Ah yes! I well remembered her!

'Twas Eldred Bridges, and I knew  
She had created quite a stir.

She'd taught a school in U. S. A.,  
But had ideas of her own;  
She didn't like to work for pay,  
And didn't like to live alone.

So, after due deliberation,  
She reached a definite conclusion;

But, later with great indignation,  
Said marriage was a great illusion.

Now Alden Clarke was a mighty man back in  
his college days,  
And, as the years rolled o'er his head, he  
grew in many ways.

I saw him there within the sphere with a foot-  
ball, big as a moon;  
He kicked it high and loud did cry, "I hope  
it comes down soon"!

But Alday often said to his wife, "I played  
my biggest game,  
When I drew a heart to the hand I held  
that changed a Bridges name."

Now Helen Chase was "Happy" as you know.  
I saw her step inside a car, and go

Far down a road,—her hair flew in the breeze,  
The dust, she raised, most surely made me sneeze.

She'd married been, but got divorced, and now  
There was no one with whom to raise a row,

And so she told the girls that men were funny,  
But necessary things for alimony.

Calm was the scene, and Sidney Chipman stood—  
A great Biologist of world wide fame.

He'd found the origin of man, he said,

And nations thus paid tribute to his name.

“Man did not come from monkeys,” so he said,  
“Ah, if they had;”—It was his heartfelt wish!

But wedded life had long since proved to him  
That man, in former state, had been a fish.

The scene was changed,—it was a church with  
high and lofty wall.  
The clanging bells rang loud and clear out  
a steeple tall.

And proudly kindled Currie’s eye; well pleased,  
I ween, to see;  
The town assembled all its wealth, its grace,  
and chivalry.

No marvel E. L. Currie preached in deep  
stenorian tones.  
His words were answered with Amens and trembling  
sinners’ groans.

The organ peal’d; the choir sang,—“Where Hast  
Thou Gleaned Today”?  
The offering; and then Currie spake. “Now, brethern  
let us pray.”

Within a stately house upon a hill  
Sat Muriel Cutten writing with a quill.

But Muriel’s name was changed long years ago.  
Yes, she had married her old college beau.

She was the social leader of the town,  
And in her presence no one dared to frown.

A little girl was sitting by her side,  
And Muriel often looked at her with pride.

“You look just like your daddy,” she did say,  
The daughter rose, and, smiling, ran away.

Don Collins broke through the fiery clouds,—  
With a prayer book in his hand.

He waved his arms high o’er his head,  
And then surveyed the land.



“It is a sinful world,” quoth he,  
“With very little to gain,”  
And he cocked an eye at the lowering sky,  
And says, “It looks like rain.  
The world is going to the dogs;  
But I do my best, I swear.”  
Then he sat himself beneath a tree  
For a hand of Solitaire.

A railway line before me spread;  
I closer looked, and scratched my head;  
The trains? Yes, they were painted red!  
But still I puzzled sat.  
At length I saw a private car,  
The railway chief with a cigar,  
’Twas Edgar DeWolfe, and the D. A. R.  
“Uh-huh!” I said, “Thats, that.”

The greatest benefactor of the age appeared;  
Each nation claimed the honor of his birth.  
This famous man was Edwin Newman Esty.  
His photographs were seen in every town or nation.  
His great discovery appealed, of course, to ladies.  
No more need women get a fit of blues,  
And spend long hours, their hair to frizz and cringle  
Before they dare to take their nightly snooze.  
A formula in “Math” he had discovered  
That, if read once a day, ’twas guaranteed  
To cause your brain to grow so very whirly  
That in a week or two at most,  
Your hair would all be nice and curly.

Who’s this? Why Madeline Flewwelling so sedate,  
Dressed in a Paris gown, and long and late  
She talked and gossiped on the modern ways  
The girls behaved. “When I was still a girl,”  
She said, “My dears, a courtship lasted seven years.  
Now just a few short months, and then, of course,

It's marriage, scolding, quarreling, and divorce.

'Twas never so with me. I've braved the worst,  
And my *fourth* husband died as happy as my *first!*'

And then I saw the London Hippodrome,  
And Basil Goodwin stood upon the stage;

He'd studied drama with a lady who  
Had taught expression at Acadia Sem.

And, now apposing parts they played in Hamlet;  
And Basil, with his whole soul in his eyes,

Would look at her and speak between his sighs,  
"To be or not to be,—that is the question.

This heart-ache would be cured if she would be,  
But then she says she does not care for me,  
Ah! there's the rub."

Joe Dexter sauntered past with head held high;  
There was a wicked gleam in Joseph's eye.

He had been an inspector of the schools;  
He'd called the teachers, dunces, fatheads, fools.

Then, when the Government at Ottawa  
Had passed a Federal School Board Bill, they saw  
That Dexter was the man to put it through,

And so, they called him, for they said he knew  
Just how the thing should work and what to do.

But, what with Frenchmen, Doukabours, and Japs,  
Roumanians, Minnonites, and other Yaps,

Joe schemed, and schemed, to make the system work,  
But in the end went crazy as a Turk.

And then from out a fleecy cloud,  
In company with a laughing crowd,

Came Edith Annie Goodwin.  
And she was rich, if I may tell,

She sold a book you should know well,  
'Twas, "Things That Women Never Tell."

It sold so fast it burst a Bank,  
But, brethern, every page was *blank*.



I saw the shade of Socrates appear, and by his side stood  
Herbert Hatt.

Then Plato came, and old Democritus, and Aristotle, and  
more guys like that.

For Hatt had found the essence of the Universe,  
The Ancient Boys all clustered round to hear it.

“Forsooth” said Hatt, “I got the dope at last: the essence  
of the universe is Spirits.”

“Spirits?” cried Plato, “well it seems to me you’d better  
soon begin to count your blessings’

For if these prohibition schemes keep on  
Your Universe will be without an essence.”

There was Kathleen King in Leicester Square in company  
with a man.

They strolled along, she talked, he walked, she told him of  
her plan.

She spoke of going to Paris, and maybe down to Rome.

“And, after that,” she said, “I think, perhaps, I’ll go back  
home!”

He looked at her, and spake some words, but Kay, she did  
not heed ’em,

“No thanks,” she said, “I much prefer a flat, a cat, a car,  
and freedom.”

I saw a vast, sand-covered antique land,  
And Mary Lawrence stood there on the sand,

She’d gone to Turkey looking for a Sheik;  
Was unrewarded though she long did seek.

But ’twas her fault, they knew not Western style,  
So, when she’d roll her eyes at them, and smile

Needless to say she’d always scare ’em,  
And now she teaches D. S. in the Sultan’s harem.

Biff Howatt stood on the quarter deck of a ship on the  
“rolling main.”

He steered his course from the “Isle of Spuds” to the sunny  
land of Spain.

“Ha, Ha!” quote he, “the world for me, and a care-free rover’s life.

I pity the man who’s tied at home with a timid, tearful wife!

I seek an old romantic land where glittering wine flows red,

I’ll make the best of this life, boys, for I’ll be a long time dead.”

I will tell you the story of Dora Dean Lusby as the crystal ball told it to me.

Oh, just how it happened is past comprehension, for she was so happy and free.

She entered a Convent, and lived in seclusion; ne’er questioned to do what was bid,

But oft she would puzzle the sisters by saying

“How’itt left me, How’itt did, How’itt did, How’itt did!!!”

’Twas in an Ancient Market square a cornet player stood. He tooted his cornet long and loud as a cornet player should.

’Twas Ewart Longley tooted the horn as the crowd went waltzing by;

But ne’er a penny was thrown to him, so he ceased his tune with a sigh.

And Nineveh scorched ’neath the blazing sun, and E. C. looked so pale;

He said, “Of the choice that Jonah had, I too would choose the whale.”

He tucked his cornet under his arm, and out of town he ran, But, what he said I’ll not repeat, for he was a bad old man.

I then saw a lady walk into an office, and look with a critical eye,

Typewriters were humming, and presses were strumming; she then turned away with a sigh.

’Twas Louise Edith Morse of the Montreal Herald; she had managed the paper for years,

But the world had improved so, religion had grown so, she looked at the paper with tears.



No government graft, nor yet social scandals could be found anywhere in the news.  
So the sales were all stopping; subscriptions were dropping,  
and Louise nearly died with the blues.

Again a change, and such a change, ah sight  
Is it that thou art seeing things aright?

At, yes, there Norris Thompson Morton stood  
Preaching the gospel as a parson should.

Long he expounded, fervently he prayed.  
They passed his hat so that he might be paid.

E'en though he'd warned them all to see and know,  
The hat returned, but, in it was no dough.

Then Morton said, "I have not preached in vain,  
For, lo! Thank God, my hat came back again."

When last I'd seen her, I remembered well,  
A solitary, single, winsom lass!

Her blue eyes sparkled and her smile was sweet,  
And she was young,—but we will let that pass.

Ah, Adeline MacKinnon, I ne'er thought  
You'd leave the happy, blessed, single state,

And take to you for better or for worse,  
A thoughtless and a heedless man for mate;

But, there I saw her sitting on the stairs,  
The hour was late; she angry and alone,

A rolling-pin clenched tightly in one hand  
Just waiting for her old man to come home!

He'd rambled the whole world over,  
From Honolulu to Spain.

There never was seen such a rover  
As Mansell Lehigh MacLean!

He played penny ante in Manila

He ran a roulette in Hong Kong.

He bet on the horses at Epsom,

And, of course, he always bet wrong!

I saw him in Soviet Russia;

He was sitting beneath a big tree,  
He was looking for one to lend him dollar  
I grinned,—for he couldn't see me!

The morning sun shone bright and clear; I saw a pleasant  
farm.  
Charles Villers Marshall tilled the soil, ne'er suffered any  
harm.

I saw him standing at the gate, and so sad were his sighs!  
He raised his head, ah! how he gazed into those dark brown  
eyes!

“My beautiful, My beautiful!” he murmured soft and  
low,  
“The parting grieves me sorely, and I'm sad to see you go;  
But it must be; from this day forth we take a separate  
course,”  
He turned and wiped away a tear,—he'd sold his old bay  
horse!

He had worn a colored blazer on the Nile,  
He had sported spats in Persia just for style,  
With a necktie quite to utter, on the streets of old Cal-  
cutta.

He had stirred up quite a flutter for awhile.

The maids of Java thronged before his door  
Attracted by the trousers that he wore,

And so John G. MacLeod, with a waist-coat very loud  
Was welcomed as a mentor by the score!

But he called upon an ex-co-ed one night,  
With a necktie ready made that wasn't right,

And she looked at him this maid did, and he faded, and he  
Faded, and he faded, and he faded, out of sight.

(Cribbed with slight alterations,—author unknown).

A famous doctor in his office sat.  
He had grown old and, oh, so very fat.

He cured old ills, and found some new ones too,  
And our old friend, Don Messenger, he could cure you,



If you would come with any aches or pains,  
For he had much bad medicine as well as brains!  
He ran an undertakers business on the side,  
Strange things were told—but, people always lied!

There was a man from Malagash,  
To Chemistry inclined.  
And Wallace B. MacKenzie was  
The name he left behind;  
He deeply delved in chemicals,  
For many years he sought  
For a mixture of the elements  
To make our winters hot!  
He worked it out, and found the dope,  
And placed it in the sun.  
Then clapped his hands hard o'er his ears  
And started on the run!  
The stuff exploded with a Bang!  
And Wallace disappeared  
And, as he vanished in the air,  
This formula appeared;  
Para Para nitroso dimthyl aniline.  
Now o'er the spot where Wallace lies  
The grass grows nice and green.

James William MacKay was a chemist also,  
And a very remarkable man.  
He too very early did heavenward go,  
But not on the chemical plan.  
Bill, all through his life had tormented the ladies  
With pinchings, hair pulling and such.  
He practiced too long, and according to Hoyle  
He eventually did "get in Dutch"!  
He went to the Malay Islands on "Biz"  
And, while there, pinched the Queen's arm you see,  
The King saw him do it, and, sad to relate,  
Bill's scalp was soon nailed to a tree.

I saw a man upon the snow-clad Alps,  
'Twas Claude Troupe Olmstead on a pair of skis;  
He couldn't find much pleasure in the sport  
Because he had some trouble with his knees.

But anything to have a little fun  
Also a respite from a life of slavery,  
For Doc held an important post you know,  
The Chaplin General of the Great Swiss Navy!

The ball then flashed and flickered; I beheld a Royal band—  
Come with state and ceremony touring over all the land.

I was puzzled and I wondered, could it be a twenty-four?  
So I watched the train approaching, and I wondered more  
and more.

Suddenly I saw the person, Amy Prescott, to be sure.  
Still I wondered how it happened; then I thought of days of  
yore.

And, of course, it dawned upon me, why I'd never been  
so dense;—  
For her interest in the Royal Bank had simply been immense!

There was Raymond Crandall Parker, the Biologist, you  
know,

And he gardened for a hobby just to see the flowers grow.  
He was sitting in his study on a warm spring afternoon,  
Thinking, "Yes, those seeds I planted will be out now very  
soon."

Then his wife broke in upon him, white with dust from off  
the road.

Saying, "Hubby dear, the hens scratched up those egg-plant  
seeds you sowed!"

He seized his pen, a moment frowned, then wrote a book  
which read,—

"How envy will develop in the mind of the low Biped."

A lover to Five Islands bound cries, "Boatman do not  
tarry,  
And I'll give thee a dollar down to row me o'er the ferry.



My sweetheart sits on yonder shore, and long has she been  
wailing;  
Cut loose your boat, and let it float, I'm anxious to be sailing.  
And Mable Emma Pugsley looked, and saw the boat was  
coming.  
She jumped from the piano stool, and forthwith ceased her  
strumming.  
The boat touched shore, and out she ran; the breezes blew  
above 'er,  
And soon one arm was lost to view, the other 'round her  
lover.

And then I saw within the globe appear  
The famous Opera House called Drury Lane.  
And people from all nations gathered here  
To hear the best Bass singer of the age.  
The curtain rose, there Hibbert Parsons stood  
Calm and serene,—then, loud and clear,  
He sang that old sad, sweet, refrain from “Tales of Hoff-  
man.”  
“Oh Gee! Oh Gosh! Oh Golly, I'm in Love!”

I saw the House of Parliament, the hour was very late.  
A speaker stood upon the floor, and loud did he orate!  
Says he, “Our tariff should be raised, to that you'll all  
agree.  
But Thomas Robinson jumped up, and sez, “No, sir, not  
ME!  
To raise our Tariff is a crime, to quote the great Lord  
Lurton.  
And, Mr. Speaker, listen here, I advocate a Cuttin'.”

I saw the heavens open as a scroll,  
And L. M. Rhodenizer stood before the gate.  
He argued with the keeper, bent and old,  
And told him that he'd left the worldly state.  
He told of all the deeds he'd done on earth—  
That is, the ones that he could easily tell,—

The old man with the keys said, "Well, I fear  
You'll have to go way down below—and, well  
He STARTED to tell why,—but no, Leon was out to score,  
And said, "Old Boy, such premises as yours I can't accept;  
You begged the question to begin with, and what's more  
Your conclusion doesn't follow anyhow, and so he raved.  
At last the old man said,—"Enough! Enough!"  
He ope'd the door, and so Leon was saved.

I saw the small and cozy looking den  
Where Allen Smith, the humorist, pushed a pen.  
There he was writing articles so rare,  
The fire-light gleamed and glistened on his hair.  
He wrote a line with very little heed;  
He wrote another, and aloud did read:  
"Oh here's to friends, and kindred too, acquaintances,—  
I need 'em.  
I love 'em all both, short and tall when I don't have to feed  
'em!"

A man sat in a motor car,  
The fences by him sped;  
'Twas Harold Troop, and fast he drove:  
A crossing just ahead.  
A fast train steaming on his right—  
Ah, who would get there first?  
I looked and shivered at the sight;  
I watched and feared the worst.  
The train rolled on,—so did the car,  
They faster and faster flew,  
Ne'er gained an inch, on, on they sped  
And near and nearer drew!  
The Crossing! oh, one second more!  
"Step on her Troop!" cried I,  
He did.—He stopped, and calmly sat  
And watched the train go by.



The pleasant hills of England come to view,  
All green and purple, ah, the scene was fair.

The rising sun dispersed the glittering dew;  
The roses bloomed, and, in the morning air,  
There Dr. William Wasson sauntered forth.  
He strolled along, and, ah, I heard him sing,  
For he was happy, and his name ranked high  
As Medical Adviser to the King!

There was a man in our class,  
And he was wondrous wise.

He was not large, he was not small,  
Just ordinary size.

I saw him on a buckskin horse  
Upon the Western plains.

His pockets they were empty,  
Though his head *was* full of brains.

And so our friend Charles Burton Wright  
Rode on without a sigh,

And sang, "Altho I'm broke down here,  
I've a mansion in the Sky!"

Oh, Raymond Perry Thompson  
He was a mighty man;

If he couldn't find a Saxophone  
He'd rattle an old tin can.

I saw him on Miami beach,  
And he was there alone

A-testing his new instrument,—  
A brand new Semaphone.

He jazzed all day beneath the palms,  
And all night neath the stars,

And if you stopped to listen,  
You'd hear him jazz these bars,—

"Oh! my girls are Hulas,  
Oh! they're Hula Hulas!

And I always rush three at a time!"

I saw the town of Wolfville, peaceful, calm.  
 The college nestling on the green hill-side;  
 And Tully Tavern with it's red brick walls;  
 The orchard where the blossoms glimmered white.

I saw the Dean of Women standing there  
 Chatting with Co-eds all of whom were strange.

But, ah! the Dean, I knew her standing by the door,  
 Jean Millet Walker of Class '24.

She told them of the days of long ago,  
 When first she entered as a student here;

She told how well the girls behaved in yesteryears.  
 "They were not foolish as you are, my dears,

About them people never talked,  
 For when they went out walking, why, of course,  
 They Walked!"

\* \* \* \* \*

The ball grew dark, then glowed, it was the end.

I turned to the old spirit, "Is this all?" said I.  
 He nodded. "But what of my old classmates after death?

That is the news for which my soul doth crave."  
 "Beyond the grave?" he said. "Yea, look again."

I looked, and, ah, how grand and how sublime!  
 There was the class of '24 in Paradise

Sitting beside a glistening, gleaming stream.  
 The banks were green. They played on golden harps,

And sang sweet songs,—the songs of long ago.  
 It was the everlasting grand reunion; oh

They all were there. Yes, all were there but one,  
 He stood out-side the gate and knocked and knocked.

I closer looked, and I grew very sad;  
 It was myself, who stood and knocked alone,

Myself who was the member at the gate  
 So late, so late.

But, ah, the gate was opened and the keeper stood.  
 "What do you wish?" he asked, in a deep voice.

"To join the class of '24," I said, "to play, to sing and—  
 He looked at me. "Ah yes, I know you now,

And I had orders not to let you in.



Such sin! You told some horrid lies about your class  
In public once. They don't want you. 'Tis true!  
Ah, hear them sing, how happy they,—away, you wretch,  
away!"

He closed the gate, and I still stood without,  
And sad indeed was my old wrinkled face;

And with the class yell ringing in my ears,  
I slowly turned and sadly left the place;

Remembering what the Good Book said about a liar  
I went below and got a good seat near the fire.

\* \* \* \* \*

The ball grew limpid as a running stream.

"'Tis ended now," the Ancient Spirit said.  
I handed him the globe,—he disappeared.

I bowed my head. The stars still shone.  
The wind still sobbed and sighed.

I started homeward saying to myself,  
"I hope it lied! ah yes, I hope it lied!

—CURRY MILTON SPIDELL, '24.

## VALEDICTORY

*Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—*

THE time has come for the class of '24 to bid farewell to Acadia University. The task is not easy. Four years ago, looking forward in anticipation to the day of graduation, we might well have thought that saying 'good-bye would cause us little pain. Acadia was to us then but a group of buildings containing class rooms presided over by individuals known as Faculty members who were supposed to be able to disperse knowledge to a group of other individuals called students. Today we think of Acadia not as a group of magnificent buildings of brick and stone and granite, only, but of these plus "spirit"; we think of our professors not as faculty members only but as friends; we think of the student body not as a mere aggregation of young men and women, but as personal comrades with common interests and ideals who are seeking to equip themselves for a worthy contribution of service to the world. It is because we have discovered and imbibed the "Acadia Spirit" and have formed these lasting friendships and have so enjoyed the experience of fellowship during these four years that the task of bidding farewell today is one that we could wish postponed for a little.

But we cannot tarry longer. We have been privileged to study here under most favorable circumstances and because of that privilege we owe a debt to the world. The world today is crying out for men and women who have been trained for service,—men and women of high ideals, far vision, fine intellect and lofty purpose.

“When has there been an age like this?  
When has there been an age that called  
So loudly and beseechingly  
For noble men and noble deeds?  
For mighty brains to take and solve  
Perplexing problems; mighty hearts



To dare and do; and mighty souls—  
Broad, generous, forceful—to instruct  
And lift and lead?"

If we are to be true to our "Alma Mater" and to the ideal of education that she has presented to us, we must heed the call and go out with hearts aflame, lovers of truth, masters of evil, to make "reason and the will of God prevail," and to give unto others that which we have received. Only thus can we increase and hasten our own happiness.

