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The Acadia Athenaeum

Vol. LII.

Wolfville, N. S., June 1926

No. 10 ⁷

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH.

Poetry:—1st, T. H. P. Morse, '29; 2nd, Olive M. Archibald, '26.

Articles:—1st, G. D. H. Hatfield, '27; 2nd, no award.

Story:—1st, L. H. Jenkins, '28; 2nd, M. Grace Perry, '27

One-act Play:—G. D. H. Hatfield, '27.

Humor:—M. W. Gates, '28.

Science:—1st, R. Roscoe, Eng. '26; 2nd, no award.

Exchanges:—1st, G. H. D. Hatfield, '27; 2nd, no award.

Month:—1st, Margaret Belyea, '27; 2nd, Mary A. Bishop, '27.

Athletics:—Not reported.

Personals:—1st, Helen Simoms, '27; 2nd, Mary A. Bishop, '27.

Jokes:—Mary A. Bishop, '27; K. V. Keirstead, Eng. '26;
G. D. H. Hatfield, '27. (1 unit each)

Seniors: 1 unit.

Juniors: 15 units.

Sophomores: 4 units.

Engineers: 3 units.

Freshmen: 2 units.

Pennant to the Juniors.

Penant for the year to the Juniors.

Literary A to G. D. H. Hatfield, '27.

SECRETS.

Up through the breast of the old brown earth,
 Two quivering blades of jade
 Trembled into the light of the sun,
 Out of the cool damp shade.
 Slender sentinels stood they there,
 Growing straight and tall;
 Greener, stronger as they grew
 Coaxed by the robin's call.

Passing by at the hush o'dawn
 I saw them jewelled with dew,
 Whispering soft secrets to me
 Why they sentry-like grew.
 "Come back to-night at twilight,"
 They blew so sweet and clear;
 Till a dew-drop, dawn-kissed, trembled
 Falling—a fairy's tear!

Twilight drifted through the grass,
 And touched my breeze-blown hair;
 I gazed in wonder through blue-edged shadows
 On the sight they had to share.
 Between the liveried little squires
 Looking up with joy supreme,
 Swayed a scarlet cup, mauve-tipped—
 They'd ushered in a tulip green.

O. M. A., '26.

MR. FINDEY'S WI(N)DOW.

Mr. Findey's library window constituted his world, that is his dream world. The real world, the superficial world, which passed by his window, and in which he lived in his wakeful moments, did not count.

This window was Mr. Findey's Alladin's Lamp. Through it he gazed on the open waters in front of his home, and conjured more fantastical tales than can be found in the ARABIAN NIGHTS; and in which, of course, he was always the hero. Now he would be a dashing buccaneer, feared and respected on the Spanish main, and a perpetrator of crimes that would make one's blood run cold. Again, he would be a ship-wrecked mariner living alone on a tropical island; and, moreover, being, whatever else may be said against him, somewhat modern, he even ventured to picture himself a bootlegger, running rum over the calm waters in the dark hushed stillness of the night, with the constant fear of detection to spur him on. All this shows how puerile Mr. Findey's dream world really was.

However, his world was not completely fantastical, for Mr. Findey was a gentleman of leisure, and dreaming all day, even to him, sometimes became boresome. The result was he made it a practise to take an early morning walk on the harbour road before settling down to his armchair, pipe, and window. This walk gave colour for his day of dreams, the smell of the salt sea air added zest and more vivid atmosphere, and the whole effect was most satisfactory.

This was Mr. Findey's only exercise, but he allowed himself one other truancy from his window. On certain nights, when the mood impelled him, he wandered up-town and mingled with the crowd of pleasure seekers; but he mingled only physically, he was always on the watch for character suitable to weave an adventure around when seated before his window the next day.

In this manner did Mr. Findey pass his days, dreaming, always dreaming. But all this was before he met Her.

He will never forget their first meeting. It was a cold

blustering day; but despite the fact, on his morning walk he was in a romantic frame of mind, a really unusual state for Mr. Findey.

His back was to the wind, a fortunate accident, for, if this had not been so, he probably would never have met her, and would have remained a dreamer all his life—a most lamentable fate in view of subsequent incidents.

She was proceeding in Mr. Findey's direction, with her face covered by her fur collar to protect her from the chilling wind, but he was blissfully unconscious of this important fact until he was painfully made aware of it. When he was rudely awakened from dreaming he was making love to Cleopatra, by a small head coming into forcible contact with his stomach. Whether the slipping ground or the greater velocity of the other person was accountable or not, the fact remains, Mr. Findey graced the ground more forcibly than pleasantly.

When he had sufficiently regained consciousness to glance up at the perpetrator of the outrage, he began to doubt whether a few of his teeth were the only things loosened by the fall, for there serenely smiling down at him was—Cleopatra herself! Slightly more modern perhaps, but there could be no doubt, she was identical with the Cleopatra he had visualized himself as making love to, not five minutes ago! But this girl was real—virtually, exquisitely real, to use Mr. Findey's later words. He decided his brain also must have been affected by the fall.

Certainly Mr. Findey's first words were inane enough. He simply said, "I believe I've come to earth."

His statement was greeted with such peals of rich laughter that any doubts he might have entertained regarding her reality were dispelled; and he decided that if this really were insanity he had wasted a lot of time pitying lunatics.

"I'm glad you're not hurt," Cleopatra said with another smile, "I'm so sorry to have bumped into you, but really I didn't see you at all."

"That's all right, I'm glad you didn't." Then realizing he had made a mistake in speaking his mind so freely, he stammered, "I—I mean, that I'm glad you didn't hurt me. Oh—"

I mean—that is (confound it) I mean I'm glad you didn't get hurt."

"After all those means, I think you are mean to sit on that cold ground and stare up at me as if you had never seen a woman before in your life," she admonished him.

"Never a woman quite like you," Mr. Findey replied gallantly, rising from the ground, and the blush that suffused her face was eloquent testimony that his compliment did not remain unappreciated.

There was an awkward pause in the conversation, during which Mr. Findey found himself staring into a pair of smiling deep brown eyes. Then realizing that much as he would like to, he could not do this all his life, he abruptly asked, "Are you going up the street, and if so may I have the pleasure of accompanying you?" Receiving an answer to both questions in the affirmative, he proceeded to escort his fair assailant in the general direction of the business district, without realizing before their encounter he had been going in the opposite direction.

The way led past his own house, and feeling the need of saying something for his companion was oddly silent—he told her how it was his custom to sit before the left hand window on the ground floor—his library—and gazing on the open harbor, to dream all day.

"See that ship coming in," he said, pointing to a small schooner, the single moving thing on the broad harbor, valiantly taking against the stiff breeze. Certainly it is a rather modern looking ship, but with a few imaginary alterations it would provide sufficient background for a very romantic or adventurous dream."

"Is it a habit or a pastime?" she inquired.

"Both. Of course though I am an omnivorous reader, which helps out a great deal—I much prefer, and really need some tangible object or living character for a stimulus. Now you, for instance, would make a wonderful dream."

Mr. Findey had uttered his last statement from the view point of a connoisseur, but in all sincerity. However, he per-

ceived his frankness embarrassed his companion, so he again became silent.

"I am going to Mason's Millinery shop, which is only two doors from this corner, and, as I know you are anxious to get back to your window I will bid you good-bye," she said to him before he had time to think of another subject for conversation "Many thanks for your pleasant company. Perhaps I shall see you again in your window on my way home this evening. I shall wave to you. Till then, goodbye." And with a sweet smile she left him on the sidewalk alone—very much alone.

Mr. Findey slowly wandered home. Never before did his big grey house look so drab, his library appear half so lonely, nor his pipe and window so lacking in satisfaction.

He sat down in his customary easy chair and began to think things over. He was thirty-eight, a bachelor, an inveterate dreamer, and here he was falling in love (for Mr. Findey was a keen diagnoser of his own feelings) with a young girl with whom he had had acquaintance for less than half an hour! Then he made a brief retrospect of his own life. As a sickly boy he had been kept from contact with the cruel world by his indulgent widowed mother. He had been always surrounded by books, books, books, until, after his mother's death they had become his main, if not only, interest in life. When his eyes had become affected by over-reading, he had begun to conjure stories, and dream all day, until gradually this had become such a fixed habit that he now read and lived chiefly to substantiate his dreams. His only companion for years had been and was still an aged housekeeper; and what comfort and joy he had had in solitude until—yes, until today!

He vainly tried to dream of her—those eyes, that hair, that smile; but his dreams seemed flimsy things, for inadequate to picture her elusive personality, and for the first time in his life he began to doubt if the imaginary did exceed the real. It was disconcerting indeed to Mr. Findey's well-ordered life.

His doubts increased as the long day passed. No longer did he gaze in idle langour at the water, no longer, in that blissful state of semi-consciousness, was he wafted away on the wings of fancy, but his gaze constantly wondered to the har-

bor road, and he was only conscious of a great desire to see his morning's companion coming home. Eagerly through the window he scanned each passing person, as though he would not have known her half a mile away.

There she was coming now, slowly walking in the direction of his house. Would she notice him? She did, and smiled and waved at him. She also seemed to say something. Her lips formed one word. It seemed to be good-by! What did she mean? That he was never to see her again? His first impulse was to rush out to her, but his sense of propriety restrained him; so he contented himself by informing her by lip motions that he would, and must see her the next day.

Mason's Millinery Shop, that was where she had said she was going that morning—probably she worked there. He would go and see her tomorrow.

To-morrow came and Mr. Findey determined to carry out his resolution, but at the millinery shop door his courage failed him, so he pretended to be absorbed in the feminine decorations in the window while actually he was searching in the interior for a glimpse of his "Cleopatra" as he called her.

Thank Heaven! There she was behind the counter. Or was it? He could have sworn that her hair had been bobbed. The only way to be certain was to find out. So, with outward calm, but with inward misgivings, he bravely entered the store. He was aware that a Millinery shop was hardly the proper place for an avowed and, until yesterday, an ardently earnest bachelor, but the end justified the means.

When he was face to face with her, though his courage again failed him, and he had not the slightest idea what to say, but at last he blurted out, "Do you know me?"

"Why yes," she smiled at him, "You are Mr. G. E. Findey are you not?"

"Exactly right," replied that individual, "Might I have the pleasure of your company at supper and a show to-night Miss—Miss—"

"Mrs. Vance," she corrected him, "Why, yes, I just love to go."

Good Lord! was he crazy? Yesterday she seemed little

more than a girl, and here she was married! Yet that face, those lips, those eyes—It must be she.

“Er—your husband—ah—husband will have no objections?” he cautiously enquired.

“He is dead,” she answered simply.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t know. Ah—It was—um—quite impossible that I should know, you know,” he stammered with a sickly grin, and then brightening up, he began, “Then I may—

“Then you may call for me here at six,” she interrupted.

Promptly at six, then, Mr. Findey was there. In fact, he was there a great many subsequent nights at the same hour. Moreover, he learned many interesting facts. He found out that her first name was Daisy; that she had been married at sixteen, and her husband had died two years later, leaving her to care for their baby girl, who was just sixteen herself now, and was at present at a boarding school; and, most important of all, that Daisy was a most interesting and loveable person.

Mr. Findey’s love affair progressed rapidly. The day arrived soon when he considered himself the happiest man on earth. He had bought a ring, with a diamond monstrous in proportion to the size of the ring, and this was now carressingly resting on, “the smallest and whitest hand in the whole world,” to quote the jubilant donor. So Mr. Findey was extremely happy as he escorted his fiancée to the train to meet his future step-daughter, who was coming home to help her mother prepare the details of the wedding.

The train pulled in with grinding of brakes, and no sooner had it come to rest when a small female form precipitated itself into Mrs. Vance’s outstretched arms with a stifled cry of “Mother”.

Mr. Findey hardly knew what he had been expecting to see, probably a small girl carrying a doll, but when his future wife had succeeded in partly disengaging herself and had sufficiently recovered from warm breath, crushing kisses to announce, “This is my daughter Violet, George dear,” Mr. Findey received the surprise and shock of his life. He understood his doubts now, for looking up at him with smiling brown eyes was his original Cleopatra!

"Hello Father," she said shyly—and slyly. But Mr. Findey was too amazed to answer.

"Look Violet, "her mother said proudly, "Look at the lovely ring George gave me."

