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PATRONIZE THOSE WHO PATRONIZE US.

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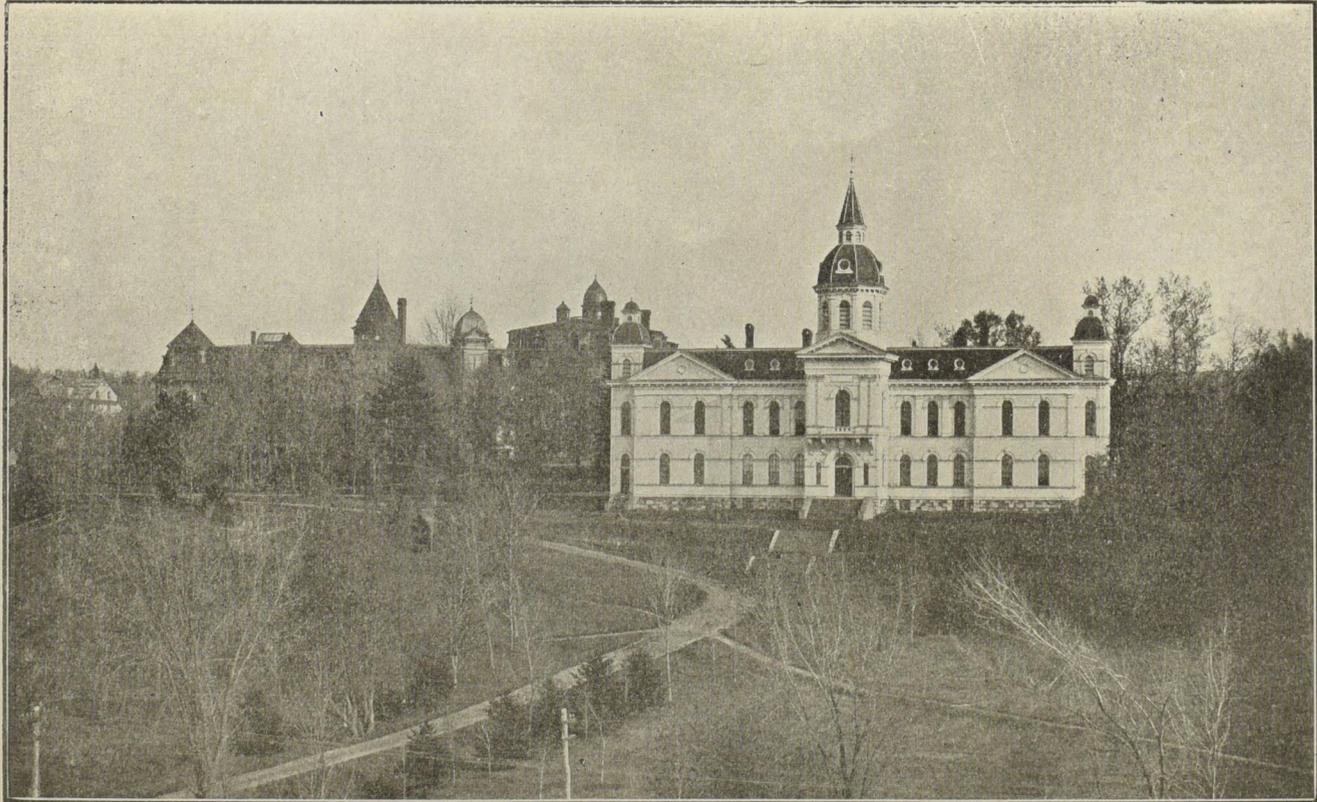
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The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLIV.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JUNE 1918

No. 5

Ode to the Class of '18.

INTO the dream time of the soul there comes
 The weary pleading of the world grown old,—
 Grown old in misery and with her clothes
 She sits a mourner at the Future's gate
 And cries, O youth that still are mine
 Arise and come, O haste lest ye be late.
 Beloved, all that I have I make it thine;
 My future too that now some seek to wreck.
 Rekindle my dead hopes, o'ercome the wrong,
 Reconsecrate my shrines, renew my life.
 O youth, I trust thee all, be true, be strong.

And oft at twilight in these halls we hear
 The whisperings of the dead years winged away,
 The echoes of Acadia's honored past.
 The seers of the future now do say,
 My children hear ye not the world doth call,
 Thy brothers' pleadings from the foreign grave ?
 Dost see the red dawn of a golden day.
 Go forth to meet that day, for she who gave
 Thee much requires that thou shouldst keep her trust
 As sacred, for thou art so near her heart.
 But hark ! our aged mother bids us come
 Our Alma Mater sends us ; we depart.

—Esther Lee Gould.

Our Duty to the Returned Soldier.

THERE are few sights more pathetic than that of strong men who have lost their strength and who stand helplessly before us dependent on others for almost every need in life. That is the sight that is facing us and will face us as our boys come back from the fields of France and Flanders. They have willingly ventured their all for us. What are we going to do for them? We owe them a debt which cannot be paid by a mere pension. True, we are filled with feelings of pity, gratitude, and admiration at sight of one of the "boys", as the returned soldiers in Canada are called. But unthinking sentimentalism will not solve the problem; scientific intelligence must be used. It must be tackled scientifically and deliberately as one would tackle a problem in chemistry or mechanics. Instead of casting about for some means of preventing a process which takes the strongest and best of our youth away from its useful occupation we must set ourselves to the task of teaching a blind carpenter to handle his saw, or an armless farmer to guide his plow. The maimed soldier does not want to feel that he is of no use to the world. He does not want to bask in the sun and spend his time telling hero-tales to gaping villagers. He wants to be independent and self-supporting. He wants to take his share in the upbuilding and strengthening of those ideals which he has been willing to defend with his blood.

The saddest task arising out of the situation is the provision for those men who have given more than life, whose injuries to nerve centers have rendered them physically and morally helpless. They cannot remain indefinitely under regular surgical treatment; nor can they be left to themselves or sent back to their families, who are not able to give them the delicate and costly care which they need. Special institutions must be provided for their permanent care; they are beyond "refitting". Science and humanity can only see to it that they have every comfort and attention that ingenuity and love can provide.

The most difficult task is that of the re-education and reinstatement of the returned soldier into civil life. Military life has a tendency to unfit men for civil life. It required

military experts to make our men disciplined and capable soldiers, and it will require experts to transform our soldiers into efficient civilians.

The natural result of the loss of a leg or an arm is discouragement and deterioration of ability. But the human body has marvellous power of compensation for the loss of a member. So marvellous is the power of the human will to overcome obstacles, if only sufficient stimulus be present, that the disabled man can be restored to complete economic importance.

In order to realize this result there must be means of re-education. A man who was a bricklayer and has lost an arm must be taught some other means of earning a living. And for those who are able to return to their old positions a brushing up of the subjects would certainly be an advantage. The re-education should begin in the hospital or convalescent home. In convalescent homes the medical treatment of each individual takes comparatively little of his time, while the rest is left free for him to do with as he pleases. If classes and lectures were given in different subjects the patients could attend some of them. They would serve a twofold purpose: first, occupational therapy; that is keeping the mind busy and preventing brooding over misfortunes; secondly, re-awakening of interest in civil and social pursuits.

The choosing of vocational training must be entirely voluntary, because little can be accomplished without the active co-operation of the soldier himself. To this end he must be prepared while still in the hospital. He must be stimulated and encouraged. Vocational guidance should be employed to show the disabled man the possibilities that are yet within him, to study his aptitudes and ambitions. There is no use in persuading a man to become a boot maker on his own responsibility unless he possesses some business ability as well as skill to make boots; neither is it any use to encourage him to enter a trade for which there is no effective demand in the labor market. The trades chosen should be remunerative in normal times. The production of small, easily made articles, which find a ready sale for the moment because of the appeal to sympathy should be avoided. He should not be directed to-

wards overerowed occupations but towards those in which labor is the most scarce and most indispensable.

As soon as the soldier in the convalescent home has decided the vocation he wishes to follow, the best training available along that line should be given to him. All the technical schools and educational institutions of the country should be open to him. It is the duty of the country to give him a chance to start life again with the best possible preparation.

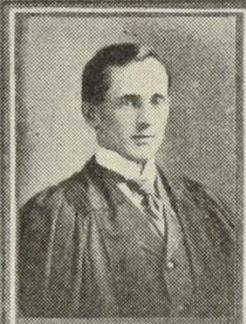
Realizing this the military authorities of Canada have undertaken the re-education of returned soldiers. Indeed they are waging a constant struggle to persuade the disabled soldiers to avail themselves of the opportunities they offer. Vocational counsellors encourage soldiers who are so disabled that they are debarred from their previous occupations to take training for a new trade. The way is open to all lines of work in which a man could succeed. Fully thirty-five different trades are already being taught. The counsellors urge soldiers who are able to return to their former occupations to take shop work or class work of some sort which will be of value to them in civilian life.

The Y. M. C. A. is doing its share along this line. It has opened in England and France so-called Khaki Universities. Already they have enrolled over four thousand Canadian soldiers, whom they are teaching commercial, business, engineering, or literary subjects.

After re-education comes the question of employment. The first few months after discharge is a critical time. Unless regular work is obtained without delay there is danger of discouragement and the acquirement of habits of idleness. Here again vocational guidance bureaus, with the object of making known all the opportunities open in the different branches of economic life, should be used in every convalescent home, so that just as soon as the men are discharged they may find suitable employment.

The discharged soldiers must enter life on a competitive basis with other civilians. The wages received should not be affected by pensions and should not be determined by sympathy for his misfortune. Compensation should be according to the capacity and output of the workman. He must be led

ACADIA



H. L. DENSMORE.



H. F. BILL, Treas.



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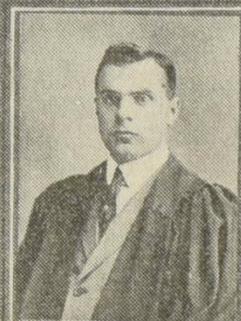
M. B. REID.



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STUDENT COMMITTEE.

1917-'18.



C. C. ROBBINS, Chairman.

to see that he is still a real sharer in the life and destiny of his country.

These heroes have made a great sacrifice. They have risked all for the protection of our country, to preserve its institutions, its business, its honor, its liberty, yea its very existence. Thus, we owe it as a debt of honor to give them an interest in life to make them feel that they are not useless wrecks, that coming back and heroically taking up former occupations or refitting themselves for new tasks will bring to them even greater renown than the victories of war, and will thus make for Canada such a name in nation building as to command wonder and admiration.

J. R. G., '18.

Patriotism.

PERHAPS one of the most significant terms in any language is the word "Patriotism," yet I suppose very few people reflect upon what it is, and what it signifies in the affairs of men. The beginning of patriotism is the love of home, and all that home means. There is scarcely anyone, who does not love the place where his father and mother lived, where he made his first associations, with his childhood friends and schoolmates, and where he got his first outlook in life. No place has been a substitute for home. Its laws, interests and ideals have left their stamp. And it is from these laws, interests and ideals that the principles which shape the social life take form. Therefore, the first duty of the patriot is to shape the home, in all the phases of life, upon those principles which will be for the welfare and uplift of his community.

The patriot's second duty is directly a social one. He must be true to all the physical, social and moral standards, which his society has set up. He must labor to help supply food, shelter, clothing, and all the social, educational and religious requirements of his social life.

The really progressive society is not that which makes good laws to restrain evil men, but it is a society where no law is needed, and men desire to do the right. This is the keynote of patriotism and the ideal of true democracy. It is an

ideal of good will, where common sense, good temper and kind feeling do the work of law. You may see patriotism as a vital force at work in a community where men co-operate in a strenuous, fruitful, happy life, trusting one another and making good one another's defects.

The third duty of the patriot is to the nation. A true patriot is one who loves and serves his country, one who helps to shape its course of thought and action. This requires reflection upon the great problems and the end and purpose of the national life. Instead of noisy expression he needs serious purpose. He requires an insight into the significance of his own country, a knowledge of its history, its policies, its achievements, and above all its aim. He must not only ask himself: "By what steps has it come?" but more emphatically "Towards what end is it moving?" What is the reason of it all?"

National patriotism is not merely tribe loyalty. It is loyalty to a personality—a national personality. If national character, be at a low level, it reduces patriotism to as low a level, and we find many asking "What has my country done for me?" Although this may be a coward's question, yet the nation has indeed material duties towards us patriots, and the neglect of these may produce profound deficiencies. Disease, slum life and ignorance in a nation, sap the will power for patriotism. A low moral tone, a perpetual seeking after pleasure, and an absence of national conscience sap the will power. So also does the flinging aside of spiritual sanctions.

Therefore patriotism is not only a quality of the individual, it is an attribute of the nation. If the nation is patriotic or true to itself, then the patriotism of all its sons and daughters will rise and each will say: "I love this nation and will do all in my power to make it worthy of the love I bear it."

The fourth duty of the patriot is an international one. The time has come when we must think internationally—in terms of our our relations with the whole world. A vast amount of hypocrisy has been inflicted upon the world in the past, under the guise of love for one's country. Next to re-

ligion, patriotism has suffered most from the sentimentalism and stupidity of insincere and dishonest partisans.

There were those who were always fighting the battles of the past in the spirit of the past, and keeping the old bitterness of former days alive. Torn flags may be sacred to memory, but all the jealousy associated with them must go.

There is a cheap kind of patriotism, which denounces other countries with the expression—that “we” are the greatest country in the world. But we can never exalt ourselves by insulting another.