*Gentlemen of the Board of Governors:—*

Our debt to you cannot be measured. We can only express to you our heart-felt appreciation for making possible the opportunity for study that has been ours during these years. On this occasion we wish to assure you that your noble attitude at the time of the fire which destroyed "College Hall" and your subsequent action in inaugurating a programme of reconstruction, the results of which are now being made manifest by the splendid building that is rising on the "hill," have created within us admiration and regard for your faith and indomitable spirit and have inspired us to a larger loyalty to Acadia. We would like for you to feel, Gentlemen, that every member of the class of '24 is wholeheartedly with you in the great work that you have begun and we take this opportunity of pledging to you and to the greater "Acadia" of tomorrow, our fullest fealty, strongest support and deepest devotion. Gentlemen, we bid you farewell.

*Mr. President and Members of the Faculty:—*

During our four years under your teaching we have discovered that you have not been primarily concerned to acquaint us with facts on a great many subjects but rather have you sought to develop our intellect by means of assignments that would tend to create the moral habits that are essential to the development of personality and to the attainment of true knowledge. Many of the facts connected with those as-

signments we have already forgotten but the moral habits of patience, regularity and persevering application remain as a part of the fabric of our souls and are of inestimable value. If we do forget facts and figures but discover that as a result of our training here we are able "to think without confusion clearly," then we possess that faculty which is of supreme value in life and we are abundantly rewarded for the years we have spent within the walls of Acadia.

Mr. President and Members of the Faculty we express to you our deep appreciation for your patience with us, your words of encouragement, your intelligent instruction, and especially for the high ideal of education that you have held before us. We realize that the measure of success that we may attain as we go out to service in the world will be largely due to your efforts and your example. The class of '24 bids you, Farewell.

*Citizens of Wolfville:—*

We thank you for all that you have done to make our stay in this beautiful little town so pleasant and enjoyable. We rejoice that Acadia University was planted in such a garden. The nature of the soil here has had much to do with her growth. In days to come, if it be our privilege to revisit our "Alma Mater" we shall expect to find her still nestled in the garden of the Valley. So may it ever be that the annual pilgrimage to Acadia will at the same time be a pilgrimage to this shrine of loveliness—Wolfville.

We appreciate the support that you have given to the various societies of the college and are confident that this will be continued in the future. Your noble contribution to the "building fund" of Acadia has been an inspiration to us all. We trust that the years that are ahead may bring both to college and town increasing prosperity.

Citizens of Wolville, to you we bid farewell.





JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM  
Interclass Champions

—Photo by Graham







*Fellow Students:—*

As we go out we leave you to “carry on.” We know your worth and are persuaded that you will worthily maintain all the traditions of the past. Next year there is to be a notable change in the system of student government. The success of the new order will depend largely upon your loyalty and devotion to the highest ideals of right and justice. May the “Acadia Spirit” dominate all your activities and may it become enriched and deepened by your contribution of service during your years upon the “hill.”

“We look to you,—each one of you—  
To make life better than before,  
For God is shaping all things new  
And he has greater things in store,  
Carry on, fellow students! Carry On!  
Carry on, all!—and make it so.”

*Classmates:—*

It is difficult for us to realize that we are about to separate to go our several ways out into the world. We are happy today because we have after earnest endeavour completed our course here and on the morrow will receive public recognition by the authorities of the University. In the enthusiasm of the occasion we might almost forget that the reaching of our goal means inevitable separation. But we cannot forget and for that reason today, “our sincerest laughter with pain is fraught.” There is, however, comfort and compensation in the realization that “friendship” is not conditioned by time and place and circumstance, but is something of priceless value that we can take with us and cherish throughout the years.

Classmates, the future lies before us. We cannot, nor would we desire to know, what it holds for us. Some of us will enjoy length of days and will rejoice in the glory of life’s sunset; some of us may be cut off at high noon; some of us

may pass 'ere the dew of morning has vanished. But let us remember this,—“it is not length of life that counts but depth.” One thing we know, we have work to do,—work that demands all that is best in us of heart and mind and body. We dare not withhold our talents. If we do we shall lose them. We must cast them freely into the furrow that a harvest may be garnered.

“We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths,  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial  
We should count this by heart throbs.  
He most lives,  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.”

Today, and through all the days may the challenging exhortation of Paul the great Apostles be our watch-word,—

“Watch ye, stand fast in the faith,  
Quit you like men, be strong.”

Quit you like men, be strong.”  
There's a burden to bear,  
There's a grief to share  
There's a heart that breaks 'neath a load of care  
But fare ye forth with a song.”

Classmates—fare ye forth and farewell.

—EMERSON LADD CURRY, '24.









W. E. DYER, JR.  
Sports Editor



F. H. BROWN, JR.  
Managing Editor



E. L. WOOD, JR.  
Library Editor



C. H. BROWN, JR.  
Staff Editor



J. M. BROWN, JR.  
Editor



J. H. TAPPAN, JR.  
Exchange



C. H. BROWN, JR.  
Editor



F. S. COATSWORTH, JR.  
Circulation Mgr.



L. M. BROWN, JR.  
Printer



E. L. WOOD, JR.  
Editor



R. H. COATSWORTH, JR.  
Editor



VIRGINIA DEAN  
Editor



R. H. COATSWORTH, JR.  
Editor

# ACADIA ATHENEUM

28 STAFF 29



# The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. L.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JUNE, 1924.

No. 7

Thomas H. Robinson, '24.....Managing Editor.

E. Louise Morse, '24.....Literary Editor.

E. R. Rafuse, '25, Science.

C. M. Spidell, '24, Month.

L. M. Rhodenizer, '24, Athletics.

R. A. Thorne, '25, Exchanges.

Catherine Black, '24, Personals.

A. T. Smith, '24, Jokes.

M. H. Outhouse, A.C.A. Representative. Virginia Dixon, A. L. S. Rep.

S. R. Seaman, '25, Staff Artist.

F. S. Crossman, '26, Circulation Mgr.

V. C. Short, '25.....Business Manager.

Subscriptions \$2.00 per year. Advertising rates given on application.  
All remittances and business communications to be addressed to the  
Business Manager, Box 308, Wolfville, N. S.



## Editorial



FOR the fiftieth time the door of the editorial sanctum swings on its hinges to allow the passing of another *Athenæum* staff. With backward glance we pause in the doorway ere we go out into the untrodden ways beyond while our hearts are filled with something of regret for the old we are leaving behind, something of sadness which the last farewell always brings, and something of thanksgiving for the pleasant associations which the past has permitted to us. So it must be. The old order passes to make way for the new, and each editorial staff in turn feels the same wrench at severing the ties that have bound it to a task which, tho arduous, has yet been well worth the effort it has entailed.

When, last October, we took up the duties of our office it was not without inward quakings at our inexperience in the ways of college journalism. At the same time we were resolved to spare no effort towards making the *Athenæum* the

fullest expression of the best in college life. And now our page is written so that we can look back and see in how far our fears have been realized, in how far our reach has exceeded our grasp.

But on the whole we are not displeased with what retrospection lays before us. True, there has been criticism mingled with what credit our efforts have received, but even so, we are grateful for the kind words which have come our way either personally or through our Exchanges. True, too, our policy for the year has involved rigid economy of space which has excluded much desirable material, but which, on the other hand, has accomplished our purpose of making the year a financial success, thus giving our successors a sound foundation from which we trust they may reach greater heights than has been our privilege to attain. Especially do we hope this may be true in the field of illustrations, where the resources necessary for the publication of more "cuts"—cartoons and "snaps"—with the added impetus which this would give to competition in that department, would add inestimably to the attractiveness of the magazine. Already our literary standing is high among Canadian colleges. With an equal stressing of this other phase of journalism, the perfectly balanced publication which would result would give us undisputed claim to a position in the lead.

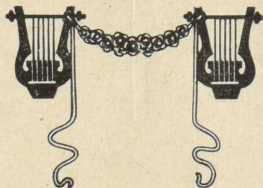
One thing during the past year has greatly encouraged us. It is the unprecedented interest taken by the first year students in our pages. So often in previous years there has been the feeling that the *Athenæum* was an upper class institution, edited and supported by the chosen few. This year we have witnessed with unbounded pleasure what has seemed to be a breaking down of that spirit. Within a month of their coming to Acadia, the Freshman class had taken up the college paper as *their* paper, and the fourteen units awarded to them throughout the year must be taken to represent also a mass of material which, although failing through competition to receive an award, shows interest and talent holding promise for the future. Such an attitude on the part of a



Freshman class cannot but make for a better, more all-round college paper.

With these few comments on our work of the past year, we must pass on to make way for our successors. In passing we wish to thank our contributors for their support during the year and especially to thank Dr. Rhodenizer for the time and advice which he has so generously given in the interest of the Literary department. For the new staff we expressed our confidence in their ability to "carry on" and to them we extend our heartiest wishes for a success greater than ever before in *Athenaeum* history.

To you of next year is the privilege of opening the second half century of the *Athenaeum's* growth. We of the old era have given of our best to make it what it is at the close of the first half-century. You of the new have the greater opportunity of expending your energy in an era which must reach a more brilliant conclusion. Our trust is in you as we throw to you the torch with the injunction, "Be yours to hold it high!"



## ATHENÆUM COMPETITION.

## STANDING OF CONTESTANTS.

Lit. Gen.		Lit. Gen.	
D. G. Anderson, Eng., '25 .....	0 2	C. M. Kinsman, '25.. 1	0
O. M. Archibald, '26.. 1	0	H. L. Lawson, '25.... 0	1
D. M. Baker, '24..... 2	0	D. D. Lusby, '24..... 0	1
H. M. Bannerman '24 17	4	C. V. Marshall, '24... 2	2
H. G. Beardsley, '25. 3	1	H. P. Moffatt, '25.... 2	0
E. R. Bentley, '25.... 0	1	W. B. McKenzie, '24. 2	0
C. A. Black, '24..... 0	3	N. A. MacKinnon, '24 1	6
A. J. Brady, '27..... 1	0	J. C. McLaughlin, '25 0	2
E. E. Bridges, '24... 0	5	J. G. McLeod, '24....17	8
Mary Brown, '24..... 0	4	M. G. Perry, '27..... 1	4
H. A. Chase, '24..... 0	3	R. D. Perry, '27..... 2	0
F. M. Cleveland, '26.. 1	0	E. R. Rafuse, '25....10	11
P. O. Colbath, '25.... 0	2	L. M. Rhodenizer, '24 4	3
T. W. Cook, '25.....17	4	S. G. Seaman, '25.... 0	4
D. C. Cutten, '25..... 0	1	H. F. Sipprell, '27... 2	0
M. G. Cutten, '24..... 0	2	A. T. Smith, '24..... 4	2
C. L. Fillmore, '25... 0	4	M. E. Smith, '27..... 1	0
A. D. Flowers, '25... 1	0	C. M. Spidell, '24....17	5
F. H. C. Fritz, '26... 2	0	R. P. Thompson, '24. 1	0
L. V. Gates, '26..... 0	1	R. A. Thorne, '25.... 7	1
E. A. Goodwin, '24... 0	3	I. M. Vogler, '25..... 0	2
C. R. Gould, '26..... 4	0	R. W. Ward, Eng., '24 7	0
G. D. Hatfield, '27... 3	0	W. P. Warren, '25... 1	0
G. S. Higgins, '26.... 2	0	W. B. Wasson, '24... 2	0
M. E. Hutchins, '26.. 5	3	E. A. Whitman, '26.. 8	0

J. A. Woodworth, '26.....0 3



## INTER-CLASS COMPETITION.

	Sen.	Jun.	Soph.	Eng.	Fresh.
November .....	12	8	2	0	0
December .....	10	9	0	2	2
January-February .....	12	11	5	0	1
March .....	10	3	4	2	2
April .....	7	7	5	2	5
May .....	6	8	7	2	2
June .....	10	1	7	1	2
	—	—	—	—	—
Total .....	67	47	30	14	9

Pennant Won by Seniors.

---

## WINNERS OF LITERARY "A"

J. G. McKay, '15.	Miss Elsie Layton, '21.
A. W. Rogers, '15.	C. B. Lumsden, '21.
W. S. Ryder, '15.	K. E. Mason, '21.
Miss E. B. Lockhart, '16.	T. A. Meister, '21.
J. S. Millett, '16.	A. B. Corey, '21.
S. W. Stackhouse, '16.	A. K. Eaton, '22.
Miss M. A. Harrington, '17.	H. G. Goucher, '22.
H. F. Lewis, '17.	J. W. Lank, '22.
H. L. Porter, '17.	E. C. Prime, '22.
R. B. Smallman, '17.	L. P. Steeves, '22.
D. A. Grant, '19.	H. S. Thurston, '22.
Miss C. E. Hill, '19.	H. H. Wetmore, '22.
J. H. Manning, '19.	F. W. Doyle, '23.
Miss H. P. Starr, '19.	Miss M. Fitzpatrick, '23.
G. H. Estabrooks, '20.	H. K. Grimmer, '23.
Miss H. G. Morse, '20.	P. L. Judge, '23.
Miss Erma Fash, '21.	A. E. Warren, '23.
Miss M. E. Grant, '21.	

## AWARDED THIS YEAR.

H. M. Bannerman, '24.	D. M. Spidell, '24.
J. G. McLeod, '24.	T. W. Cook, '25.
Miss E. L. Morse, '24.	E. R. Rafuse, '25.
T. H. Robinson, '24.	

---

## STAFF OF ATHENÆUM FOR 1924-25.

Managing Editor .....	V. C. Short, '25.
Literary Editor .....	T. W. Cook, '25.
Science .....	E. R. Rafuse, '25.
Athletics .....	R. A. Thorne, '25.
Month .....	Inga Vogler, '25.
Personals .....	Margaret Hutchins, '26.
Exchanges .....	Ardis Whitman, '26.
Jokes .....	C. L. Fillmore, '25.
Business Manager .....	F. S. Crossman, '26.
Circulation Manager .....	Percy McKay, '27.
Staff Artist .....	Not yet appointed.
Seminary Editor .....	Not yet appointed.
Academy Editor .....	Not yet appointed.





GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM  
Intercollegiate Champions

—Photo by Graham







## THE GRADUATING CLASS OF '24

## HELEN BRADSHAW ARCHIBALD

*"Life is a jest, and all things show it;  
I thought so once, but now I know it."*

Helen was born in Milton, N. S., but moved to Wolfville at an early age, there receiving her elementary education from the public school and Acadia Seminary. In the fall of '20 she joined the class of '24 in College, where her class and college spirit, her good sportsmanship and her wit have won her many friends.

The various positions which Helen has held, and the capable way in which she has handled them, testify to the part she has played in college activities. As a debater she early proved her worth on class teams, so that in her Junior year she was chosen for the Intercollegiate team, thus winning her Debating "A".

Nor was she less efficient in athletics, where she played on her class team and also scored many baskets as forward on the college team. In the Girls' Athletic Association she held the position of Secretary-Treasurer in her Junior year and President in her Senior year.

Helen plans to teach for four years, after which she will take up her life work. All who know her are confident that she is

*"Surer to prosper than prosperity could have assured us."*



## WINNIFRED VIOLA ARMSTRONG

*"Her angel face,  
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,  
And made a sunshine in the shady place."*

The town of Middleton was "Freddie's" birthplace, but at an early age she moved to Kingston and remained there until the fall of '20, when she entered the Seminary. The next year she became a charter member of Class '25, but through three years of hard work she was able to transfer to the class with which she graduated.

During her stay at Acadia "Freddie" has made a host of friends. One of her salient points was that she was always up and ready for all kinds of class and college activities. Although in Class '25 for so short a time, she has the honor of being its first vice-president. "Freddie" has always been an active member of the S. C. A., and during her Senior year was President of Propylaeum Society.

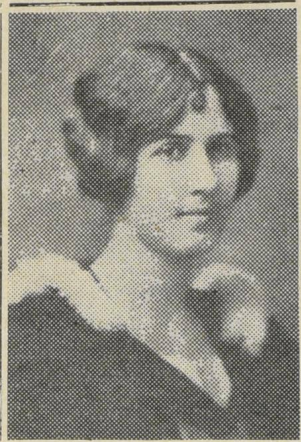
We can predict a happy career for "Freddie," as she goes forth from her Alma Mater to Normal College and thence into the teaching profession.





## ANNIE FLORENCE BAGNELL

*"She is so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition."*



"Flo" was born in St. John, N. B., but while very young her family moved to Glace Bay, C. B. There in the common and high schools she received her early education, and in the fall of '21 she entered Acadia University as a Freshie-Soph.

During her whole course she has proved herself a good student, and by her genial manner has made every one her friend. Although doing "extra curriculum" work during the last year, "Flo" successfully graduated with a B. A.

As a good sport and true friend, "Flo" will be much missed, but as she goes out from Acadia she leaves behind her many friends who wish her all the best in life.

## DORA MAUDE BAKER

*"So well to know*

*Her own that whatever she wills to do or say  
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best."*

Dora came to us from Truro in the fall of 1922 and joined the class of '24. Previous to this time she had graduated from the Seminary, had spent a year at a University in South Dakota and had taught successfully both in the High School and Rural Science School, Truro.

Dora has maintained an exceptionally high standard throughout her college course, and in addition to this has taken an active part in all phases of college life, meanwhile winning many friends through her interesting personality. She was President of Propylaeum the first term of her Senior year and Chairman of the Tavern Social Committee in the second term of the same year, as well as acting very efficiently as the Acadia representative on the Girls' Intercollegiate Debating Committee. But Dora is best remembered for her great executive ability, and the success of the Tavern parties is largely due to her untiring efforts and resourceful initiative.

We are not certain what her future career may be, but we are confident that success will crown whatever she undertakes.





## HAROLD MacCALL BANNERMAN

*"The gods sell all good things for hard work."*

Barney's River, N. S., showed sense when it made room for Harold, and that was away back in the Geologic ages. His early education was obtained in that place, upon the completion of which he entered the machinist trade. During the Great War, he saw service with the C. E. F. in England and France, and upon returning to Nova Scotia he entered the Acadia Collegiate Academy whence he graduated in 1921. He entered the University that fall and has been an active member of Class '24 ever since.

Harold has shown ability and willingness to work all thru his college career. Along with his regular work in college, he has held a position as teacher in the Academy for the past two years.

In addition to that, his interest in the activities of the college is manifest in the positions he has held as Vice-President of the Y. M. C. A in his Junior year, President of the Athenaeum Society in the last term of his Senior, and an active member of the Dramatic Society all three years. His contributions to the Science Department of the *Athenaeum* have been chiefly responsible for his winning a Literary "A" in his Senior year.

From here Harold will go to Princeton for his Ph. D. in Geology, where he has received an assistantship.



## GWENDOLYN MARY BELYEA

*"She's witty and she's pretty  
And she's dainty as a fairy."*

Gwen's home is in Newcastle, N. B. After graduating from Hartford Academy she found her way to the quiet little town of Wolfville and entered the class of '24 at Acadia.

Besides being Secretary of her class in her Freshman year and Vice-President of the Propylæum Society in her Junior year. Gwen has given much of her time, energy and originality to the social life of the student body. Having had experience as a member of the Social Committee of the "Tavern," she was made chairman in her Senior year. For four years she held office on the Club Room Committee—that task so thankless but so essential. Gwen has a way with her that will be missed within the "Tavern" and around the campus.





## CATHERINE AMELIA BLACK

*"It's guid to be merry and wise."  
It's guid to be honest and true."*



Catherine, **not** spelled with a "K," was born in Amherst, N. S. It was there she received her early education, graduating from Cumberland County Academy with the class of '16. The following fall she entered P. N. C. at Truro, where she was unable to obtain her Superior First Rank on account of her youth. She taught one year in a rural school and three years in Amherst. In the fall of '21 she entered Acadia, joining '24 as a Freshie-Soph.

Her ability was recognized from the first and her advice sought on many and varied occasions. She debated for her class in her Sophomore and Junior years. In the latter year she was also sent to the First Canadian Conference of the S.C.M. in Toronto. In her Senior year she was a member of the S.C.A. Cabinet, Head of the House, and played in inter-class basketball, showing that it's not always size that counts.

Catherine's future business in life is that of pedagogy. May it be attended with the success of her College career!

## ELDRED EILEEN BRIDGES

*"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."*

"El" was born in Gagetown, N. B., and there received her early education at the Gagetown Grammer School. In the fall of '20 she entered Acadia University as a Freshette. "El" has shown herself a cheerful and valuable worker of the S. C. A., being Vice-President in her Junior, and President in her Senior years. She also served on the Student-Council, acting as Vice-President this year. She was Vice-President of her class in her Sophomore year, and now holds the office of Class Secretary for life. "El" has also taken her part in class debates. She plans to teach next year, and the best wishes of her friends go with her as she leaves Acadia.





## CHARLES EDWARD ARTHUR BROWN

*"I am very fond of the company of ladies. I like their beauty,  
I like their delicacy, I like their vivacity, and I like their silence."*

"Art" made his entrance on the terrestrial "stage," at Bridgetown, N. S., 1902. There he played his first part—as Will Shakespeare puts it—of

".....the infant  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms."

About eight years later, he continued his second part—that of "the whining school-boy, etc."—in Halifax. After a few years there, he came to Wolfville, which has been his home since. In 1918 he graduated from the Wolfville High School, afterwards teaching for a year at West Brookland.

In the fall of 1920, "Art" entered Acadia as a Freshman. From the very first, it would seem, he evinced great interest in extra-curriculum activities. In his class he was prominent as an all-round athlete and debated on three occasions. In the wider field of college activities, he was no less prominent. Here, again, athletics was his forte. He has played on four baseball teams (starring as pitcher), three basketball teams, and two football teams. Last year he was a member of the Student Council and its Treasurer. Finally, his undoubted theatrical ability is evidenced by his having acted in several college plays.