"Well," said Mr. Findey laconically, at last recovering from his astonishment, and looking fondly at the great big glittering diamond, "I think I shall kill two birds with one stone."

L. H. J., '28

INFINITY.

Ten Thousand sparkling diamonds
In a setting of silky blue,
Pure white and softly gleaming,
Night's azure shades subdue.

Each glitter a throbbing planet
Teeming with buoyant life,
A caldron of joys and sorrows
Filled with love and strife.

One tiny pin-point greater
Than this huge world we see?
Myriads of brilliant jewels?
What matters paltry me?

Mere atom of God's vast creation
Oh, why should I be proud?
Who knows that yet e'er the morrow
This clay shall rest in a shroud?

Of what moment shall be my passing?
A ripple on Ocean's crest,
As made by a tiny pebble
Hurled to the wave's rude jest;

A ripple that's shattered by billows
And quickly fades from sight,
As a bat, flying swift through the evening,
Is lost in the blackness of night.

T. H. P. M., '29

FRENCH CANADIAN LITERATURE.

(A Compiled Appreciation)

Lord Durham remarked in one of his reports that the French Canadians were a people without a history or a literature, and this article is an attempt to reconcile English Canadians to the fact that there IS a real French Canadian literature, a literature written in the purest French save for a few archaic spellings.

In such an article as this, with its space restrictions, it will be possible to give French Canadian literature only a cursory treatment, to sketch briefly French Canadian contributions to the various branches of literature, and to cite only a few of their best authors and works, and these may be taken as representative of French Canadian literature, and are sufficient to show us that it is no mean contribution to Canadian national literature and is not to be despised or ignored.

A better knowledge of each other's abilities and characteristics between the two races must form the foundation of that cooperation and good-will so essential to the development of our mutual country. The English student is warned that to evaluate the importance of French Canadian literature, he must not look at it with his own peculiar characteristics of original, robust, romantic, spontaneous imagination, but rather look for refinement, lucidity, unity of tone, the French talent for style, the social instinct, the triumph of reason over emotion, aristocratic tendencies, racial loyalty, a similarity of theme and a short range of subjects.

It is hard to fix a date for the birth of French Canadian literature or to unite the parts to the whole. It is a miracle

that with their colonial disabilities, they should have produced so much that has genuine worth, for their literature is a concomitant of their life rather than its expression.

In the tragedies of their struggling history, they had no leisure for writing. Their great problem was not to write but to live. After the Cession the English cut them off from the books of France, and the French Revolution, in turn, severed their interest in the writers of their old homeland.

The best early expressions of French Canadian literature are their petitions to the British Government. These are superb in form. The first attempt at literature proper were published in reviews written in the main by professors. Many of these reviews were established in all branches of learning, but with so limited a constituency of readers, it was impossible for them all to endure. They have been the chief means of spreading culture. Clergymen were their major contributors but now laymen are taking a more prominent place.

Their literature really began, however, with journalism. Of their eighty-two major posts, over one-half had journalistic records of work through with genuine literary art. At the time Lord Durham made his remark, the English with their larger population had only four more newspapers and magazines than had the French, and the proportion is about the same today. As far back as 1843 it was said that "For Good taste in selection of subject matter as well as for elegance of style and acuteness of reasoning, the French papers are superior to the English."

Their journalism has a tendency toward brilliant, cutting satire full of urbanity. All the journals have a strong religious spirit, for the influence of the Church has been their inspiration. Their best journalist, Arthur Buies, has left exquisite pages upon countless subjects written with a marvellous delicacy of great journalistic instinct full of humor and poetic emotion. A man of British vision, idealistic, and often flippant, he is but the brightest among a galaxy of brilliant, French Canadian, journalistic stars.

French Canadian women are beginning to play an important part in their national journalism. Chief among these is Mme. Dandurand whose newspaper articles are now published

in book form "Nos Travers" which possesses a rare philosophical and elegance of form. She has also written a beautiful Christmas story and a short play for children.

As the French Canadians have always had an innate love for voyages and have travelled far and wide, descriptions of countries visited and of voyages come in for a large consideration in their literature. Arthur Buies is perhaps the best known in this field closely followed by Abbé Casgrain and his "Pèlerinage au Pays d'Évangeline."

Their scientific literature is one of which they and we as Canadians may well feel proud. In the first rank is Abbé Provancher who devoted his life to the study of natural history, and the publication of treatises on different branches of this science. All the sciences have come in for careful treatment by many French Canadian writers, and the publication of their works constitute an invaluable addition to our national scientific literature.

Cartier, Laurier, and Mercier may be taken as representatives of their genius for the eloquent utterances of strong, political philosophy expressed with fine literary glow in pithy aphorisms of great charm. They write in a French rich in metaphors and poetic rhythm.

Though there are not many in the province capable of critical judgments, short literary appreciations of aesthetic value and clothed in an unusually beautiful form are found, and one may confidently expect an extension of this field. Special mention must be given to de Louvigny's preface to "Maria Chapdelaine." He points out in a philosophical, discriminating manner the great literary possibilities of fiction in French Canada. Their critical faculties are still evolving, but the writings recognise the need of fuller contact with other literatures and more philosophical FREEDOM. Their drama is not very promising for these very reasons.

Many of their greatest writers have not scorned to collect the quaint tales and legends of the popular folklore, and present them in a form equal in charm to their subject matter. Their contes and legends bring out the life of the past ages in the vernacular of the voyageur and coureur-de-bois. English words

with French endings are frequent, and probably constitute the most original part of their racial literature. Their rich imagination is here given full play, and often the French is flawless.

French Canadian literary history is analagous to that of 18th century America in the extensive use of almanacs. In French Canada these annuals are still numerous and are very educational. They often contain original literary contributions; even Fréchette wrote for them.

The first French Canadian school of literature came into being through the "Histoire du Canada" of F.X. Garneau, who taunted by friends with Durham's remark resolved to prove him wrong, and his effort shows that their defeat was as glorious as our victory. A strictly non-partisan history has yet to be written, but his conception of history is much sounder than Haliburton's. It was under Garneau's inspiration that historians and poets worked during the next few years.

The historical novel might well be treated here. Greatest among these is P. A. de Gaspés "Les Anciens Canadiens," so vivid and realistic. It is "a bit of history brought near us with a telescope." It is first-hand knowledge of siegnorial life, and tells of witches, old time superstitions, and Franco-Indian horrors.

Beside de Gaspé, an important representative in this field is Joseph Marmette, known as the Canadian Walter Scott for his vivid, dramatic historical novels told in so fascinating a manner. In "Francois de Bienville" he conjures up for the reader Frontenac and the life of Quebec at the time of Phips' attack.

Still another is N. Bourassa who calls back the unfortunate history of the Acadians. It is a book held together by a slender thread of fiction, a simple, captivating love story. Benjamin Sulte, historian of the struggles of the common people, is a story-teller of the first water.

The writers reproduce faithfully the vernacular of the lumber-camp, the river, and the field. Imperfect as are these attempts at historical fiction, they are much nearer the truth than Kirby's "The Golden Dog" or Parker's "Seats of

the Mighty," whose data and interpretation of French Canadian history are unreliable and deficient.

Evangelical novels, books of religious fiction, are numerous. The best of these is Laura Conan's "Angeline de Mountburn," a novel of charming mysticism and exquisite poetry of expression. Nor are novels with a practical theme lacking. The first in importance of these is "Jean Rivard" in which Gérin-Lajoie depicts the hardships of the pioneer French Canadian in Eastern towns.

The French Canadian novels are intensely racial, but they are out of touch with social facts and have a very limited range of theme. On account of their restricted philosophy, they have not penetrated to the French Canadian soul. Their tales and novels are akin and decidedly a literature of imagination. The former especially, are fascinating and have an original form. All other fiction is rather an European imitation, and they are still waiting for a strong, original novel. This is as it should be, considering the size of the population.

So much prejudice surrounds French Canada that outsiders are unaware of the extent of its poetic culture. In their poetry they have achieved a genuine superiority, and are without an equal in the art of making graceful expressions in rich, sonorous eloquence. It is natural, instinctively delicate, and free from mannerism. Indeed, it is said that French Canada has produced a poetry that is in some respects the best this continent has seen, and is not inferior in a general way to that of English Canada or the United States.

Michel Bibaud, educator, poet, and historian, was the author of the first book of verse by a native Canadian. It was mainly satiric and was published in the series of literary magazines he founded.

But once Garneau had pointed the way, the inherent talent of the French for literature soon found vent. A group of men met in the Crémazie brother's bookshop to read the latest papers for France. From this it was but a step to reading their own works for friendly criticism, and thus was inaugurated the Quebec School of French Canadian literature.

Octave Crémazie, the ugly but learned exile, continued as

head of the school. His verse, while of scant quantity, is of the richest quality. His greatest distinction is his ardent worship of Canadian scenery, a new note in Canadian literature at the time and this is what has caused him to be called "the only national literary figure yet created in Canada." Though he discarded European style imitation, he idealized recollections of old France. He revolutionized French Canadian prose and poetry by giving a romantic elasticity and liberty in place of the cold Canadian classicism. Although the people did not interest him, he was nevertheless genuinely and spontaneously patriotic.

His friend, Gérin-Lajoie, among much other excellent verse wrote the famous "Un Canadian errant" that on account of its human simplicity is sung all over the continent.

Chauveau's "La Capricieuse" is a memorable masterpiece of eloquence. He employs Alexandrine verse to perfection.

Strict orthodoxy, morality and devotion to Canada mark the poetry of Louis Le May. He translated Longfellow's "Evangeline," and wrote 175 sonnets on biblical subjects alone. He paints the life of rural Canada better than anyone. He is a poet of his own people and idealizes the life of the habitat.

But all these are lesser lights before the coruscations of L. H. Fréchette. He is unquestionably the greatest French Canadian poet. Crémazie says, "He is the most magnificent poetical genius that Canada has produced." A follower of Crémazie, he, too, finds his chief delight in the scenery and history of Canada. In the richness, variety, and finish of his work he stands first among the Quebec School. His greatest work in verse is "Légendes d'un Peuple," a series of poems dealing with the story of the French in Canada from the discovery of America to the execution of Louis Riel. He is the first Frenchman to reveal Canada to the French race, and for his success was crowned by the French Academy. In following the conventions of our Puritanic moral standards, and our over-refined, classical, initiative verse, Fréchette shows himself to be typically Canadian, and typically a Frenchman of the Quebec School in his whole-hearted worship of Napoleon. Like all

French Canadian poetry, however. his work lacks the philosophical spirit of Tennyson or Shelley.

As a reaction against the extremes of the Quebec romanticists a group of younger poets established a school at Montreal. Of these the work of the young Irish Canadian Emile Nelligan, brought up by a French Canadian family, is significant. His Melancholy and imaginative nature shows itself in exquisite verse comparable to Poe's. He is a real aesthete and one of our most eminent poets.

Albert Lozeau, though bedridden for nine years, was one of Canada's best nature poets and is supreme in the love sonnet. We assimilate Lozeau's emotions as if they were our own. He is very winning and always intensely lyrical.

Paul Morin, the most cultured poet Canada has produced, is without a peer in the mastery of technique and form. He is as polished as Pope. He is a Bacchante, a neo-romanticist, and his subject matter is Oriental rather than native, but it shows that the artistic creation of Canada will be accomplished by French, not British, elements, for the French are more artistic by temperament.

In this cursory review, like a watcher of the skies at twilight, we have seen only the greatest and brightest planets; we have not been able to see the delicacy of detail in the heavens, the smaller, but equally beautiful, stars, but it is hoped that a little something has been added to the knowledge of the reader so that, by an understanding of the French Canadian mind and literature, a closer union may be brought about between the two great races in Canada.

G. D. H. H., '27.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

It was April, glorious sunny late April. As I got off the train and made my way up the street I felt glad to be alive, and going home two days before Marjorie expected me. Dear little Marjorie was the sweetest little wife any man ever had. I could imagine how surprised she would be to see me. She would be in the living-room, sewing or reading, or perhaps just starting to get dinner. I imagine her running out to meet me in one of her charming little house-dresses, her dark bobbed hair curling so sweetly (Marjorie looked so much like a little girl since she had bobbed her hair.)