There is also a kind of patriot, who thinks that he should exploit his own country abroad, while foreigners should do homage in his country. He disregards the usages and customs of other countries, and is outraged when a foreigner treats his usages and customs with the same freedom.

A true patriot has no conflict in his mind between the cause, purpose and aim of his own nation and the cause, purpose and aim of the whole group of nations. He does not dislike his fellow who speaks another tongue, and loves another literature, or gives allegiance to another flag, but he thinks of other people with such kindness and understanding that he can appreciate the point of view and institutions of those whose experiences have been different from his own. Then it is that patriotism takes on a wider meaning.

The titantic struggle in Europe today is between nations who have had different experiences and different ideals. The tragedy of it is that the people locked in death grips are the most highly educated people in the world. They had the advantage of everything that is fine and splendid, yet, how loath we are to believe that under this thin veneer of civilization the elementary human passions were so thinly confined.

Many suggestions have been set forth as to remedies for war—free trade, arbitration and other adjustments, but, unless each nation has some ideal beyond that of self-aggrandisement war must continue on the face of the earth.

The nations of Europe had been psychologically at war for many years. Under the guise of peace there was suspicion. Patriots there were indeed, but their vision was confined within their own borders, and to their own interests. In

view of these facts is it not plain that the only hope for a sure and lasting peace is in the universal development of man himself? For it is as true of nations as of men, that we are our brothers' keepers. Their interests are our interests, and anything short of this means war. We are witnessing today the end of the old notions of nationality, with all their patriotic ideals of a thousand years, and the ushering in of a new ideal of nationality. Several times the history of the world has hung upon the point of a spear, but each time the solution was toward the greater freedom and the greater progress of mankind.

But can we see any hope for international patriotism in the hatred that is rife today. It is just here that we have hope. For out of this very hatred will rise a strong revulsion of feeling against war, and all its massacre.

From this will come greater international sympathy and intelligence. In establishing an ideal for the human race, the nations will claim as common property those millions of bodies that lie buried in the fields of Flanders. Each nation will be a partner in a common cause, and out of the realization of common suffering will blossom forth a higher ideal of international patriotism.

H. L. D., '18.

Le lievre Mousse.

Wha's dat de "lievre moussé" you say? Wal, I tell you
right off

Ma fren'; but firs' mus' light ma pipe—an' hope you 'scuse
ma cough.

De *lievre is*—lemme see, I tink you call dat;—yes—de *hare*;
Das little bete have long, long ear; in wods, jomp everywhere.

"*Moussé*"? I'm tell wha's dat it is bambye, ma fren, *you'll*
see!

Da's be de point for *end* ma tale. Yas! Yas! like bumble-bee!
De bumble-bee she's mak' you sware, and jomp all round de
place

But point ma story mak' you smile, I tink; all round you face.

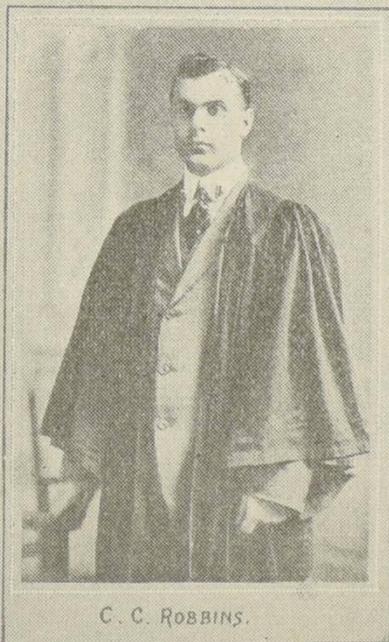
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DEBATING TEAM

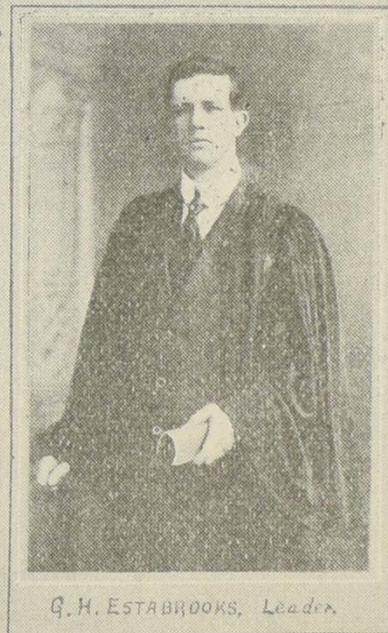
1917-'18.



C. B. LUMSDEN.



C. C. ROBBINS.



G. H. ESTABROOKS, Leader.

GRAHAM
Photo.

When I'm small boy chez nous we live on farm by Tamachiche;
 Ma fader bin good habitant; not what we say—riche, riche,
 But have plentee for live; ma foi, I guess dat's principal!
 We doan' want be too much, lak'—well, you know dat animal.

De neighbor's boy is bin ma chum; he's nam's Toussaint
 Zéphir;
 An' you can't find it noder boys dat's have so much plaisir.
 In summer tam we've catch minnies in brook wid our straw
 hat;
 We've mak' us little charette for harness on de cat.

For run all round de fields we've catch de poor cows by de tail;
 Den pass on fence lak circus man; (our tight-rope, dats de
 rail)—
 But, ah! ma fren'! de bes' our fun we have in sugar tam;
 Les sucres! les sucres! for Canayen, dere's nothing quite de
 sam.

Ah! sugar-tam! dat's when de sun get him warm again,
 An' mak' us like for run it on de crusty white snow-plain.
 De's "no place lak de home"—dat's sure—but when its come
 de Spring
 We're glad get free in airy woods for work, an' shout, an' sing.

It's den we get de big chaudron, de augur and de spouts,
 An' pass on trees for tap them, an' for beat de "gathering"
 routes;
 It's den we allumer de fire inside de snug cabane,
 An' smoke, an' talk, an' boil de sap; have more plaisir we can.

We lak it tak' de gun wid us, for maybe we've see dere.
 Wal—crows—sometam, Bateau, guibous, and purty sure, de
 hare.
 Dats' one ting Toussaint don't forget. One morning on our
 way
 To sugar-house he hold his gun up, pat de lock, an' say:

“Ah, dis de papa of all guns ! wi’d him I’m never see
 De hare or fox dat’s smart enough for git away from me.”
 I’m smile an’ doan say moche, me, but I’m tink it on my mind
 For knock some brag out of Toussaint, what good trick I can
 find.

So bye-an-bye we separate, go each to our cabane,
 Wi’d promise dat we meet again, so soon, so soon we can.
 Dat night I’m fix *collet* (wid some sweet birch buds all aroun’)
 For catch de hare; an’, poor Toussaint, wid dat I’m tak him
 down.

When hare was catch I fetch him back to fader in cabane
 An ax him for to stuff him quick wid moss so nice he can.
 (Ma fader’s ver’ sma’t for stuff). Wal, bambye, when he’s
 done,
 I say: “I guess I go now have Toussaint for try his gun.

It’s doan tak’ me ver’ long I tink for come on his cabane door
 An listen quiet for noise inside; sure nuff ! Toussaint he’s
 snore !
 So jus’ on little *butte*, not far, I’m place ma little hare
 Right where de moon shine on him well; for sure, he’ll see him
 dere !

Den I’m go back, knock soft on door: “Toussaint ! laisse moi
 rentrer !
 I’m come for sleep wid you !” Ha ! den ees jomp up right
 away
 An’ let me in. So, first, we’ve talk long tam ’bout many ting
 When purty quick I say: “Ecoute ! I hear an owl she’s sing !”

We’ve listen, but hear nothing. Den Toussaint, he’s spik it
 low:
 “Last night de rabbits come an’ suck our strainer-cloth.”
 —“Dat’s so ?”
 “May be he’s dere again,” I’m say; “B’en oui, where is your
 gun ?”
 “Arrete-un peu, mon cher Joseph ta’n’t all for you de fun !”



“You better grease your door, Toussaint, she’s squeak too moche for hare.”

“Dat’s so dat’s so Bateu ! doan at all for mak’ him scare.”
Wal, den, when he’s finish his grease, I open slow de door—
—“Look ! look !—wha’s dat ? Give me your gun !—un lievre !—sure, sure !”

—“Where ?” “There !”—give me your gun ?” “B’en, non ! git away, I’m never miss !”
So den, Toussaint he’s aim an’ shoot. An’ me, wal its’ lak dis, I bus’ maself right out an’ laugh—I can’t hold in no more, An’ when Toussaint he’s turn him round, I’m rolling on de floor.

He ax me wha’s de matter, if I’m start for have a fit ;
But, Batiscan, I’m laugh so moche can’t spik at all one bit.
Anyway, he’s go for get his “game,” an’ soon he’s come pressé,
An’ hold it up—an’ look—an’ say : “Wha’s dat ? Un lievre moussé ?”

LEONARD A. THERRIEN.

Maskinongé, July 20, 1899.

The Problem of the Oriental in Canada.

CANADA at this stage of her career and involved as she is in the Great World War, has problems of two sorts to solve: those directly concerned with the war; and those more closely related to her national growth.

The question of immigration is one of the foremost of those connected with our development and one which before the war claimed a large share of our attention. But the immigrant of whom we thought and talked was not the one who presents the greatest difficulty. It was the European who received such a large portion of our consideration. We neither thought of, talked of, nor considered the Oriental. And yet, the European immigrant, problem though he may be, can never become the subject of thought for Canadians that the Asiatic will be in the future.

The Asiatic immigrant hails from China, Japan and India, and has come with one purpose, a desire only of improving his lot in life in this new world of opportunity. The Chinese peasants are intelligent, although illiterate, and have left their native country for economic reasons. In normal times there is little to spare; and when crops fail, thousands starve. That these have saved enough to pay the large admission fee to Canada indicates that they are a superior class who demand admission to our shores. The Japanese have already proved their capacity not only for survival in economic competition, but even more effectively have demonstrated that they are peace-loving, law-abiding, unobtrusive souls; that they are worthy the privileges granted so freely to the European immigrant and so staunchly withheld from this immigrant from the Far East.

Even more insistent than the demands of the Chinese and Japanese are those of the East Indians,—they who swear allegiance to the same flag, who are members of the same Empire, and yet who in Canada are not even recognized as British subjects. The East Indian boasts a civilization stretching centuries back into the dim and distant past. Due to his lower standard of living, he is able to live and prosper where others fail. Yet, regardless of his civilization, regardless of his economic ability, regardless of the fact that he is a human being with a considerable degree of culture, we forbid this other Britisher the freedom and liberty that are part and parcel of the heritage of British subjects. We forbid him the right of even setting foot upon shores given not to a chosen race, but to all mankind.

Thus the Chinese, Japanese, and Indian immigrants present a case worthy of our deepest and kindest consideration. These who are the most industrious, the most intelligent, and the most progressive that their countries have to offer, demand merely a right to compete with representatives of other countries in the economic life of Canada. The number of Japanese we admit is conditioned only by a head-tax of twenty dollars; the number of Chinese is limited by a head-tax of five hundred dollars; while the members of our great Indian Empire are positively forbidden.

Must there not be some grounds for the course Canada has followed in formulating these restrictions? What would be the result if our doors were opened wide, and the Oriental allowed to enter in unlimited proportions as he desires? He would soon form the larger part of our population. With his lower standard of living, he would be able to displace all competitors in the economic field. Just as he would assume the position of dominance in the economic world so too he would probably dominate the social and religious worlds. In short, our civilization would be completely swamped by the Asiatic; and Canadian life as we know it today would shortly be a forgotten story,—a mere event in the history of the past.

Then too, the problem has its racial aspects as well as the merely economic, social and religious. There can never be a fusion of bloods, and without this assimilation will never be complete. It is a case of which of two types, Canadian or Asiatic, is to survive and hold sway in the Canada of tomorrow. We believe we have a civilization that is superior to that of the Asiatic. Then is it not our right to bar the way in the face of such a menace, the Great Eastern Peril, to protect the civilization we have developed, to guard and foster it as a sacred trust, and, adding only the best and highest to it, hand it on to succeeding generations as a precious and glorious heritage? One thing is certain, this civilization which means so much to us as Canadians, must not be trampled upon and wiped out of existence by mere numbers.