## MARY BROWN

*"Her face*

*So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,  
The overflowing of an innocent heart."*

Mary came to us from the land of the Pudiquers via the public and high schools of Sydney. Upon entering Acadia as a Freshette she formed a part of the original duet known to fame as "The Kids", to the popularity of which her sunny smile and witty remarks added much both then and later when the ranks were widened to make it a quartette.

During her four years with us, Mary has taken an interested part in all class and college activities. The fields of Basket Ball and Dramatics have received her especial attention, where she has played on the class basketball team during the entire four years and has appeared in the college plays of her Junior and Senior years.

From here Mary goes to Normal and thence into the teaching profession where we predict a happy and successful career. Our best wishes go with you, Mary.





## HELEN ADA CHASE

*"A life that moves to gracious ends,  
Thro' troops of unrecording friends,  
A deedful life, a silent voice."*



"Happy" was born in Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A., but did not remain in the United States long for her family very soon moved to Sydney, Cape Breton. Here Helen received her education, graduating from High School in 1919. She entered Acadia as a Freshie-Soph in the fall of 1921, thus becoming a member of the class of '24.

"Happy" has shown herself as a splendid student while here.

Being of a quiet nature her ability was perhaps not known to the college at large, but those who knew her intimately feel assured that she will master the obstacles in life as she has her every day studies.

Helen is planning to teach next year. We wish her success in that and for always.

## SIDNEY SHAW CHIPMAN

*"A youth in years, but in grave counsel old."*

"Chip" was first dimly seen thru the fog of St. John about 1903, but as soon as he was able to voice his disapproval of that place his family moved to the sunnier clime of Hampton. He received his early education there and graduated from the Hampton Consolidated School in 1920. That fall he entrusted his frail bark to the rough waters of Fundy and arrived here to join the class of '24.

"Chip's executive ability soon became known which is amply testified by the fact that he has been the President of his class twice, the latter time President for life, Treasurer of the Athletic Association in his Junior year; has held a position on the Y.M.C.A. Cabinet for three years, was President of The Student's Council in his Senior year; and also has ably filled a host of minor offices.

"Chip" also distinguished himself in athletics, having made all his class teams; the college track team in his Junior year; the college football team in his Senior year; and the basket ball team since his Sophomore year.

During his stay here Chip has specialized in Biology, and intends to go on with the study of medicine at Edinburgh University. We are sure that the success which has attended his activities here will follow him as he goes from us.





## ALDEN RICHARDSON CLARK

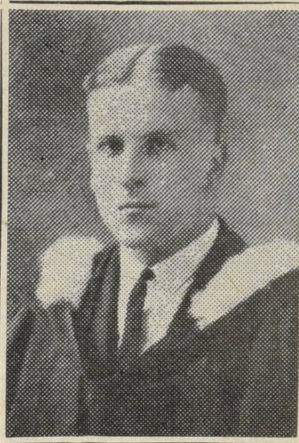
*"A true knight, not yet mature, but matchless, firm in word, speaking in deeds."*

Fredericton claims the honor of being "Aldy's" birthplace. He showed up there on September 23rd, 1903. His early education was gained at the Public School and Fredericton High School, where he gathered in such athletic honors as were available.

On entering Acadia he came at once to the forefront, being a valuable member of the college football and baseball teams in his Freshman year. Next season found him on the hockey team, and in his Junior year he likewise represented Acadia in basketball and track.

This year he made a strong link in the line-up of all Acadia teams of which he captained three, and was President of the Athletic Association. In his Sophomore year he served also as President of his class.

Aldy's returns to Fredericton, where we wish him all success in business, his chosen profession.



## EMERSON LADD CURRY

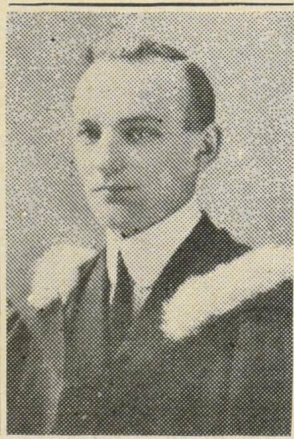
*"The intellect of the wise is like glass; it admits the light of heaven and reflects it."*

Emerson's native place of birth and habitat was Port Maitland, N. S. His voice was first heard in the year 1891, and he has continued in making himself heard ever since. He enlisted in the 85th Battalion in September 1915, and served in the ranks overseas until the close of the war.

He returned home in January 1919, and in March of the same year assumed charge of the Bedford United Baptist Church, at the same time carrying on college work at Dalhousie.

Emerson came to Acadia in the fall of 1920, and joined the class of '23. The following year was spent at Newton Theological Seminary.

He returned to Acadia in 1922 and joined the class of 1924, and returns to Wolfville, while continuing his B.D. work. Emerson has outstanding ability as a public speaker. He was leader of the Acadia debating team against Oxford University, and also leader of the winning Acadia Inter-collegiate debating team against St. Francis Xavier. He won the Ralph M. Hunt oratorical contest for 1924, and is the Valadictorian for his class. Our best wishes and highest expectations follow you, Emerson, in your chosen field of service, the Christian ministry.





## MURIEL GRACE CUTTEN

*"While men have eyes or ears or taste, she'll always find a lover."*



Corning, N. Y., was first brightened by Muriel's beaming smile in 1904. Later it passed on to Columbus, Ohio, whence she came to Wolfville in 1910. There the public school and the A. L. S. furnished her early education so that by the fall of '20 when the class of '24 made its advent into Acadia, Muriel was ready to join the ranks as a Freshette.

Her unbounded enthusiasm and class spirit led to her appointment as the first Vice-President of her class, followed by other offices which were ably filled thruout her entire college career. During her Freshman and Sophomore years Muriel took an active part in interclass debating and basketball, and in her Junior year was captain of the class basketball team, as well as Vice-President of Propylæum. The crowning success of the four years was when in her Senior year she was chosen as May Queen in the Tavern's May Festival.

Muriel's future does not seem definitely decided upon, yet we venture in predicting success and happiness for her in whatever she may do.

## EDGAR LAURENCE DeWOLFE

*"I waited for the train at Coventry; I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge."*

Edgar was born in Wolfville in 1903. He received his early education in the common school at Wolfville, attended the High School here for two years, and graduated from Acadia Collegiate Academy in 1920.

He entered College in the fall of '24. Edgar's college career has not been distinguished by the number of offices held, but he has always taken an active interest in college affairs, and his trusty Ingersoll will be missed at the basketball games in future. He was far-famed for his fiendish ability to detect trembling Freshmen in the act of cribbing in his father's equally famous Bible course.

Edgar was a hard student, and specialized in chemistry while here. He has taken the short course at the Normal College, and intends to follow teaching as a profession. Knowing his ability to persevere, we can only predict for him unbounded success in his chosen field.



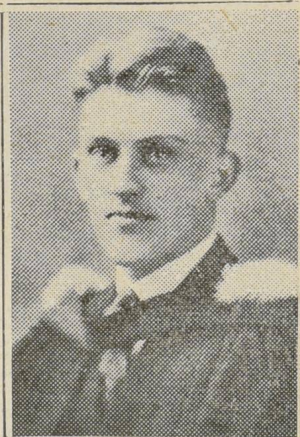
## DONALD HAVELOCK COLLINS

*"Nothing is impossible to industry."*

A little over twenty-two years ago Westport welcomed "Don." Westport not being large enough, Don soon moved to Digby where he received his Common and High School education. In the fall of 1920 he came to Acadia and while here he distinguished himself in his studies and took an active part in athletics.

In his Junior and Senior years Don played on the college hockey team and was also captain of the winning Bulmer team in his Senior year. He was treasurer of his class during the first term of his Junior year, and served also for a year as chairman of the Y.M.C.A. devotional committee.

Don is taking the short course for graduates at Normal and plans to teach a few years before taking up his chosen work in the ministry. Good luck, Don!



## JOSEPH HARRIS DEXTER

*"Still achieving, still pursuing....."*

Dexter was born in the year 1892 at Brooklyn, Queen's County. He received his early education at a number of places, finally taking his "B" at Liverpool.

In 1911 he entered Acadia, and joined the Class of '15, whose President was the late J. G. MacKay. After completing two years of engineering, he attended the "Tech". Two years later, while working at New Glasgow, he answered the call of his country, enlisting with the Royal Canadian Engineers. He was at the front in 1918, where his record of service is one of which any citizen might justly be proud, having won his commission on the field. He was during this time once invalided to England. He returned home July, 1918, and after teaching for four years—at the D.S.C.R. School, Halifax, for one year, at an Ontario public school for another, and at Pictou Academy for two more—returned to us last fall. It speaks well for Dexter that as a married man he should have been able to find time between his studies and teaching at the Academy to interest himself in student activities as he did through the past year. He proceeds to Yale next year to continue the study of Physics. We feel confident that success will be his.



## EDWIN NEWMAN ESTEY

*"Plays in the many games of life, that one  
Where what he most doth value must be won."*



Estey was born at Wicklow, N. B., in 1900. He took part of his High School work there, finishing at Florenceville, where he won the Governor General's medal. He then taught school for a year.

"Rastus" came to Acadia with the class of 1924 and has been a valuable member of that class during the four years. He was President of his class during the second term of his Freshman year and was on several of his class basket-ball and Bulmer teams. This year he represented the grave old Seniors on the Student's Council.

He is very interested in Math. and Physics, and has shown himself an excellent student. During the past two years, he has held an assistantship in Mathematics.

"Rastus," being a genial and modest fellow, has won many friends at Acadia. It is his intention to take up graduate work in Physics, but perhaps not for a few years, during which time he may teach. We wish him good fortune and infer it to be in store for him.

## MADELINE BRIDGES FLEWWELLING

*"How happy could I be with either,  
Were I' other dear charmer away!"*

"Flew" was born at Hampton, N. B., where she graduated from the Hampton Consolidated School and studied music for one year. In 1919 she entered the Seminary and the following year joined the Freshman class in College.

During her four years she has taken an active interest in class and college affairs. In her Freshman year she was Vice-President of her class for one term and also played on the class basketball team. Each winter found her making "rink" her specialty.

As a student "Flew" always believed in "playing safe," and even ploughed successfully thru that "terrible Math."

Next year "Flew" expects to become a school ma'am. We wish her every success.





## ANNIE EDITH GOODWIN

*"The Hand that hath made you fair hath made you good."*

"Ede" was born in Granville Center, Annapolis Co., N. S. She received her early education in the school of Annapolis, after which she entered Acadia and joined the class of '23. She was unable to get her degree in '25, but returned to Acadia for the first term of the new college year and successfully graduated with class of '24.

While taking no very active part in college activities, she has always been ready with support and encouragement for the others, and her abundant wit has made her an entertaining companion.

We all wish her success in whatever her chosen profession may be.



## HERBERT HATT

*"He that labours in this world of work hath little time for idle questioners."*

Hatt made his appearance on this sublunary sphere at Tancook, N. S., late in the nineteenth century. He was one of those that went down to the sea in ships, afterwards forsaking his nets to prepare for the calling of a fisher of men. Accordingly, he entered Acadia Collegiate Academy in 1918, graduating in 1920. In the fall of that year he entered Acadia University as a charter member of the Class of '24. He represented his class on the Student Council during his Freshman year. His career at college was distinguished by his seriousness of purpose, unflagging industry, and devotion to things that are of good report. Attesting to his assiduity is the fact of his having completed his college course in three and one-half years. At present he is pastor of the Baptist Church at Hammonds Plains. Hatt plans to do post-graduate work in Philosophy. Knowing his qualities, his fellow-students will expect him to play a useful part in the world.



## WILFRED BELL HOWATT

*"If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs."*



The joyous entry of this member of '24 into the world took place in St. Eleanor's, P. E. I., some time ago. He was a precocious child, and early developed an aptitude for throwing things, which has remained with him ever since. He attended the public school and later Prince of Wales College, from which he came to Acadia to enter the present graduating class.

"Biff" has taken a deep interest in the social life of our University. He also plays hockey, and has represented his class on two championship teams. But his major interest is baseball, in which his good left arm is feared and respected by all opposing batters. Last year he pitched on the college team, and turned back Middleton and Kentville in hard fought games.

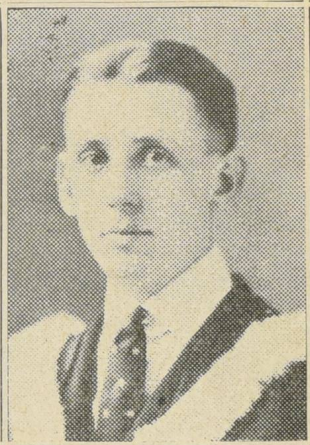
## PETER LORIMER JUDGE

*"It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk that makes man better be."*

"Pete's" advent into this terrestrial realm took place in December, 1902 and Liverpool has the honor of being his native town. Here he spent his childhood and received his early education, getting his "B" in 1919. That fall saw him as a brisk young Freshman at Acadia and a charter member of the Class of '23.

"Pete" held many positions of honor and responsibility during his college career, much of his time being devoted both to the Science Club in which he acted as President and as Treasurer, and to interclass debating in which he represented his class on several teams.

During his Senior year he held the class presidency the first term, the presidency of the Athenaeum Society, and thru his contributions to the *Athenaeum*, on the staff of which he acted as "Joke" Editor, won his literary "A."



Receiving his B. Sc. degree in '23, "Pete" spent the ensuing year with the Yarmouth law firm of Landry and Pottier, at the same time concluding the studies necessary for the obtaining of his Arts degree with the Class of '24.

"Pete" goes on next year to Dalhousie in further pursuit of his chosen profession, Law, whither our best wishes follow him.



## KATHLEEN CLARE KING

*"She was airy, young and gay."*

"K" was born at Oxford, N. S. She received her high school education in her home town, after which she entered Acadia Seminary, graduating in '21, and the following year, entering the class of '24 of the University as a Freshie-Soph. During her three years' course, she has not only succeeded in maintaining a high standard as a student, but has also taken an active interest in sports. She was captain of the girls' hockey team for two years; played on the class basketball team in her Junior and Senior years, being captain in her Senior year, and succeeded in making the college team this year, for which she acted as business manager. "K" has also contributed her share to the class debating competitions, and this year served on both the Student Council and the House Committee.



"K" plans to take up secretarial work at Simmond's next year. We all wish her success in her chosen profession.

## MARY ELEANOR LAWRENCE

*"Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle and low,—an excellent thing in woman."*

Mary was born in St. George, N. B. Here she spent her younger days, receiving her common and High-school education. In 1919 she entered the Sem where she took her Sophomore Matriculation and graduated with the class of '21. The following year she entered the class of '24 in College as a Freshie-Soph.

As a student Mary never worried, but always managed to "get there." In class and College activities she has always been a willing worker. In her Junior year, she was Secretary of her class and a member of the Advisory Committee of the House. Her artistic ability was always in demand, and never refused, for programmes, posters and such things for the numerous parties and teas held by the girls.

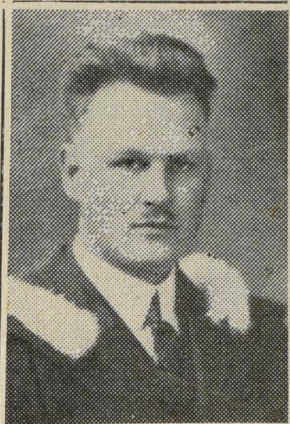
She is one-fourth of the important group formerly known as the "Kids," and is usually known as "Speck". Mary plans to teach in the West for a time before she definitely decides on a career.





## EWART CHURCHILL LONGLEY

*"Now, by the two-headed Janus, Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time."*



"Easy" first saw the light of day in the village of Paradise, Annapolis County, N. S., sometime in the latter part of the nineteenth century. He received his early education there, and in the fall of 1919 he entered Acadia as a rolicking Engineer. After remaining two years with the Engineers, "Easy" changed over to the B. Sc. course, graduating this year with the class of 1924.

"Easy" was always an interested member of the College Band and served as President of the Band for several years. Next year he will take the position of Principal of the Paradise High School.

Our best wishes go with him in his future work.

## DORA DEAN LUSBY

*"What will not woman, gentle woman, dare,  
When strong affection stirs her spirit up?"*

Dean spent the years before she came to Acadia in the town of Amherst, N. S. There she completed her High School work and secured her "A" Certificate in 1920.

Due to sickness, her entrance to College was deferred until the fall of '21, when she joined the Class of '24 as a Freshie-Soph.

During her three years here Dean has taken part in athletics, and especially for her skating has she become famous.

During her Junior year she was Vice-President of her class.

Her senior year was an extremely busy one, it being filled with Dramatic Society activities and "other things"

Dean has decided to teach for a few years anyway. The best of luck is the wish of her fellow students.





## CHARLES VILLIERS MARSHALL

*"Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,  
And take the harmless follies of the time."*

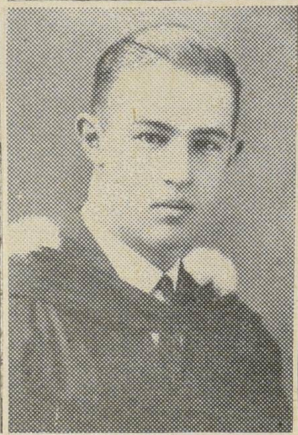
Charlie comes forth from Salem, N. S., full of the spirit of Yarmouth County. He obtained his early training in the Yarmouth school and received his "A" certificate in the summer of 1920.

After that he took a year of mental relaxation and came to Acadia in the fall of 1921 and joined the Class of '24 as a Freshie-Soph.

In college Charlie has taken part in many inter-class athletic contests. Debating has also occupied his attention and he has participated in a number of the debates.

He has made good in his studies, maintaining a high-class standing throughout his course.

Uncertainty still remains as to what his future career will be, yet we know success will be his in whatever vocation he follows.



## DONALD BEGG MESSENGER

*"Few things are impossible to industry and skill."*

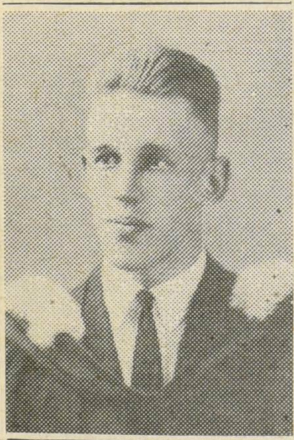
Don was born at Bridgetown in the opening year of the twentieth century. There and in Lawrencetown he completed his early education, so that the fall of '18 found him enrolled as an Acadia Freshman. During that year he succeeded in making the college football team.

At the conclusion of his Sophomore year he decided to teach for a term; hence he directed his footsteps to Normal College, subsequently holding the positions of principal of the Canning school and teacher in the School for the Blind, Halifax, when he also took classes at Dal.

In the fall of '23 he returned again to Acadia, and during his Senior year has made the College football team, Bulmer track team, class basketball team, and captained the college track team.

At the same time Don has also maintained a high standard in his scholastic work.

From here Don goes on with his medical studies at Edinburgh University. Our best wishes for success go with him.





## EDITH LOUISE MORSE

*"Her open eyes desire the truth,  
The wisdom of a thousand years is in them."*



Louise was born in Bridgetown and there and in Halifax High Schools received her early education. Coming to Acadia she joined the Class of '24 as a charter member, and while here has distinguished herself in many ways.

In her Freshman and Sophomore years she debated on the Class team, during the latter year serving also as Class Secretary. When in her Junior year, owing to the Junior Senior banquet, a capable Vice-President was needed. Louise was given the position. In the House Committee she has done much work and in her Senior year acted as Head of the House for the second term, and served also on the Students' Council.

As a student, her marked ability has been shown by the achievements of her Senior year, when she has earned her "A" through the Literary Editorship of *The Athenæum*, has held the position of Class Historian, has

graduated with honors in English, and finally is the winner of the Governor-General's medal.

We are not sure of Louise's plans for the immediate future, but we know that the ability which she has shown at Acadia will give her the most out of whatever she takes up. May her success continue.

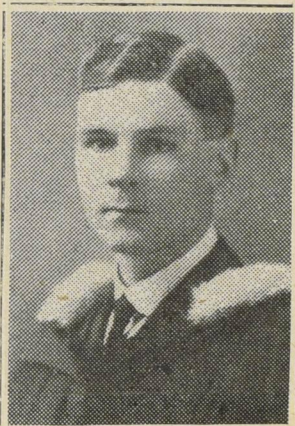
## NORRIS THOMPSON MORTON

*"He walks where Angels fear to tread."*

It was in March, 1902, in Canton, Mass., that Norris first became a factor in this work-a-day world. The Henry Grew School took care of the preliminary education of the budding youth, who passed on to the Elliot Grammar School, and from that to the Canton High School, from which he graduated in 1920.

From his first appearance at Acadia, the devious ways of Theology engrossed him, and many a Valley congregation, during his stay here, has listened to his youthful orations. From here Norris says he is going to Rochester Theological Seminary to pursue his studies, and even contemplates the study of Medicine, sometime in the dim future, for the express purpose of enabling him to better understand the vagaries of human life, which will provide ample illustrations for pulpit reference.

During his stay at Acadia, Norris has applied himself diligently to his studies, and as he enters upon his chosen work, may every success go with him.