I looked at my watch. It was ten after eleven. Oh it was great to be alive. I really felt poetical that morning—quite a thing for the proverbially tired business man. In fact I had actually started a bit of free verse. (I always write free verse). I took a deep breath and looked around me. Such a glorious day! We'd go for a walk in the woods with a picnic supper perhaps. Oh, if it were just fishing weather!

I turned in at our gate, ran up the walk, took the five porch steps in one, and with a bound opened the front door. But there I stopped.

"Marjorie, Marjorie, dear!" I yelled, and looked at the chaos around me.

"Who's moving out, Marj?"

I had heard of young wives leaving home during their husband's absence, but they usually didn't take all the furniture with them.

"Mar-jor-ie, Where are you?"

There was no answer. I jumped over a rocking chair, carneed out of the way of a huge fern, and nearly knocked over a copy of "Mona Lisa" placed carelessly at the foot of the stairs. She still continued to favor me with her enigmatic smile, so I merely shook my fist at her. It was then that I heard Marjorie's voice.

"Oh, Jack, what on earth made you come home so soon?" she wailed.

I gasped! Yes, it must be right, Marjorie didn't love me any more. Our happy home would be broken up—and I had thought that our married life had been all that could be desired. It was almost a year now. What had I done? Oh, perhaps I had neglected Marjorie! I was a brute. Yes it was business, the cursed business that kept me away so much.

Like a flash these thoughts ran through my mind and then almost before I realized it, Marjorie stood before me. It was Marjorie indeed, but not the Marjorie I knew. Her fascinating shingle bob was completely hidden by a black middy tie wound tightly around her head. She wore a soiled, very soiled house-dress, on which there were unmistakable marks of cobwebs and three huge spots of brown varnish. There was a smooch of soot on the end of her little nose. And she didn't even offer to kiss me! After I had administered that rite, I said quite worriedly, "Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Y—yes, of course, dearie, but I'm busy house-cleaning."

I drew a breath of relief. That was all was it! Then my fears had been groundless. I laughed outright.

"Wouldn't that make fine headlines. 'Devoted Young Wife loves Husband No More. House-cleaning absorbs her Attention. Happy Home Wrecked.'"

We both laughed then, but little did I realize the awful portent of my words.

"I'm afraid there's not going to have much dinner," Marjorie continued, "Peony and I were just going to pick up a lunch in the pantry."

Peony was the "colo'd lady" who came every week to wash and "scrub up". Marjorie said she was a jewel. I used to reply that if size counted for anything, she was certainly a "pearl of great price."

"Oh, that's all right dear" I said. I had no very violent fears. Marj. had not received her B. Sc. in Household Economics for nothing. She was a *good* cook. The pantry had never been *totally* empty.

"All we have in the house is baker's bread," she said sorrowfully. "I put some beans on to cook. Peony likes bean soup if there's enough of it—"

"Good heavens, Marj! Why *bean* soup? You know how I hate it!"

"Why, Jack, how you talk. How did I know you were coming home? Why didn't you wire?"

"Didn't have time. Besides I wanted to surprise you. Oh come on Marj, let's not quarrel."

"Quarrel, well Jack *Murray*, I'd just like to know who *started* it. Here you come home unexpectedly, when I'm in the midst of house-cleaning, and then complain because there is'n't anything to eat. Go down-town and get yourself a steak or something. There aren't any potatoes. I used the last yesterday and forgot to order more. But there's lots of bread Mercy, I've got to go—I've wasted about enough time talking to you." She ran upstairs and left me gasping at this singular burst of eloquence.

Oh well I thought I deserved it, I needn't have made such a fuss about the bean soup. I'd go downtown and get *something* to eat.

When I got outdoors again I felt better. Marjorie must be tired out. She had worked too hard. That was the reason she was so cranky.

Downtown I stopped to talk with Ted Randolph, one of the younger members of our crowd, so I almost forgot my errand at the meat shop. Once there, I decided to get a roast. I like them much better than steaks anyway.

When I arrived home, however, and gave Marj. the meat I somehow felt that I had erred. My suspicions were confirmed

"Jack, why didn't you bring steak?"

"I decided I'd like a toast better."

"A roast, Why its, after twelve o'clock now. Dont' you know that it takes a roast nearly three hours to cook.?"

No, I *didn't* know and I told her so. "But I'm hungry and I wont go way back for steak now"—My voice broke.

* * * * *

I dined on two poached eggs and toast.

* * * * *

That evening I ate at the hotel. I was really quite hungry

After roaming around for a while, I went slowly home while it was still early evening.

Peony had left long since, and I found Marjorie asleep on the Chesterfield (now back in the living room). She had changed her dress and washed the black off her nose.

I tiptoed upstairs carefully so as not to wake her. It was our club night, so I started to get ready. The bathroom mirror was nowhere in evidence, so I had to go downstairs, and shave in the kitchen. Next I couldn't find the shirt I wanted. I searched through the chiffonier drawers three times, and looked on every hook in the closet twice, but it wasn't there, so I had to put on the only clean, whole one I could find—a gaudy mauve thing with purple stripes—one I detested. By *that* time I wasn't feeling in an extra good humor. Why is it that one's wife will insist on cleaning so thoroughly that nothing is in the right place when you want it? But that wasn't the worst. My black suit was nowhere to be found. I searched everywhere for it, gravitating between the closets in our room and the one in the guest room. Finally I gave up. It was more than I could stand. What's more, it was past eight o'clock and I would be late. I went downstairs.

"What do you want, Jack?" I heard Marjorie say as I went through the hall, "you've been running around like mad for the last half hour. What's the matter?"

"I want my black suit. Wad'ja do with it. I tried to be quiet. Thought you were asleep."

"No dearie, she answered sweetly, "not with all that noise going on over my head." Then she burst out laughing. "Oh Jack, go upstairs and finish dressing. You do look *too* funny. The blinds aren't down and some one might be passing."

It was too much to be laughed at by one's own wife!

"Well if you would tell me where my suit is, I wouldn't have to run around in B.V.D.' and this shirt.

"Why *that* shirt? I thought you said you'd never wear it."

"I couldn't find another decent one."

"Well, if you'd look on your bed you'd see among other

things, four or five. They just came home from the laundry. I haven't had time to put them away yet."

'I don't give a damn about the shirt. Where's my black suit?'

"Jack! You needn't rage so. Your suit is put away in the attic, hanging up next my fur coat. I didn't think you'd need it any more. Get it yourself!"

We had further words which I shall not report (I am rather ashamed of them now.)

When I finally got the suit I found it smelled rankly of mothballs, with which its pockets were filled. After firing several of them around the attic to cool off my temper, I threw down the suit in disgust. Then I went downstairs and put on my old grey suit. I *also* changed my *shirt*, so it was about quarter to nine when I got to the club. Everybody seemed sorrier that Marj. wasn't with me than glad to see me. And I had a rotten time the whole evening.

It was late when I got home. Marjorie was really asleep this time. But I resolved with set jaw that I would not attempt to make up in the morning. I would be very cool, and calm, and sort of nonchalant.

So was Marjorie the next day. She asked me politely if I would take off the double windows and put on the screens. I answered just as politely that I would. Thus affairs progressed for two days. I could hardly move around in my own house. Peony and the temporarily dislocated furniture took up all the room. I never had a really square meal all the time (but I was fortunately saved from eating bean soup)—and my desk! Words will never describe the state of my papers. I couldn't find anything for weeks afterward. If Marjorie had just let all the papers alone, but what can a mere *male* do when the female of the species is having a severe attack of spring house-cleaning.

* * * * *

Sunday the floods subsided. We no longer ate in the kitchen, and in the afternoon Marjorie suggested that we go for a walk. When we were sitting on an old log in the woods admiring

the glorious view of distant hills she said coyly, "Don't you think you've been a naughty, naughty man, Jack?"

"You witch, "I said and kissed her. "I was sort of a bear, I'll admit."

"Never mind now, dear. Oh, how would you like a wonderful pineapple salad for supper? and I'll make hot biscuits for you too!"

"Marj you're the most wonderful wife—and housecleaning only comes once a year anyway, dosen't it?"

M. G. P., 27.

VALUE OF MATHEMATICS.

'Why do I take mathematics and what good will it ever do me? Truly, I hadn't thought much about it, except from the standpoint of teaching it, or because I like it. As you say, it is not much good to teach a useless subject to some one who will in turn teach it to some one else, and so on.

Perhaps the best justification is the practicability of mathematics. A few examples will help us to see this. Let us consider some of the problems we do in the lower classes. Those touching child activities will surely interest all; for it is the children that are of first importance, "it is impossible to teach old dogs new tricks," so we must put our hopes for the future in the coming generation. Now, we know that it is quite essential that a child be happy in order to be healthy. What gives a child more pleasure than to fly a kite? A child who wonders much is a promising child. He is the child who flies a kite and wonders how high it is or what its velocity is. By a simple mathematical device we can easily obtain these by measuring the length of the kite string and obtaining the angle at which it is flying. How simple, yet how satisfactory! Such things as this instance almost sanction making the study of mathematics compulsory.

But should I weary you with all the problems we have worked I'm sure you would not agree with me as readily as if

I should choose some special field of work. A well known professor of the subject under discussion once told me that the "Maximum and Minimum" problems in calculus are the most interesting and practical part of all mathematical. Let us consider a few.

By the way, I may add that I quite agree with that professor, for in my daily life I apply that part of Calculus quite freely. A concrete experience occurred a few weeks ago when I was obliged to buy the maximum shoes at the minimum cost. By taking the first derivative, I found the possible maximum and minimum points, namely the length, width, etc. After talking to the merchant and trying on several pairs of shoes, by taking the second derivative I proved the points obtained in the first steps to be maximum points and also found two points of inflection at the instep and at the middle of the sole. Taking the third derivative from my purse I left the store and came home with a pair of shoes. The points of inflection and the maximum points were quite obvious in less than a week.

Resuming the subject, and beginning at the beginning. We made maximum boxes with the minimum material. No one can doubt that this is practical not only in one phase of life but in many, for example in the undertaker's business; funeral expenses are awful (fill one with awe). One place it should not be applied is in the case of country wood-boxes, they hold far too much now for the comfort of the younger members of the family.

At any period, economy is a good thing and worthy of praise. One problem especially struck me forcibly as being of great use to a country at war. We were required to make a tent, from a given piece of canvas, which would have the maximum room inside. Just try to grasp that! And then think of waste of canvas by thoughtless and ignorant people. I cannot give you any statistics on the matter, but I really think the waste of canvas per year must be appalling.

Two problems that dealt with rural life were the making of maximum tin dippers and maximum troughs with the minimum material. Think of the advance in our agricultural life if every farmer knew the most economical dimensions for

his troughs! Can we, who have studied some mathematics let the less fortunate people of the world waste nature's limited supplies?

In this day of prepared foods, as question of most economical manufacture is very important. Not every man knows just how to make a tomatoe can holding a quart, and its ends cut from hexagonal sheets of tin, with the least metal. Now, while, personally, we do not make our own tomatoe cans at home, I feel as though one can give to one's country an invaluable service by regulating and determining the best dimensions for its cans.

Besides the velocity problems about ships, which are so common, there are some very vital problems in life which the mathematician can solve. An example of this is to be found in a problem which reads like this: "A spherical raindrop is gathering moisture at such a rate that the radius is steadily increasing at the rate of 1 m. m. per minute. How fast is the volume of the drop increasing when the diameter is 2 m. m.?" Just fancy that! In modern times we can solve such a universal question by juggling a few figures.

Another pressing problem of life is how fast our shadows move along the houses on the opposite side of the street when we are walking at a fixed rate. To the mathematician this is a matter of rapid calculation.

I could go on and on telling you the social, economical, political, rural and metropolitan benefits of knowing mathematics to a country at peace or at war. But I feel you are now convinced, however, if you are not, consider that it is an understood fact that to understand any science one must have a knowledge of mathematics."

M. W. G., 28.



Science



THE DEVELOPMENT OF ARTIFICIAL ILLUMINATION

Artificial light is usually produced by heating some body to such a temperature that it becomes incandescent.