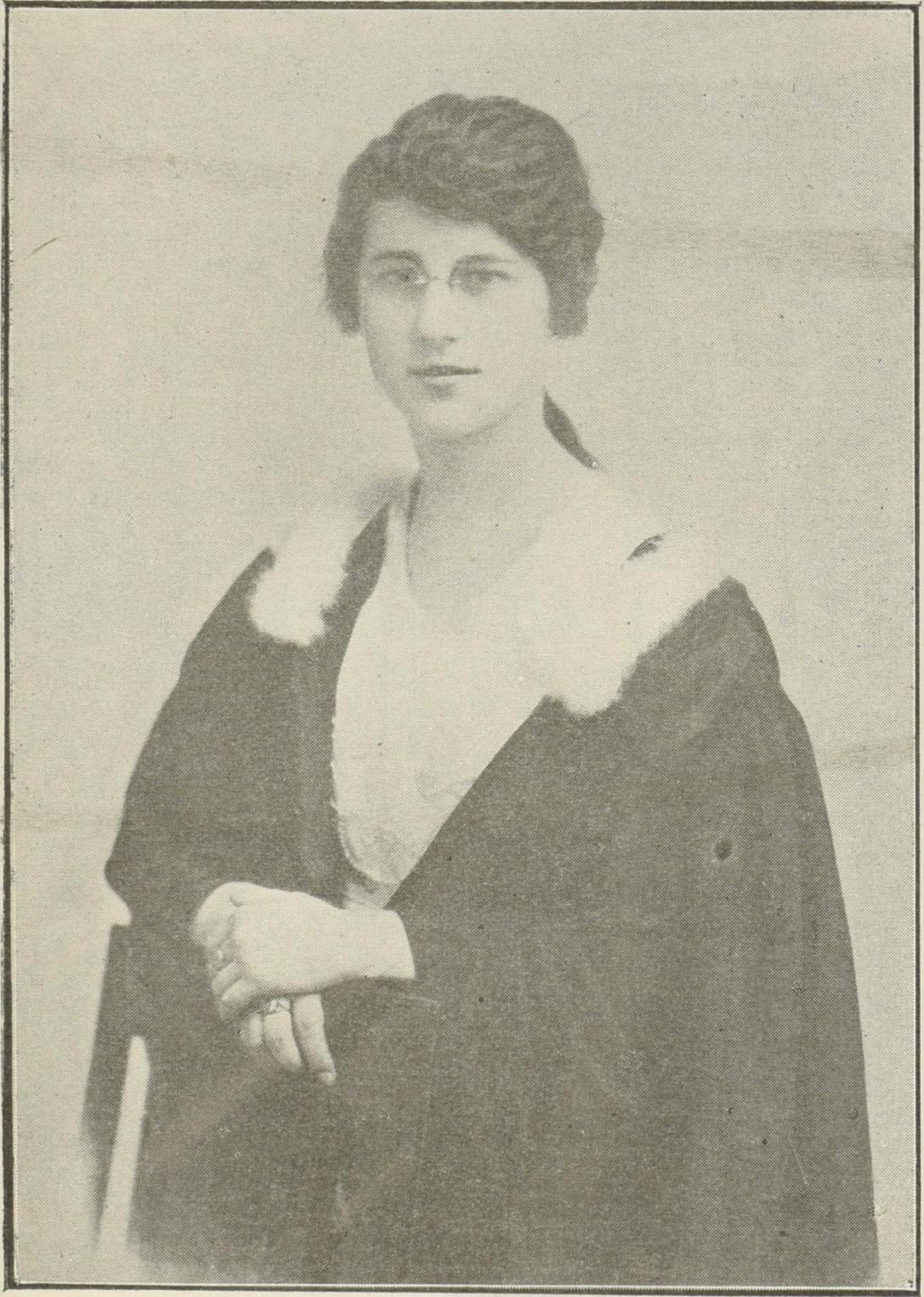
On the other hand, have we the right absolutely to forbid admission to the Oriental? Is it ours to say where a people shall locate themselves? Shall we refuse this Easterner acquaintance with our political institutions, our religious beliefs, our social attainments, and thus prevent him from reaching his highest development? Shall we strengthen and allow to grow that spirit of intolerance, that very thing that is the our national selfishness and say: "This Canada shall remain foundation of our unsympathetic attitude"? Shall we assert "a white Canada," and give the Asastics added reasons for their contention that our attitude is based only upon discrimination between colors?

If we cannot advantageously allow an uncontrolled influx, nor yet coldly refuse our Eastern brother, is there not some

way of effecting a compromise? We already have a goodly number of representatives of the Eastern countries within our borders. Perhaps we can admit their fellow-citizens if we make certain stipulations. We must first work out some scientific and effective way of acquainting those already here with our political institutions, customs, ethical codes, etc., that is, we must nationalize them. As those already here learn our language, customs and institutions, pass a series of graded examinations in various branches, and arrive at a standard judged necessary for good citizenship they should be given the full rights of the citizens they have shown themselves capable of being. Then since the representatives already here are the greatest agents for introducing newcomers to Canadian life, in proportion as they are nationalized may their fellow-countrymen be admitted. The number already naturalized would condition the number to come the following year.

If we are to admit the Oriental, some such policy as this must be adopted and definitely followed. Even so, nationalizing this immigrant cannot mean assimilating him. There is an essential difference in kind that will prevent a complete fusion, and this fact must be constantly borne in mind as we take upon ourselves the solving of this question which is of such vital importance. After all, the great test of the course we should follow is the ultimate effect upon humanity. We ought, then, to lay aside any national ideals we may have formed, if they conflict with this greater ideal.

We do not know how great may be the efforts of the Oriental to gain admission to Canada after the war, nor do we know what the attitude of the Asiatic governments may be, but whatever the conditions, we must be ready to meet them. It is for us to first consider what is best for humanity and then to act accordingly. If it is not our right to deny the Oriental, nor yet to admit him freely, but rather to receive him and nationalize him, we have a situation that demands more than a passing interest. We must face the question fairly and squarely and think the matter through and assist in formulating our after-the-war policy in regard to this immigrant from the Far East. Suffice it to say that we have a great problem to solve which will require the best thought of our best citizenship.



WINNER OF GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S MEDAL. *Graham Photo.*

The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. XLIV.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JUNE 1918

No. 5

HELEN P. STARR, '19, *Editor-in-Chief.*W. McK. McLEAN, '19, *Month.*B. G. SPRACKLIN, '18, *Mang. Superintenaent.*MURIEL ROSCOE, '18, *Exchanges.*F. M. ARCHIBALD, '19 *Business Mgr.*MARGARET CHASE '18, *Personals.*C. COREY, '20, *Mgr. of Circulations.*ESTABROOKS, '21, *Jokes.*GERALDINE READ, *Seminary.*PAUL CROSS '21, *Athletics.*R. TUPLIN, *Academy.*

Editorial



NINE months have passed since the present staff of the Athenæum entered with fear and trembling upon their new duties; nine months of hard work and worry on one hand, of pleasure and brightening prospects on the other. But they have passed all too swiftly, and now we stand at the end of our journey, our task complete, and look back with mixed regret and relief over the days gone by. We have done what we could to keep the standard of our college paper up to that of former years, to raise it still higher if possible, with the hope of some day attaining our high ideals. But ideals are far away; and altho we have striven to the best of our ability they still seem far above our actual attainments. We have had difficulties to contend with, and handicaps, which restrained our lofty ambitions for a larger, better paper, but we believe we have entirely removed many of these, and so go out leaving a clean sheet and a bright prospect for our successors. The financial difficulty has been removed, and we are glad to report that besides paying off all our indebtedness we have been able to help do our bit by adding one hundred

dollars to the Red Cross campaign fund, and a balance to our credit in the bank will make a fresh start possible for the year of 1819. The trouble in securing material for printing may be handed on, but after the splendid response received from the freshman class, we have hopes that the next incoming class may be as eager to help, and so continue the reputation of the freshman.

We have made certain ventures and experiments which have all proved successful. We believe that the better quality of paper has made the Athenæum both more attractive and more pleasing. Our somewhat venturesome attempts to raise funds both towards the paying off of the old debt and towards carrying ourselves safely through the year, have turned out most satisfactorily, as the accompanying report will show. All the success which we have had, however, we do not take to ourselves, but extend our most hearty thanks and appreciation to all who have been connected with us, contributors, subscribers, advertisers and advisers, one and all have done their part to make our term of office a successful one. Especially are we grateful to Professor Hannay, who, with ever-ready assistance and advice, has given us the help and encouragement a young and inexperienced staff ever needs. To Miss Gaines, who so untiringly gave of her time and energy to the making of "Marrying Peggy" a success, and to Dr. De-Wolfe, who gave us very real help by arranging for Mr. Rice's appearance here, we owe a large debt of gratitude.

To our successors we wish not only the best of luck, but the same hearty co-operation from their fellow students and contemporaries that we have received, and with a bit of earnest work and willingsacrifice on their own part we feel assured that they will find the duties connected with the managing of a college magazine not only profitable but pleasant as well.

Athenaeum Competition.

The following is a report of the winners during the year of units leading to a literary "A." Owing to the number of winners who are enlisting or unable to return, it has been impossible to award positions on next year's staff according to the unit system.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT

	Units
Lalia Chase.....	3
T. A. Meister	1
W. E. Poole.....	2
C. Lumsden	2
Beth Addison	1
Helen Shaffner	2
Adelaide O'Connor	1
Gwen. Rowe	1
Evelina Hill.....	4
G. H. Estabrooks.....	2
Annie Allen	1
Donald Grant	5

JOKE DEPARTMENT

W. E. Poole.....	5
Isobel Magee	1
T. A. Meister	1
D. McPherson	4
Lalia Chase	1

WINNERS FOR THE YEAR.

Literary: Donald Grant, '19.
 Jokes: W. E. Poole, '20.
 Month. Lalia Chase, '18.

MONTH DEPARTMENT

Lalia Chase	5
W. P. Poole.....	4
Elsie Layton	1
Donald Grant	2
Annie Allen	3
Charlie Corey	1
Martha Flemming	1

PERSONAL DEPARTMENT

Annie Allen	2
W. E. Poole	4
C. E. Clark.....	2
Lalia Chase	2
F. R. Cole.....	2

ATHLETIC DEPARTMENT

D. McPherson	4
F. A. Cole.....	3
D. Grant	2

EXCHANGES

W. E. Poole.....	2
Donald Grant	2
Beth. Addison	2

Personals: W. E. Poole, '20.

Athletics: D. McPherson, '21.

Exchanges: 9-cornered tie.

Staff Chosen for 1918=19.

Editor-in-chief—Donald A. Grant, '19.
 Literary Dept.—E. Evelina Hill, '19.
 Month Dept.—Martha Flemming, '19.
 Personal Dept.—W. E. Poole, '20.
 Joke Dept.—P. B. Cross, '21.
 Athletic Dept.—F. R. Cole, '21.
 Exchange Dept.—Helen Shaffner, '21.
 Business Manager—Bradford Hall, '19.
 Circulating Manager—D. McPherson, '21.

Financial Report.

Receipts.	Expenditures.
Universal Fee\$150.00	Bal. debt from last
Advertisements 200.00	year\$145.80
Outside subscribers .150.00	Printing Athenaeum,
Passing Show 72.59	Nov.-Dec. 64.22
Marrying Peggy (I)	Printing Athenaeum,
nett 51.20	Jan.-Feb. 70.84
Rhidelah Rice (reader)	Printing Athenaeum,
nett 58.59	March-Apr. 84.12
Marrying Peggy (II)	Printing Athenaeum,
nett 46.37	May 49.68
	Printing Athenaeum,
	June (estimated)... 97.00
	Cuts for Athenaeum 58.50
	Contribution to Red
	Cross 100.00
\$734.75	\$670.16
	Balance <u>74 59</u>

The above is not a detailed report but merely serves to give our readers a general idea of the work of the Athenaeum during the year, and it's present financial condition.

Veritas Vincit.



Edna G. Peck



Nettie L. Culmtra



Aida N. Borch
Pres.



Georgia L. Spier
Vice Pres.



Agnes F. Delyer



Lily H. Ellis



Edna G. Peck



Hazel L. Luff



Dorothy M. L. Christie



Rev. H. J. DeWolfe, D.D. Principal



Isabel C. Midway



Ella R. Schaffner



Dottie M. McGowan



Irma C. Cornish



Lillian H. Russell



Jessie VanWart



Hazel Cox



Gertrude G. Reje, Sec.



Edna B. Staples, Treas.



J. Naomi Landon



Lillian W. Jesley

ACADIA LADIES' SEMINARY
SENIOR CLASS.
1917 '18.

Acadia Seminary Anniversary.

THE closing exercises of Acadia Seminary began on Thursday evening, when Edith Barbara Staples, mezzo-soprano, gave her graduating recital. Owing to the illness of St. Elmo Selfridge, pianist, Miss Staples was assisted by Miss Bunting, of the Seminary staff. On the following evening Lillian Russell, pianist, gave her recital, assisted by Miss Minnie Miller, violiniste, and the Seminary Quartette. In both these recitals a very high level of artistic excellency was reached in the rendition of fine, well balanced programmes.

On Monday at 10.30 there was given on the Seminary grounds an exhibition of the Physical Culture work of the Seminary under the direction of Miss Boone. The programme, which included the enthroning of the May Queen, the May Pole Dance, Marches and Folk Dances, was well presented and the work was enthusiastically applauded by the large number of people gathered. On the afternoon of the same day were held in College Hall the Class Day exercises of the graduating class. Miss Ada Boyer, President, conducted the exercises with much dignity and grace.

The following programme was rendered to a large and appreciative audience:

Entrance March,	- - - -	The Class
Opening Address,	- - - -	President
Reading of Minutes,	- - - -	Secretary
Roll Call,	- - - -	Secretary
Election of Officers		
Pianoforte Solo,	- - - -	Geraldine Reid
Class History,	- - - -	Nettie Colpitts
Class Will,	- - - -	Isabel Murray
Vocal Solo,	- - - -	Irma Corning
Class Prophecy,	- - - -	Lilian Illsley
Valedictory,	- - - -	Jessie VanWart

Class Song

The Class motto is "Veritas Vincit"; the Class colors are yellow and white; The Class flower is the daisy.

CLASS ODE.

At last, our preparation done,
 Life's race before us must be run;
 Run straight and swift, with purpose high,
 That others learn, whom we pass by,
 The motive that impels our pace,—
 "Veritas vincit," in this race.
 And when at last the goal we've won,
 And hear the Father's word, "Well Done;"
 We shall have left to those behind,
 A record that shall cause mankind
 To know that whatsoe'er the strife,
 "Truth conquers" in the battle front of life.

—GEORGIA SPICER.

The individual parts were exceptionally well presented and most cordially received. At the close, as is customary, Principal DeWolfe spoke a few words to the class, presenting to each member of the class a little souvenir booklet.