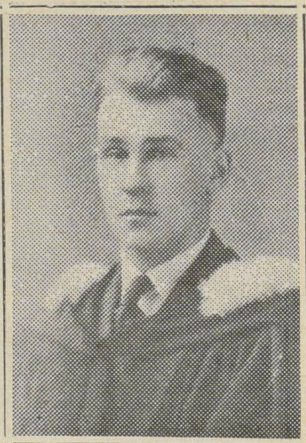




## JAMES WILLIAM MacKAY

*"A word of books distracts the mind."*

"Bill" was hatched in Lorne, Pictou County, so we are not to blame. Here he spent the greater part of his childhood days. In 1917 he attended the New Glasgow High School, and not until 1919 did he decide that Wolfville was the place for him. Since then a great deal of his time has been spent here in the library. He had a very hard time to get settled at Acadia. During this first year he lived in the Academy. Then followed brief stays at the McLeod House, "Pest House" and "Butt Inn", until finally he came to Willett Hall. It was not fit that a man of his experience in college men's residences should take a back seat, so Bill was appointed Chairman of the House Committee, a position which he has filled most ably. Besides this he has been treasurer of his Class, and in his Senior year was Manager of the Hockey Team, where he again showed his ability.



Bill plans to specialize in Chemistry. We extend to him our best wishes as he leaves us.

## WALLACE BIGELOW McKENZIE

*"Yet holds the eel of Science by the tail."*

Some time in the year 1904, it is recorded that "Mac" was born in Malagash, N. S. Here he attended school, and from the lower grades passed on to Pictou Academy.

He came to Acadia as an Engineer in the Fall of '20. Since the Engineering Chemistry merely whetted his curiosity, Mac joined the Class of '23 the next year.

Last year he taught school and returned to complete his course with the Class of '24.

Mac's record as a student is an enviable one. Though he has been with us only three years, his remarkable capacity for work has enabled him to take honors in his chosen field—Chemistry.

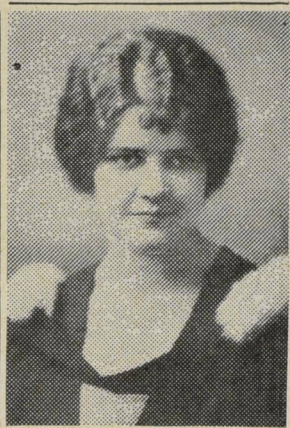
Since the fates decreed that Mac should not have an athletic figure, he has not excelled in athletics, but has always been at hand for less strenuous forms of diversion. His genial smile and even temperament has made him a friend of all.

Mac has an assistantship at Yale next year, and we know that the ability which he has displayed to such a marked degree here will carry him through to greater and even greater success. Best wishes Mac!



## NELLIE ADLINE MacKINNON

*"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall  
And most divinely fair."*



Adline is another one of our Judiquers who first saw the light of day in Sydney Mines, Cape Breton. There she received her early education, and graduating from High School in 1920, she entered Acadia University as a charter member of '24.

During her four years in college Adline has taken part in all affairs. As guard in her class basketball team for the four years, as Secretary for Propylæum in her Sophomore year, and as Class Secretary in her Senior year, she has played her part.

In debating she acquitted herself in a humorous manner, and in dramatics she proved her talents in the college plays of her Junior year.

Adline goes from here to Normal College and then probably to teach. The best wishes for her success follow her from her friends on "the Hill".

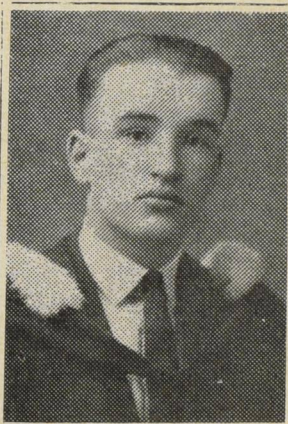
## MANSELL LEHIGH McLEAN

*"A man that is young in years may be old in hours if he have lost no time."*

It was not until Dec. 6, 1904, that North Sydney became responsible for "Sleep". Very soon thereafter the High School in that place took him in hand and kept him until he graduated in 1920. He came to Acadia that fall as a Freshman, and his liking for Wolfville was so great that he was able to persuade his family to move here, where he still makes his home.

At college "Sleep" has laughed many hearty laughs and smiled many gleaming smiles. But, coupled with this, he has shown himself to be a deep thinker. He has always been active, his chief leaning being towards public speaking. He acted as President of the Athenæum Society during the first term of his Senior year, in which Society he was an enthusiastic and capable debater. As a member of the Dramatic Society he has shown marked ability on the stage; and his success in this branch of work was made most manifest when he won the Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical Contest in his Junior year. He has also shown a deep interest in Science.

Upon leaving Acadia "Sleep" intends to get a short term of that indispensable experience of teaching. He has not yet decided whether he will study law or medicine, but whichever it be, those who know "Sleep" know well that he will succeed.





## JOHN GORDON McLEOD

*"My only books  
Were women's looks."*

Some twenty years ago a child was ushered into this bleak world in "Busy" Amherst, to whom was given the name of John Gordon McLeod. He early made a name for himself as an ardent and studious boy as well as an enthusiastic follower of athletics.

John received his "A" in 1921 and came to Acadia that fall. His executive and literary ability were soon recognized, as is evidenced by various offices he has held, namely, Class President in his Junior year, President of Dramatic Society, Chairman of A. A. A. A., Executive Member of the Students' Council, and other lesser important offices.

John has nobly upheld the honor of his Class in such inter-class activities as hockey and debating. He has also made numerous valuable contributions to the "Athenaeum". During his college career he has proven his worth in many respects, and will be greatly missed about the campus next year.

John is a regular tennis hound and bridge player and seems to simply revel in "tattooing". He is taking the University Graduates' course at Normal and plans to teach a year before taking up his studies in Journalism at Columbia. To him we extend our best wishes for a successful future.



## CLAUDE TROUPE OLMSTEAD

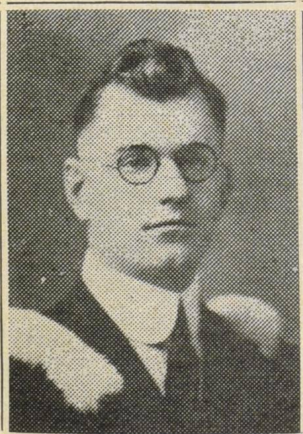
*"Wearing that weight of learning like a flower."*

Scotchtown, N. B., welcomed "Doc" with open arms several years ago, but while still a mere infant, the ambitious youth moved to Fredericton. Here he received his early education, but the Great War interrupted the even tenor of his ways, and consequently he enlisted before he finished High School.

Returning after three years service with the C. E. F., including eighteen months in France with the 26th N. B. Battalion, he entered the A. C. A. From Academy to College was the next step, and "Doc" did not let the opportunity pass.

Although he never assumed the role of an athlete, as a "side-line" booster "Doc" was a familiar and most enthusiastic supporter of all branches of sport.

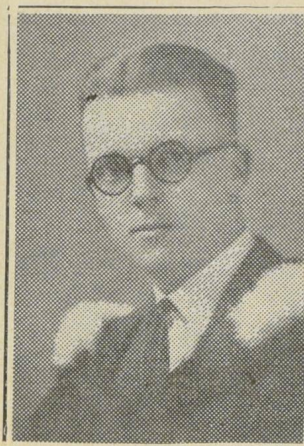
From here "Doc" intends to continue his studies at Newton Theological Seminary, and as he goes out from us, our best wishes for his every success go with him.





## RAYMOND CRANDALL PARKER.

*"Lord, they'd have taught me Latin in pure waste."*



Parker was born at Newport, N. S., in the year 1903. At the age of nine he moved to Moncton with his parents, where he received his early education. He graduated from Aberdeen High School in the year 1920 and came to Acadia in the fall of the same year as a charter member of the Class of '24.

During his stay here he has taken an active part in social activities. Among the offices which he held was the Presidency of his Class and that of the Science Club. He was also Laboratory Assistant in Biology during his Junior and Senior years.

From here he intends taking graduate work in Biology at Yale some time in the near future and we wish him every success in his chosen work.

## HIBBERT LAURENCE PARSONS

*"I, when a youth, did eagerly frequent  
Doctor and Saint and heard great argument."*

On March 12, 1900, a wonderful thing happened at Middleton, N. S. This was our friend "Mose", who appeared there at a very early age for those backward times. Without any let-up in ambition, the young prodigy, by sheer ability, forced his way through the high school of his home town, and on to Acadia. Though a charter member of the class of '23, he was forced by a stay-out to continue his education with '24, by which he was annexed in its Junior year.

"Mose" has devoted much of his extra time to the development of a rather remarkable bass voice, which he has succeeded in getting well past the frog stage, and which has rendered much invaluable and harmonious service to the city choir. Being gifted also with a philosophic bent, he made deep research in this field, finally forming a code of morals which has never been strenuously opposed except by the Guardians of the Seminary. As a man of action he has successfully operated a wonderful new invention at Tully, and the strong, right arm thus developed has been a powerful asset on the baseball diamond.

This philosopher-musician will revolutionize business, his chosen profession, in Middleton. At the successful completion of this stage in his career, our hands go out to "Mose" in congratulation, and our hearts in prayer to God for Middleton.





## AMY KNIGHT PRESCOTT

*"Can I forget thee?—Never!"*

Amy was born in the village of Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia, but early removed to Walton, Hants County, where she remained for twelve years. The Riverside Consolidated School of Albert, N. B., claimed the privilege of graduating Amy from High School, at which place she earned the Governor General's Medal. After this she took a business course at Acadia Ladies' Seminary, entering Acadia the following year to be graduated with THE class of '24—the only girl in the class who was brave enough to receive a B. Sc. degree.

Amy has been the fun of the parties, but is one of those few persons who can also carry their fun into their everyday life. With her musical abilities she was always willing to help in all social activities and has contributed much to the college life.

Being a town girl, her house was always open to homesick students, and many are the rumors told of Amy's pantry. We are sure that, whatever her chosen profession, success will always follow in her footsteps. Good luck, Amy! Carry through!

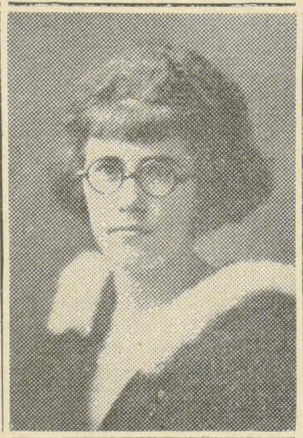
## MABLE EMMA PUGSLEY

*"A maid there was of quiet ways."*

"Pugs" was born in Five Islands, N. S., and here she received her early education. She entered the "Sem" in the fall of '18 and cheerfully remained there three years. She then became a member of the class of '24—entering as a Freshie-Soph.

Not only in class affairs but also in College affairs "Pugs" took an interested part, but there was one art in which she out-shone all others—and truly will she be remembered as the Champion Fudge Maker of Tully Tavern.

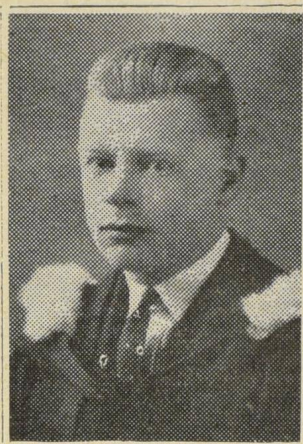
"Pugs" went from Acadia to Normal School and plans to teach for a while at least. Our best wishes go with her.





## ALLAN TURNER SMITH

*"I can't say whether we had more wit amongst us now than usual, but I am sure we had more laughing, which answered the end just as well."*



"Birdie" didn't come to us; he was here when we came.

The first year that "Birdie" favored this world with his presence was 1904. He obtained his early education in the Wolfville schools completing his preparatory work in the Acadia Collegiate Academy from which he matriculated in 1920. He then entered the University as a charter member of the class of '24.

He has shown his worth as a college student, not only in his studies, but in the various activities. He participated in several of the interclass contests, and made the inter-collegiate foot-ball team. In his Senior he was "Joke" Editor of the *Athenaeum* and also manager of the base-ball team, in both of which positions his ready wit and wisdom made him popular and efficient.

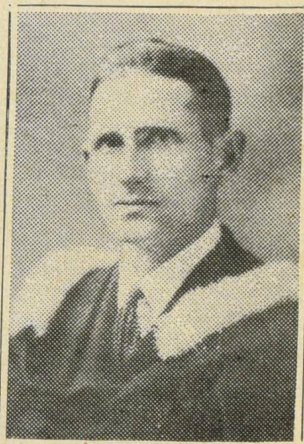
At the close of the year he attended the Provincial Normal College at Truro. Allen is planning to complete his education at Columbia, where he will study journalism, in order, we suppose, to disseminate his ideas to the world. We predict a brilliant future for "Birdie" and wish him every success in his chosen work.

## CURRY MILTON SPIDELL

*"Let bigots fight for creeds, the good man hath the right one."*

"Spy" led his first yell at Parkdale, N. S., sometime back in the nineties. After receiving his early education there, he "went West" to the prairies, thence overseas in 1916, where he was twice wounded in France and distinguished himself on the field. Soon after returning to Canada, he came to Acadia Academy and graduated in '21, joining the class of '24 in college.

Here "Spy" has been kept busy with extra-curriculum work which shows his versatile talents. As Cheer Leader for two years, as an interclass debater, President of the Y.M.C.A., a prominent man in the Mock Parliament, Rink Manager, a member of the *Athenaeum* staff and winner of his Literary "A", and finally graduating as Class Prophet,—"Spy" has everywhere been popular and efficient.



"Spy's" major field has been English, and from here he expects to go into newspaper work, although he says his future is uncertain. His success, however, is assured and our best wishes follow him.



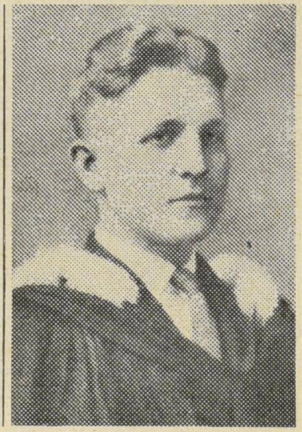
## LEON MERRILL RHODENIZER

*"Beauty is boldness in the boy, a curly, rosy truant."*

At Parkdale, Lunenburg County, N. S., in November, 1903, Rhodie was born. Here he got his earlier education; he then came to Wolfville to graduate from the High School in '20, leading his class.

He is a charter member of the Class of '24 and prominent in its activities from the start. He was Treasurer the second term of his Freshman year. He has played on his class baseball team for the past three years, and was a member of the basketball team four years, being captain in the Senior year. He played on the college basket-ball and football teams during his Junior and Senior years, winning his Athletic "A" in both. On the *Athenaeum* staff, he was "Month" editor in his Junior year, and editor of the "Athletics" department in his Senior year.

"Rhodie" has taken the short course at Normal school and will probably teach for a year or so. His future plans are uncertain, but whatever he takes up we know that his genial manner and his energetic tackling of all obstacles insures his success. "Rhodie", we tender you our best wishes.



## THOMAS HOBEN ROBINSON

*"A heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute."*

"Tommy" hails from St. John, where he received his early education. He graduated from High School in 1920, and entered Acadia in the fall of that year as a charter member of the Class of '24, in which he served as the first President.



During his entire college career, "Tommy" has maintained a high standard of scholarship and has been active in all student affairs. His participation in inter-class debates led to him being chosen as a member of the College debating team in his Sophomore year. During the same year he served as Treasurer of the *Athenaeum* Society, Secretary of the A. A. A. A., and a member of the Students' Council. He has been on the Y. M. C. A. cabinet for four years, and has held prominent positions on the *Athenaeum* staff, being Managing Editor in his Senior year, thus winning his Literary "A".

In athletics he has taken a keen interest and a very active part, both in inter-class and collegiate events.

"Tommy" plans to do post graduate work in Sociology at the University of Chicago. Our best wishes go with him, and we feel confident that he will have a successful career.



**RAYMOND PERRY THOMPSON***"What will a child learn sooner than a song?"*

The world of "jazz" welcomed Tommy, about twenty-one years ago, in Liverpool, N. S. Here Tommy caroled his way thro the lower grades and High School.

In the Fall of '19, Tommy came to Acadia with the best of intentions and joined the Engineers, but in less than a month he became convinced that the B. Sc. course offered greater possibilities for an ambitious youth. He missed half of his Senior year and came back to graduate with '24.

Tommy has always maintained that studies need not interfere with one's education, and, consequently, he has taken an active part in extra curriculum activities. He has been prominent in inter-class athletics, excelling in track events, making the Bulmer track team in all four years, as well as being a member of his class team. This year he played on the class hockey team.

By his musical ability, Tommy has rendered valuable services to the Choral and Glee Clubs, besides playing in the college band. Perhaps it is his musical temperatment that accounts for his interest in the Seminary, for he had ever been a loyal supporter of that institution and its fair inmates.

Tommy's plans for the future are somewhat vague as yet, but we know that wherever he goes, a bright future awaits him.

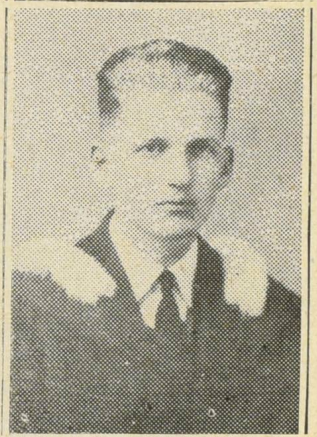
**HAROLD PARKER TROOP***"Some natures are too good to be spoiled by praise."*

It was somewhere around the beginning of the twentieth century that some of the inhabitants of Granville Ferry first began to realize that "Troopie" was a hard man to silence. In interclass debates here, he has upheld that reputation.

He attended Annapolis Academy, and in 1918 entered Acadia as a Freshie-Soph. He then stayed out for three years, and in the fall of 1922 came back to us as an Engineer, at the beginning of the second term joining the present Senior class.

Troop has been very well liked. He has taken an active part in everything that is going on. He played on the interclass baseball team, and has been on the Bulmer Track team every year he was here. He has also served as assistant in the Physics Lab.

Next year he plans to teach in the Academy, and beyond that we do not know what his plans are. Whatever they are, we feel sure that he will meet with success, and he has our best wishes wherever he goes.





## WILLIAM BAKER WASSON

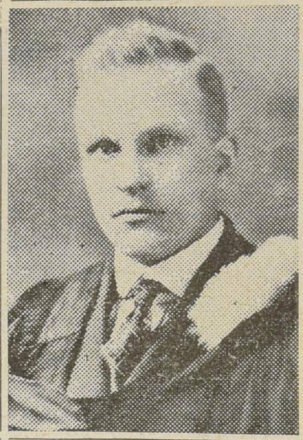
*"There's one who is greeted with love-lighted eyes—  
He's the man who meets you with whistle or smile."*

Bill was born in the foggy mists of St. John, N. B. where he attended the public school. In August 1914, he enlisted with the first contingent and after two unsuccessful attempts he crossed over with the 6th Seige Battery and served until the end of the War.

Bill entered the Acadia Academy in 1919, and graduated in '21. Having joined the class '24 he succesfully completed his course this year and received his B. A.

John Bull looks forth upon the main,  
And heaves a sign as if in pain,  
He wipes away the tears and cries  
In sorrow: "Blawst my blooming eyes,  
There's fungus growing on my realm  
I need a hustler at the helm."

A voice comes back to greet his ear  
"I'll be at Edinburgh this year."



Bill will take up his study of medicine at Edinburgh next fall. Best of luck to you Bill!

## CHARLES BURTON WRIGHT

*"Oh, yes! Herculean labor accomplished all."*



On Sept. 20, 1902, so history records, Charles Burton Wright was born somewhere near Stony Creek, Albert Co., N. B. After graduating from Hillsboro High School in 1920, he entered Acadia that fall as a charter member of the class of '24. Thruout his college career Bert has been popular. In the class rooms he has made an enviable reputation for his thoroness. On the campus his willingness to oblige has made him a favorite.

Fond of the ladies, he has always managed to keep one or more in sight.

Next year Burt intends to enter McGill for a medical course. The best wishes of his friends follow him, and we feel certain that he will make a success of his chosen profession.



## JEAN MILLETT WALKER.

*"Search ye the wide world everywhere,  
Her like ye shall not find."*



Jean came to us from Truro, and joined the class of '24 in its Sophomore year. She received her high school education at Colchester Academy and after remaining home a year she attended Normal College, where she obtained her "A" license. During the two years preceeding her entrance to college Jean taught high school work.

At college Jean has always taken a deep interest in its activities. She has been barred from athletics, but in all other interests she has taken a leading part. Debating commanded her attention from the very first. Besides having a place on all the inter-class teams, she has taken part in two intercollegiate debates, and in her Senior year she led the intercollegiate team to victory. This work, however, has not absorbed her whole attention. She has taken a part in two plays put on by the Acadia Dramatic Society; she has been treasurer of the S.C.A.; Head of the House in her Junior year; and Vice-President of her class the first term of her Senior year. As a committee worker Jean has always been dependable and efficient, and these qualities have made her work in this direction most valuable.

Although Jean has put both a great deal of time and much energy in all these offices, yet she has always attained a high standard of scholarship. She has been a Biology laboratory Assistant for two years and has graduated with honors in that subject. Jean's work at Acadia has been of the highest order and we feel sure that as she goes out to enter her chosen profession, that of teaching, she will retain the same high standard which has characterized her at Acadia. Both faculty and students unite in wishing her every success in the future years.