When a body is heated it begins to part with some of its energy in the form of radiation. At first, while the temperature is comparatively low, this radiation is not of a nature to which the eye is sensitive. As the temperature is increased the amount and character of the radiation changes. The long wave radiations increase in amount, and the body begins to radiate also, waves of shorter length. The shortest wave to which the eye is sensitive is that of red light, and when the body begins to give off radiations of this character it is said to be at red heat. As the temperature is increased above red heat, the number of short wave radiations increases, and the body may be raised to a temperature to give off light of all wave lengths from red to violet. Radiation of a wave length shorter than violet light is of no value as illumination, because the eye is not capable of detecting it. The problem of artificial illumination is that of raising a body to such a temperature that it will give off a considerable amount of luminous radiation with a minimum expenditure of energy.

Owing to the high temperature at which it remains solid and its luminosity at high temperatures, the common source of artificial illumination is some form of carbon. In a gas or oil flame, in fact in most luminous flames from combustible material, this carbon is in the form of minute incandescent particles. These particles are derived from the compounds of carbon which go to make up the fuel. In electric light the incandescence is produced by heating carbon filaments or rods to a high temperature by the passage of an electric current. Car-

bon is not, however, the only source of incandescence for lighting. In the incandescent gas light certain earthly oxides are used. In the modern metallic filament types of electric lamps, tungsten or tantalum may be used.

The earliest form of artificial illumination was probably the camp fire of prehistoric man. From this it was a short step to the torch, and it is probable that man soon discovered the advantage of impregnating the torch with oil.

The ancients used lamps which consisted of a shallow reservoir of oil into which dipped a short length of wick. This form of lamp persisted up until the latter part of the eighteenth century. The flame was smoky and discharged acrid vapors. The oils used were of animal or vegetable origin, usually colza or sperm oil.

The first notable improvement was made by Ami Argand, in 1784. He devised a burner consisting of a tubular wick between two concentric tubes. A current of air was led into the flame through the inner tube. The flame was also much improved by surrounding it with a glass chimney which rested on a perforated gallery. A great many modifications of Argand's burner have since been developed and used.

Up until about the middle of the nineteenth century practically all of the oil used for illumination was of animal or vegetable origin. In 1847 James Young noticed an exudation petroleum in the Riddings Colliery at Alfreton. He was thus led to conclude that this came from the coal measures, and in 1850 began to distil oils from shale. At first the fitness of these oils for illuminating purposes was not noticed. After a few years it was observed that the lighter distillates were being shipped to Germany, where a lamp fitted for their use had been made.

In 1859 the success of Col. E. L. Drake's boring for petroleum in Pennsylvania caused the market to be flooded with oil at prices never before dreamed of. This source of cheap fuel for illumination caused many improvements in the types of lamps, and no fewer than forty patents for petroleum lamps were taken out in America within a year of the discovery. Since then there have been many improvements resulting in

the high degree of perfection to be found in the present day oil lamps.

William Murdock used coal gas as an illuminant in 1779. He burned the gas as it escaped from the open end of a small tube, but found that this entailed a very large consumption of gas for the amount of illumination afforded. He conceived the idea of welding the open end of the tube together, and then drilled three small holes in it so that the escaping gas formed three divergent jets. From the shape of the flame produced, this burner was known as the cockspur, and was the earliest form of gas burner. It gave an illuminating value of about one candle power per cubic foot of gas consumed. This burner was improved by flattening up the closed end and boring a row of small holes in it, and then later by making a saw cut instead of a row of holes. These burners were called cockscomb and batwing respectively, the names being due to the shape of the flame obtained. In 1820 J. B. Neilson devised a form of burner which caused two jets of gas to impinge on each other at an angle and burn with a flat flame. This resulted in a slight increase in luminosity, and this burner, because of its shape, was known as the union jet or "fishtail" burner. It was less affected by draughts than the batwing and could be enclosed in a globe. Sir Edward Frankland, in 1853, demonstrated a regenerative burner, which utilized the heat of the flame to preheat the air necessary for the combustion of the gas. His burner was of the Argand type, with an extra chimney outside the regular one and extending below it. The air needed for the combustion of the gas had to pass down between the two chimneys, and in so doing became very highly heated. This resulted in a much higher flame efficiency. The regenerative burner was first designed for heating purposes, but the light given by it was found to be so superior to anything yet developed that it was, with slight modifications, used for illuminating purposes. This regenerative burner gave an illuminating value of from seven to ten candle units per cubic foot of gas consumed.

The luminosity of a coal gas flame is dependent on the temperature and quantity of carbon particles in the flame. to

will thus be seen that if a higher temperature can be secured, more luminosity will result. The temperature is limited, however, by the materials of which the burner is constructed having the ability to withstand heat without disintegration. Since the regenerative burner attains this limiting temperature, the inventors were led to look for some other material than carbon to serve as the incandescent substance. It had been noticed that when certain refractory substances, such as lime, were heated to a high temperature they gave out light. In 1826, Goldsworthy Gurney brought a cylinder of lime to a dazzling state of brilliancy by heating it in the flame of the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe. Attempts were made to secure increased light by placing buttons of zirconia and magnesia in the coal gas flame but high cost and constant renewals caused the abandonment of this practise. R. Von Bunsen, in 1855, produced a non luminous gas flame by mixing the gas, just before it reached the burner, with a quantity of air. This produced a very hot flame and was used at first only for heating purposes. It was found by using this form of burner in conjunction with a Clammond basket, or mantle, that a large amount of light could be obtained. The Clammond mantle consisted of a cone of threads of calcined magnesia. The heat of the flame caused them to become incandescent and radiate light.

Auer Von Welsbach, while carrying out researches on the rare earths with the use of the spectroscope, found that after dipping cotton in a solution of the metallic salt and holding it in the flame, a skeleton of material was left, which glowed brightly hot. His first commercial mantle, patented in 1885, used the oxides zirconia, yttria, and lanthania. These mantles were very fragile and the light emitted was very poor. He later found that a trace of ceria in a mixture with thoria produced a much stronger mantle, with marvellous powers of light production. The Welsbach mantle in conjunction with improved types of burners has resulted in a value of from twenty two to thirty six candles of light per cubic foot of gas.

Electric lamps are of two kinds; arc lamps and glow or incandescent lamps. When two carbon rods are connected to a source of electricity at a moderate pressure, and have their

ends placed in contact and then separated a short distance, a discharge takes place between them known as the electric arc. It is probable that in 1801 Sir Humphrey Davy first produced and studied this phenomenon.

An electric arc may be produced between any two conductors, provided that their difference in potential is sufficiently great; but for purposes of illumination pieces of hard graphitic carbon are generally used. The ordinary electric arc appears as a luminous flame in the space between the carbons. It is caused by the heat of the current vaporizing the carbon; the carbon vapor thus obtained acting as a conductor to carry the current across the gap. The heat developed by the passage of the current soon raises the ends of the carbon rods to such a temperature that they are highly incandescent, and give off a brilliant white light. If a continuous current is used the positive carbon becomes much hotter than the negative, the end becomes hollowed out craterlike and wears away faster. If alternating current is used both carbons wear equally and the discharge is accompanied by a humming noise.

Davy used rods of wood charcoal, which had been heated and plunged into mercury, for the carbons of his arc. This treatment made them better conductors. In 1843, J. B. L. Foucault proposed the use of carbon pencils cut from the hard carbon deposited in gas retorts. In 1876, shortly after the invention of the Gramme dynamo. F. P. E. Varré, in France, began the manufacture of arc lamp carbons of high quality, from coke, lampblack, and syrup. Carbons are now made by taking some form of finely divided carbon, such as soot or lampblack, and mixing it into a paste with gum or syrup. This paste is then moulded into rods with a hydraulic press and the rods baked. Carbons are usually round in section and the positive is made larger than the negative. It is found that a great economy of carbon is effected by enclosing the arc in a glass globe. This prevents the access of the oxygen of the air and consequently the carbon is not disintegrated as quickly. Most of the light from an ordinary carbon arc is obtained from the incandescent tips of the carbons, the arc itself giving out but very little light. By impregnating the carbons with cer-

tain metallic salts, the so-called flame arcs are produced. The salts, usually calcium, color the arc and cause a great increase in the amount of illumination.

The modern arc lamp is of the enclosed type, and is provided with a control arranged to keep the carbons at a constant distance apart. This control consists of an electromagnet and a spring, arranged so as to oppose each other. The spring forces the carbons together and the magnet tends to draw them apart. Before the current is turned on, the spring holds the carbons together, but when the current goes through the magnet and the carbons the magnet draws the carbons apart, until the resistance of the gap reduces the current to such a value that the forces of the spring and magnet balance each other. It is seen that this arrangement keeps the current through the arc at a constant value.

The starting point in the development of the electric glow lamp was the knowledge that a wire, or other conductor, could be heated by the passage of an electric current through it, and raised to a temperature sufficiently high to give out luminous radiation. The problem was to discover a material which must be a conductor and also be able to withstand high temperatures without fusion. This material should also possess a high specific resistance, and be capable of being placed in such a form as to be convenient as a source of light.

The first patent for an incandescent electric lamp was that obtained by De Molyens in 1841. He used platinum as the incandescent material and enclosed it in a vacuum. This was not satisfactory due to the low melting point of platinum. In 1845 J. W. Starr obtained a patent for the use of carbon heated to incandescence in a vacuum. The expense of operating electric lamps by means of chemical cells was so great as to prohibit their extensive use, and it was not until the development of the Gramme dynamo, in 1870, that their real need was felt. The first lamp that anywhere nearly approached those in use today was patented by Lane Fox in 1879. He described the use of high resistance carbon filaments regulated by the Sawyer-Mann flashing process. He was followed by Edison who used cotton

thread, wood splints, and mill board as material from which to obtain high resistance carbon.

The filament in the modern carbon lamp is made by dissolving cotton wool or wood fibre in a solution of zinc chloride. The resulting jelly is forced through a jet into a fixing bath and converted into long transparent threads. These after being dried are wound on carbon formers and carbonized by heating in closed pots in an oven, to a temperature of 2000°C. After carbonizing the filaments are joined to platinum wires and sealed inside the vacuum bulbs.

Carbon filament lamps have been largely superseded for general use by lamps having a tungsten filament. Tungsten is more efficient as a light source but is more subject to breakage than carbon. The latter continues to be used in lamps which are subjected to excessive shock or vibration.

R. R., Eng. '26.



CLASS HISTORY.

Do all gathered in Wolfville to attend this commencement realize the great privilege they have? Will you realize, as you assemble in this building to-morrow, that you are to witness history in the making?

The year of nineteen twenty-six has been, thus far, of the greatest importance to the whole world. There has been many an event which will be recorded in the histories of the future. We have watched the affairs in many countries, most recently Great Britain, but to-morrow all eyes will be turned to Canada, to Nova Scotia, to Wolfville! Here will be seen the outstanding event of the whole year—the graduating of the class of '26 from Acadia, into “the wide, wide world.”

Our prophet will tell you exactly how world affairs are to be bettered by the addition. It is my duty to tell briefly something of our past. This is not an endeavour to glorify ourselves in any way but to prove to any stranger at Acadia that we have a firm foundation for the great future before us. It is also hoped this poor account of noble deeds may inspire future generations to other great achievements.

For four years our class has been anxiously watched by the students, the faculty, the whole constituency. They have felt as we went about our duties in a quiet way, we were a unique class. But why not? See what has been accomplished during our four years at Acadia. A president has been secured for the University, this new University Hall has been erected, the student body has doubled. In short, Acadia has seen the dawn of a new era. Class after class has spent four years at Acadia and never were there such achievements. There is only one conclusion—the class of '26 is responsible.

Let me take you back to the beginning of this new era, Sept. 26, 1922. On that day, the shout, “Wolfville next,” meant to the class of '26 the land of promise. Many times had we dreamed of this day when we would enter Acadia. Here we were at last with four long years before us. As we stepped on the station platform, we were welcomed by a group

of villainous looking persons who were anxious to direct us to the administration building. Their geography proved to be somewhat amiss for we arrived at the Seminary or "Dr." Oliver's residence. The following morning as we entered chapel, the same persons greeted us with the cries of "fresh and green", they were our enemies, the Sophomores. We noted, however, the lack of insight on the part of the "gay young Sophomores" was offset by the wisdom of the "grave old Seniors" who regarded us with exclamations of satisfaction. Perhaps we were a little "green" yet beneath the surface, they saw material for the great class you see before you.