Following these exercises there was an Art Exhibition and an exhibition of War Time Cookery, held in Alumnae Hall in the Seminary. An exceptionally large number of people were present, this with the excellence of the exhibitions themselves, guaranteeing the success of the afternoon.

TUESDAY EVENING

The closing exercises of the Seminary, the real event, which marks the completion of the year's work, took place in College Hall, Tuesday evening, when to a large audience the following programme was presented:

PROGRAMME.

Processional March	Hartung
Phyllis Pollard, Dorothy Olmstead.	
Prayer	Dr. Simeon Spidle
Glee Club: Gypsy Life.....	Schumann
Essay—Some Canadian Women Poets.	
Eleanor Heney Bleakney.	
Essay—Woman and the War	
Nettie Louise Colpitts	

Pianoforte Solo: Papillons.....Schumann

Lillian Noma Russell

Essay—National Economy of Food

Lillian Winifred Illsley

Essay—The Effects of the War on Women

Georgia Louise Spicer

Vocal Solo—Tranquillo ei posa "Lucretia Borgia".....Donizetti

Edith Barbara Staples.

Address to Graduating Class

Miss Jennie Fraser, New Glasgow, N. S.

Presentation of Diplomas

Award of Prizes

GOD SAVE THE KING

In her address Miss Fraser emphasized the importance of food conservation at the present time and showed what a large and important place woman occupies in relation to this matter. The address was practical, helpful and was well received.

The Graduating Class was as follows:

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Eleanor Heney Bleakney, Port Robinson, Ont.

Ada Maurice Elderkin, Port Greville, N. S.

Hazel Irene Lantz, Bridgetown, N. S.

SOPHOMORE MATRICULATION COURSE.

Ada Dorothy Boyer, Victoria, N. B.

Edna Gertrude Peck, Bear River, N. S.

Georgia Louise Spicer, Spencer's Island, N. S.

Isabel Conway Murray, Springhill, N. S.

Agnes Floretta Belyea, Hartland, N. B.

PIANOFORTE COURSE.

Nettie Louise Colpitts (2), Mapleton, N. B.

Bessie May MacGregor (2), Kentville, N. S.

Gertrude Geraldine Reid (2), Marysville, N. B.

Lillian Noma Russell (1, 2), Wolfville, N. S.

(1) Artist's Course. (2) Normal Course.

VOCAL COURSE.

Edith Barbara Staples, Marysville, N. B.

NORMAL COURSE IN HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE.

Dorothy MacLeod Christie, Amherst, N. S.
 Irma Clark Corning, Chegoggin, N. S.
 Mary Hazel Cox, Middleton, N. S.
 Lily Hazel Ellis, Mace's Bay, N. B.
 Lilian Winifred Illsley, Cambridge, N. S.
 Ella A. Schaffner, South Farmington, N. S.
 Jessie VanWart, St. John, N. B.

Certificates in Stenography and Typewriting were awarded to the following persons:

Emma Eaton, Canard, N. S.
 Lucy Dearn, Yarmouth, N. S.
 Mildred Simson, Wolfville, N. S.
 Beatrice Pike, Kentville, N. S.
 Louise Pike, Kentville, N. S.
 Dorothy Olmstead, Perth, N. B.
 Geraldine Reid, Marysville, N. B.

Certificates in Typewriting alone were given to

Florence Allen, Melanson, N. S.
 Clarence Richards, Centreville, N. S.

The triple G. P. Payzant prizes, \$20.00 each, for highest efficiency in English, French, and Instrumental Music, were awarded to Dorothy Slipp of St. John, N. B., for English; Georgia Spicer of Spencer's Island, N. S., for French; and Lillian Russell, of Wolfville, N. S., for Instrumental Music. The Christiana St. Clair Paint Scholarship of \$50.00 for highest excellence in scholarship and conduct throughout the year was awarded to Maude Crandall, of Hantsport, N. S. The Governor-General's medal for excellency in English, essay work, went to Louise Longley, of Paradise, N.S. The Pierian prize for second highest standing in English studies was awarded to Reta Atkinson, of Hazelbrook, P. E. I. The Pierian prize for highest standing in Household Science was given to Lily Ellis of Mace's Bay, N. B., and the Pierian prize for the Junior Year was given to Louise Lamont, of Kentville, N. S.

At the close of the exercises, the Alumnae of Acadia Seminary held its reunion in the dining room of the Seminary building.

The total registration of the Seminary has been 354. Of these, 128 were resident pupils, 168 non-resident pupils, 46 were pupils from the public schools in Household Science, and 12 were pupils from the school for the deaf in Household Science. The work of the year in all departments was well done.

* * * * *

Acadia Seminary has had one of the best years in its history.

The work of the Y. W. C. A. and Red Cross Societies has been well organized and effectively prosecuted.

Since September 1, 1914, more than \$3000.00 have been raised and distributed for patriotic purposes.

More than \$700.00 is being spent this summer to enlarge and more adequately equip the Household Science Department. Three rooms will now be available for work, the kitchen, the sewing room and the dining room.

We shall miss next year the pleasant manner and genial helpfulness of Miss Rust and Miss Boone. Miss Eastman, whose work in Household Science was so thorough, has through an engagement for food conservation work found it impossible for return. Miss Eadie, whose personality and worth and work in her department of violin won so large a place in the school, will also be greatly missed, as will the musical helpfulness of Miss Brown. Their places will be hard to fill.

Academy Closing.

THE closing exercises, which took place on Monday evening, May 27, were most interesting as well as pleasing. Owing to unavoidable circumstances, certain changes had to be made in the program at a very late hour. Mr. Macgillivray, who was to have addressed the graduating class, was unable to be present, but his place was most ably taken by Dr. Dewolfe. Owing to illness both Mr. Prime and Mr. Selfridge were necessarily replaced. Mr. Harlow kindly took Mr. Selfridge's place at the piano and Mr. Prime's essay on "The

Y. M. C. A. and the War," was read by Mr. Proctor. The class prophesy, by Mr. Anthony, and the Valedictory, by Mr. Tuplin, were both well presented and interesting.

Academy Notes.

OWING to the increased demand for farm laborers it was made possible for many of the boys to complete their examinations and leave the Academy to take up productive work about May first. The remaining students still carried on the usual course, and in due time completed their work and examinations.

The result of the year's work has been very satisfactory. Twelve have completed the course and received diplomas in the Collegiate department, twelve in business and ten in Stenography and Typewriting.

Although there is a great call for young men in the many phases of the war, people are beginning to realize the demand for educated men, and this year the number attending the Academy is the highest since 1911 and second highest on record.

The following members were enrolled in the Senior Class:

Anthony, F. G., Maitland, N. S.
Armstrong, Charles, Falmouth N. S.
Clark, E. L., Antigonish, N. S.
Cox, A. J., Cambridge, N. S.
Crockett, C. W., New Glasgow, N. S.
Durling, Cecil, Lawrencetown, N. S.

Fletcher, W. G., Upham, N. B.
Hamans, Charles, Port Mouton, N. S.
Hovey, H. P. Ludlow, N. B.
Keith K. W., Hartland, N. B.
Kinsman, Charles, Westport., N. S.
MacNeil, Lewis, New Glasgow, N. S.
O'Brien, Edson, Noel, N. S.
Parker, F. D., New Glasgow, N. S.
Prime, E. C., Westfield, N. B.
Proctor, W. E. C., Halifax, N. S.
Silver, C. H., Amherst, N. S.
Selfridge, St. Elmo, Aylesford, N. S.
Smith, J. A., Alcorn, N. B.
Spiro Charles, New Glasgow, N. S.
Tuplin, R. McT., Summerside, P. E. I.
Whitman, R. A., Billtown, N. S.

The prize in the Senior Class was awarded to Roland Tuplin, Summerside, P. E. I., in the Middle Class to Mark Inman, Argyle Shore, P. E. I., and Junior Class to Gerald Spurr, Galt, Ontario, for highest standing.

Manual Training diplomas were awarded to C. P. White, E. L. Clark, J. G. Flemming and R. C. MacDougall.

The members of the Business Class are as follows:

Atkinson, H. L., Stoney Island, N. S.
Barter, Susie, Avondale, N. B.
Beardsley, H. E., Kingston, N. S.
Bresman M. J., Wolfville, N. S.
Dearn, L. M., Yarmouth, N. S.
Dimock, A. M., Windsor, N. S.
Duncan, W. N., Clark's Harbor, N. S.
Duncanson, R. B., Falmouth, N. S.
Earle M. B., Pleasant Lake, N. S.
Ferguson, J., Campbellton, N. B.

Fraser, K. W., Grand Manan, N. B.
 Fry, B. I., Wolfville, N. S.
 Giffin, R. M., Goldboro, N. S.
 Tuptil M. W., Grand Harbor, N. B.
 Horton, M. E., Canso, N. S.
 Hunt, G. E., Milton, N. S.
 Kent, G. M., North Head, N. B.
 Keirstead, M. B., St. John, N. B.
 Kinnie, C. M., Wolfville, N. S.
 Marshall, A. P., Port Maitland, N. S.
 MacAdam, F. W., Hartland, N. B.
 McGray K. A., Pubnico, N. S.
 Oxner, M. J., Chester Basin, N. S.
 Parker, G. E., Tynemouth, N. B.
 Parsons I. F., Cheverie, N. S.
 Piggot, E. R., Kingston, N. S.
 Richards, C. E., Pleasantville, N. S.
 Shaffner C. A., Annapolis Royal, N. S.
 Shiers, S. M., Mosher River, N. S.
 Sinclair, C. T., Newcastle, N. B.
 Snow, L. B., Digby, N. S.
 Stevens J. V., Kingston, N. S.
 Stewart, Helen, Clifton, N. S.
 Strong, F. C., New Dominion, P. E. I.
 Stuart, T. V., East Pubnico, N. S.
 Swaine J., Canso, N. S.
 Vincent, I. C., St. John, N. B.
 Ward, W. B., Hartland, N. B.
 Young E. C., Wolfville, N. S.

The winner of the prize for highest standing in Business Class was R. Piggot, Kingston, N. S.; in Bookkeeping, H. Beardsley, Kingston, N. S.; in Spelling, John Stevens, Kingston, N. S.; Rapid Calculation, Miss Irene Vincent St. John, N. B. Miss M. Earle won the prize for Penmanship.

ACADIA

COLLEGIATE

ACADEMY

SENIOR

1918

CLASS



COLLEGE MAIN



DR. ARCHIBALD, M.A., Ph.D., PRESIDENT



RESIDENCE



C. C. DUNBAR



A. C. CUFF



C. C. PLEDGER



H. L. JEFFREY, HONORARY SECRETARY



C. C. BENNETT



R. C. WHITE



C. C. LINN



C. C. SILVER



C. C. SMITH



C. C. BIRD



F. J. SMITH, TREASURER



C. C. WRIGHT



C. C. FRANKLIN



C. C. HOWELL



C. C. KEITH



C. C. SMECKETT, VICE PRES.



C. C. ARMSTRONG, SECRETARY



C. C. JOHNSON



C. C. FULTON



C. C. MERRILL



T. H. PARKER



C. C. BACH



C. C. WHEELER



C. C. HOWARD

E. R. REDDEN
Photo.
Wetville, N. S.

Redden Photo.

Class Prophecy.

ONE evening I sat dreaming,
It may have been rather late,
I began to think of the bye-gone days
Of my schoolmates, and their fate.

I suddenly saw a vision,
Of the many parts of the world;
I visited lands and peoples
O'er whom our flag's unfurled.

Before me was battle-scarred Europe,
Where the mighty deeds were done;
How great indeed was the sacrifice
That had stopped the murderous Hun.

I wished to visit Italy,
To see the changes that Time
Had brought to this little Republic
Since Nineteen and Twenty-Nine.

I found a marked improvement
In parliament, army and fleet;
The people seemed prosperous and happy;
The conditions were hard to beat.

I then wished to visit the mountain,
That had caused such destruction and death,
When, straightway it buried two cities,
With its fire and rock-laden breath.

The guide placed me beside the crater,
Where prophets had stood before;
He said, "Do you wish to see the future?"
"Well, this is the open door."

I watched the rolling clouds of smoke
As its figures I tried to discern,
While I thought of the hidden fires
That for ages will smolder and burn.

Such sights appeared to hypnotize,—
To weave around me a spell,
While vapours were formed into pictures
As the smoke-clouds rose and fell.

At last to my joy a picture appeared,
'Twas our president, E. C. Prime,—
A beloved missionary was he,
In India's sunny clime.

A band of little cannibals
Was gathered about his knee,
While he explained the way to skate
And manners at Five O'Clock Tea.

The next was Charlie Armstrong,
Our secretary prompt and true;
As a philosopher he was trying to find
What 'twas made the ocean blue.

He made some great discoveries,
Both wonderful and strange,
How, with some soap and sugar,
You could clean the kitchen range.

A studio I now beheld,
With its portraits of beautiful girls,
While seated before an easel
Is an artist with long black curls.

A second Harrison Fisher,
Was the thought that came to my mind;
But in looking for a name on the pictures,
"Cecil Crockett" was all I could find.

Then Roland Tuplin next appeared,
Who, at studies, was always first;
Now, he thinks no more of classes,
But with fox farms is reimbursed.

He tends the smart little creatures,
Although it has been said
"He once tried to feed them sawdust,
Thinking it was bread."

Again the clouds assumed a form,
'Twas the Seminary, large and fair,
And Frederick Parker there was seen
In the Principal's easy chair.