## SKETCHES FROM COMMENCEMENT

“COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN.”

ON the evening of Victoria Day a large audience packed the Wolfville Orpheum to see the Acadia Dramatic Club present the comedy-drama “Come Out of The Kitchen.” The delightful mixture of comedy and pathos, intertwined with threads of “Loves Young Dream,” gave an amused and hushed crowd a pleasant evening. All the parts were well played, but Miss Olive Archibald in the difficult heroine’s role was most winsome.

Before the last act, Dr. Patterson presented the cups for interclass competition and the individual debating, athletic and literary distinctions.

## BACCALAUREATE SUNDAY.

A great crowd gathered at the eleven o’clock service held in the Wolfville Baptist Church. One feature of this service was a solo, beautifully rendered, by Miss Ruth MacDonald. Dr. McCrimmon, ex-chancellor of McMaster, preached the Baccalaureate sermon, his theme being “Life.” Achievement, true fullness of existence, is measured by breadth of mental grasp, spiritual insight and sympathy which enables one to enter into touch with the joys or sorrows, feelings and thoughts of the greatest and least of human things. We take from life what we are fitted to take, said Mr. McCrimmon. He drew brilliant word-pictures of the effect of similar environment on different people, bringing out clearly the fact that “the difference is in the self.”

His message to the graduating class was a simple application of this vital truth. Life, with its rich possibilities of enjoyment and service, was calling them. Their share in its possibilities must depend on the personal factor. “He lives most who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.”

The evening service was under the auspices of the S. C. A., and the President of that body, Mr. R. C. Perry, presided. A solo by Miss Evelyn Duncanson and a selection by the College Women's Quartette, were beautifully rendered.

Dr. S. S. Poole of St. John gave the address on the subject:—"The Christian Ideal of Manliness."

He first dealt with some opinions held that the Christian ideal is not a manly ideal. Allowing for the grain of support given to these opinions by some of our Christian teachings and actions, such ideas have little ground in fact, for on analysis of the concept of manliness we find that it has its basis in moral character. Mere strength or brilliance of intellect is too low an ideal. The highest type of character is the Christian type, as set forth in the life and teachings of Christ. It has courage, tenderness, sanity, balance, perseverance, and all the other qualities necessary to wholesome, effective life.

#### CLASS DAY.

The last meeting of the class of '24 was held in the Baptist Church, May 27th, before a large and interested audience. The graduating class entered to the strains of the entrance march played by Misses Carol Chipman, '25, and Meriam Coit, '26.

Mr. Sidney Chipman, President of the class, gave a fitting address of welcome on behalf of the class before the business of the meeting began. Miss Eldred Bridges, Secretary, then read the minutes of the last meeting, followed by the roll call.

It was decided that the first class re-union should be held in 1926. Following the election of the present officers for life, the class voted the sum of \$500 to the University as a parting gift, this sum to go towards the erection of a gateway to the college grounds.

A touch of sadness was given to the meeting as a motion was passed to leave at Acadia a token of their deep sense of bereavement and sorrow at the death of their beloved class-mate, Miss Ethel Norton, who died so suddenly last year.



Following a solo by Miss Amy Prescott, Miss Louise Morse gave the class history. Though of necessity it could not touch all of the events in the annals of the class of '24, Miss Morse, in beautiful English, vividly described many of the important adventures, trials, and triumphs of the class from their first appearance at Acadia as young, unsophisticated Freshman and Freshettes to their present position as stately and dignified Seniors.

After the well-merited applause which this received, an expectant hush came over the audience as Curry M. Spidell with prophetic mein came forth to unfold the mysteries hidden by the curtain of the future. Although there have been many good prophecies given at Acadia, it is doubtful if any ever equalled this one. With an originality and scope of imagination that was amazing, "Spy", in excellent verse, gave his delighted hearers a picturesque and amusing account of the varied fortunes of his class-mates as it was revealed to him by the *Ancient Spirit of the Ridge*. That it was well received by the audience, would be putting it mildly.

Last, but not least, came the Valedictory by Mr. E. L. Curry, who expressed the gratitude of his class to the board of governors, faculty, citizens of Wolfville, and fellow students as he bade them farewell. He pointed out that Acadia was now beginning a new era and that the Acadia Spirit which had held Acadia strong and united through the trials and triumphs of the past, would carry her on to a "bigger and better Acadia." In bidding farewell to his class-mates he expressed the feeling of all on that occasion when he said that, in parting, "our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught."

Thus closed the college activities of another class, but as they go their several ways in the wide, wide world, we know that they have ever before them the ideal expressed in their motto: "Vita Mancipio Nulli Datur Omnibus Usu."

## UNIVERSITY GRADUATION EXERCISES.

The closing exercises of the University year were held as usual since 1921 in the Baptist Church, and presided over for the second time by Dr. Patterson.

According to custom, the faculty, board of governors and distinguished visitors occupied places on the platform, while the graduating class marched slowly in to the seats reserved in the center of the church.

There were no orations from the graduating class this year, so after the opening prayer the degrees were conferred. The President continued his impressive custom of remaining seated while conferring degrees, the graduates kneeling in turn. The degrees conferred were as follows:—

**Degree of Bachelor of Arts**

Archibald, Helen Bradshaw .....	Wolfville, N. S.
Armstrong, Winnifred Viola.....	Kingston, N. S.
Bagnell, Annie Florence.....	St. John, N. B.
Baker, Dora Maude.....	Dartmouth, N. S.
Belyea, Gwendolyn Mary.....	Newcastle, N. B.
Black, Catherine Amelia.....	Amherst, N. S.
Bridges, Eldred Eileen.....	Gagetown, N. B.
Brown, Charles Edward Arthur.....	Wolfville, N. S.
Brown, Mary .....	Sydney Mines, N. S.
Chase, Helen Ada.....	Sydney, N. S.
Chipman, Sydney Shaw.....	Hampton, N. B.
Clark, Alden Richardson.....	Fredericton, N. B.
Collins, Donald Havelock.....	Digby, N. S.
Cutten, Muriel Grace.....	Hamilton, N. Y.
DeWolfe, Edgar Lawrence.....	Wolfville, N. S.
Estey, Edwin Newman.....	Florenceville, N. B.
Flewelling, Madeline Bridges.....	Hampton, N. B.
Goodwin, Annie Edith.....	Granville Centre, N. S.
Hatt, Herbert.....	Second Peninsula, N. S.
Howatt, Wilfred Bell.....	St. Eleanor's, P. E. I.
Judge, Peter Lorimer.....	Yarmouth, N. S.
King, Kathleen Clare.....	Oxford, N. S.
Lawrence, Mary Eleanor.....	St. George, N. B.
Lusby, Dora Dean.....	Amherst, N. S.



Messenger, Donald Begg.....	Bridgetown, N. S.
Morse, Edith Louise.....	Bridgetown, N. S.
Morton, Norris Thompson.....	Canton, Mass.
MacKay, James William.....	Lorne, N. S.
MacKinnon, Nellie Adline.....	Sydney Mines, N. S.
McLean, Mansell Lehigh.....	Wolfville, N. S.
McLeod, John Gordon.....	Amherst, N. S.
Olmstead, Claude Troupe.....	Fredericton, N. B.
Parker, Raymond Crandall.....	Moncton, N. B.
Pugsley, Mabel Emma.....	Five Islands, N. S.
Rodenizer, Leon Merrill.....	Barss Corner, N. S.
Robinson, Thomas Hoben.....	Grand Bay, N. B.
Spidell, Curry Milton.....	Mortlach, Sask.
Troop, Harold Parker.....	Granville Ferry, N. S.
Walker, Jean Millett.....	Truro, N. S.
Wasson, William Baker.....	St. John, N. B.
Wright, Charles Burton.....	Moncton, N. B.

#### Degree of Bachelor of Science

Bannerman, Harold MacCall.....	Barney's River, N. S.
Dexter, Joseph Harris.....	Brooklyn, N. S.
Longley, Ewart Churchill.....	Paradise, N. S.
Marshall, Charles Villiers.....	Salem, N. S.
MacKenzie, Wallace Bentley.....	Malagash, N. S.
Parsons, Hibbert Lawrence.....	Middleton, N. S.
Prescott, Amy Knight.....	Wolfville, N. S.
Smith, Allan Turner.....	Wolfville N. S.
Thompson, Raymond Perry.....	Liverpool, N. S.

#### Degree of Bachelor of Arts (Theology)

Curry, Emerson Ladd.....	Port Maitland, N. S.
--------------------------	----------------------

#### Degree of Master of Arts

Jackson, Charles Wilfred.....	South Pasadena, Cal.
Lingley, James Reginald.....	St. John, N. B.
MacCready, Clarence Webster.....	Hampton Station, N. B.
Murray, Rutherford Harris.....	Truro, N. S.
Wetmore, Horace Hamington.....	St. John, N. B.

#### Degree of Doctor of Divinity (Honoris Causa)

D'Prazer, Eva
King, James Horace
McCrimmon Abraham Lincoln
McIntyre, Charles Haddon

## Degree of Doctor of Divinity (Honoris Clausa)

Daley, Edmund Ernest  
 Freeman, Charles Rumsay  
 MacNeil, Norman Augustus

## Degree of Doctor of Literature (Honoris Causa)

Norwood, Robert Winkworth

## Certificates in Engineering

Blenkhorn, Horace Charles.....	Athol, N. S.
Burnham, Donald Edmund.....	Digby, N. S.
Crowell, John Gesner.....	Wolfville, N. S.
Demmins, Hayward Lorimer.....	Aroostock Junction, N. B.
Noble, Otto Asker.....	Sydney, N. S.
Ryan, Hollis Franklin.....	Halifax, N. S.
Starratt, Gordon Ray.....	Paradise, N. S.
Thompson, John Cecil.....	St. John, N. B.
Ward, Robert Wylie.....	Kingston, N. S.
Welsford, Jack Albert.....	St. John N. B.

The following honor certificates were then announced and conferred:—

Biology—Jean Millet Walker.

Chemistry—Wallace Bently MacKenzie.

English—Catherine Amelia Black and Edith Louise Morse.

The prizes were presented as follows:

Governor-General's Medal—Edith Louise Morse.

W. B. Bishop Medal—Thomas H. Robinson.

Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical Prize—Emerson L. Curry.

W. H. Coleman Medal—Emerson L. Curry.

A. C. Cameron Prize—R. B. Curry.

A. M. Wilson Prize—R. W. Ward.

Class of 1891 Scholarship—T. W. Cook.

Philip S. Beals Scholarship—Alexander G. Crowe.

Class of 1892 Scholarship—Margaret E. Hutchins.

D. F. Higgins Prize—R. B. Curry.



The Alumni Cup was won by the class of 1890, and received by Rev. J. A. MacNeill, who gave it into the custody of Miss Jackson of the Acadia Seminary Staff.

All the recipients of honorary degrees replied in fitting words. Dr. Norwood's glowing and deserved tribute to Dr. Patterson will long be remembered.

Dr. Patterson's concluding message emphasized the need of an extension of the ideal of service. This ideal must find expression in our daily work. Within, not without, the common task is the opportunity to serve humanity. We should move toward the day when all forms of toil will be permeated by this ideal.

---

## ENGINEERS' PROPHECY

A PROSPEROUS, and of course genial middle-aged gentleman was very comfortably seated before a large open fireplace in his den browsing in a book of selected poems. The warmth created by the blazing fire of birch logs, the coziness typified by the colonial furnishings, and the flickering shadows playing on the walls caused a feeling of perfect satisfaction and contentment to come over him. He had just read a beautiful poem the first few lines of which lingered in his mind. He laid the book aside and slowly relit his half-burnt cigar. Those lines,

“Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight  
Make me a child again just for tonight,”

caused his mind to revert to the days of his youth. Vaguely he traced the dim memories of his early school days. Those high school years which at the time had seemed so long, sped through his thoughts. Then the dim portals of memory opened wide, the visions of his college days came before him—those happy and successful Acadia days. Memory lingered here awhile. He tossed away his cigar and reached for the nearby decanter, poured the glass full to the brim with the

clear amber liquid (pre Volstead stuff) and—"Here's to old Acadia, the match-factory of the East." With a sigh of contentment and resignation he stretched out comfortably, closed his eyes and started to live over those wonderful days as an engineer at Acadia.

While in this state of utter resignation and supreme bliss the goddess of slumber slowly drew him to her bosom. He suddenly found himself amidst strange surroundings, complicated mechanical and electrical devices were on all sides, large switch boards and panel boards with numerous knobs, dials and switches, delicate and complicated instruments, an intricate system of prismatic lenses and mirrors, instruments and devices of seemingly every description, were before him. He gazed with wonder and curious interest on these marvelous things. Though a world famous engineer himself he had never seen their like before and could not imagine their use. Whilst in the midst of his pondering, an unassuming person entered, walked across the room, paying no attention to him, and adjusted several dials on a complicated switch board. He watched with increasing interest. Somehow the form and actions of the newcomer seemed familiar. As the unknown person continued his strange work, the intemperate one watched with ever increasing interest, and with a growing certainty that he had known this man before. Rapidly his mind sought the dim recesses of its attic chambers. Deeply it delved into the undusted corners, one by one the memories of almost forgotten acquaintances came before him, were reflected upon and quickly passed over. Strange spectra were beginning to appear through the prismatic lenses. He was sure he knew this man, almost frantically his mind raced through the memories of years—Acadia—the engineers—his old class mates—Frank Ryan! His yell of recognition caused the unknown to turn—yes it was Frank all right. A sudden look of recognition came over Frank's face, a hearty embrace, a handshake and the fight was on.

The two talked of Acadia days and the engineers of '24. When the intemperate one began to ask direct questions of old classmates, Frank seemed very wise but was seemingly



content to say little. Then like a true engineer, which our intemperate friend certainly was, he began a rapid fire of questions regarding the strange instruments around him. For some time Frank was very backward about explaining their use but finally in confidence he unfolded their mysterious working.

“With these instruments, I have absolute control of the ether. The ether in the medium through which all waves pass. By controlling the ether, I control all heat, sound, light, electro magnetic and all other waves,” he confided.

The intemperate one was astounded and would hardly credit Frank’s remarks. Seeing the look of incredibility on his face, Frank decided to explain all. After years of work he had perfected these machines which made him master of the world. He had made many scientific investigations and had devoted his marvellous power toward helping Acadia engineers along life’s trail.

By means of very intricate machines he was able to direct the ether waves, and also able to attract the ether waves which had passed years before. Theoretically ether waves go on forever. By passing the ether waves through these delicate instruments and then through a complicated series of lenses he was able to see in a specially constructed mirror every action that had happened from time immemorial. On this mirror he had seen how Kufu had built the great pyramid, seen the walls of Jerico fall, followed Xeres as he built the bridges across the Hellespont, seen the tunnel built under the Euphrates, watched the dinosaur roam the mossy glens of Ireland.

These remarks caused a look of admiration and astonishment to come over the intemperate one’s face, whereat Frank continued:

“I saw the Queen of Sheba visit Solomon, and saw Cleopatra vamp Caesar in the golden barge. I could talk for hours on what I’ve seen. I’ve followed the destinies of all our old Acadia engineers and helped them all I could. In a moment of two you will see an image in yonder mirror. Watch it.”

Frank moved to adjust several switches and dials and worked intently over one machine.

The intemperate one's whole attention was rivetted on the mirror. Rays of light, then a faint blue appeared before him. Slowly the blue cleared, objects became discernible and the intemperate watched with ever increasing interest. Then all was clear. Here was a bare-headed individual, arguing as usual, not with a classmate as we knew him but with a board of directors. "Blenk" had accomplished the dream of his youth and was now president and chief engineer of a world-famous firm manufacturing artificial lumber. The actions passed before him very quickly and the next scene was set in the House of Commons with "Blenk" leader of the Government. Blenk sure did kick through with the goods all right.

A flash, a blur, a new image was before him. Here was a small man, who on closer inspection proved to be Don Burnham, quiet and unassuming as ever. Don had perfected a magnetic device for raising sunken ships and just now was engaged in reclaiming an old Spanish galleon from its briny grave. Through his invention the Seven Seas had already yielded to him countless wealth and priceless treasures.

A flash, a rip, a tear and a roar, a blur again, then an image of Johnny Crowell. Johnny was a chip off the old block and proved himself capable of filling his dad's shoes. Johnny was chief of the Wolfville police force and the trim looking squad under his command certainly showed the earmarks of engineers' efficiency.

Image after image passed before him revealing old Acadia men. Many strange scenes from the far corners of the earth showed Acadia engineers successfully overcoming the world's problems.

Wiley Ward had reached the starry heights of Parnassus. He graduated with honors as a B. Sc., and later led his class in mechanical engineering. Wiley gave up the actual professional end of the engineering game after building the subway to Blomidon. The call of the pen won and he



was devoting his whole time to writing. His passionate poem "Steam Turbine Engines," and his soulful masterpiece "Ballads of a Boiler Shop" as well as "The Lure of the Steam Rivetter" will make his name live forever.

Jack Welsford by spasmodic leaps and bounds climbed the ladder of fame and today is an outstanding figure in America. He holds the enviable position of chief consulting engineer specializing in dining room and kitchen mechanics. Jack certainly has made good. The new Wells patent bread cutter made him famous in hotel circles, while his automatic feeder for children has made his name a household word.

Cecil Thompson distinguished himself at McGill as one of the leaders in his class. His sober and steady habits attracted the earnest attentions of a maiden,—some of you probably know her, she used to be a Sem at Acadia. Tommy got married and with the added inspiration lent by a loving wife, he bravely set sail on life's stormy sea. After inventing the marvellous Gahoocheness automatic valve and perfecting the "gozinto pin," Tommy went to India. He is now superintending engineer of the gigantic task of levelling Mt. Everest.

After several years of uncertain, wild life Starratt saw the error of his ways and reformed. He is now engaged in scientific fruit growing, is happily married and comfortably settled for life.

Lorimer Demmings completed his engineering course at McGill and for a few years was engaged in engineering pursuits. The call of the soil had never left Lorimer and he is now found back in Aroostook Junction, where he is known as the "turnip king".

After successfully finishing his university and courting career, Otto placed both feet firmly on the path of life. He turned his whole attention to the automobile racing game, and had broken all records from one mile up to five hundred. Just now he is attempting to make a record trip around the world in his special make car, which he had constructed himself.

The next image was indistinct. Frank worked feverishly over the controls and the image cleared a little. A lanky form clad in overalls, arms and face covered with grease, was apparently mixed up in the middle of a disorderly collection of motor boats, automobiles, arc lights, printing presses, scraps of machines and tools of all kinds. He apparently had no definite purpose but was tinkering with them all. The image cleared for an instant, and that instant was long enough for him to recognize "Sue" Parks. Then everything in the mirror seemed to fade away.

Our friend awoke with a start. He looked around with a bewildered expression on his face. The fire in the fire place had long since died out and the clock showed that it was nearly morning. Dreams were scattered, visions fled, new thoughts filled his mind instead. He sighed, stretched, then slowly climbed the stairs to bed.

F. T. B.

G. D. A.

Eng. '25.



"Mr Pim Passes By."



THE ACADIA PLAYERS.  
1923







## THE GRADUATING ENGINEERS

## HORACE CHARLES BLENKHORN

*"What sight can more content a lover's mind than beauty seeming harmless."*

Horace first saw the light at Athol, Cumberland Co., N. S. sometime at the beginning of the twentieth century. He received his early education there and later went to the Amherst Academy where he finished High School.

He entered Acadia as a "Rollicking Engineer" in the Autumn of 1922, and has certainly proven himself worthy of the name. As a member of the class he was very popular, holding many offices. He also took an active interest in Athletics. He intends to enter Nova Scotia Technical this fall, to specialize in Electrical Engineering. We wish him every success and are sure that it awaits him.

## JOHN GESNER CROWELL.

*"Strong in will, to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."*

Johnny is a native of our college town. He received his early education at Wolfville high school and Acadia Collegiate Academy. In 1921 he joined the "Rollicking Engineers" Class of '23. Since then he has spent one year abroad. While with us, Johnny has taken an active part in class activities, both social and athletic. He will specialize in Electrical Engineering and we who stay behind extend to him our best wishes for the continuance of his education, and future success.

## HOLLIS FRANKLIN RYAN.

*"Science has clasped him to her breast."*

The stork, being of experimental nature, dropped "Frank" in Truro about eighteen years ago. Here he received his preliminary training in the public schools. In 1921, wishing to extend his field of knowledge, he entered Acadia Academy, matriculating in '22. That fall, feeling that he was still ignorant along some lines, he returned to Acadia and joined the Rollicking Engineers.

Frank has taken a great interest in class activities. He was President of his class in both terms of his second year which is enough in itself to show how popular he was with his fellow students. He also took a great interest in class athletics. He ran for the Engineers in the Bulmer race, played basket-ball and hockey.

Because, at heart, Frank was a confirmed misogynist (?) little can be said as regards his friends among the opposite sex.

Frank intends to study Electrical Engineering at Nova Scotia Tech. Good luck, Frank!



## DONALD EDMUND BURNHAM.

*"A fine little fellow, honest, intelligent, and kind."*

Don was born at Digby, N. S., and received his early training there. He entered Acadia as an Engineer in the fall of 1922, and has succeeded in completing the course in two years.