During our second afternoon in Wolfville, we received mysterious messages and as a result, we held our first class meeting the same evening. Shortly after we had assembled, we saw strange phantoms like faces at the windows and knew the Sophs had learned our place of hiding. In whispers scarcely audible, we made our plans and nominated a yell committee. An unexpected knock was heard. Opening the door cautiously we beheld the president of the Sophomores accompanied by Firpo, who informed us they came on a mission of peace. The Sophomores desired the honour of conducting the Freshmen on a sight seeing tour of Wolfville. After negotiations it was agreed the Freshettes should not be deprived of such a privilege. We had won our first victory, something almost unbelievable! Before we had been at Acadia two days we were permitted to enjoy the company of the fair sex. The following night we were again present. Our business completed we came forth ready for the anticipated fray but someone had apparently suggested "discretion is often the better part of valor" for not a Sophomore was in sight.

Friday night came and with it that of which we had heard so much, the Gravenstein Reception. Various contests were held in the gymnasium and here we demonstrated, by winning the greatest number of awards that the Freshmen had abundance of athletic ability. This was another victory over our rivals, led by Firpo. However, "the most unkindest cut of all" came shortly after. The yells of the upper classes had been given and the Sophomores were asked to give the Freshmen

yell. What looks of dejection we saw—they knew not a word. Then for the first time Acadia heard the now famous “Rimbulator” yell, from the members of '26. From the gymnasium we proceeded to the Sem and there took part in that which is now unknown to the lower classes—the rush. The Sophomores were not equal to the task. They were unable to force us back in the first rush and only succeeded in the second after they had been reinforced by the upper classmen and the permanent Sophomore. After the rush, we executed further ability as we were placed on “the pole.” Never had the Sems seen such acrobats and Romes, never had they heard such harmony and orations.

In view of the excellent entertainment we had provided, the class of '26 was asked to take part in a stunt day. A half holiday was proclaimed and all the college students gathered on the campus. The Freshettes arrived in the very latest of rainbow effects, the Freshmen in night attire. The first event was a water throwing contest in which those forces over which we had no control played the leading part. Try as they might, the inmates of Willett Hall have never been able to equal the record time then established.

This concluded the greater part of our initiation, but as there still remained that rule which prevented us from learning of the powers of the Ridge and other such places, we organized a football team and easily defeated the Cads. The upper classmen failed to taste the gravensteins and we were free to know of romance in the Land of Evangeline by practical experience.

On October 14th we held our first class party. All which is necessary to show it was a decided success is to mention that the Sophomores failed to find the “eats.” The time passed rapidly. We attended our first reception and Tully party, then came the holidays and our visit home to tell everyone, “Acadia is the only place.” Mid-years came with their worries and some of our members decided they had missed their calling. The second term brought the first great step in the new era, the inauguration of Dr. Patterson as president. During this term we had our parties, skates, sleigh rides, sings, nor did we forget our studies and soon the time came when we saw

"the grave old Seniors" bid farewell to their Alma Mater. Our first year was over and we had shown we were worthy of Acadia. We were represented on the intercollegiate football and hockey teams, also the ladies' basketball. Our interclass teams did well, we had debaters and athletes of ability. We had clearly demonstrated we were to be the outstanding class of Acadia.

Many having heard of the fame of '26 joined us in our second year. As Sophomores we had what may well be termed "a remarkable year." Perhaps the greatest success was the way in which we conducted the Freshmen in "the straight and narrow." What a mighty task we had! Fresh and green were not adequate terms, indeed they were best described in the words suggested to them for a class yell:—

Hayseed, bohunk, pasty fare and raw,
Just let loose from the apron strings of Ma;
Green as grass, green as grass, fresh as air in heaven.
Acadia, Acadia, class of '27.

So innocent were they, some of our members had no difficulty in gaining admittance to their class meetings. They willingly told us their yell when we phoned them and enabled the class of '26 to give the '27 yell at the Gravenstein Reception. At the rush everyone was convinced the Sophomores won save the Freshmen themselves. Those who were most vehement in their protests on appearing the following morning clearly demonstrated that some one was taking extra curriculum work in barbering. At stunt day the Freshmen performed nobly. We must not forget to mention the first year entertainment when the Freshmen, Sophomores and certain Seniors portrayed a realistic war scene.

As "gay young Sophomores" we had our good times; corn boils, parties and were I to mention all you might be convinced we never studied. That is not the impression we desire to give at this time when our parents are gathered here and we recall the letters we have written home. I ask you to bear in mind that this is the history of the studious class of '26. This year we

were more successful in interclass competition, winning the baseball league. We were represented on all college athletic teams, also the men's debating. Activities were interrupted somewhat at Easter as a result of the Sophomore hat parade. We endeavored to make Wolfville the dictator in style as well as education, but the styles seemed to be too advanced for the constituency. There were objections and it was ruled "no more hat parades." The faculty now realized the curriculum did not present enough difficulties for such a class as '26. To confine us to the field of education alone, they conceived the idea of majors which are now proving the terror of all other classes. During this year, we saw many changes in the faculty, the reorganization of the Theological Department enabling one to obtain a B. D. and the construction of this University Hall begun, thus announcing that Acadia would not participate in the proposed amalgamation.

Scott has well said, "time rolls his ceaseless course." After the vacation we returned to find ourselves "jolly Juniors," upper classmen. It was in this year we saw the new era bringing with it certain changes which we had not anticipated. Particularly was this time in the initiation ceremonies. The rush was conducted in a modified form, the pole was replaced by a blanket, stunt day was abolished and I wonder were we right when we thought there was a lack of Acadia spirit on the part of the Freshmen? However, there was "spirit," among the Juniors. We began the year with a corn boil at Evangeline Beach, then followed one good time after another. Indeed the Junior section of Willett Hall seemed too jolly, for almost daily would the janitor pay a visit to college office bearing evidence that the boys of '26 believed in "toiling upwards in the night." As upper classmen, we had certain responsibilities. This was the first year of the Acadia Students' Union, as we know it to-day, we felt its success depended largely upon the upper classmen and we endeavored to do our part. The year passed rapidly and soon came the event of the Junior year, the Senior-Junior banquet. We witnessed another graduation, the first from the University Hall and then realized we were no longer "Jolly Juniors." As you consider our Junior year

you will agree that we may be justly proud of it. Our boys won the interclass basketball. From our class came the captain of all the men's intercollegiate athletic teams. We doubt if ever in the history of Acadia a Junior class has had such an honour. Nor were our activities along athletic lines alone. The leaders of both intercollegiate debating teams were from '26. In the literary field, we won the Athenaeum pennant for the year. Nor did we neglect our studies, a large number of the class had averages over the cum laude line.

At last we had arrived at the final stage in the evolution of a college student—"grave old Seniors." We saw too that evolution has its place in college activities. The previous year the pole had been replaced by a blanket, this year it was a table.

However, everything had not changed for certain Freshmen appeared with hair cuts clearly not the work of genuine barbers. Then we learned that certain "grave and reverend Seniors" were implicated. They apparently believed in the words of John Wolcot, "Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt," so had deviated from the path of a Senior. We beheld preparation for the second expulsion of the Acadians. We were astonished to learn that the students were forbidden to witness the departure but the fact could not have been well advertised, on that Saturday afternoon the D. A. R. station proved to be inadequate for the great multitude. To become an exile seemed to be popular for many went to "the powers that be" confessing they had attempted barbering. Monday morning came and in the excitement and due to a misunderstanding we forgot to go to classes. Finally the exiles were allowed to return and all the would-be tonsorial artists were suspended from student activities. The excitement over, studies were given more attention. Christmas vacation and mid-year came and then we realized we had only one more term at Acadia, tomorrow marks its close.

Our last year has been the best of all. In our social activities, we have demonstrated that a Senior is not always grave. The outstanding events have been the Senior-Junior and the Presidents' reception. Again have we been successful in athletics, the captain of all college teams coming from our

class. The girls won the interclass basketball but owing to the barbering expedition the boys were unable to claim the title of their league yet they had no difficulty in defeating the "champions." We have won further honors in the literary and debating fields. In our class we have eight literary A's, a record which has been equalled by only one other class at Acadia. We doubt if any class at Acadia has ever won greater honors than '26 in the field of extra curriculum work, we have in all thirty-four A's. In scholastic work we have also succeeded, to-morrow fifteen of our class will graduate with cum laude degrees.

Considering the past four years we see we have succeeded in much, yet we have had our failures. Even the class of '26 is human. We have failed in the last two years to choose a suitable night for a sleigh drive. We have failed to bring to the University as many athletics honors as we had desired. We have failed to prevent certain changes. As Freshmen we were made to realize we were Freshmen. To-day the new student is being fondled and lacks respect for the upper classes. Our initiations united our class and gave us the Acadia Spirit. It is a well known fact that the spirit as we used to know it is absent. Are we justified in drawing a conclusion, as to the cause, from these facts? We have seen student government given a trial. Has that trial been a fair one? It has seemed, especially in the past year that there is a mysterious unseen hand at work. It remains still for a time, yet when affairs are not satisfactory the unseen becomes the ruling hand.

However, we are not pessimistic, we know Acadia has a great future. These our failures, we simply point out hoping future classes will succeed where we have failed and so have a bigger and better Acadia.

Thus the four years of college life, with their successes and failures, have passed. Tomorrow the class of '26 will leave its Alma Mater to take its place in "the wide, wide world."

H. A. DAVIDSON.

PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF '26

Heat, fierce, fiery heat,—the heat of a fire that burneth, yet consumeth not, such heat as no mortal has ever felt—surrounds me, engulfs me, overpowers me. Wearily I wander on, ever within the confines of a strange land, dragging one leaden foot after the other, slowly, hopelessly, resentfully. On, on, I press into these scintillating waves of fire, fearful of what is ahead, more fearful of what is behind. I tremble, I falter, in the end I sink down, overcome. My mind wanders, and the pain increases as I topple on the border between consciousness and oblivion. If someone would only come and give me a gentle push, all would be well; but no, that is not to be, for it is not according to the law of this place wherein I am doomed to a miserable existence. I must seek relief some other way. Pangs of remorse surge over me. I tremble with anger, like a leaf. Soon there is rebellion in my soul, rebellion at fate, rebellion at the instruments of my fate; and with such rebellion comes memory. For the thousandth time I go over the whole thing again.

Memory takes me back to the campus of Acadia, in the year 1926. How happy I was then—ah, how happy! Once more I see the crowds of students in their old-fashioned apparel, once more I hear their hilarious laughter, once more I am a student among them. I think of the many pleasant hours spent in the Library. I think of the wonderful moonlit evenings on the ridge. Delightful memories, you say? Yes, everything was delightful, everything—until the proclamation that was issued at a meeting of the Senior Class on Thursday, March 4, 1926. Ah, well do I remember that date—yes, well do I remember it—for that was the dramatic climax in my college career. Then it was that the tide turned and things began to go against me. Maledictions on the class president, on him and his executive committee, for to them the issuing of the proclamation was due. Even yet I see him as he rose, with the obnoxious document in his hand and a sardonic smile playing over his countenance. Even yet I hear him read:

"Whereas the Class of 1926 has delivered unto our hands the duty of providing a class prophet, and whereas we, the undersigned, have spent much time and deliberation in the consideration of such a matter, know ye that we do hereby make the position of class prophet an honor to be striven after; and we do hereby declare that our class prophet must be wholly devoid of any humorous tendencies, must possess powers of prophecy and originality, and must be lacking in all cynical and satirical qualities of composition. Furthermore, to insure this, we, the aforesaid and undersigned, do hereby declare that the class prophet, after having been in communication with the spirits, and after having composed and read his class prophecy, shall be forced to submit to the decision of a jury, composed of his classmates, as to the reward or punishment he shall so justly deserve. In witness whereof, we hereto affix our signatures, this second day of March in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-six."

Memory brings back to me the gasps of amazement that issued from the throats of my classmates. Suddenly the position of class prophet did become an honor, but no one was prepared to pay the fearful cost. All the while, I had been reviewing my various humorous, cynical, and satirical qualities, and, after due deliberation, I jumped to my feet, with a wonderful feeling of altruism, and, being a somewhat vain, though entirely fearless youth, in those days, I intimated my desire to become class prophet. Whereupon, the executive committee appeared considerably relieved and proceeded to impart to me the result of their recent intercourse with the spirits of the former class prophets of Acadia. The gist of their remarks was that upon a certain day, at a certain appointed place, I was to appear and then to disappear, in company with certain spirits which I should find waiting there. In his concluding remarks the sardonic president declared:

"On you, Arthur Ray Dunlap, we base our hopes and aspirations. Dutifully have we done our part. The rest is in your hands. Remember, O prophet, that you will be rewarded according to your deeds. And now, farewell!"