He arose to his noble position
Through his winning and persuasive way;
But his proficiency was established
By his training at A. C. A.

I now behold another scene
Where machinery hums and sings;
Here Clark has a paying industry,
Making beautiful engagement rings.

Of how he much had longed for one,
He still remembers well;
But, if, at A. C. A. he wanted it,—
That part he will never tell.

Of Kenneth Keith, I caught a glimpse,—
But so very swift was his flight,—
Before I recognized who it was,
He was nearly out of sight.

He was flying a Hartland Hexoplane,
His costume silk and satin;
Had become an expert aviator
Through his superior knowledge of Latin.

Once more the mists had parted,
 A busy scene was shown,
 Where Kinsman was acting Broncho Bill
 In a film called "Home Sweet Home."

Near Kinsman, you see Bud Silver,
 Whose salary can hardly be reckoned,
 While everywhere his name is heard
 As "Charlie Chapman, the second."

The next that appeared before my eyes
 Was a large and spacious hall:
 Where at a piano was seated
 A figure whom all recall,—

'Twas my classmate, St. Elmo Selfridge,
 Who was always making a noise;
 He now had a nice happy family
 Of seven girls and thirteen boys.

A circus tent then was presented,
 With Hovey, H. P., in the ring.—
 As a clown he hops and jumps around
 Like a bull-frog in the Spring.

He juggles the balls, or hoops in style,
 And can swallow a sword or a knife,
 While the leading lady on horseback
 Has become his charming wife.

A cathedral tall comes into view
 Standing among the trees;
 While within, behind the pulpit
 Dr. Thomas stands at ease.

His beard is trimmed in the latest style
 While glasses adorn his nose
 And the little children around him flock,
 Whene'er through the street he goes.

The pictures takes another form,
An up-to-date farm, I see,
With its heads of sheep and cattle
Grazing contentedly.

A fat-faced, jovial farmer,
Leans on the barnyard gate,
Viewing his waving fields of grain,—
Such is Winston Proctor's fate.

A great and gloomy woodland
Was the scene that next was shown;
Here with the beasts of the forest,
J. Allison Cox lived alone.

This marvellous change was a great surprise,
The reason, I found out later,—
His sad misfortune in a love affair
Had made him a woman hater.

Cecil Durling came into view
With his hundred and ninety pounds;
When it comes to a hockey match
He utters some woeful sounds.

He has become a dentist,
And a good practitioner too;
He will fill your teeth with anything,
With sawdust, mud or glue.

Next Lew McNeill came floating by,
On his arm was a lady fair;
He is settled in New Glasgow,
Where he's been elected mayor.

'Twas the ladies that gave him the office,
For, of course, now women can vote,
And when Lewis gets with the women
His deeds are worthy of note.

Now I see a mansion fair,
 With gardens round about,
 While seated in an armchair
 Is a man both short and stout.

'Tis Percy White, my room-mate,—
 A great general now is he;
 He won his fame in an Eskimo Game
 In Nineteen and Twenty-Three.

A picture now is presented,
 'Tis a Russian Assembly Hall,—
 While up behind the speaker's chair,
 Stands Spiro, thin and tall.

He is now a famous orator,
 And speaks along the line
 Of how well he has managed civil affairs
 Since Bolsheveki's time.

The next view presented Fletcher,
 A great professor was he;
 His fame had spread through all the land
 As a brilliant D. Sc.

There is no doubt he knew a lot,
 And travelled from sea to sea;
 But when chased by an African elephant
 He climbed up a cocoanut tree.

O'Brien, my friend of former days,
 At last had found his chance,
 For he had a position in Hawaii
 Teaching the ladies to dance.

The vapor suddenly lifted,
 The clouds began to sail;
 But I caught a glimpse of Whitman,
 Who formerly carried the mail.

His complexion had somewhat darkened,
 There was something wrong with his face.
 It was well explained to me later
 He had taken William Oliver's place.

The vision had wholly vanished;
 I turned to my guide with a sigh,
 As I thought of events and changes
 Which had recently greeted my eye.

I aroused myself with an effort,
 Convinced that these things were true,
 So just as I have seen them,
 They are cheerfully handed to you.

F. V. A., A. C. A., '18.

***The Seniors of '18.**

FRANCIS ELIZABETH ADDISON.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

Beth joined the class of '18 as a charter member after having learned all that High School and "Normal" could give her, and merrily skipped through her Freshman year, studying hard, playing hard and getting the most out of college generally. But Beth found that life at Acadia was pretty strenuous, and when her strength gave out she dropped out for one year. But even a year's absence could not destroy the energy and ambition of one like Beth, so we find her back once more, again a member of the class of '18, carrying on her work with renewed vigor. English was Beth's favorite subject, and "Room 2" welcomed her on an average of six times a week. Beth also took her part in the work of the societies and class. She served as teller and vice-president of Propylæum, as corresponding secretary of the Y. W. and as vice-president of her class. She goes from Acadia with the hearty good wishes of her friends and class mates.

*On account of the serious illness of one of the class members, it has been impossible to have the class picture in this issue. We hope, however, that it will be possible to have it in the next.

ANNIE DURKEE ALLEN.

“Strong in will and rich in wisdom.”

Annie Allen, noted among all the students for her ever ready wit and humor, was born in Chegoggin, Yarmouth Co. She attended the Yarmouth Academy for four years, where she received her “A” certificate in 1913. After remaining home for a year, and teaching another year, she entered Acadia in the fall of '15 as a member of the class of 1918.

In her junior year she was class secretary and vice-president of the student committee. In her senior year she was chairman of the Y. W. C. A. Devotional Committee, also chairman of the executive committee of Propylæum for the first term and of the House Committee for the second term, and was a member of the Student Committee. These many offices, which she filled most creditably, attest her popularity and efficiency. Her whole career among her fellow students was a pleasure and inspiration to all associated with her.

VILLA BARKER ALWARD.

*“She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think upon.”*

“Billie” was a charter member of the class of eighteen. Her schooldays were spent at Havelock, New Brunswick. After graduation from High School, she came to Acadia in the fall of '14. Although Billie was always a good student, studies never weighed heavily on her mind but left her the jolly, fun-loving girl we all know. We shall miss Billie, but especially in our social life, where her laugh was always ready and welcome. She has taken an active interest in the societies and done good work in various committee offices besides acting, in her Freshman year, as secretary of the class, in her Junior year as vice-president and in her Senior year as president of Propylæum.

We wish Billie all good things as she leaves us, and we honor that wherever she goes she will take the same happy spirit that she has brought to us at Acadia.

LALIA B. CHASE.

*“The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill.”*

Lalia B. Chase was born at Port Williams, Kings Co., moved to Wolfville at an early age and in due time entered Acadia Seminary, where she spent three years. She then continued undergraduate work at Havergal Ladies' College and Westminster College, Toronto. Shortly after entering Acadia she began to specialize in science and in her Senior year attended Dalhousie to further continue her work in Medicine, but received her degree from Acadia.

MARGARET REBECCA CHASE.

“We can do more good by being good than in any other way.”

Margaret was born and brought up in Church St., N. S. She graduated from Wolfville High School in 1914 and in the fall of the same year she entered Acadia University as a Freshette. During her four years' course at Acadia Margaret was an active member of the several College societies but this did not prevent her from being an energetic and earnest student. As a peacemaker Margaret had no equal at “Tully” and her calming influence will be missed in the future years, especially by the older girls, who know her best.

HARLAN LEVI DENSMORE.

“His heart as far from fraud as Heaven from earth.”

Harlan Densmore was born at Noel Shore, Hants County, N. S., in the year 1891. Here he received his early education. After completing the work of Grade X he attended Truro Academy for a year and the next autumn took a school at Burncoat. After teaching for a year he went west to Calgary Normal School and then taught three years near Red Deer. In February of 1915 he returned to Truro Academy. In the autumn of the same year he came to Acadia and joined the class of '18 as a “Freshie Soph.”

During his stay at Acadia, Densmore has studied faithfully, specializing in Biology in preparation for his chosen vocation, Medicine. During the second term of his Junior year and throughout the Senior year he has held the responsible position of President of the Y. M. C. A. His activities have not been limited to this one society, for in debating for his class he has twice been leader. During his Senior year Densmore paid more attention than formerly to the social side of life and some think we may see him in Wolfville again in the future.

Our best wishes for your success in the future follow you, Densmore, as you leave Acadia.

JEAN RETTIE GOUCHER.

*“Oval cheeks, encoloured fairly,
Which a trail of golden hair keeps from fading off to air.”*

Jean was born in St. Stephen, N. B., on the 8th day of January, 1898. She attended the St. Stephen High School and graduated from there in 1914. She graduated from the Acadia Seminary in '15 and entered college in the fall of the same year. During the second term of her Sophomore year she held the offices of secretary and treasurer of the Propylaeum Society. In her Senior year she was elected president of the Girls' Athletic Association. Jean is quiet, reserved and calm in her manner, clear-thinking and just, and her opinion is highly valued. Mathematics is Jean's forte and we envy her ability. She has the honor of being chosen to read her oration, "Our Duty to the Returned Soldier," at the graduation exercises. We regret losing her from our college life and as she goes forth from our halls to continue her work elsewhere, our best wishes for her success follow her.

ESTHER LEE GOULD.

*“There studious let me sit, and hold high converse with
the mighty dead.”*

Esther was born at North Grand Pré, but when she was twelve she entered the Seminary and spent two years in pre-

paratory studies. At the end of her Junior year she entered College with the class of 1918. Esther showed her studious nature at the very beginning by leading her class in its Freshman year. Again in her Junior year she led her class, winning another prize, and this year she received the Governor-General's Medal.

Esther has not taken an active part in the social life of college, but her home in town has been a source of hospitality to her classmates. Those of us who really knew Esther found in her a wealth of ready humor, coming out in unexpected places. Partly because she lived in town, her executive ability was not early discovered, but we know that when Esther undertakes a thing, she will accomplish it. She has made her name at Acadia as a student by taking honors in Classics and German. We wish Esther every success in whatever she does and are confident that her application to the work in hand will give her high honors.

ANNA ANITA PICKELS.

*“And deeds of week-day holiness
Drop from her noiseless as the snow.”*

Nita joined the class of '18 at the beginning of its career. She came from Mahone Bay, a graduate of the High School there. As a college girl her influence has been recognized in every phase of the Co-Ed's life. She is a good student, a jolly companion, and a real sport. Of her studies History was the favorite and thrilling tales of a “warrior bold” never failed to fascinate her. She was fond of athletics—particularly hockey which she captained through the 1918 season. As chairman of the House Committee for the first semester of her Senior year she revealed herself a diplomat; any “cop” was willing to venture into the most dangerous circles for the honor of her chief. As Nita departs from Acadia to take up her part in the world's work she leaves a multitude of friends who wish her every success.

CECIL CLIFTON ROBBINS.

*“You have deserved
High commendation, and true applause.”*

C. C. Robbins was born in Centreville, Kings Co., N. S. After he had received his B certificate at Kentville Academy he taught for three years in the public schools. In the fall of 1915 he entered Truro Academy, where he was successful in obtaining his A. certificate. It was at the commencement of the college year of 1916 that he came to Acadia as a member of the Sophomore Class.

Robbins has proved a good student, and a splendid all-round college man. He carried off the Ralph M. Hunt oratorical prize in his Senior year, was president of the Students' Committee, president of his class in his Junior year, and during the second term of his Senior year.

It is as a debator that he deserves special mention, for he was one of Acadia's representatives on two winning teams.

We understand that Robbins plans to come back next year to further continue his studies for the degree of M. A. or B. Sc. We shall all be pleased to welcome him back.

MURIEL VICTORIA ROSCOE.

*“Many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.”*

Muriel claims as her birthplace Centreville, N. S. She attended the Kings County Academy, obtaining her “B” there in 1912, after which she spent two years at her home in Centreville. In 1914 she entered Acadia as a charter member of the class of '18.

In her Junior year she was chairman of Y. W. Devotional Committee. During her Senior year she was president of the Y. W. C. A.

Muriel took an active part in sports, playing on the hockey and Basket Ball teams.

She was always ready to lend her aid and sympathy in college activities, in all of which she will be greatly missed, especially in the Y. W. C. A. work, where she has always been an inspiration.

As she goes out from her Alma Mater she is followed by the best wishes of all those whose privilege it has been to know her.

MARION RAY WESTON.

“Girls! have you got your calculus done?”

Marion came to us from Fredericton High School, where she had already shown her ability as a student and as an all-round sport. She took her place at Acadia unobtrusively, yet as she herself says, she was “never known to miss anything, except possibly chapel. Marion was one of those people who since they are good-natured and never seem to be overworked, are always asked to take on one more job. For this reason she served in many a capacity, from vice-president of her class to president of propylaeum, and from many a committee to class prophet. We will miss Marion in many phases of college life, but, our best wishes follow her into the world outside.

BAXTER GARFIELD SPRACHLIN.

“Honestly, I’ve got so much work I don’t know what to do.”

“Sprack” came to us from Sydney, where he received his early education and was graduated from the “Academy” in 1913. He did not enter college immediately upon graduation, but joined the class of '18 as a “Freshie-Soph.” Since being at college Sprach has found plenty of work to do. He has slaved faithfully on the *Athenaeum* staff, as president of the Athenaeum Society, on the Y. M. C. A. cabinet, Acadia Council and in many other offices and committees. He also played in the college orchestra and band and took an active part in all social activities. Certainly Sprach led a busy life while at Acadia, and we wish for him success in the busy world outside.