He shows little interest in the fairer sex but receives much of his enjoyment from hard, faithful work at his books. He took a great interest in class affairs and handled the finances of the class for the second term of his second year.

So far his future is undecided but we feel sure if he continues to work as hard in the future as he has in the past there is no height which he cannot attain.

## JOHN CECIL THOMPSON.

*"A man whose head is full of wisdom."*

Cecil gave his first kick and howl in the city of St. John in the year 1902, A D. It was there he received his early and high school education. On leaving school he worked at various occupations, and then decided to continue his education. He became a "Rollicking Engineer" in the fall of 1922.

"Tommy" took an active part in all class activities and sports. He made the college football team in both his first and second years at Acadia, and was also on all the Engineers inter-class teams.

From here Cecil intends to go to Nova Scotia Tech. to specialize in Mechanical Engineering. He has all our best wishes for a successful career in the future.

## ROBERT WYLIE WARD.

*"He ne'er an Engineer will be,  
Because his gift is poetry."*

Many years ago Wylie was a colloidal suspension and in the year 1903, at Tremont, N. S. he became a coagulation. The Tremont schools are responsible for Wylie's early education.

In 1920 he came to Acadia and joined the "Well, well! Holy Hell Gang." He successfully completed his first year's course and became prominent by his poems, which appeared in the Engineer's Survey.

In the fall of 1923 Wylie returned to Acadia to complete his course. In all his studies he was very successful and at the same time he showed great interest in class affairs and social functions. Although a student, he did not spend all his time at his books but was frequently seen in the vicinity of the Annex.

He has proved himself a hard worker and did splendidly during his two years here. Wylie is uncertain as to his future but our wishes go with him for his success.



**GORDON RAY STARRATT.***"A youth with soul of fire."*

Gordon has taken an active part in class activities. Although you would never guess it, his home is in Paradise, (N. S.), where he received his early education. In 1921 he joined the Engineering Class of '24.

Gordon intends to go to "Tech" next year where he will specialize in Electrical Engineering and we extend to him a hearty wish for future success.

**OTTO ASKER NOBLE.***"Ay, every inch a king."*

In 1904 the City of Sydney awoke to the fact that Otto Noble had arrived. The city has never been the same since.

"Otto" received his preliminary education at Sydney Academy, where he starred as a football and baseball player. He graduated from that institution in 1922 and decided to join the Rollicking Engineers of Acadia. He soon made himself known by his ability to play football and basketball.

Otto likes "Cutten" up around here so well that he is coming back next year to work for a B. Sc. It is also understood that he will captain our football team to victory in 1924.

**HAYWARD LORIMER DEMMINGS.***A jolly good fellow is our little Lorn,  
But he cannot remember the place he was born.*

All we know of Lorimer is that he first polluted the fair atmosphere of N. B. on Sept. 10, 1905. He attended the public school at Aroostook Junction, after which he kept the teacher of the Andover High School busy answering questions until the year 1922. He arrived in Wolfville and joined the Engineering Class. Lorimer has been, as far as we can find out from the women, a good sport while at Acadia. We are sure the women know for "Lormer" admits that "he can't help lovin' 'em all."

"Lormer" plans to surprise the faculty of N. S. Tech. next fall with some wonders of the science of engineering. We all wish him good luck and a soldier's farewell.

**JACK ALBERT WELSFORD.***"He is a man both loving and severe."*

"Jelly" was born at St. John, and received his early education at St. John High School from which he graduated in 1919. Jack spent three years working in the Commercial House, but decided he needed a better education.

Coming to Acadia, he joined the engineering class of '24. Jack always took a great interest in class activities, and captained the class basketball team in his second year.

Jack plans to go to Nova Scotia Tech where he will specialize in Electrical Engineering. He is assured the best wishes of his fellow students, who feel sure he will make good in his chosen profession.



**ENGINEERS'**

NAME	ALIAS	AGE	APPEARANCE	CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC
G. D. Anderson	Doug.	Ask Solomon	Everywhere	Loud Voice
H. C. Blenkhorn	Blink	Antique	Without a Hat	Arguing
F. T. Boutilier	Boots	Old Enough	Not Bad	Humorous
G. W. Brown	Brownie	Bashful	Hanging Around	Innocence
D. E. Burnham	Don	Started to Shave	Bashful	Silence
J. G. Crowell	Johnny	Ask Darwin	Cave Man	His Face
H. L. Demmings	Lormer	Kindergarten	Seedy	His Wisdom
R. B. Estey	Tomatt	Old Timer	Hefty	Telling Stories
G. M. Freeman	Muffin	Old Enough to Get a Girl	Seldom	His Hair
J. R. Lawrence	Jimmy	Almost	Smooth	Inertia
J. H. Leighton	Sinbad	More or Less	Loose	His Walk
A. W. Longley	Pop	Antedeluvian	Rare	His Laugh
C. D. Low	Charlie	Uncertain	Cute	His Sweater
W. H. Mackley	Walter	X plus 14 (almost)	Normal	His Color
K. J. MacKenzie	Mac	Puzzle	Fearful	His Glasses
O. A. Noble	Nick	Childish	At the Ridge	His Length
E. E. Orlando	Eddie	Variable	Flashy	His Appearance
C. L. Parks	Sue	Old Enough to have Sense	Bushy	His Actions
H. F. Ryan	Frank	Modern	Wearing Sneakers	Gold Tooth
S. C. Smith	Smithy	Very Young	Insignificant	His Size
G. R. Starratt	None	Innocent	Rusty	Profanity
M. G. Taylor	Morley	Ancient	Hard	His Shoulders
J. C. Thompson	Tommy	Settled	Pretty Smooth	His Appetite
H. M. Walker	Sleep	Old Before His Time	Dazed	Stubbornness
R. W. Ward	Wily	Wise	Seldom	His Poems
J. A. Welsford	Jelly	Tender	I'm it	Ticklish



# HOROSCOPE

FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FUTURE OCCUPATION	HIGHEST AMBITION	CHIEF WEAKNESS
* ! ! * — * . ; ! !	Keeping Bees	To stop smoking	B
What a d—— ass	Ask the Sem maids	Doubtful	The Annex
None	Chemist	To get a girl	His beard
Now listen	Coiffure Artist	65 in Physics	Late Hours
Gosh	Scientific Fisherman	To be a boiler maker	Studies
—————	Wolfville Chief of Police	To get married	His Drawing Instruments
Moses and Erin	Potato Farmer	To show his wisdom	His Knees
You gotta show me	Running a Still	To succeed Doc. A.	Women
Bless me	Assistant to Sandy	To Avoid Women	Descript
Most Peculiar	To run a pool room	To skip parties	A Sem
Ain't that hot now, Wha?	Babe Ruth's Job	To avoid work	Baseball
Hi there	Shop Instructor	To shoot a moose	His Pipe
Ah-h-h-ha-a-a-a	Contractor	To go rattin'	Tele. Exchange
Ah H——	Running a brewery	To pass	Red Hair
How's She Loggin'?	Painter	To smoke a pipe	His eyes
How's She "Cutten"	Automobile racer.	To manage Claire	Conceit
Sweet Jamima	Building Roads	65 in Analytics	Socks & Neckties
How do ya like it?	Circus Clown	To cut out Tommy R.	His Head
Cut Her Out Now	Wireless Op. on the Prince Albert	To get up for breakfast	His Banjo
I don't know a damm thing	Engineer in Canning	To Grow	Jinny
You —— —?	Cigarette Manufacturer	To marry a Sem waitress	Sems.
How can ya tell?	Deep Sea Sailor	To get drunk	Water
Pretty Potent Alright	Harbor Master in Kentville	To get her picture	Alice
By the snappin' damn	Sleep Broker	None	Sleep
Holy snortin'	Calendar Manufacturer	To be a poet	Freshettes
Go on to H——	Successor to Mrs. Weeks	To run Acadia	Himself



## SEMINARY CLOSING

ON Monday evening, May 12, 1924, Aileen Collie Freeman, of Bridgetown, Nova Scotia, completing the Teacher's Course in Expression for a Diploma, assisted by Vera Zella Olts, Pianiste, of Fredericton, New Brunswick, a pupil in the Junior Class of the Conservatory, gave her graduating recital in Wolfville Baptist Church. It is indeed an honor for a Junior to be chosen to assist at the recital of a Senior, and Miss Olts delighted both her instructors and her audience in her exceedingly well-rendered selections. Miss Freeman read with ease, and assurance, showing in every number the care, and study with which she had prepared the following programme.

## I.

Rosalind ..... *J. M. Barrie*  
 Characters—Mrs Page, of London  
 Dame Quickly—a boarding-house lady.  
 Charles—a young man.  
 Miss Freeman.

## II.

Polish Dance, Opera 3, Number 1..... *Scharwenka*  
 Miss Olts.

## III.

Story—A Source of Irritation..... *F. H. Law*  
 Miss Freeman.

## IV.

(a) Prelude, Opera 28, Number 6..... *Chopin*  
 (b) Scotch Poem, Opera 31, Number 2..... *MacDowell*  
 Miss Olts.

## V.

Joint Owners in Spain:..... *Alice Brown*  
 Characters:  
 Mrs. Mitchell, Director of An Old Ladies' Home.



Mrs. Fullerton }  
 Mrs. Dyer        }  
 Mrs. Blair       }

Miss Freeman.

Perhaps the most brilliant recital of the year was given in the Baptist Church on Friday evening, May 23, by Marie Joannah Montcalm Sexton, of Falmouth, Nova Scotia, completing the Teacher's Course in Expression, for a Diploma, assisted by Minnie Allen Poole, Pianiste, of St. John, New Brunswick. Those who heard Miss Poole's graduating recital in April were only too well pleased to have the opportunity of hearing her again, and her extremely difficult studies were played faultlessly. Miss Sexton, who is considered one of the most talented students in Expression ever graduated from the Seminary, gave excellent portrayals of the many and varied characters in her well-chosen plays, adding to the clever interpretations her own personal charm. The very large audience, and multitudes of flowers testified to the popularity of Miss Sexton, and the esteem in which her class-mates and friends hold her.

The programme read as follows:—

### I.

The Dog ..... *Doris F. Halmon*

Characters—The City Man, The Woodman.

Scene—Interior of a Shack in the Maine Woods.

Miss Sexton.

### II.

Concert—E'tude, Opera 36..... *MacDowell*

Miss Poole.

### III.

The Maker of Dreams ..... *Oliphant Dawn*

Characters—Pierrot, Pierrette, The Maker of Dreams.

Scene:—In Pierrot's Home just before Nightfall.

Miss Sexton.

IV.

The Land of Beginning Again.. *Louise Fletcher Taskington*  
 The Little Wild White Rose..... *Eliza Fletcher*  
 The Lily and the Rose..... *Anony*  
 Miss Sexton.

V.

Rhapsody in G. minor..... *Brahmas*  
 Miss Poole.

VI.

The Playroom..... *Doris F. Halmon*  
 Characters—'Lisbeth, Fanny, Ethel, Thomas,  
 Cecily, Roger.  
 Scene:—Interior of a stable belonging to a city  
 home,  
 Miss Sexton.

A most interesting concert was given in the Baptist Church, May 22, 1924, by the Acadia Conservatory Orchestra, Mr. Carl Farnsworth, Director, and Mr. W. A. Jones, Tenor, Miss Miriam Baneroff, Accompanist, the programme of which was:—

I.

Overture—Semiramide ..... *Rossini*  
 Recitation—"Thanks to my Brother"..... *Handel*  
 Aria—"How Vain is Man"..... *Handel*  
 Mr. W. A. Jones.

II.

Second Symphony..... *Haydn*  
 Adagio  
 Allegro  
 Menuetto and Trio  
 Allegro spiritoso.

III.

Silent Night..... *Bohm*  
 Jest Her Way..... *Aitkens*  
 The Old Minstrel..... *Evan*  
 Mr. W. A. Jones.



## IV.

Heart of the Harlequin.....	<i>Drigo</i>
Frolic and Fancie.....	<i>Adams</i>

## V.

Sweet Little Woman of Mine.....	<i>Bartlett</i>
Melisande in the Wood.....	<i>Goetz</i>
Miss Kitty O'Toole.....	<i>Prothoroe</i>
Norvona .....	<i>Adams</i>

Mr. W. A. Jones.

## VI.

Selections from Pinafore.....	<i>Sullivan</i>
-------------------------------	-----------------

The Class Day Exercises of the graduating class of the Seminary took place on Monday afternoon, May 26th. At two o'clock the Seniors, having marched in, and taken their places on the spacious platform, gave the following programme:

Entrance March .....	Class
Opening Address .....	President
Reading of Minutes .....	Secretary
Roll Call .....	Secretary
Election of Officers .....	_____
Class History .....	Jean Murray
Vocal Solo .....	Minnie Poole
Class Will .....	Anne Palmer
Presentation of Gifts .....	Maude McBay
	Alice Davis
Reading .....	Marie Sexton
Class Prophecy .....	Virginia Dixon
Piano Solo .....	Margaret Cochran
Valedictory .....	Aileen Freeman

On Tuesday evening, May 27th, the graduating and closing exercises of the Seminary were held in the Baptist church. The programme, list of the graduating class, and prize list follow respectively:

## PROGRAMME.

1. Processional March—  
Vera Olts and Vera MacEachern.
2. Prayer.
3. Glee Club—(a) Summer Breezes  
(b) Garden of Flowers  
from, "A Garden of Flowers."....*Denza*  
Mr. W. A. Jones, Conductor.
4. Essay—The Discovery and Use of Insulin.  
Marion Lois Banks.
5. Pianoforte Solo—Valse Brillante in A. Flat *Moszkowski*  
Lucy Adelaide Cogswell.
6. Essay—The Chinese Fourth Movement.
7. Pianoforte Solo—Lento.....*Scott*  
Allegro .....*Scott*  
Minnie Allen Poole.
8. Essay—The Poetry of the Bible  
Audrey Riseborough.
9. Violin Solo—Londonderry Air. (Old Irish Air)—  
*Kresler*  
La Chasse .....*Jean Baptiste Cartier*  
(By Special Request)  
Miss Ruth White of the Conservatory Staff.
10. Address to the Graduating Class  
Principal DeWolf.
11. Presentation of Diplomas
12. Awarding of Prizes.



## GRADUATING CLASS, 1924.

## COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Ruth Elizabeth Clark.....	Toronto, Ont.
Beryl Fitzmaurice DeWolf.....	Bedford, N. S.
Ethel Virginia Dixon.....	Antigonish, N. S.
Mary Florence MacDonald.....	Sydney, N. S.
Anne Dobson Palmer.....	Dorchester, N. B.

## SOLOIST AND NORMAL COURSE IN PIANOFORTE.

Minnie Allen Poole.....	St. John.
-------------------------	-----------

## NORMAL COURSE IN PIANOFORTE.

Margaret May Cochran.....	Sydney, C. B.
Lucy Adelaide Cogswell.....	Port Williams, N. S.
Audrey Riseborough.....	Pereaux, N. S.

## COURSE IN ARTS.

Marie J. M. Sexton.....	Falmouth, N. S.
-------------------------	-----------------

## COURSE IN EXPRESSION.

Aileen Collie Freeman.....	Bridgetown, N. S.
Marie J. M. Sexton.....	Falmouth, N. S.
TWO YEAR NORMAL COURSE IN HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE.	
Marion Lois Banks.....	Waterville, N. S.
Alice Bethia Davis.....	Yarmouth, N. S.
Katharine Reba Freeman.....	Middleton, N. S.
Grace Dorothy Hunt.....	St. John, N. B.
Beatrice Lawrence Campbell....	St. Andrews, N. B.
Alice Winnifred Longley.....	Paradise, N. S.
Elsie Maude McBay.....	St. John, N. B.
Inez Wyers McCallum.....	Campbellton, N. B.
Florence Elizabeth Morton.....	Liverpool, N. B.
Francis Jean Mumford Murray..	Dartmouth, N. S.
Elaine Dobson Rice.....	Glace Bay, N. S.

## ONE YEAR NORMAL COURSE IN HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE.

Deborah Bernice Aileen Ebbett..The Barony, N. B.  
 Mary Etta MacDonald.....Wolfville, N. S.  
 Isabel Everett Scott.....Fredericton, N. B.

PUPILS RECEIVING CERTIFICATES IN STENOGRAPHY  
AND TYPEWRITING.

Christine Harvey .....Greenwich, N. S.  
 Irene Phinney.....Lawrencetown, N. S.  
 Annie Pearson .....Greenwich, N. S.  
 Dorothy Stevens.....Wolfville, N. S.  
 Mabel Spinney.....Lower Argyle, N. S.  
 Doris Spinney.....Lower Argyle, N. S.  
 Hazel Turner.....Woodstock, N. B.

RECEIVING DIPLOMAS IN STENOGRAPHY AND TYPEWRITING  
FROM ACADIA BUSINESS ACADEMY.

Hazel Grant.....Perth Jct., N. B.  
 Eula Jenkins.....Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
 Helen Morrissey.....Lower East Pubnico, N. S.  
 Irene Titus.....Norton, N. B.  
 Margaret Whitman.....Centre Bedeque, P. E. I.  
 Dorothy Wynacht.....Lunenburg, N. S.

## PRIZE WINNERS.

- (a) For excellence in English subjects—Annie Hicks, Moncton, N. B.
- (b) For excellence in French—Virginia Dixon, Antigonish, N. S.
- (c) For excellence in instrumental music—Minnie Poole, St. John, N. B.



CHRISTINA ST. CLAIR POINT SCHOLARSHIP—

Not Awarded.

The Governor General's Medal for excellence in  
English Essay Work—

Inez McCallum, Campbelton, N. B.

MARGARET MILLARD MEMORIAL PRIZE.

Highest standing in Household Science—  
Marion Banks, Waterville, N. S.

C. WINTER BROWN ART PRIZES—

- (a) Gwendolyn Hales, Wolfville, N. S.
- (b) Marie Sexton, Falmouth, N. S.

LEWIS SMITH ART PRIZES—

- (a) Robert Chambers, Wolfville, N. S.
- (b) Jean Robertson, Hempstead, New York.

PIERION PRIZES

For Highest Standing in Theoretical Work in House-  
hold Science—

Etta McDonald, Wolfville, N. S.

For Highest Standing in Household Science, Junior  
year—Christine Cavanagh, New Glas-  
gow, N. S.

For General Excellence of Arrangement of Work in  
Art Exhibition—

Jean Robertson, Hampstead, N. B.

For Especial Excellence in English Essay Work—  
Addie Snowden, Wood Point, N. B.

For Greatest Improvement in English—  
Mary Brody, Wolfville, N. S.

For Black and White Work in Commercial Art—  
Robert Chambers, Wolfville, N. S.

For Second Highest Standing in Household Science  
in Senior Year—Beth Morton, Liverpool, N. S.

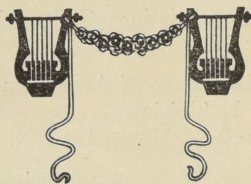
For Highest Standing in English in Preparatory  
Year—Greta Rose, Wolfville, N. S.

HONOURABLE MENTION.

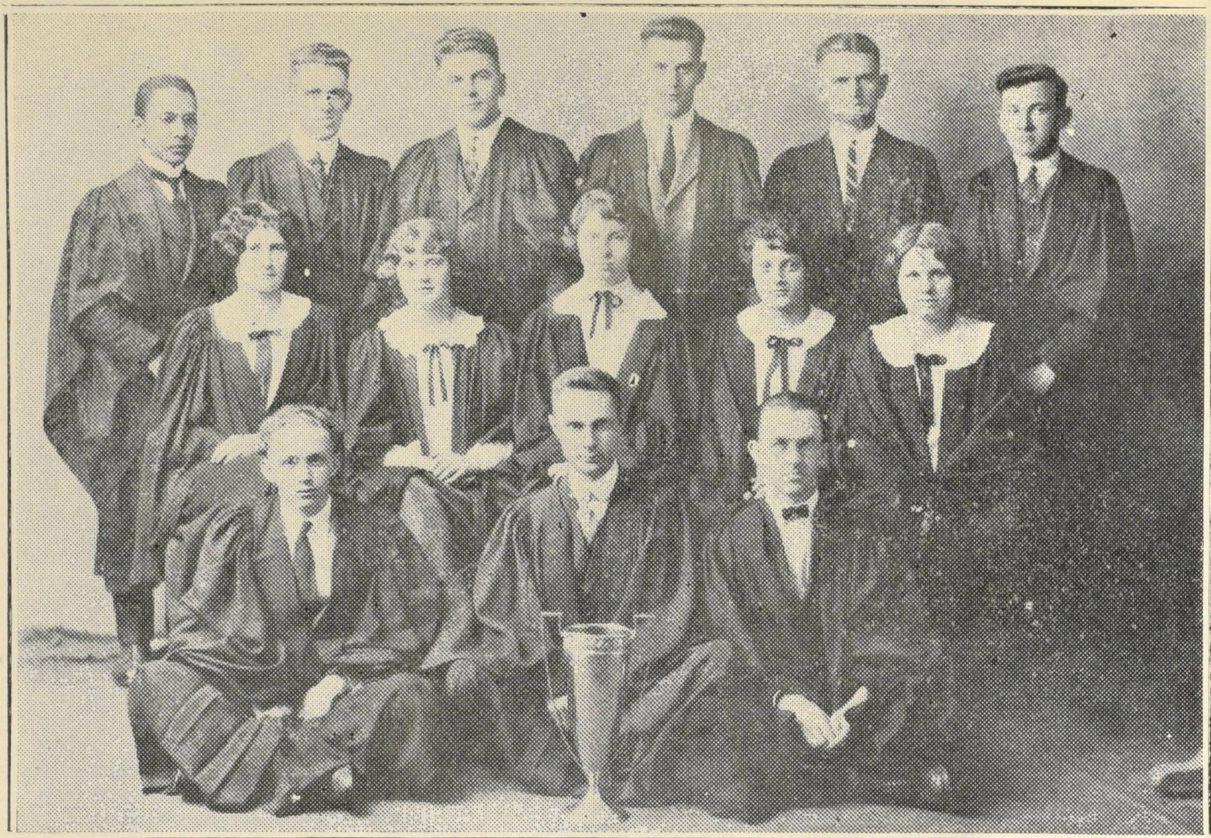
For Highest Standing in all Collegiate Subjects,  
Junior Year—Helen Todd Begg, Summerside, P. E. I.