With this parting injunction, I remember, they left me to my fate. What thrills raced up and down my spine at the thought of what was before me! How clearly come back the thoughts that crowded my mind! Indeed, the position of class prophet was truly an honor which far superseded any penalty that might result from it. With what suspense I awaited the appointed hour! At last it arrived!

Suddenly the air around me was filled with strange whistlings. *Marabile dictu!* Before I knew it, I was caught up and whisked away through ethereal space. The memory of the cool breezes that floated by, only increases the pain of my present surroundings an hundredfold. Finally, my journey was at an end and there appeared before me a motley crowd, seated row upon row, like a great audience in a stupendous theatre. In a moment, my tongue was loosened, and I poured forth a volley of questions in the direction of my nearest neighbor.

"These," he replied, with a sweep of his hand, "are the great prophets of the past. Come, O thou chosen one, and take thy seat amongst them, and then thou shalt see revealed, before thine eyes, the destiny of that globe whence thou comest. And remember, O thou prophet, that,

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

Spurred on by the ever-increasing pain from this sizzling heat, my memory recalls every incident. Hardly had I been seated long enough to drink in the beauties of the great white cloud that hung between me and the earth, when it parted, like a wondrously magnificent curtain, and I gazed in bewilderment at the sight that greeted my eyes. There, before me, lay revealed not only the world, as I had expected, but the destiny of the world as well. I saw the changes that would take place a thousand years from now. I followed the destinies of some of my closest friends. You do not understand it, you say? Well, how can I explain it? I cannot! I can merely tell you what I saw.

All at once, I remember, I began to think of my classmates.

Where were they? How had fate dealt with them? Such questions as these were worrying me, when I chanced to look at Wolfville for a moment. It was no trouble at all to see the graduation exercises of Acadia University, in the year 1926, and then I followed the graduates as they parted and went out into the future. My eyes persisted in wandering for a time, but at length I became intensely interested in the life of Francis Herman Cedric Fritz. I had always had my own ideas as to what would eventually become of Herman, but, to my amazement, I found that he developed remarkable ability in the field of athletics. In fact, so successful was he that, in the year 1932, he gained a place on Canada's Olympic Team, crossed to Europe, broke a record, and became the world's champion "Miler."

Once again my eyes wandered. I wanted to see more of Herman but there were so many I thought, and I had so little time. Ah, who was this that sprang into view? 'Twas our friend, the vice-president, Serena True. Serena, I learned, was not long in fooling the troops. Destiny led her through a church where there were wedding bells and flowers and bridal veils and such. Her husband proved to be a meek little man whose one ambition was to make Serena happy, but Serena wept and wept and cried, "You wretch, do you realize that, because of you, I can no longer be true?" At these scathing remarks friend hubby recoiled, but begged her, for the sake of keeping peace in the family, to be at least a little "serener".

What a vast stage it was! What unlimited possibilities lay before me! Why, when I went back to earth and got this class prophecy off my hands, just think what I could reveal to mankind. My fortune was made! All this flashed through my mind, as I watched from my seat on high. I would fool this crafty class president, I would. I'd show him, I would. Then I laughed, long and loud and heartily, for revenge is sweet, and I fully appreciated it as I traced his destiny. Russell Byrns Curry, for a man of brains, was a wonder, one of the seven wonders of the age, in fact; and, in a few years, as I had expected, he was duly elected premier of Canada. Every dog has his day, however, as the saying goes, and soon the marvelous intellect softened. Speaking in terms of a top, his brains un-

wound and ran down, and Byrns spent the rest of his days in a caged cell in a certain institution near Halifax, where, according to report, his one and only saying was, "Oh, pshaw!"

In the city of Ottawa, I also got track of the lives of two more of my classmates. One of the most outstanding henchmen of the Liberal party, under the Curry regime, I discovered, was Maurice Haycock, who always created a sensation wherever he appeared. Because of his distinguished service, and because of his knowledge of glaciers and refrigerators and things of that nature, he was finally given the very important position of plenipotentiary extraordinary to His Majesty's subjects, the Esquimaux.

On the opposite bench from the government, there sat a lady in stately array. By straining my optics, I soon perceived it to be Mary Currie. During her college career, Mary had always been noted as wilful, headstrong young lady, and she naturally jumped at the chance to lead a woman's suffrage movement. On the various occasions that she chose to make a speech, her bitter tongue even succeeded in abashing the brazen premier, who was the most hard-hearted wretch that had ever been seen in the House of Commons. On, on she'd talk, and talk, and talk and raise a hue and cry about votes for females. "You men, you—" she'd shout, and rave, and wave her hands in violent gesticulations, and then break down, for Mary—well, she did not like the men.

For a moment, I remember, I shut my eyes, to try to recall an amusing incident about Mary, and lo, when I looked again, I beheld a couple take up their course in life. Yes, it was Ardis and Owen, as you might well have guessed, and the inevitable surely happened. Both were more or less successful in the literary world and after a few short years, were able to spend their winters on the blamy beaches of Florida and their summers amidst the cool breezes of Nantucket, as many of their kind were wont to do. All was peaceful and happy for the Rumsey family, for many years, and it was with great difficulty that I accounted for the misfortune that finally overtook my classmates. Owen, it seems, did not wholly confine his activities to the field of literature, but was often filled with am-

bition to increase his worldly wealth in the sphere of business. For this reason, he dabbled in stocks on the New York Exchange, where he only succeeded in having his fingers severely burned and in losing all of his wife's money. Ardis and Owen were sad after that, and bowed their heads in deep mortification. Then they resolved that no other mortal should ever have the same fate, and, in collaboration, wrote a far-famed book, entitled "Suckers," in which they explained what Barnum really meant when he said that there is at least one born every minute.

According to the paths of destiny, George Foster tried his hand at many things, particularly chemistry and politics. Later on in life, in some unaccountable way, he suddenly found himself related to a wondrously rich namesake, who died without leaving a will. Thereupon, George hired unto himself several lawyers and proceeded to claim his share, refusing to believe, as he had been taught at Acadia, that inheritance is a curse. Many weary years he spent, but on and on the struggle went. At length, it came time for George to die, and, during the last few minutes of his life, his lawyers rushed to him with the glad news that they had won the case. Incidentally, George was given a gorgeous funeral.

Once again I followed carefully two lines of destiny that were crossed, and eventually the fate of Jean Creighton and Laura Davison was disclosed. After teaching mathematics for a considerable time, they both became involved in a great mathematical problem that worried the age, namely, the accurate calculation of the entire distance from here to infinity. The years rolled by and still they worked,—and worked, and worked, and worked, and worked. At last a bright thought sank into their skulls and they concluded that the only way to find out anything about infinity was to go there, wherever that might be. So they bought an airplane, one day, and in that thing they flew away, and that is all I have to say of Jean and Laura's destiny.

The fate of Wilfred Israel struck me very forcibly. Immediately after graduation, he went abroad and gained a name in two ways: first, as a famous financier, and second, as a bril-

liant conversationalist. In the latter capacity, he was welcomed to all the courts of Europe, where he succeeded in demonstrating the most successful formula yet concocted for the handling of the fair sex, in tight corners. His fondness for the ladies increased with age, and he often wondered why none would consent to his numerous proposals, till one of them finally said, "Oh, Wilfred, dear, though I like you well, I could never stand your line." Farther down the path, however, he fooled me by taking unto himself a spouse, and the next day the newspapers printed under his picture, "The man Who Married a Deaf Wife." The rest of his life was sweet as could be, except for a few matrimonial battles. At one of these, it seems to me, I saw little Wilfred Jr., standing on a settee and clapping his hands in fiendish glee. As the struggle waged on, the little wee voice from the side lines was heard to say, "Papa love mama, mama love papa, you tell her, big boy!"

Next on the stage came Anna McKinnon, with a Ph. D. to her name. Having joined the aristocracy of brains, it seems, Anna startled the world by her brilliant discoveries in chemistry. Her activities in the chemical field, however, were not wholly confined to scholastic affairs, for, in the course of her life, Anna was married six times. Shortly after the death of her last husband, people began to sit up and take notice, but to their queries Anna replied, "Hold your vile, snaky tongues, you scum of the earth. To hear you talk, one would think that a man's life was a million dollars." Her autobiography, published shortly after Anna forsook this life for worlds unknown was entitled, "A Woman of Brains", or "How to be Happy Though Married."

During his rather lengthy career, I saw William A. Geldart pursue many and devious courses. His ambition was fame and he was always wont to declare that the end justifies the means. After a time, feeling that he had not been given a square deal, as a Fundamentalist, he changed his tactics and bent his energies in the support of Darwinism. "Darwin was right," he preached everywhere, and his hearers would often exclaim, "He came, *we* saw, he conquered—verily, Darwin was right."

As for James Arnold Noble, a bright future I saw, when he

wandered away from Wolfville. In spite of his somewhat passionate affinity for the fair sex, he became a doctor of note, and established a practice in South Carolina. There, in a few years, the inevitable happened, and he married a blushing bride, whose untimely death was the only thing that marred his otherwise happy existence. Thenceforth, whenever he failed to cure a patient by any human means, he let them go up above—to carol.

Then, I remember, the voice at my side said, "Watch," with a sinister meaning, and immediately the great white curtain rolled back into place and cut off the vast stage from view. Was this the end? Was I only to see so few of my classmates? To my look of inquiry, the one beside me spoke again, and said:

"Know, O prophet, that this is a play in four acts. Between each act, thou shalt have time to set down what thou hast seen, for thy memory is liable to fail thee."

"Away, away," I cried in scorn at such a fool suggestion. "Do you pretend that you can think thus of my memory? On with the play! I will not write, no matter what you say."

"Verily, thy will be done," he snapped, and then shut up like a clam. Consequently I, too, held my peace and waited impatiently for the curtain to part. How magnificent it was, this great white drapery, and with what dignity it slowly revealed the stage. Once again, I remember, I adjusted my eyes to the sight with difficulty; and, once again, I went back to Wolfville and singled out several more paths of destiny that I wanted to follow.

The first of these led me to the steps of a great cathedral, in which an eminent divine prayed his audience to sleep in deep sonorous tones. On the prayer went, and on and on, until at length his wind gave out; and then—this ponderous personage, with the shiny bald pate, raised his head and revealed himself. I gasped with unrestrained amazement, for there I saw my old friend George Ryan, who, 'tis said, always received his greatest inspiration from Amos.

Then Lucy Gates sprang into view, waving her B. A. degree. Being of a somewhat indolent turn of mind, she had spent most of her college course trying to figure out the easiest

way to earn a living. This was no simple problem, and Lucy's vast, comprehensive knowledge of higher mathematics aided her very little. To make a long story short, Lucy did find, eventually, a solution of the problem and a use for this vast store of knowledge, in calculating accurately all the prize contests that appeared in the Halifax papers. In this way, she soon became rich and ended her life in luxury. Her only living relative, to whom she bequeathed her whole fortune, paid her a last sad tribute by putting the following words on her tombstone:

“She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me!”

Out from their Alma Mater, I next followed Robert C. Swim and Charles F. McElhinney, who were usually known to their classmates as “the sanctified, heavenly twins.” The former of these, I learned led a very sad life and the beginning of it all was the assistant directorship in one of the great Maritime industries that he unfortunately accepted immediately after graduation. During the first two years of matrimony “Benny” was a violent exponent of Maritime rights, but after that he changed his tone and became the leader of an agitation in favor of the complete emancipation of men. “Benny” was soon successfully emancipated in a divorce court, but no sooner had he gained his freedom, than he was arrested, with embezzlement, and sentenced to death. Then “Benny” laughed and to the judge flung the following fool-hardy taunt: “You and your court are all big fools. Don't you remember me, I'm ‘Benny Swim’ of gallows fame. I'm the man they could not hang.” Needless to say, “Benny” this time succumbed to the modern improvement of science and invention.