IRA WALLACE CLARKE.

"He soars to heights unknown."

Ira Wallace Clarke was born in Bear River on the twenty-fifth of June, 1897. His early education took place in Oakdeans School. In 1913 Ira entered Acadia Collegiate Academy and in the following year became a freshman in Acadia College. Ira's fondness for athletics made him a member of many of the teams. His executive ability made him a valuable member of the student body. Ira was keen and ambitious as a student, and one of the most popular of the class of '18.

On November 10, 1918, he enlisted in the R. F. C., or the R. A. F. as it now is called. Since that time he has undergone training in Toronto and Texas. He set sail for France from New York on May 18.

Class Honor-Roll.

Walter Raymond Acker	John Inglis Mosher
James Bamford Amos	John Forbes MacNeil
Ansel Baker	Ralph Mounce Moore
Joseph MacLeod Boyer	Harry Harvey Powell
Ira Wallace Clarke	Dean Richard Rogers
William LeRoy Coleman	Norman McLeod Rogers
Waldo Benjamin Davidson	Frederick Lorimer Simpson
Kennard Phillips Day	James Dumaresq Smith
Walter Allen Ferris	Edmund Gibbs Thurber
Spurgeon Maskell Hirtle	Harold Hopper Titus
Earle Douglas MacPhee	Lorne Fernwood Titus
Donald MacLochlan Marquis	*John Lyman Wood

*Killed in action. Harold Martell Wilson.

Class Officers (elected for life).

Honorary President—Walter Raymond Acker.

President—Cecil Clayton Robbins.

Vice-President—Francis Elizazbeth Addison.

Treasurer—Baxter Garfield Sprachlin.

Secretary—Anna Anita Pickels.

Governor-General's medal—Esther Gould, '18.

The Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical prize—C. C. Robbins, '18.

The 1892 Scholarship—Evalina Hill, '19.

The 1905 Scholarship—Pauline Parry, '20.

The A. M. Wilson prize in Applied Science—A. D. Therrien, Eng., '18.

Literary "A"—Helen Starr, '19.

Debating "A"—G. H. Estabrooks, '19, C. Lumsden, '20.

Class Yell.

Ripero, Tipero Ziperama Zam,
Harpazo, Pempazo, Tum a lum a lam,
Hipala, Zipala, Hama lama law,
Acadia '18 Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

Members of the Graduating Class.

"Ne Tentet aut Perfice."

AGAIN Acadia is sending forth a graduating class from her halls, and again the number is smaller than for many years, but it is with a sense of pride that this small class looks upon the service flag in honor of her five members who are upholding the honor of Acadia across the seas, or who have already made the supreme sacrifice.

CANDIDATES FOR THE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS.

Addison, Francis Elizabeth.....	Petitecodiac, N. B.
Allen, Annie Durkee.....	Yarmouth, N. S.
Alward, Villa Barker.....	Havelock, N. B.
Chase Lalia Barelay.....	Wolfville, N. B.
Chase, Margaret Elizabeth.....	Church St., N. S.
Densmore, Harlan Levi.....	Noel Shore, N. S.
Goucher, Jean Rettie.....	St. Stephen, N. B.
Gould, Esther Lee.....	Wolfville, N. S.
Pickels, Anna Anita.....	Mahone Bay, N. S.
Robbins, Cecil Clifton.....	Centreville, N. S.

Roscoe, Muriel Victoria.....Centreville, N. S.
 Spracklin, Baxter Garfield.....Whitney Pier, N. S.
 Weston, Marion Ray.....Upper Gagetown N. B.
 CANDIDATE FOR DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF SCIENCE.
 Clark, Ira Wallace.....Bear River N. S.

CANDIDATES FOR THE ENGLISH CERTIFICATE IN THEOLOGY.

Strothard, Charles Edward.....Wolfville, N. S.
 Blossse, Herbert J.....Wolfville, N. S.

CANDIDATE FOR ENGINEERING CERTIFICATE.

Therrien, Alexander Dwight.....Grand Ligne, Que.

MEMBERS GRADUATING WITH HONORS.

Esther Lee Gould } German
 Classics

Class History.

IN the fall of 1914 there gathered in Wolfville a great number of individuals—some bold and fearless, some timid and fearful, others wise in this world's experiences, still others quite lacking in such. This motley collection was destined to compose the class of 1918. From every part of the Maritime Provinces they came—from the peaceful farms of Prince Edward Island, from the wilds of New Brunswick, and from the various towns and country districts of Nova Scotia.

The history of the organization known as the class of 1918 dates from the 4th day of October of that year. True, the boys had met previously to consider plans and compose a yell to be given at the Y. M. C. A. reception. This yell was, however, monopolized and given by the Sophomores when the critical moment arrived, and it was not until some days later that we learned the unfair means they had to resort to in order to secure it. They had practised deception and passed off two freshie-sons, as Freshmen, who were very capable of procuring any desired information. However, "alls well that ends well" and a few days later we gave forth a new and

grander yell—Ripero, tipero etc.—which when once learned, has ever proved itself a worthy channel of expression. At our first class meeting Mr. Acker was appointed president, which office he held for only a few weeks, when he enlisted and left for overseas. Before he left he was made honorary president of the class.

The Sophomores were always very much in evidence to see that the rules they had taken the trouble to have printed and posted in prominent places were kept to the letter. The Freshmen proved to be most well behaved and gave little cause for complaint, their gentlemanly attitude being then as always most prominent. After some five or six weeks the rules were withdrawn. In honor of the occasion we held a most enjoyable class party. That was but one of many social affairs that claimed our attention in our Freshman year. Class-meetings every two weeks and oftener, were affairs of great enjoyment, and intense argument was characteristic of all important business.

Early in the year the Student Council requested the classes to eliminate class-drives as a matter of war-time economy. So the class of '18 never had a Freshman drive. A theatre party, however, was a great event, and was followed by a banquet at the Royal Hotel. The amusement furnished by the Sophomores by attractive posters at the Opera House and by a general shower of rice as we emerged from the theatre but added to the evening's entertainment.

The Sophomores held a similar party soon after—the results of which will not soon be forgotten by either class. Some slight difference ensued between the two classes after the Sophomores' return to Willet Hall and in the course of events a door was somewhat battered. At "Butt Inn" a fuse plug was blown out. Next day the classes concerned received large bills from the office for the damage done, and immediately the Sophomores and Freshmen began to hold joint meetings in an effort to settle the affair. From that time on, all enmity between the two classes ceased, and henceforth we were destined to dwell together in brotherly love.

Rink season came and passed, bringing with it its full quota of fun. Soon the winter was gone and spring came, and with it graduation time. Then we went forth, each his dif-

ferent way, for a summer's refreshment after the year of arduous class-work and social intercourse.

At the end of four months we were all only too anxious to return, and accordingly we wended our way back—now in the role of Sophomores. We were not the same class that we had been the year before. Many familiar faces were missing and the class was much smaller, although we were joined by a number of Freshie-Sophs, who helped to swell our ranks. Not many days passed before several of our boys enlisted. We were beginning to feel the stress of war conditions,— and to be really touched by the hand of war. The year was a most unsettled one—gaieties practically ceased, while class-work was an ordeal to be gone through with, simply because we were at college. The weeks passed and closing time came, when we again separated for the summer vacation.

When it was over, we returned as Juniors—not however, the carefree, jolly Juniors of college fame. Our Junior year was one of readjustment and we settled down to work with a vim quite unknown to us. The old unsettled feeling had passed and we found satisfaction in our work. The whole year was a particularly happy one. Not only were we contented with our work; our social life too was splendid. A quiet social regime had taken the place of pre-war gaieties. The informal parties given in our Junior year at the homes of several of our professors were much appreciated.

As the end of the year drew near, and the spring approached, the call for greater production reached us in Acadia. Accordingly, a petition was signed by some of the boys for an early closing, that they might be free to work on farms. As the situation grew more and more complex, and the whole student body became involved the matter became a student affair. The unselfish and heroic action of the Seniors of '17 at that time will not soon be forgotten. They gave up their graduating exercises that the boys might not be prevented from working. With such a spirit as this animating the Senior class small wonder that our Junior year was one of earnest application to work and of happy relationships. Thus we left college two weeks early and without the usual graduating exercises.

The fall found us returning—this time as Seniors—and now our ranks had become thin indeed. The year has been a busy one and has passed very quickly. We have been delightfully entertained by the faculty and town friends. It has been a year naturally rather filled with committee duties and with executive work in the societies, and the small number of Seniors has increased the share of work for each. Thus the year differs quite radically from any that has preceded it.

Among other things of a pleasing nature this year has been the friendly inter-class relationships. Despite the lack of college functions, of athletics, and the like which naturally bring us together, we have met and come to regard all the students as real and true friends. As a Senior class we have felt ourselves to be in close touch with the Junior, Sophomore and Freshman classes.

Thus our Senior year has been one wrapped up not in our class so much as in the whole student body. However, we have occasionally withdrawn from the other classes to enjoy strictly class functions, such as our sleigh drive over to Margaret Chase's and numerous parties and teas at the homes of different professors. Only last Friday afternoon we had our last social affair, when, as a class, we had a car ride through the nearby section of the country and a picnic at Moore's Falls. The apple blossoms were perfect; the Falls ideal; the picnic as a whole one long to be remembered.

And now our course at Acadia is finished. Our history has been uneventful. We who entered under the shadow of war go out tomorrow under that same shadow. These four years of college in war-time have placed their stamp upon us. We go out as a different class, made up of different personalities, because we have had this war-time college career.

And now one chapter in our history is closed. The rest we leave to be recorded by an unseen hand.

M. V. R., '18.

Prophecy of the Class of 1918.

(Marion Ray Weston.)

IT was my own fault, I went to the Senior picnic. Nobody really wanted me. For you all see the young men were very few in our class and one or two more of the fairer sex didn't add to the pleasure of the occasion any. But I'd never been known to miss anything in all my college course, so I went. And really I was having a pretty good time up there at Moore's Falls until they commenced talking about class day. Then I began to shiver for you know they had called on me to be class prophet. And the more they talked the more I shivered, and the more nervous I became. I knew they were all watching me, so I just applied the principle of psychology to the situation, which says when nervous move about. It's a good principle for it worked. When I had walked just three miles I was calm enough to sit down on a small precipice that offered itself to me.

The view was superb and I was enjoying myself when—suddenly—a hand clasped mine. My calmness disappeared and I yelled. Then, I suddenly remembered that I had been taught that a college graduate should be able to meet any situation, so I bravely stood up and turned around.

There on a cliff beside me stood an old lady, bent and withered with age, muttering to me in a language that I did not know. As I was wondering how I could ever understand her she took me by the hand and led me to a cave near by. It was dark and at first I rather hesitated to enter it so dreary and endless did it seem. I looked about and near me on a table discovered some books. I picked one up and found it to my great surprise to be a key to Virgil's *Aeneid*.

Thank heaven, this is a translation. It may give me a clue, I thought. It opened at the story of the Sibyl of Cumae, a noted fortune teller of Greece and as I read of the half crazed old dame who dwelt in a cave and to whom the Gods had given immortality, at last an inspiration struck me. "Perhaps she will help me for she must be the Sibyl," I spoke half aloud.



W. W. HILL, B.S.
MECHANICAL



A. D. HIGHLAND, B.S.
CIVIL ENGINEERING



F. E. WHELLOCK, M.A., B.S.
MARINE DEPT. OF EDUCATION



W. A. HILL, B.S., B.E.
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING



W. W. HILL, B.S.
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

ACADIA APPLIED SCIENCE CLASS

1917-1918



W. W. HILL, B.S.
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING



A. D. HIGHLAND, B.S.
CIVIL ENGINEERING



D. H. STEWART, B.S.
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING



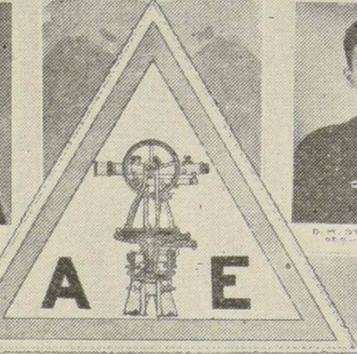
W. W. HILL, B.S.
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING



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MECHANICAL ENGINEERING



W. W. HILL, B.S.
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING

E. R. Reddy
PHOTO.
NEWVILLE, N. S.

“That’s just who I am” came the answer in clearly defined English. Was I dreaming or was this old lady really talking to me ?

“Don’t stare so, my dear. I will not harm you. I have come a long way from home and you have done well to recognize me. Your Latin professor was the first to find me and at first he took a great interest in teaching me English, while I talked to him in Latin, but now I hear *he has new interests*. But let me help you.”

Then I told her that the class had decreed that I should be class prophet and that I was in a terrible state of mind. All spring I had refrained from frivolity and now I could not sleep nights, thinking about it. Then everybody was appealing to me not to hit them too hard. Nita Pickels told me she wished I wouldn’t mention any boy’s name with hers, and Sprack actually said he would never speak to me again if I said too much about his girls.

“Oh, I can solve your difficulties” she said. “Come with me,” and she led me about the cave, picking up leaves as she went. On these leaves are written the fortunes of my classmates of 1918. Eagerly I commence at the beginning and this is what I read:—

When Esther Gould from College was set free,
 She made of this her opportunity
 To get a chair and teach her favorite work,—
 Classical lore and history.
 She married soon a Prof. wise and sedate,
 And six small children became her fate.
 Now on her Latin she rarely gazes,
 But these six marvels of learning she raises,
 And some day they’ll win fame,
 And a notable name,
 And to this young dame bring praises.