For Very High Standing in all Subjects, Preparatory  
Year—Myrtle Erle, St. John, N. B.

VIRGINIA DIXON.







JUNIOR DEBATERS  
Interclass Champions

—Photo by Graham







## ACADEMY CLOSING

THE usual success attended the closing exercises of Acadia Academy, on the evening of May 26th. Large throngs of visitors were present to witness the 95th Anniversary of this institution, a school worthy of support.

The programme was as follows:

## PROGRAMME.

1. Processional March:  
Miss Lucy Cogswell, Miss Margaret Cochrane.
2. Opening Prayer:  
Rev. A. N. Marshall, D.D., Wolfville, N. S.
3. Vocal Duet—"Passage Birds Farewell.".....*Hildach*  
Miss Marjorie Parker, Miss Helen Simms.
4. Essay: "Good Citizenship."  
Randolph M. McKinnon, St. John, N. B.
5. Essay: "Aluminum."  
Elmer C. Sabeau, New Tusket, N. S.
6. Vocal Solo .....Selected  
Miss Evelyn Duncanson.
7. Essay: Class Prophecy:  
Lloyd H. Jenkins, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
8. Piano Solo .....Scharwenka Polish Dance  
Miss Vera Olts.
9. Essay: Valedictory:  
B. Eldon Short, New Jerusalem, N. B.
10. Vocal Solo .....Selected  
Mr. B. C. Silver.
11. Address to Graduates:  
Rev. J. H. MacDonald, D.D., C.B.E., F.R.G.S.,  
Wolfville, N. S.

12. Awarding of Diplomas
13. Announcements
14. "God Save the King."

The members of the graduating class, with titles of graduating essays were:

- Adams, Archibald .....Port Maitland, N. S.  
"The Great Telegu Ingathering."
- Arnold, Malcolm Reid .....Brockton, Mass.  
"The Economic Value of Panama Canal."
- Belding, Clifford E. ....Chance Harbour, N. B.  
"The Dominion of Canada."
- Corning, Robert N. ....Yarmouth, N. S.
- Crandall, Benjamin .....New York City  
"The Automobile."
- Crandall, Charles W. ....Moncton, N. B.  
"Forestry."
- Cudhea, Thurston .....Springhill, N. S.  
"Rubber."
- Denton, Harvey L. ....Little River, N. S.  
"The Submarine."
- Flannagan, Heston .....Waterville, N. S.  
"John E. Davis."
- Hamilton, George N. ....River Hebert, N. S.  
"Life of David Livingstone."
- Hunt, Alburne .....Greenfield, N. S.  
"Up-to-date Farming."
- Jenkins, Lloyd H. ....Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
"The Class Prophecy."
- Keirstead, Kenneth V. ....St. John, West, N. B.  
"The Primitive American Indian."



- Killam, Whitney H. .... Coverdale, N. B.  
 "The Life of William Carey."
- Kirby, Harris C. .... Isaac's Harbour, N. S.  
 .... "The Ocean Wealth of Canada."
- Moreside, Gordon .... North River, P. E. I.
- Millard, Robert Eric, Liverpool .... Liverpool, N. S.  
 "Coal."
- McKinnon, Randolph M. .... St. John, N. B.  
 "Good Citizenship."
- McLaughlin, Glen H. .... Seal Cove, N. B.  
 "Napoleon, the Soldier-statesman."
- Neilson, James .... South Ohio, N. S.  
 "Coal Mining in Nova Scotia."
- Outhouse, Malcolm H. .... Beaver Harbour, N. B.  
 "The Class History."
- Robertson, Alvin G. .... East Baltic, P. E. I.  
 "The Book of Books."
- Swaine, John C. .... Wolfville, N. S.  
 "David Lloyd George."
- Sabean, Elmer C. .... New Tusket, N. S.  
 "Aluminum."
- Short, B. Eldon .... New Jerusalem, N. B.  
 "The Valedictory."
- Smallman, William E. .... Summerside, P. E. I.  
 "The Great Wall of China."
- Schurman, Harold B. .... Summerside, P. E. I.
- Sleep, Arthur G. .... Chipman, N. B.  
 "Ghandi."
- Vail, Charles Everett .... Sydney, N. S.  
 "Canada's Part in the Great War."
- Webber, Carl L. .... St. John, N. B.  
 "Canada and the Great War."

PURSUING COMMERCIAL COURSE AND COURSE IN  
STENOGRAPHY AND TYPEWRITING.

*Armstrong, Manning	Kingston, N. S.
*Crandall, Benjamin	New York City.
*Curtis, Miss Carolyn	Digby, N. S.
*Clark, Miss Edna	Bridgetown, N. S.
Carter, Miss L.	Canso, N. S.
Clem, Miss A.	Somerset, N. S.
Fowler, Clare	Centreville, N. B.
*Fraser, Miss Jean	Hantsport, N. S.
Ferguson, Chester	Matapedia, P. Q., Canada.
Fiander, Cecil	North Sydney, N. S.
sGrant, Miss Hazel	Perth, N. B.
cHimmelman, Robert	Bridgewater, N. S.
cHarvey, Miss Christine	Greenwich, Kings Co., N. S.
*Illsley, Miss E.	Coldbrook, N. S.
sJenkins, Miss Eula	Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Jenkins, Miss T.	Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Kirby, Harris C.	Isaac's Harbour, N. S.
Longmire, Miss L.	Hilsburne, N. S.
Lacey, Miss M. L.	Kinsman's Corner, N. S.
cMills, Allan R.	Milton, Queens Co., N. S.
*MacNamara, Claude	New Minas, N. S.
Muttart, Ralph	Summerside, P. E. I.
Muttart, Ralph	Summerside, P. E. I.
Muttart, Miss Mildred	Summerside, P. E. I.
MacPherson, Frank	Sydney, N. S.
Martyn, Miss P.	Melanson, Kings Co., N. S.
sMorrissey, Miss Helen	Lr. East Pubnico, N. S.
Manson, Miss H.	Summerside, P. E. I.
Margeson, Miss F.	Berwick, N. S.
*Olesen, E. L.	Canso, N. S.
Parker, Miss Mayme	Middleton, N. S.
Phinney, Miss M.	New Minas, N. S.
Perrier, Gerald	New Minas, N. S.
Pearson, Miss Annie	Greenwich, N. S.
Power, Miss Annie	Waterville, Kings Co., N. S.
Phinney, Miss I.	Wolfville, N. S.
Porter, W. E.	Blackville, N. B.
Pond, Guy	Marysville, N. B.
Porter, H. Alford	Fredericton, N. B.
Rand, Valentine	Wolfville, N. S.
Robertson, Miss I.	Hempstead, New York.
*Richard, Cecil	Campbellton, N. B.
Shatford, Ernest	Hubbards, Halifax Co., N. S.
Stevens, Miss D.	Wolfville, N. S.



Spinney, Miss M. ....	Lr. Aylesford, N. S.
Spinney, Miss M. ....	Lr. Aylesford, N. S.
Spinney, Miss F. M. ....	Harmony, N. S.
Turner, Miss H. ....	Woodstock, N. B.
Taylor, Herbert ....	Wolfville, N. S.
sTitus, Miss I. ....	Norton, N. S.
VanBuskirk, James ....	Dartmouth, N. S.
*White, Miss Helen ....	Wolfville, N. S.
sWhitman, Miss Margaret ....	Central Bedeque, P. E. I.
sWhynacht, Miss Dorothy ....	Lunenburg, N. S.

c—Candidates for Commercial Diploma.

s—Candidates for Diploma in Stenography.

\*—Receiving Certificate for Partial Course.

The awarding of diplomas was as follows:

#### FULL MATRICULATION DIPLOMAS.

Clifford Belding, Chance Harbor, N. B.; Benjamin Crandall, New York City; George Hamilton, River Hebert, N. S.; Lloyd Jenkins, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Kenneth Keirstead, St. John, N. B.; Whitney Killam, Coverdale, N. B.; Harris Kirby, Isaac's Harbor, N. S.; Robert Millard, Liverpool, N. S.; Randolph McKinnon, St. John, N. B.; Glenn MacLaughlan, Seal Cove, Grand Manan, N. B.; James Neilson, South Ohio, N. S.; Malcolm Outhouse, Beaver Harbor, N. B.; Alvin Robertson, East Baltic, P. E. I.; Elmer Sabean, New Tusket, N. S.; Eldon Short, New Jerusalem, N. B.; Arthur Sleep, Chipman, N. B. Total 16.

#### GENERAL COURSE CERTIFICATES.

Archibald Adams, Port Maitland, N. S.; Malcolm Arnold, Brockton, Mass.; Charles Crandall, Moncton, N. B.; Thurston Cudhea, Springhill, N. S.; Harvey Denton, Little River, N. S.; Leverett Hutchinson, Moncton, N. B.; Heston Flannigan, Waterville, N. S.; Alburne Hunt, Greenfield, N. S.; John Swaine, Wolfville, N. S.; William Smallman, Summerside, P. E. I.; Harold Schurman, Summerside, P. E. I.; C. Everett Vail, Sydney, N. S.; Carl Webber, St. John, N.B.; Herman Lawrence, St. Andrews, N. B. Total 14.

#### PRIZE LIST AWARDED.

The donors of the Prize Fund this year are as follows:

H. T. Warne, Esq., Digby; W. W. Clarke, Esq., Bear River; Dr. A. J. McKenna, Wolfville; H. S. Thurston, Esq., Wolfville; Ernest C. Pace, Esq., Wolfville; E. W. Robinson, Esq., M. P., Ottawa; W. Alex Cameron, Esq., Amherst; Mrs.

C. S. McClearn, Lawrencetown; and J. K. Ross, Charlotte-town, P. E. I.

PRIZE WINNERS.

1. To the leader of the Matriculating Class. (Average 95.7)—Won by B. Eldon Short, New Jerusalem, N. B. \$60.00.

2. To the boy making second highest standing—Won by Randolph McKinnon, St. John, N. B., (Average 87.3), \$40.00.

3. To the Ministerial Student making the greatest progress during the year, \$5.00. Also leader of middle class, \$10.00.—Both won by Herman Lawrence, St. Andrews, N. B.

4. To the leader of the Junior Class.—Robert Stevens, Glace Bay, (Average 76.3) \$5.00.

5. To leader of Commercial Class—Allan Mills, Milton, N. S. \$10.00. (Average 87.5).

6. To the student who is most proficient in Mathematics in Senior Class.—B. Eldon Short \$5.00.

7. Thurston Math. Prize for greatest improvement in Algebra during year.—Won by Alburne Hunt, Greenfield, N. S. \$5.00.

8. The Pace Penmanship Prize for greatest improvement in writing.—Miss Phylis Martin, Melanson, N. S. \$5.00.

9. The Clarke Book-keeping Prize for highest average (94) in Book-keeping \$5.00.—Miss Christine Harvey, Greenwich, N. S.

10. The Clarke Rapid Calculation Prize.—Miss Eula Jenkins, Charlottetown, P. E. I. \$5.00.

11. To the boy making the highest mark in English in the matriculating examinations. (95%).—Malcolm Out-house, Beaver Harbor, N. B. \$5.00.

12. To the boy in the Senior Class doing best work in K. E. D. Drive.—Alvin Robertson, East Baltic, P. E. I. \$1.



13. To the boy in any other class doing best work in K. E. D. Drive.—Won by Harold Carter, Point Debute, N. B. \$1.00.

We are sorry to report that our House-master, Mr. Thurston, Mr. H. H. Wetmore, Mr. H. M. Bannerman, and Mr. J. L. Baker retire this year from our staff. We wish them all success in their future work.

---

### THE VALEDICTORY.

May 26, 1924.

**A**NOTHER year has passed and the time has arrived when the members of the class of nineteen hundred and twenty four are to receive their diplomas and go out from this Academy.

During the period of our history as a class, we have often looked forward to this time, when we would have completed the first part of our education. On this occasion we are happy to know that the first of our ambitions has been achieved, but we are sobered by the thought that this day also marks the parting from friends and associations which have become dear to us. To-morrow we will no longer be counted among the students of the Academy, and will separate to go our several ways into the world. Before we go we pause to look back over the time we have spent here.

We came here, one, two or three years ago, as the case may be, from different homes and from different environments, but with a common object in view—to obtain a training that would better fit us for our share of work and responsibility in life. We are glad that we came, not only because we have received the very best of mental training, but also because we have been given a higher outlook on life and have been inspired to strive towards the highest type of manhood.

Here we have lived, studied, and played together, sharing the good things of the community and institution. In

our social life we have had our good times in the social events of the class and school, and we have enjoyed the daily comradeship in and about the Academy. On the campus, in the gymnasium, and at the rink, we have taken our share in the games and sports which have furnished us with healthful, enjoyable exercise, and at the same time have provided opportunities to match our strength, skill, and team-work against the athletes of other schools and of the different classes in college. But while we have enjoyed the social and athletic side of school life, we have never been allowed to forget that our purpose in being here was to gather a store of useful knowledge through the mastery of our studies. We have given our energy to work as well as to play, receiving instruction in the class-room, and at our own study tables mastering problems in mathematics, memorizing French verbs and Latin nouns, and reading of Ancient Greece and of the French Revolution. So, by doing each day's task thoroughly as we met it, we found that at the testing time we did not fail.

The past year has witnessed the beginning of work on the new college building. Before the ruins of the old structure had become cold, loyal friends of Acadia, looking into the future, had faith to see the time when a new building would rise to replace the one which had been destroyed. In so short a time they see their vision being fulfilled by the erection of a new college hall which shall be even larger than the first, and quite as beautiful.

To the citizens of Wolfville we, the members of the graduating class, wish to say that we have enjoyed the years spent among you in this place of peace and beauty. We thank you for the hospitality you have shown us, and for the support you have given to all the interests and endeavors of the Academy. By your interest in us and by sharing at times your home circles, you have supplied some of the pleasures and influences which otherwise we would have missed while absent from our homes. To your support at our games and entertainments we owe much for whatever degree of success we may have had. Our wish for you is increased prosperity



and happiness through the coming years. We bid you farewell.

*Students of the College and Ladies Seminary:*—With you we have helped to make up the student body of Acadia. It has been an inspiration to us to mingle with you in the college community, at social gatherings and on the campus, where we united with you to support and cheer the wearers of the garnet and blue. Loyalty to Acadia has given us a common interest, and her Spirit binds us in that fellowship which unites the hearts of all who have studied in these halls, wherever they may be. Many of us hope to enter the Freshman class of the college next autumn and renew our associations with you; for others of us this is our last day as a student at Acadia. On behalf of the latter group we bid you farewell.

*Dr. Archibald and Members of the Faculty:*—It is never easy for a young man to express his deepest feelings. In attempting to utter what is in our hearts tonight, we can only express, perhaps in different words, the same appreciation that others have voiced in former years, but what we feel was never more deserved or more sincere. We see that we owe you debts that we can never repay, debts whose value cannot be measured in dollars and cents because they consist in the things of the spirit, values that make for better characters and stronger manhood. Whatever success we may achieve, or whatever service we may be to the age in which we live, will be largely due to the high ideals you have held before us and have exemplified in your own lives, and to the patience and thoroughness with which you have guided us in our work. We have often given cause for vexation by careless conduct and a low standard of work, but you have been patient with us though firm in demanding our best both in work and in conduct. We regret that our association with you as it has been in the past few years must end. We wish you continued success in your work of moulders of the intellect and character of young men, and the joy which is the reward of all such unselfish labor. It is with reluctance we bid you farewell.

*Academy Students:*—We leave tomorrow to go to our different homes for the vacation. You, the classes of twenty-five and twenty-six, will return to pursue your studies in the Academy next term; we, the class of twenty-four will take up work elsewhere. It will be your task to carry on in the next two years, and uphold the honor and traditions of the school. The success of this Academy will always depend in a large measure on the quality of work done by her students, and on the character of those who go out from her each year. We hope you will profit by the mistakes we have made in the past, and ever try to make this institution a still better place in which young men may live and develop their powers to the highest degree. Later we will be able to bid each other good-bye personally, but the graduating class as a whole takes this opportunity of bidding you a formal farewell.

*Classmates:*—Through the vacation periods of the past few years we have looked forward to returning and renewing the fellowship of the class. We have formed friendships here which shall stand the test of all time. As friends we may be parted, but whenever we meet again, even though it may be many years hence, our faces will brighten as we clasp hands and as we recall memories of the days spent together at Acadia Academy in the years 1921 to 1924. Our course here has given us a better view of the world as it is, and we can see that there is still a need—a great need—and a great opportunity for men to sacrifice and serve in the task of inspiring others to live in right relations with their fellows and with their Creator. May it be our ambition to do our bit, each in his own place in life, to hasten the day when there shall be “peace on earth and good will among men.”

Friends, Faculty, Fellow Students and Classmates, farewell.

B. ELDON SHORT, A. C. A., '24.



## L'ENVOI.

'Tis Sunset! And the shadows come  
That mark the close of parting day.

For hours the sun has sped his course,  
And now is hasting fast away.

'Tis Sunset! And the day is gone  
Into the past in winged flight

No more to be: and leaves mere man  
To face the dangers of the night.

'Tis Sunset! And the great ball halts  
As if to bid the world adieu

And meditate upon its march.....  
Then sudden vanishes from view.

Just so the class of twenty-four  
Has sped its course; short is the time

Ere from our school and countless friends  
We part to seek another clime.

Our Sun is set; but with stout heart  
We recollect these happy days,

And face the great unknown. We trust  
In Him to guide us in our ways.

M. H. OUTHUSE, A. C. A., '24.

## REPORTS OF THE SOCIETIES

## ATHENAEUM SOCIETY.

THE Athenaeum Society has closed a most successful year. The interest manifested by the students in its various activities was commendable, the interclass debates were of fine character, while the victory won by our inter-collegiate debating team, led by Mr. E. L. Curry, over the representatives of St. F. X. came as a fitting climax to a most interesting and prosperous season in forensic effort.

The interclass debating cup goes this year to the class of '25, whose representatives in debate won five successive contests, thus proving themselves the unquestionable champions in this important phase of inter-class competition. The Athenaeum Society extends hearty congratulations to the Juniors in their success.

During the latter part of the year a mock parliament was inaugurated and the affair proved an unparalleled success. The elections, held on March 22nd, were keenly contested and resulted in the election of the Liberals to power by a majority of eleven votes. Three sessions of parliament were held, each characterized by keen interest, clever debating, tense moments of division and a crowded spectator's gallery. The success of this adventure was due in a large measure to Professor N. McL. Rogers, and Mr. G. C. Nowland, L.L.B., whose kindly interest and advice, as well as their personal services in the capacities of Governor-General, and Speaker of the House respectively, made it possible for the executive to carry the project to a successful conclusion; also to Dr. C. E. A. DeWit who, acting in the capacity of Chief Justice, in the unavoidable absence of the Governor-General, prorogued parliament, when it had concluded its deliberations. The Athenaeum Society extends its thanks to these gentlemen for their interest and assistance in these activities.

Thus the Society closes an eventful year, and it is the hope of its members that the coming years, with the in-



creased facility of a College Hall, will mark even greater progress and unprecedented success.

H. M. B.

---

### DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

The Dramatic Society during the past year staged two of the best plays in the history of college dramatics. At Christmas "Mr. Pim Passes By" was played to a large and enthusiastic audience, while the second play "Come Out of The Kitchen" was presented twice, once in the spring and again during Commencement Week. Both of these productions were pronounced successes and furnish ready proof of the dramatic talent contained in the student body.

During the Christmas recess the University Players went upon a short tour, giving performances at Truro, North Sydney, Sydney, Amherst, and Stewiacke. In each place visited they were greeted by enthusiastic audiences who gave sincere and hearty appreciation of the dramatic ability displayed by the members of the troupe. Graduates and friends of Acadia entertained the members of the company in the different towns, and accorded them every hospitality.

The Social activities of the Society were very limited this year, and it would be desirable next year to witness the renewal of the regular monthly meetings.

J. G. McL.

---

### PROPYLÆUM SOCIETY.

The different activities of the Propylæum Society have been carried out with the usual success. Four interclass debates were held under the auspices of this Society, also, a trial debate on the intercollegiate subject. The interest in debating this year was very keen. This was due to the fact that special effort was made to select subjects that would be enjoyed by all, and a praiseworthy attempt was made follow-

ing the American method of debating. The interclass series was won by the Juniors.

We were very proud of our intercollegiate debating team this year, consisting of Miss Jean Walker (leader), Miss Clair Cutten, and Miss Alce McLeod, which was successful in the debate with U. N. B.