All through his college course, the other of “the heavenly twins” had despised this endearing epithet, and many were the verbal battles that he and “Benny” had had over this very same thing. There came a time, however, when Charlie was up against it, financially, and then he decided to make use of

his twinship. Accordingly, he got on "Benny's" trail and threatened to expose their relationship with such persistency, that the harassed one finally had to resort to embezzlement, to pacify him. Later on, after the famous criminal had forcibly breathed his last and ended his life in such disgrace, Charles was filled with great fear and mortification, and immediately went out and hung a millstone around his neck and was drowned, not because of sorrow and contrition, but because he was afraid someone would mistake him for the departed "Benny".

True to her one and only mania, I found that Annie Doherty continued "to trip the light fantastic" after she went forth from the portals of her Alma Mater. Her sole aim in life, she often said, was to make a hit on Broadway. At one time she came within an ace of realizing success. However, because a man from Broadway made a hit with her, Ann gave up her chance to make a hit with Broadway, and lived happily ever afterward.

The path that Jost Elderkin marked out was twisted and intricate. At first he essayed to be a rollicking engineer, but the way, he found, was not very smooth, and he sought elsewhere for a job. "An easier life give me," quoth he. "Man was not made for work alone." At length, after a varied career, Jost broke into the ranks of major league baseball and succeeded in gaining much fame as a coach. His methods of coaching proved very original, to say the least, and the last I remember seeing of him, he was standing beside third base, singing in a melodious tenor voice, "Come home, come home, I say, oh base runner, come home."

Next I took up a straight, narrow path, just marked by one twist and one turn. Life proved a sweet dream for Zoa McCabe and, in short order she was trying to cook for a certain black-haired youth. She cooked for a week, with little success and burned everything that she made; but finally, one night, she brought friend hubby a dear little cake for supper. He took one bite, with a smiling face and swallowed it whole with a shudder. Then Zoa looked on and the cake, by degrees, disappeared down the neck of her lover. That very same night

saw our classmate bereft. The "doc" said, "Acute indigestion". Thenceforth Zoa's sweet dream was at an end and she became a befreckled, bespectacled "school-marm".

My eyes then turned to another soul in the grip of destiny. Lo and behold, it was Freddie Wright. He had become just the kind of a man I had always expected he'd be. At thirty, I found, he wore white duck trousers and played for the Davis Cup, but Freddie was always a roving sort, and drifted carelessly. For a time he was a sailor lad and sailed the deep blue sea, but then his ship sank and the sharks swam round, smelling a savory feed. Poor Freddie looked up with a helpless look, and sighed and finally said, "Ah, this is the last my heavenly friends will ever see of me."

With her B. A. degree tucked under her arm, it seems to me I saw Ella McMahan go home to the dear land of Judique, where she found conditions in such a sad state that she decided to use her knowledge of sociology altruistically. Thereupon, she made an arrangement with the savage miners whereby she received a very large salary. The older generation was worried not at all, for she looked to the kiddies to try out her theories. Then the years tripped by, twenty years, in fact, and Ella's principles proved so effective that the miners, one and all, absolutely refused to strike. There was one rather sad feature about the whole business, however, for with every cut in the miners' wages came a corresponding cut in Ella's salary, and Ella soon began to wonder if sociology was quite right, after all. At any rate, she spent the rest of her life trying to undo the harm she had done, and, on her tombstone were written these words, "Here lies one who has accomplished—nothing."

As for Gerry Guiou, if I remember correctly, he had a very short career. A lauded preacher he became, but he refused, absolutely, to trust himself to the hands of destiny. His favorite slogan was found in these words of the poet:

"It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

Just for that; fate played a little trick on Gerry, and soon he was securely placed under the cold green sward.

The path of Evangeline McClelland left Wolfville for a time, but in the course of a few years "Van" was back in the college town again. The growing university demanded an assistant for the matron of Tully Tavern, and this was the position my poor classmate held. "Van", however, had always been a kind-hearted girl, and, remembering the way she and her fellows had been fed in former days, she soon rebelled and resigned. Even at that, the food at Tully did not improve, so "Van" started a new dining hall for college students, with her own capital—and Tully went out of business. Thus one of the biggest social problems of the age was settled for all time.

The fate of Charlie Kinsman is not very hard to tell. In the first place, I discovered that he had a marked aversion for work, which surprised me not in the least. Charlie's chief interest was in philanthropy, and so successful was he in draining people's pockets for worthy causes which he himself had invented, that he managed to make an easy living and died a very wealthy man.

And then, on the stage, appeared Margaret Hutchins, who, I learned, soon met her fate. She first tried her hand at school teaching, but her one ambition was to become an editor; so, with this in view, she applied for a position with the North American Newspaper Alliance. When asked what she knew, Margaret replied, "Everything! Please ask me what I don't know." 'Twas discovered that she did know everything, but, to her extreme mortification, she was offered a job as reporter. With a toss of head, Margaret turned homeward, defying the world at large. I later found that she buried all her sorrows in the soothing hands of matrimony.

After that, I remember, I traced Clarence R. Gould through a long, long remarkable career. Though a writer at first, he soon changed his plans and went out to China as a missionary, to father a flock of unbelievers. The Orient pleased him tremendously, but he was hardly what you would call a success. The fact is that instead of "Father" converting the hea-

then, the heathen converted him, and he ended his life in an opium dive, in the depths of the underworld.

At that point, the curtain closed again and memory says I welcomed the intermission, for I was growing rather weary, tracing such intricate paths. There was no quitting for me at that point, however, and when the third act began, I proceeded assiduously with my task.

Elizabeth Murray, I learned, became a famous woman in the service of her native province. Rebelling at such edicts as the educational leaders were accustomed to pass in the supposed interest of her sex, she went to Halifax and, in a never-to-be-forgotten oration, so convinced the government of the validity of her contentions that they fired all the leading educators and made "Liz" the Principal of the Truro Normal School. Thereupon the new head immediately cancelled all former edict and decreed that the pants of all the male attendants at Normal should be wide enough and long enough to cover up their ungainly feet.

As for Gerald Eaton, I clearly recall, the fates dealt with him quickly and justly. After becoming an engineer of note, he was employed by the Canadian government to build a bridge from Digby to Saint John, so that people would no longer be forced to yield expensive meals to the choppy seas of the Bay of Fundy. The bridge was a marvel, but, sad to relate, one beautiful moonlight night, when Gerald was out strolling thereon, explaining the ways of bridges and the ways of the world to a friend from Saint John, the whole structure buckled and crumbled. The fishes were thus treated to a very great feast, and thereafter never went hungry.

After receiving her B. A. degree, Mary Falt began to sit up nights trying to figure out how she could fool fate and make the name of "Falt" famous. Fortunately a formula soon formed back of her forehead for the fixing of all foot faults for all time. Forthwith Mary fell into a fortune and forced her friends to confess the fact that fools can never foretell what faults will effect.

The path that J. M. Blesedell trod was, in a word, short—very short. He hitched his wagon to a star and then went up

to look afar into unknown places. What he saw there was never known, for Blesedell's star took a sudden shoot and landed on the planet Mars, where the uncivilized gentlemen immediately looked upon him with approving eyes, licked their chops, and then licked his. Incidentally, this is the fate of all humans on Mars.

When Laura Duncanson left her Alma Mater, she immediately began, to cast her eyes around. She rolled them this way, and rolled them that, and rolled them back again, and watched and watched—what for?—why, a man. They came from the east, they came from the west and laid their gifts at her feet; but always she turned her gaze away, with a dreamy look in her eyes and thought of the days in her youth when men were men. The struggle went on, for Laura's hand, but Laura sighed and said, "Away, you scum, away from here, I could not stand you for a year; my heart is set on a far off thing, I want a *man*, not a weakling."

The path of Hubert Davidson took me away from Wolfville to a Theological Seminary in the balmy south. In spite of the fact that he was always rather slack in his methods, "Davy" rose to great heights, as a speaker. As a man, on the other hand, he did not rise—he broadened. In fact, speaking in terms of corporations, "Davy" had one. At any rate, in the year 1961 he returned to Wolfville to take over one of the large congregations there, and he did remarkably well even though he was often accused of the fallacy of the undisturbed middle.

Then under my gaze appeared Margaret Freeman, clad in the height of style. I traced her destiny and found that "Mag" had become a famous athlete, captain of the Montreal "Amazons", the team which won the Ladies' International Rugby title in three successive years. By the time she was in her prime, the females had succeeded in doing practically everything that a man could do, from playing football to piloting airships, and my classmate was no exception. In her home life, especially, she was true to form and ruled with an iron hand. Her one ambition, it seems, was to humble the weaker sex and poor dear "hubby", meekly and mildly dragging around his two hundred pounds at her heels, obeyed orders.

Another example of the law of the iron hand, I discovered was Max M. Munro, who for a time had had aspirations in the field of physics. This was not to be, however, for friend wife, after seeing Max acquire a B. A. degree, began to entertain grave fears that too much education might turn her husband's head and cause dissension in the family. Consequently she put her foot down firmly, and Max, in order to earn his daily bread accepted the position of liquor inspector in Paradise. As at college, he performed his duties wisely and well, until affairs at home became unbearable. Then Max took a little drink, and then a little bigger drink, to soothe his shattered nerves. That very same night, sad to relate, there came the swift descension of a rolling pin and suddenly the destiny of my poor friend was at an end.

Aubrey Landers, it seems to me, led a long and eventful life. Destiny, you know, has many little tricks of suspense, and these were practiced unstintedly on Aubrey, whose chief ambition was to enter the House of Fame. At first, as a mathematician, he knocked at the golden portals, only to be continually refused entrance. Not even a perfect mark in a Major Exam would give him a passport there, so Aubrey turned wearily away and concluded that he must pursue some other course. He tried his luck at this and that, without the least success, and finally, one day, he sat down in great despondency and decided that fame was a mere delusion. Then, he figured out, a new and novel way to commit suicide and tried it on himself, with good results. Needless to say, the late Aubrey was hailed far and wide for this feat, and at last his name echoed and re-echoed through the corridors of fame.

Then I followed Julia Covert, who, I found, lived a quiet and peaceful life. To be in style was her one hobby, and in a few years her name was known from east to west—not for her beauty, not for her gorgeous attire, but because she was the first woman to imitate exactly the habits of the other sex. Indeed, in her obituary, much stress was laid on the fact that "Lou" was the first really bald-headed woman, though women had been endeavoring for years to accomplish this feat.

Another figure on the stage held my rapt attention. His

form was good, his hair still curled (what there was of it), and I was sure this ought to be Noble. Such was the case. Otto, I learned, had gained prominence in the field of astronomy. He discovered new worlds, by various methods, and then told his associates of his deeds in a clear, cut and dried, matter-of-fact tone of voice, as if such things were of small importance in the life of a noble. His success may be safely attributed to his continual occupation of star-gazing in his undergraduate days.

After Curtis Newcombe had completed a course in library science, his path showed many twists and turns, as if a roving life he led. At length, at the ripe old age of forty-five, Curtis returned to his native land and became chief superintendent of the D. A. R. Always a strong exponent of the rights of the old home town, he immediately exerted his influence to have the railway offices shifted from Kentville to Port Williams. Men with clearer vision than he, however, saw what a great expense it would be, and they decided that, in order to pacify Curtis, they had better move Port Williams to Kentville. Accordingly this was done, and thus a very embarrassing situation was averted at the loss of only a few million dollars.

Then Olive Archibald whirled into view, with a toss of her raven head. Her life, I soon learned, had been a very devoted one, devoted in every sense of the word, and with her devotion came success and finally the fulfilment of her heart's desire. She loved to act, and act she did, in New York, London, Paris. With plenty of foot lights near, she was perfectly at ease and as happy as a bird on the wing. Moreover, Olive always had a desire to play a leading role, and, as her career drew to a close, she herself feared that this she would never do. But fate had decreed and Olive did lead, in fact, she ruled and reigned supreme, though not on the stage. To be perfectly frank with you, I gained most of this information from the life of her unfortunate husband, of whom I have further words.