To gay Port Williams sometime come with me,
 And there a busy doctor you will see.
 ’Tis Margaret Chase. She practises night and day,
 Over her patients to hold sway.
 If you tried to follow her Tin Lizzy

You'd be dizzy, she's *so* busy.
 It's sure the talk of the countryside,
 The quick way she travels far and wide.
 Prescriptions she writes,
 And pesty germs fights
 From the ebb to the flow of the tide.

On leaving College, Jean did very well
 As professor of Math.; but in love she fell
 Head over heels, and to her chosen calling
 She bade a fond farewell.
 She left the class room for a greater *Hall*
 To demonstrate the woes of love to all.
 Built on straight geometrical lines,
 If one can tell aught by the signs,
 Is the form of the man
 Whose home she does plan
 And will some day own railroads and mines.

To the stage Billy's path did quickly wend,
 When her College course had come to an end,
 And sought to gain the world's renown,
 As many others tend.
 But this life to Billy became a bore,
 When a returned hero with dollars galore
 Pleased with her to New Brunswick return,
 And roam away no more.
 "An actress of fame it may be
 I have stolen away," says K. C.
 She can bake and can brew,
 High art stunts can do,
 And can handle a College degree.

Sprack in cap and gown appeared,
 A judge to be honored rather than feared.
 He was noted far and wide by everyone
 For the breach of promise cases he'd won.
 And many a fair dame with tales of woe
 To him for sympathy did go.
 So much did he flirt with his clients so fair,
 That to chose one of them he never did dare.



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM.

At the Wolfville church every Sunday night
You will find Miss Roscoe, a preacher of might.
Beneath the influence of her quieting words

Wild students come to the light.

Anyone will find who happens her there to see
As ever, as busy as busy can be.

But this preacher, so learned and wise,

At young men who would flirt shuts her eyes,

She can plan, lecture, preach,

Write histories and teach,

To the top she surely will rise.

Up high in the heavens went Ira Clarke
And as an aviator made his mark
By touring round in his great big machine
Just for a lark.

When the war was over back to Windsor he blew,
And away with a certain young lady he flew.

Oh he's a jolly and prosperous chap

On his head he wears a khaki cap.

His heart is "true blue,"

And he's generous too,

But for mere show he cares not a snap.

Her College course ended. Nita's poor head
Was so crammed with the History read,
That for her a war Historian was
The only life she said.

So over to France went this stately lass
And there she met men of a cultured class,
But only one there was of all this mass

Who could her criticism pass.

A Highland feather was in the cap
Of this bright and brilliant chap,

Who did so well

Her History to dispel,

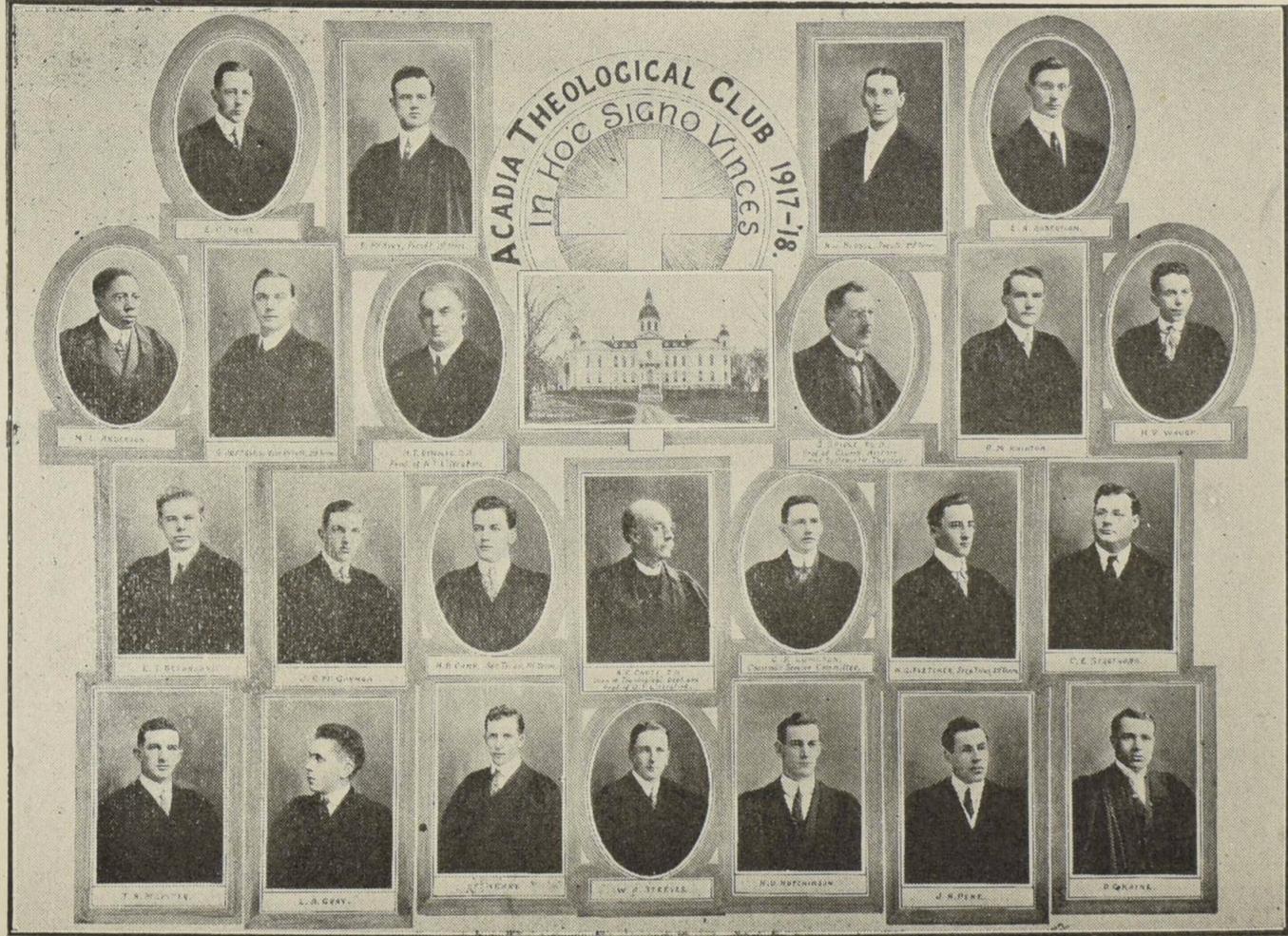
That for knowledge she cares not a snap.

Through all the years Robbins tried to teach school,
 He thought one time to marry,—she turned cool.
 That settled all. He never tried again,
 But dubbed each girl a fool.
 In the 'Cademy he took a class
 Where never a girl he'd have to sass.
 And through all his life
 Without a wife
 The poor lonely man did pass.

After leaving College, Lalia Chase became
 A great doctor with almost worldwide fame.
 Often were the times she was asked to change her name,
 But always it remained the same.
 But to this maid with dollars galore,
 Life will never be an endless bore,
 For she has patience and pluck,
 Which will bring her good luck,
 And still coin the money more and more.

Annie Allen got herself in quite a mess
 As chairman of the House Committee, I guess,
 For the British called her out as a spy
 When they heard of her success.
 And to Germany our Annie went
 With all the spys by the government sent.
 And there she works by day and night,
 With all the force of her little might,
 To get just one mere plan,
 From that bad Kaiser man.
 And so she helps to gain the fight.

Densmore became a man of great renown,
 And in Wolfville as a doctor settled down.
 When he passed away in early years
 He left the undertakers in tears.
 On Porter's steps where he used to sit,
 You can see his apparition yet.



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Of Beth Addison and her career. Well,
 What a very little I have to tell.
 She said she'd teach out on that mountain
 But that was only a sell.
 For only a few months she taught that school,
 Then she went and married—the little fool—
 And now beside a *Bush* she lives I'm told
 In a very sheltered fold.
 She's married a man learned and wise,
 Of his brains note the gigantic size.
 He is built on the square,
 Always upright and fair.
 His friendship she surely will prize.

So have scattered and worked all the girls and the boys,
 Of a class that was noted and wise,
 Who have scorned life's frivolities, fictions and toys,
 And in service to country found the greatest of joys.
 Till by memory now cherished they stand.

MARION RAY WESTON, '18.

Valedictory.

Mr. President, Classmates, Ladies and Gentlemen,—

Yes, we, the class of '18, realize that four years of khaki have made possible for us four years of cap and gown. Tomorrow we may wear the Bachelor Hood, because other students have donned the uniform, left their Alma Mater and have gone forth to war torn lands—some in "Flanders fields where poppies grow," that Acadia might be spared a fate like that of the University of Louvain. We entered college under the shadow of war, we go out under that same shadow grown darker and more threatening, but always there is the gleam of light that Right will triumph and so we say:—

"Now God be thanked who hath matched us with His hour,
 And caught our youth and wakened us from sleeping."

We hear as a clarion call the challenge of the time, the call for service for the best that we can give.

Our service flag shows how some of our class have answered. Some one said to one of the boys:

“It must be a great thing to be able to go abroad and fight for your country.”

“Yes,” the soldier answered, “and it is also a great thing for you, who must stay at home to make and keep it a country worth fighting for.”

That is the challenge.

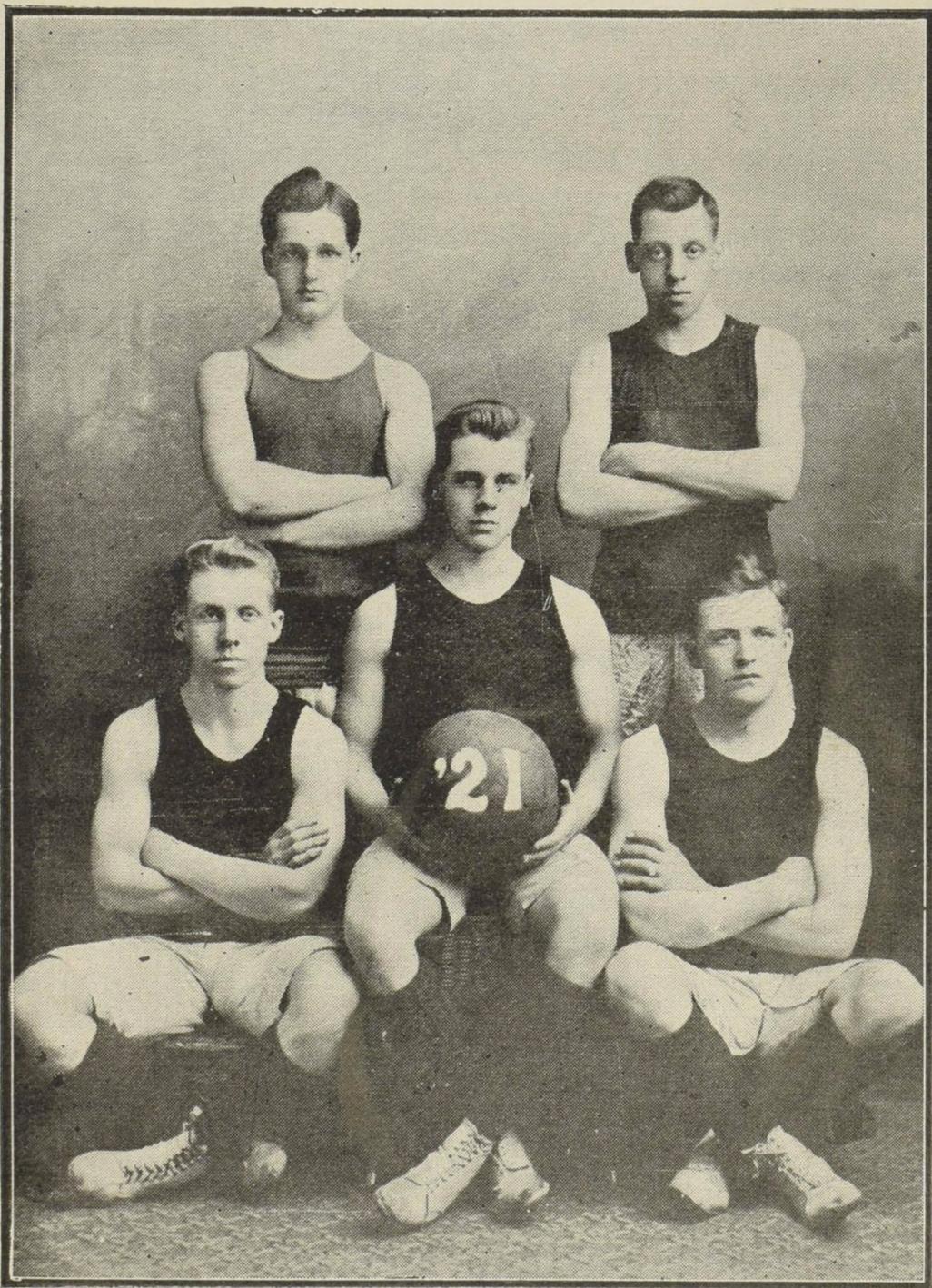
The Board of Governors has heard and accepted. They believe that a University is one of the means of upholding the best ideals, that the destiny of the student is to be not only that of a dreamer, but also a leader in thought and deed, and so under conditions peculiar to a country at war they have wisely kept open the college doors. Gentlemen of the Board of Governors, how can we better thank you than to say you have challenged us.