The programs by the different classes furnished very original and humorous entertainments. We regret to say, however, that frequent changes had to be made in the schedule for these programs because of undue delay and carelessness which must be eliminated.

Although the Mock Parliament held under the auspices of the Athenaeum Society placed very narrow restrictions on the franchise, the members of the Propylaeum Society marched in a body to their last session and demanded that the franchise be extended to our Society. In spite of our unsucccess, it is to be hoped that the plan will meet with a better reception next year.

We wish Propylaeum every success in the coming year in all its activities.

W. V. A.

---

S. C. A.

This year has been a memorable one in the life of the S. C. A. The association has passed through numerous changes. A constitution has been drawn up and the men and women's branches have been placed on the same footing, each making one unit of the Student Christian Association of Acadia University. Membership is now purely voluntary and the officers change office at the beginning of the second term. We look forward to forceful activity from the organization on its new basis.

The sending of a delegate to the Student Volunteer Convention at Indianapolis added a new interest to the movement and informal discussions on the topics discussed there was the result. The visit paid us by Miss Gertrude Ruther-



ford, Associate Secretary of the S. C. M. just before Christmas had a great influence on our society and her interesting talks have left a deep impression.

Our Sunday evening meetings have been well attended. At some of the meetings we have had outside speakers who have brought us inspiring messages. The other meetings have been student-led. The Senior-Junior bible study groups have been led by Professor Balcom, the book under discussion being Rausenbach's *Social Principles of Jesus*. The Sophette-Freshette group has met under the leadership of Miss Oxner.

Now the Spring conference has been held at Acadia and a good many of the students have stayed to attend. We expect that this will add new enthusiasm to the S. C. A. and the association will carry on next year with a renewed vigor which will lead to the betterment of the moral and social phases of college life.

E. E. B.

---

A. A. A. A.

In 1923-24 the Amateur Athletic Association had one of its most successful seasons in recent years. While our football team did not win the league, it provided a pleasant surprise by holding U. N. B. to a scoreless tie after having received a bad defeat at the hands of Mt. A., who in turn had received a worse one from U. N. B.

A good year is looked for this fall with Otto Noble, captain and Dr. Fluck, coach.

Coach Stackhouse turned out a championship team in hockey from a squad of light and inexperienced players. After winning the Western section of the intercollegiate league they took possession of the Sumner Trophy by defeating Kings', but were unable to do the same with the fine team from St. F. X., winners of the Eastern Section.

A special train with 200 rooters went up to Truro for the play-off games, showing a return of the old Acadia spirit

which seems to have been somewhat dormant for several years. Fred Wright '26 is next year's captain and will have all but one of the 1924 team back.

In basketball, as was expected, our team won the inter-collegiate league. Although the season began rather disastrously the squad improved considerably and played a good brand of basketball in the intercollegiate games. Mr. Osborne, the physical director, was the coach and will be on hand next year with a number of this year's squad, Leighton having been elected captain.

Owing to the differences in closing times of the colleges, a suitable date could not be arranged for a track meet this spring. While we had practically no experienced track men, we had some good material and with Mr. Osborne's assistance as coach we think that a good team could have been produced.

In basketball we had a fairly good season, breaking even in games with Middleton and Wolfville and winning the one game played at Windsor.

Besides the college games, the Association conducted interclass competition in the Bulmer Relay Race, basketball, hockey, swimming, baseball, track and tennis. The class of '24 won out in the four sports first mentioned; the Sophomores won the baseball league; the Engineers took first place in track; and the tennis tournament was not finished.

Financially the Association ended the year with a small balance to the good. There was a special levy necessary second term and there was no expense for a track meet.

The Association revised and amended the constitution chiefly through the work of the Executive committee, J. G. McLeod, Chairman. The only copy of the constitution that could be found was dated 1911, and it was felt that some changes should be made. Chief among these changes were, the raising of the standard for winning an "A" and distinction cap and making it possible to win an "A" in baseball; the creating of assistant managers for the different athletic teams; and the establishment of a card index system for the



keeping of accounts and reports of the various branches of sport.

The Association would like to take this opportunity to express its gratitude to the Amherst people who so kindly looked after our football team and made the trip to Mt. A. so much more pleasant and at a saving to us; to the people of Wolfville for the interest and support accorded to us in the various sports; to the faculty especially Dr. DeWolfe, Professor Ross and Mr. Osborne; and to President Patterson for his personal and financial assistance.

A. R. C.

---

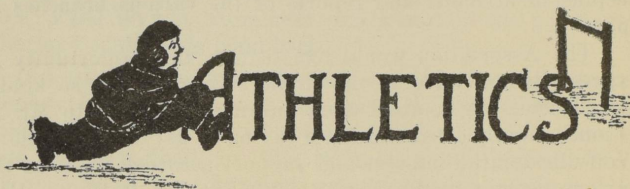
A. G. A. A. A.

The Association had a very successful year, most of the attention being placed on basketball as usual. The inter-class games were more hotly contested than they have been for some years back, and gave great promise of good material for a College team. The Juniors won every game they played and thus won first place in the League, although the Sophettes came a close second. The Seniors and Freshettes stood third and fourth respectively.

The College team had a successful season. At Sackville, Mt. A. won the game in an over-time play, and at Wolfville, Dalhousie won by one point, but in the return games with each of these Colleges. the Acadia girls showed up in splendid form and defeated these two teams. As all had won an equal number of games, there was a three-cornered tie and the result was decided by points. By this decision, Acadia was the winner of the Mount Allison, Class '23 trophy by one point, The N. S. League cup was again won by Acadia, this being the second time in succession that this cup has come into our hands.

Three girls received Athletic A's and six received distinction bands. The former were: Kathleen King '24, Beatrice Smith '25, Carol Chipman '25. The latter were: Helen Archibald '24, Jean MacLaughlan '25, Pauline Colbath '25, Helen Lawson '25, Kathlyn MacLean '26, and Anne Doherty '26.

H. L. L.



The last ball pitched against the formidable Middleton nine at Wolfville during closing week, brought the Athletic year to a victorious close. Taking the year as a whole we have every reason to congratulate ourselves and to look forward with hope to next year. While the year has not been an unqualified success, it has been marked by more victories in athletic events than has fallen to Acadia's lot for several years.

The year did not begin as auspiciously as many of Acadia's supporters hoped. The football team did not win its section of the league, but in the Intercollegiate games, it showed its latent powers which had been insufficiently developed on account of the lack of a coach. The defeat received by Acadia at Sackville from Mount Allison was a sore disappointment to the team as well as to its supporters. At no other time during the year did an Acadia team try any harder to achieve victory only to be baffled by the tactics of a more experienced and a better trained and coached opponent.

The close of the football season found the team in a much better shape. The coaching of Dr. Fluck during the interim between the Mount A. and U. N. B. games achieved wonders. The team began to work more smoothly and effectively, and a spirit of confidence was instilled in its members. The results of efficient coaching became manifested when the Garnet and Blue faced the Red and Black across a mud-stained field. Despite the awe-inspiring record of the U. N. B. team, they were unable to break thru the Garnet and Blue line and were time and time again forced to safety before the determined



U.M.B. 13.—Acadia 30

T. H. ROBINSON  
JUN. VICE PRESIDENT



O. A. NOBLE  
Capt.



L. M. THOMPSON  
Manager



A. J. BROWN



U.M.B. 24.—Acadia 36

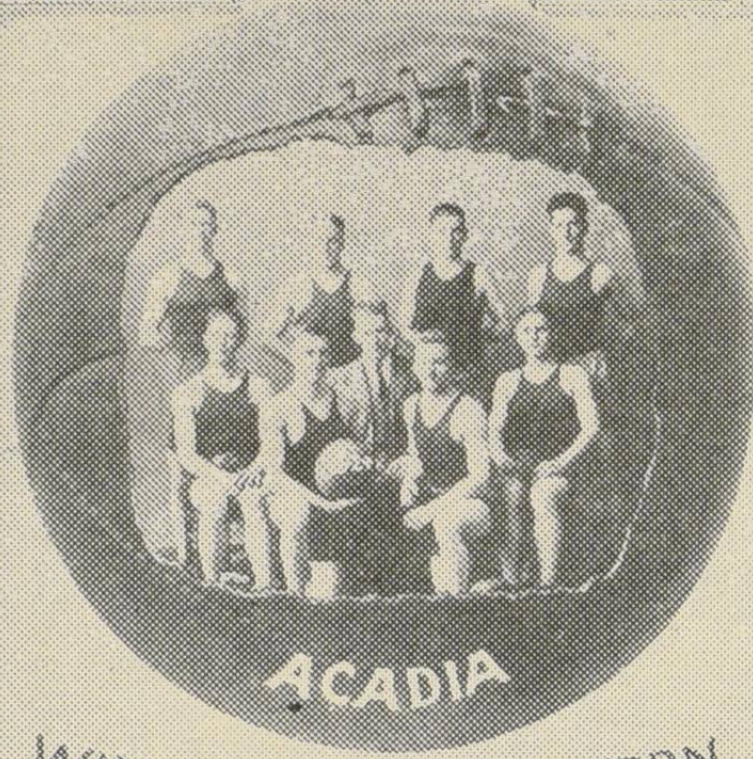
E. J. BROWN  
Captain



H. J. BROWN  
Manager



C. E. BROWN  
Manager



'23-

-24.

WINNERS OF WESTERN  
INTER-COLLEGIATE BASKETBALL LEAGUE







assaults of the Acadia men. By holding the U. N. B. team to a scoreless tie, Acadia prevented U. N. B. from winning a clear-cut championship of the Western League.

With the disappearance of the autumnal leaves and the approach of winter every effort was bent toward turning out a winning hockey team. The outlook was anything but promising, for only two of last years' team remained. The team was fortunate in securing "Ted" Stackhouse as coach and under his supervision rapid progress was made. Although the material available was very light, "Ted" proceeded to mould an Inter-collegiate Section Championship out of what was contemptuously called a High School team.

The surprise of the year was received when the hockey team won a 2-1 victory over a veteran U. N. B. team at the Arctic rink, Fredericton. The short time remaining before the game with Mount Allison was spent in intensive training. No effort was spared to make a winning team. The hopes of Acadia were realized. Acadia defeated Mount A. at Wolfville after a thrilling game by a 4-3 score, thus qualifying to play off for the Intercollegiate Championship. However, St. F. X., champion of the Eastern Section, proved to have a stronger team and won a hard-earned victory at Truro.

Intercollegiate basketball next demanded the attention of athletic fans. The prospects were bright in both the girls' and boys' leagues. The men's team, although not duplicating the performance of the preceding year, were able to easily win the Western League and to add one more championship to Acadia's basketball record.

The men's team was a veteran one for the most part and had an efficient coach in the person of Mr. Osborne. Despite a discouraging string of defeats in the early part of the season, the team rounded in shape and won an easy victory over the Red and Black at Fredericton to the tune of 30-15. A week later this performance was repeated for the Mount Allison team at Wolfville by a score of 36-24. Thus Acadia won the Championship of the Western League.

The Girls' Intercollegiate team had a very successful record and deserve the fullest congratulations. In a series of

games in which total scores were taken to decide the championship the Acadia girls won the Girls' Intercollegiate Championship of the Maritime Provinces, thus equalling the record of the boys' team of last year.

After the successful completion of the basketball and hockey seasons, attention was turned to track. Owing to several complications it was impossible to arrange a track meet this year. This is felt to be a decided set-back, for track and field events have not been given the support that they merit.

The baseball season was a decided success again this year. Acadia has shown during the past two years that her baseball material is of the best in the Province. Windsor fell an easy victim to the Acadia nine at Wolfville during closing week, and on Wednesday of the same week, Acadia avenged her defeat by Middleton a short time previously, by turning back the Nova Scotia Champions in a game replete with good fielding and fine battery work.

During the year, the competition in inter-class sport was very keen. In the Annual Bulmer Relay Race a record was set for the best time for the eight miles. The Seniors were successful in winning the trophy. In Basketball, the Inter-class competition was keen. The veteran Senior boys' team captured the trophy for the third successive year. In the girls' league, the Junior girls made a clean sweep despite the determined opposition of the Sophomores. The inter-class hockey was of a very high order, and the games showed an abundance of hockey material in the Lower Classes. However, the Senior boys were successful in winning the trophy signalizing the inter-class championship.

As a result of the failure to have an intercollegiate track meet, considerable attention was paid to class track and field sports. A great deal of talent was unearthed which augurs well for Acadia in next years' track meet. After keen competition, the Engineers carried away the honors by far outscoring the nearest opponents.

In conclusion, we may say that Acadia may well be proud of her Athletic teams this year. Three championships,



one of which was a Maritime Intercollegiate Championship, were won by the girl and boy athletes of the Garnet and Blue. In addition, the Football and Baseball teams made a very creditable showing, the latter holding the distinction of beating the Nova Scotia Champions. Everything points toward an even more successful year during the scholastic year of 1924-25, and Acadia's supporters are confidently looking forward in the new year to see her athletic teams line up to their proud record of the past.

---

Our plant is well equipped for handling  
all kinds of Commercial, Legal, Society  
and Book

# PRINTING

---

**Weeks Printing Company, Ltd.**

**54 ARGYLE STREET**

**HALIFAX**

# PLAYER'S

NAVY CUT

## CIGARETTES



The superb quality, purity and excellence  
of Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes  
have made them the world's  
leading brand.

10 for 18c.  
20 " 35c.

and in tins of  
50 and 100



ACADIA ATHENÆUM

## ACADIA VILLA HOTEL

One of the most popular resorts in Nova Scotia. Open May 1st.

Send in your Reservations for Commencement Week.

ROCKWELL & CO., Proprietors.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

## A. E. REGAN CUSTOM TAILOR

Dealer in

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC SUITINGS.

Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed.

Repairing and Pressing. Prompt Service.

Phone 262

Wolfville, N. S.

## FOR COMMENCEMENT WEEK

We have a complete assortment of Waterman and Swan Fountain Pens, Eversharp Pencils.

Also a well selected stock of Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Silverware, Cut Glass, China, French Ivory.

You are invited to call and inspect our stock.

**Williams & Co., Wolfville**

## BLAKENEY'S BOOK STORE

WE CARRY TOBACCO, STATIONERY, SPORTING GOODS,  
SOUVENIRS, BANNERS. Current Magazines always on hand.

STUDENTS' SUPPLIES A SPECIALTY.

WHAT YOU DON'T SEE, PLEASE ASK FOR.

**H. E. BLAKENEY**

OPPOSITE POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Phone 228

## ACADIA ATHENÆUM

Stationery of all kinds,  
College and School Supplies,  
Die Stamping and Plate Printing,  
Book Binding and Paper Ruling,  
Shur-Rite and Eversharp Pencils,  
Swan-Fountain Pens.

**A. & W. MACKINLAY, LIMITED**

STATIONERS, HALIFAX, N. S.

## Nova Scotia Technical College OFFERS ENGINEERING COURSES

Leading to the Degree of B. Sc. in CIVIL, ELECTRICAL,  
MECHANICAL, and MINING.

Twenty Scholarships of \$75.00 each. Free Tuition to Ex-C.E.F.  
Men. Teaching Staff all highly qualified both by technical  
training and practical experience.

For information apply to:

PRINCIPAL F. H. SEXTON,  
Halifax, N. S.

## BISHOP'S MEN'S WEAR

WE CATER TO ACADIA STUDENTS IN FOOTBALL  
and HOCKEY OUTFITS. College Jerseys \$4.00 & \$5.00.

---

EVERYTHING IN MEN'S FURNISHINGS,  
CLOTHING, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Agents for the SLATER, HARTT and Regal Boots for Men.



*ACAD<sup>Y</sup>4 ATHENÆUM*

**G. C. Nowlan, B.A., LL.B.**

Barrister and Solicitor.

Phone 240

Box 134

Wolfville, N. S.

**C. H. HANSFORD**

Sanitary Barber Shop  
Tobacco, Cigars, Cigarettes.  
Opposite Rand's Drug Store,  
Wolfville, N. S.

## THE PALMS

Ice Cream, Fruits, Confectionery

CLASS PARTIES CATERED TO

We also serve Hot Drinks and Light Lunches.

We Are Always Ready to Serve You!

Phone 238      J. M. NEWCOMBE, Proprietor.

## CALL AT WATSON'S ICE CREAM PARLOR

for the best Ice Cream, Sodas. College Ices.

Specials: Butterscotch and Chocolate Fudge made fresh every day. Oysters and Hot Drinks for winter months.

A Large Assortment of Fruit and Confectionery.

## J. E. HALES & COMPANY, LIMITED

FINE DRY GOODS, SILKS, HOSIERY AND GLOVES.

Ready-to-Wear Clothing, Coats, Dresses, Blouses,  
Fancy Goods and Knitting Wools.

MEN'S CLOTHING

MEN'S FURNISHINGS

of the Very Latest Styles.

FOOT BALL, HOCKEY, BASE BALL UNIFORMS,  
JERSEYS AND SWEATERS.

SEMI-READY CLOTHING.      FASHION CRAFT Tailored Clothes.

**Call and See Our Stock and Samples.**

## WHY

send LAUNDRY to Halifax when the

**WAH HOP**  
**LAUNDRY**  
IS HERE IN TOWN?

### PORTER BROS.

Fancy Groceries for your Class Party.

MOIR'S CHOCOLATES  
for the Show.

Everything to Please the People.

**A. W. BLEAKNEY'S**  
Hardware Store  
**WOLFVILLE, Nova Scotia**

**The Devonshire Tea Room**  
Miss Cooper Miss Harwood

Open from 9.00 a.m. to 10.30 p.m.

Breakfast, Luncheon,  
Afternoon Tea, and Supper.  
Catering to Parties a Specialty.  
Main Street, Herbin Block,  
Wolfville, N. S.

### Hutchinson's Taxi Service

Elm Avenue.

T. E. Hutchinson, Proprietor.

Baggage transferred to and from the Station. Give us a call. Tel. 125

Picture Framing a Specialty.

### WOODMAN & CO.

FURNITURE DEALERS

Wolfville, N. S.

Expert Shoe Repairing

### G. D. JEFFERSON

MAIN STREET

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

WE CARRY A COMPLETE LINE  
OF MOIR'S CHOCOLATES.

Our Fancy Biscuits are just the thing for your Socials and Class Parties.

### J. D. HARRIS

Call in at our Store on  
MAIN ST., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

### McGILL UNIVERSITY MONTREAL

Courses offered as follows:—  
Applied Science (for Men).  
Architectural; Chemical, Civil,  
Electrical, Mechanical, Metallurgical and Mining Engineering.  
Arts, Commerce, Dentistry.  
Household Science (for Women).  
Law, Medicine, Music, Pharmacy.  
Physical Education: Educational Course.

School for Graduate Nurses (for Women). Public Health Nursing, for Teachers and Supervisors in Schools of Nursing. Social Science.

All of the above courses, except those otherwise specified, are open to men and women.

The Calendar giving full particulars regarding the courses of study, the work comprised in each year, and the details of the double courses offered, also the courses offered in other Faculties and Departments, may be obtained on application to

THE REGISTRAR.



# Acadia Collegiate and Business Academy

(FORMERLY HORTON COLLEGIATE ACADEMY)

FOUNDED 1829

A RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL

FOR BOYS AND YOUNG MEN

Staff of Eight Experienced Teachers

New Students' Residence. Modern Equipment

FOUR DIPLOMA COURSES

Collegiate, General, Business, Manual Training

Students prepared for University Matriculation in ARTS, SCIENCE, ENGINEERING, LAW, DENTISTRY, etc.

Instruction provided in MECHANIC SCIENCE, STENOGRAPHY, TYPEWRITING, INSTRUMENTAL AND VOCAL MUSIC.

The necessary expenses for a regular course, including Board and Tuition is very moderate, averages about \$350.00 per year.

Special attention given to older pupils whose educational opportunities have been few. Liberal Scholarships for needy and deserving boys.

For further particulars write for the Calendar.

ADDRESS THE PRINCIPAL

REV. W. L. ARCHIBALD, M. A., Ph. D.

P. O. BOX 445

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

## ACADIA SEMINARY

REV. H. T. DeWOLFE, B.A., D.D. - - - - - Principal

MISS MARGARET V. PALMER, B.A. - - - - - Vice-Principal

A HIGH GRADE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Offers Courses for a Diploma in Three Departments of Study.

ACADEMIC

COLLEGIATE—Furnishing a good general education.

SOPHOMORE MATRICULATION—Preparing for admission to the Sophomore Class of the University.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AND FINE ARTS

MUSICAL COURSES—Pianoforte, Voice, Violin, Pipe Organ, History of Music, Theory, Harmony. Taught in accordance with modern and efficient methods.

ELOCUTION—The school of the Spoken Word.

ART—Painting both in Oils and China, Freehand and Cast Drawing, Designing, Leather Work, Stenciling, Raffia, Basketry.

PRACTICAL ARTS

BUSINESS COURSES—Book-keeping, Stenography, Typewriting.

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE—Home Makers' and Normal Course for Teachers in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Twenty-five Teachers of fine personality, graduates of the leading colleges, conservatories and technical schools.

Special courses are provided for those who do not care to enter any of the regular courses leading to a diploma.

Pupils received at any time.

For catalogue and complete information

Apply to the Principal,

REV H. T. DeWOLFE, B. A., D. D., Wolfville, N. S.