Citizens of Wolfville, you have been able to throw about us the home atmosphere, the subtlest and yet perhaps the influence which calls out the best in college boys and girls.

Gentlemen of the Faculty, we cannot adequately express our thoughts towards you. If you will remember your favorite professors, the ones who have meant the most in your lives, multiply that sense of indebtedness by ten you may get some idea of what you have done for us. By your carefully prepared lectures you have shown us that a person's own work done to the best of his ability is the truest service he can render. If at times we have failed to respond with our best, then we have heard the challenge but would not heed.

There is also something more that you have done. If in normal times young students become confused in their ideas, how much more so in these awful days which perplex the minds of the greatest philosophers and try the faith of the strongest spirits. You have answered our outspoken questions, not in so many sentences, but through that indefinable understanding that comes when people work together. You have given us something of your viewpoint.

Fellow students: There are times when you feel as if you were doing no active service as you turn Latin words backward, forward, inside out and upside down trying to get just a glimmer of sense to Virgil's strong and mighty lines, nor do you think you have promoted the cause of righteousness and



FRESHMAN BASKET BALL TEAM.

Graham Photo.

justice when you have counted the 105 segments in the poor little angle worm. But you generally come to the conclusion that people wiser than you have thought it worth while, and that you will stick to it especially if there is a test next day—and rest assured there will always be a test next day whether it be in college or any other phase of work. Today, as never before must the college student stand fast, doing with his might the tasks that have been given him to do, that by developing himself to the highest possible efficiency he may best save his fellow men. It is a great thing for our soldiers to go overseas and fight for Acadia, it is also a great thing for you undergraduates to make and keep it a college worth fighting for. You hear the challenge, do you not, of the true Acadia spirit, such a spirit as took the boys of the class of '17 to the front line trenches. It was there that they heard that Acadia had won the debate. "We could not yell the Acadia yell," said one of those boys who has returned, "for we did not want to start anything, but we got down and whispered it."

Classmates, because we have in a sense come to the parting of the ways, the call now sounds for us clearer, louder, more insistent than ever before, the challenge of the time that we may choose the right. Some have told us that the value of a college training is to help us to meet a unique situation, the challenge of the time is for service in the most unique situation of the world's history. Then if with hopefulness, earnestness, eagerness and humility we face the test of our tomorrow, and if through the manifold experiences of life we strive to learn the truth, we need not fear to leave the results with the Great Examiner.

Gentlemen of the Board of Governors, Citizens of Wolfville, Members of the Faculty, Fellow Students to bid you farewell to wish that you may indeed fare well.

"Now in the hour that shows the strong
 The soul no evil powers affray,
 Drive straight against embattled wrong.
 Faith knows but one, the hardest way.
 Endure; the end is worth the throe,
 Give, give, and dare and again dare,
 On to the Wrong's great overthrow,
 We are with you, of you; we the
 Pain and Victory share." BETH ADDISON, '18.

The Year in the Societies.

THE ACADIA COUNCIL.

Acadia has seen fit to enlarge her official organizations by the addition of a new council, which consists of representatives from Board of Governors, Faculty and Students. This rather large committee has the welfare and general progress of the university at heart, and has undertaken the none too easy task of drawing students and authorities more closely together, and of organizing the social and athletic life of the university. This council has only been in existence for a few weeks, but already its influence has been felt, and we bespeak for it a splendid and useful future.

THE STUDENT COMMITTEE.

The Student Committee, with Mr. Cecil Robbins as chairman, has had a most successful year. The universal fee was satisfactorily collected and apportioned among the different societies. An innovation took place in the shape of a series of informal receptions given in the clubroom at Tully Tavern," which were arranged in order that the Acadia Spirit might be advanced. The question of early closing which again came up this year, was carefully considered and finally rejected, as regards the whole student body, but special arrangements were made for those whose duties called them away before the regular time of closing.

EVANGELISTIC BAND.

The work of the Evangelistic Band during the year has been one of the branches of College work which has been very encouraging. The band was organized at the beginning of the fall term, with Mr. L. H. Densmore as president and Mr. E. C. Prime secretary. The membership included about thirty Christian young men from the College and Academy, and their motive was to visit churches in the vicinity of Wolfville who desired their services. The only remuneration asked was that the church provide entertainment for and pay



Y. M. C. A. CABINET.

Graham Photo.

the travelling expenses of the band. Usually four speakers and the College Quartette went together on each visit.

The services were conducted in a unique manner, which proved to be very effective. Two speakers briefly emphasized different phases of a chosen text: one would conduct the devotional exercises, and another, a brief social service following the addresses, and extending invitations for decisions for the Master. The quartette ordinarily sang three selections.

During the term different members of the band were guests of the following churches: Gaspereau, Canning, Aylesford, Morristown, Milville, Lower Cunard and Centreville. Every kindness was tendered the members of the band, by the people to whom they ministered, and as a result of their efforts a good number outwardly professed their desire to live the Christian live.

We look for even greater results next year, now that the work has been properly organized and the existence of such a band is becoming more widely known. It is a source of strength, both to the churches and the members of the band. Mr. C. B. Lumsden, '21, is the president for next year; a new secretary has not been elected as yet. Churches who are not interested should not forget us when College re-opens in the autumn.

SCIENCE SOCIETY.

The work of the Science Society has been most successfully carried on during the year. During the first term it was not possible to hold regular fortnightly meetings but during the second term the schedule has been more closely followed. A series of interesting papers have been prepared and read by members of the society, who in this way not only helped to curtail the expenses which would otherwise have been incurred through having various outside speakers but also received valuable training themselves in paper preparation and delivery. The society was, however, able to secure the services of Mr. J. W. Roland, who is an Acadia graduate, to deliver a lecture on the Panama Canal, where he has had experience as an engineer. The lecture was most interesting and profitable and was much enjoyed by all who were present.

A. A. A. A.

During this year at Acadia, as has been the case since the war started, there have been no inter-collegiate sports. However, there have been some inter-class sports indulged in. In the Bulmer Relay Race, in the fall, the Academy took first place and won the cup for the year. Football this year in College was a minus quantity, and hockey went no farther than practises.

After the somewhat discouraging cut that the basket ball team received, returning from Halifax, it would have been the natural thing for all basket ball to be dropped but a little enthusiasm was kept up, and on April 17th the freshman team's claim for the inter-class championship was granted.

An inter-class baseball league was arranged and carried out. A tennis tournament also was drawn up and since the courts were in good shape, the games were enthusiastically played off.

The faculties of the different Maritime colleges have been, of late, considering inter-collegiate sports, and it is hoped that at least football will be played next year.

A. G. A. A. A.

Under the guidance of its president, Jean Goucher, '18, the Girls' Athletic Association has been a marked success this year. Hockey, basket ball and tennis have aroused the enthusiasm of us all.

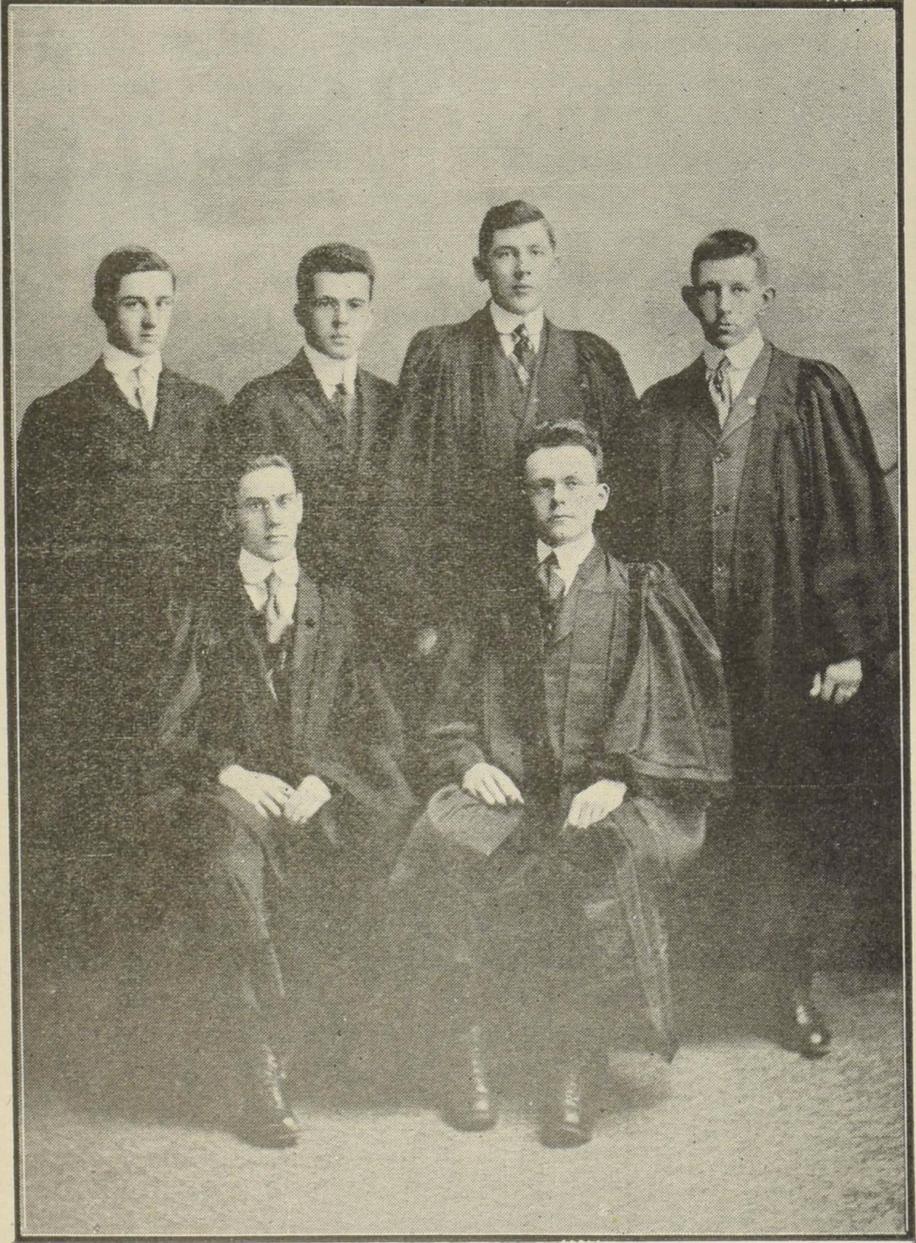
Tennis was popular this season and many of the girls entered the tournament games.

The year opened with a minority of team members registered but much good material was found amongst the new girls, and strong teams in both basket ball and hockey were trained. The only regret experienced is that so few opponents appeared within our borders.

One basket ball game was played in Halifax with Dalhousie. Once our team met the University team in hockey.

Special mention is merited by the captains, Anita Pickels, '18 (hockey), and Violet Sleep '19 (basket ball), and also by Messrs. Cross and Arbuckle, who proved efficient coaches in hockey and in basket ball.

V. I. M., '19.



SCIENCE SOCIETY OFFICERS.

Graham Photo.

Y. W. C. A.

Our Y. W. C. A. this year has been fortunate in having Miss Muriel V. Roscoe as its president. Under her direction our work has been very successful. Every girl who is taking college work was enrolled as a member. Our usual attendance at the Sunday morning services was between twenty and twenty-five. Of the twenty-nine meetings held six were missionary in character, four were along the lines of social service problems, five were addressed by outside speakers, two were song services. Several of the regular committees have also had charge of meetings. This year some members of the Y. W. C. A. joined with members of the Y. M. C. A. in the leadership of the Wednesday evening prayer meetings.

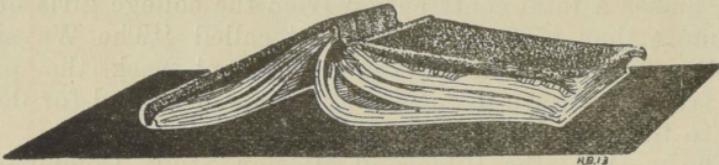
The greatest innovation introduced by the Social Committee was the celebration of the Y. M. C. A.'s twenty-fourth birthday. By means of this, we spent a pleasant evening and raised funds for the Summer Conference delegates. Financially, we have surpassed ourselves this year. For prisoners of war and other patriotic purposes we raised about \$450.00. This, with the money for Miss Lockhart's salary, which is obtained through systematic giving, and our conference funds, makes a total contribution from the college girls of a little more than \$750.00. A pageant called "The Wayside Piper" was put on during Commencement week, the proceeds from which are to form the nucleus of a fund for delegates to the next Student Volunteer Convention.

The work of the Bible and Mission Study Committees has not been such as we wished. Classes, under efficient leaders, were organized, but there was difficulty in finding a suitable time at which they could be held. Several new missionary books were added to our Y. W. C. A. library and one new Bible study book. The Missionary Conference held here in February was a source of information and inspiration. The leaders were Miss Winnifred Thomas, Dr. Jessie Allyn, Mr. R. E. S. Taylor, and the Rev. D. G. Cock. The services held under the Rev. Bowley Green also caused new and awakened interest in spiritual matters.

Our Social Service Committee has assisted at the Tabernacle by supplying a choir for the Sunday evening services,

by maintaining a sewing class for the girls, by teaching songs to the children, and by having several teachers in the Sunday School. During the fall, trips to the Poor Farm were made by members of the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A., and one trip was made to Morine Mountain. Miss Addison expects to have the school there during the summer. We are pleased with the ready responses made by the girls in all matters relating to the Y. W. C. A. work and are looking forward to their hearty co-operation during the next year.

C. E. H., '19.





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