Frank McLatchey, in his prime, was a corpulent theatre owner. His reputation as a high financier during his college days went with him in later years—and also his success. As a result, his name finally appeared in the bankruptcy list and

Frank, not to be outdone, secured a position in a tonsorial parlor, for which his college activities also qualified him

For the third time I watched the curtain roll back into place and impatience rose up within me. There was nothing to do but wait, however, and truly it seemed that an age passed before the last act began. Accustomed as I was by that time, to the peculiarities of the place, it was with little difficulty that I picked out the few remaining threads of destiny of my classmates and traced them to the end. If my memory serves me and there is little reason why it should not, my mind being ever conscious of my present painful surroundings, Harold Gould soon amassed a fortune by inventing an absolutely safe way (your money back if not satisfied) for students to crib at examinations. Every time his idea was sold, Harold received two cents royalty, and in less than fourteen days after the patent was issued, he had received two million dollars. He thus proved himself a friend of youth, and he always remained one. Indeed, in his old age, he became so troubled about the younger generation, and lamented so over their evil ways, that he left a huge sum in his will to support a campaign of correction.

At that moment, my eyes became fixed on Marjorie Mason, as she wended her way through the world. In short order, I learned that she had entered the business world and had eventually become the private secretary of the President of Acadia, who was haply, a bachelor. "Marj" found him very friendly, and liked him very well, but then he got too friendly—she said, "You go to—blazes!" Afterwards she added, in scornful accents:

"Do you think I'm a fool, without any brains,
To forsake this agreeable life?
I've a car of my own and where'er I roam,
I rejoice in this freedom from strife."

Shifting my eyes to another part of the great stage, I picked out the destiny of Arthur Lawrence Neal, that famous orator who, throughout his whole life, was always referred to as "Diz-zy". He soon made his way in the field of law, and, in later years, was rewarded, for his distinguished political services on

behalf of the Conservative party, with a seat in Nova Scotia's Legislative Council, still commonly referred to as the home for aged and infirm old men. During the time that the decrepit "Dizzy" held a seat there, the institution continued to die, and demands came from all quarters for its extinction. "Dizzy", however, resolved otherwise and, taking the lead, he so abashed his opponents with his witty remarks that the inert body was allowed to exist. Even on his deathbed, my feeble class-mate still had this problem in mind, and his last words to his fellow unfortunates., as well as to the world at large, were these, "We cannot allow the prodigious ignorance of our opponents, however great, to supersede our own intelligence, however small."

The path of Elma Crockett led out to Hollywood. A movie actress she became, but found her life so very tame that she had lots of time to kill. Accordingly, she went to work with a vim and a will, and what do you suppose she did? She tried to find the greatest thrill that this old world provided. She sailed a ship, and she looped the loop in a brand new monoplane; she rode a horse in a steeple chase, and drove a car at a lightning pace; but still she was not satisfied. Then she fell into a trance and dreamed a dream about romance. Her dream came true within a week, and Elma had no more to seek the world over for a thrill. Right then and there she learned that, still, the greatest thing a girl can miss is the lingering touch of a lover's kiss.

Blair Elderkin was a ponderous man, well past middle age, when I took up the path of his life. With a very slow stride, he waddled around in the midst of luxury. The only thing of real importance that I discovered about him was his appetite, but, oh my, how he ate, how he ate, how he ate. Though twice divorced, Blair did not mind, for he took life as it came. His whole philosophy of life may be summed up in the following words, which occupied a prominent place in his dining hall, "Let me live, let me eat; feed me not, let me die", and "Man cannot live by bread alone." At length he passed out after an extremely severe attack of the gout.

The life of Wallace Forgey was spent in a very strange

way. From the portals of Acadia he went forth with a firm determination to conquer worlds unknown, and began life as a preacher. He preached for a time, preached on and on, until all his hearers left him; and then he preached to the empty pews, but I dare not tell you what he said. At this point in his career, I lost track of him for a while, but later on I found that Wallace gave up in despair and, in a rage, so tore his hair that not a single strand remained. During this fit of anger, he determined to turn over a new leaf and become a very bad man. The last I remember of him, he was beginning his new career by singing "My Gal's a Hula", "We Won't Get Home Till Morning", and many other songs of the same type, reminiscent of the bad old days in college.

The most important event in the life of Ruby Thompson was her marriage to a very rich man. I cannot stop to tell you all the bright spots in her path, but well do I remember seeing her, one day, rushing frantically for a doctor. Four blocks away, she found one and, in a frenzy cried, "Oh doctor, doctor, he's dying." The doctor seized his hat and ran back to Ruby's house, while Ruby followed with faltering steps. Upon her arrival, the doctor said, "Madam, I fear your husband's dead." Then Ruby's arms encircled the doctor's neck and, failing to keep her tears of joy in check, she cried, "At last I am free from matrimony. How much better this is than alimony!"

Then, almost immediately, I became assured that Donald Munro was a victim of fate, for he hadn't a wife to his name. In later years, he went into seclusion and became a worthy disciple of the renowned Voltaire. All during this time, he worked steadfastly on a book which was published shortly after his death. It contained his ideas regarding the perfect life for a man and was entitled, "The Blessings of Being a Bachelor."

As for Gwen Patterson, fate decreed a life of great adversity. Shortly after her marriage, I discovered, she and her spouse became involved in a great war that developed in the United States between the Ku Klux Klan and Fascism. Influenced by her better half, Gwen became a strong adherent of the "invisible empire", which proved neither invisible or indivisible to the followers of Mussolini. At any rate, the couple

were faithful to the cause until the end, when, terrified at the thought of forsaking this life so early, they repented; but they could not avert the fate that was theirs and were finally destroyed for hypocrisy.

After she had left Acadia and had squeezed through Normal School, under the watchful eyes of its notorious head, I saw Barbara Walker take up school teaching as a profession. Truly can it be said that she came, she saw, but she did not conquer. Fortunately for her she was whisked away from her distasteful position by a budding young lawyer and as a result she became the first female judge that Acadia ever produced.

Then, lo and behold, there sprang into view a very short man with a long, flowing, henna beard, who lived in a tub and went about from place to place, pouring forth words of wisdom. It proved to be no other than my old friend, Fred Crossman, who, by virtue of his ability to argue, had become the leading philosopher of his generation. His contentions were consoling, especially for indolent youths, and the sum and substance of what he claimed was this: The more one studies, the more one forgets; therefore, the less one knows. The less one studies, the less one forgets; therefore, the more one knows. As soon as his former college professors heard this, they all laughed hilariously, for they remembered Fred Crossman, of old. On his deathbed, his few remaining friends gathered around, to comfort him. One offered to read the Bible, but Fred shook his head. Another offered to pray, with the same disapproval. Then the dying man asked, "wouldn't one of you like to argue a little?"

At that point, I took up the last thread in sight, which was that of Mark Fairn. As soon as he had his degree safely in hand, Mark looked at the world with a critical eye. He thought of the rest of his classmates who were all going forth, en masse, to earn the elusive dollar, and then he laughed scornfully. "Ha! ha! "he cried," you fools, you fools, I shall not follow in your steps, for I am a man of brains." Thereupon he immediately began to use his brains, and started a patent medicine advertisement that netted him a small fortune. With that little beginning he soon went on to bigger

things and finally became a leader in the field of spiritualism, continuing his roguish activities. For his success in duping his fellow mortals, he was made a knight by the King of England, like some of his illustrious predecessors, and on his tombstone were written these words,

“Here lies Sir Mark, Knight of the Garter,
Than whom there was no other smarter.”

That was the end, I thought, and so I turned to my still silent companion. “Let us go,” were the words I uttered, but he replied, “Not yet. Thou hast not finished all thy work. There is still one more. Look again, O thou prophet.” I did as I was commanded, and then my eyes dilated with amazement at the sight which I beheld. The world was in convulsions. It practically turned inside out. In a word, I saw all modern civilization destroyed, but ever, during that time, I kept my eyes fixed on one single figure, that of A. P. Morton. Even yet I remember the identical place where he was swallowed up. The years rolled by before my gaze, two thousand years, in fact, and a strange race of men peopled the earth. In another hundred centuries, a new civilization was at its height, and archaeologists were at work digging up the lost America. Then, strange to say, I saw them go and excavate in the very place my poor friend had sunk from view. They dug and dug there with a will and finally unearthed a skull, which they handed to their leader. He looked at it very critically; then he turned away, and with a yawn, uttered just one word, “ape.”

Suddenly I was awakened, as if from a reverie, by the closing of the magnificent curtain. In less time than it takes to tell it, I once more felt myself whisked through balmy, soothing breezes, and then I stood again on terra firma, with my mind stored with valuable knowledge and the specific task of giving the class prophecy before me. Briefly, I appeared before my classmates on class day, and my memory became so dim that I made an unspeakable fiasco of it all. There, without a note of any kind, I soon began to realize the wisdom of the words of my former companion, and I cursed myself for the fool I was

Indeed, from the significant looks that my classmates exchanged, I knew that there was something brewing, and, after they had retired and made their decision, the sardonic president rose to declare, with a note of triumph in his voice, that, on Wednesday, May twenty-sixty in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-six, Arthur Ray Dunlap should be beheaded,—not “Ba-ed”. In concluding, I might add, that I was beheaded on the twenty-sixth day of May, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-six, and that that is the reason I am doomed to a miserable existence in this accursed place, where the heat is so overwhelming and burneth but consumeth not.

And now, dear friends, before I leave,
I wish you all to undeceive.
'Tis but a dream I had one night.
I was not drugged, nor sick, nor tight,
But harassed much with dire vexation,
Which threatened my determination
This wretched prophecy to indite
And make it seem, to all, quite right.
I hope I have not bored you so
That, afterwards, you all will go
Away to criticize. Please learn
I've done my best to overturn
All fears I've had in this respect,
By dropping things you might reject.
Whatever else it may impart,
This is, at least, a work of Art.

Arthur Ray Dunlap.

VALEDICTORY

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

I stand today as Valedictorians have stood for nearly one hundred years, in these halls, to bid farewell to our Alma Mater, and to those amongst whom we have lived and labored as fellow-students for a period.

Four years ago we received our first impressions of Acadia. Not Acadia as it is today, with this beautiful structure in which we are holding these exercises, but still, an Acadia that was to us the fulfilment of our dreams—the first step in our search for higher education.

During these years we have watched Acadia grow, and we have taken pride in her growth, for we have felt ourselves to be not merely students at Acadia, but units of Acadia, and the last few weeks have but cemented and brought into prominence this we-feeling that has been growing within us.

It has been our privilege to be the first graduating class to take lectures in this structure. In that we take some pride. But the important thing that has come to us is not pride in that, but pride in the feeling that we are standing on a hill as it were, and are looking on the first flush of the dawn of a greater Acadia to be, a super Acadia, the prophecy of which is represented by this structure, by the steadily increasing influx of students each year, and by the plans of further development already laid down.

And we shall watch this progress with interest, for we who have supped at Acadia's table, and fed on her life, must have a filial love that will lend itself to more than interest in her greater future of service.

We cannot tarry here longer. Our own life is partly interwoven with the life of Acadia. Our welfare is her welfare, and her welfare is our welfare. But now, her contribution to our lives being made, we must enter into the larger sphere of life where this contribution may be differed among those who have not the privileges that have been ours.

Acadia, we bid you farewell.

Gentlemen of the Board of Governors:—

We realize the privilege that has been ours of entering these halls and sitting at the feet of men whose lives are devoted to the training of young life for service. Perhaps too often, in our student way, we have forgotten the sacrifice that has made all this possible. But if so, these last few days of our college life have made us alive to the debt we owe, not only to the heroic men and women of the past, but to you also, who, by your un-tiring efforts have builded a worthy structure upon a worthy foundation.

Your task is a difficult one, and in many ways a thankless one, but on this occasion we wish to assure you that the loyal cooperation—physical, mental, and spiritual—of the Class of '26 will go with you in the realization of your still greater plans for the future.

Gentlemen, we bid you farewell.

Mr. President and Members of the Faculty:—

One of the greatest assets that can bless those who seek to build character in others, and to equip them for lives of service, is the ability to enter the inner shrine of those lives, and to impress them, not as professors on students, but as individuals on individuals. For four years we have entered your class rooms and partaken of your offerings. True, we have not always seen eye to eye with you, but such a complete yielding of our personalities would have been less a tribute to you than our occasional differences have been. We have learned to regard you, first, as men with a passion for the welfare of your students, and secondly, as professors. No higher tribute, I believe, could be offered.

Our fellowship has been a trifle strained at times, perhaps, by misunderstandings, but through the mellowing influence of time, that which seemed to us a trifle unjust has been revealed to us as but a real interest on your part in our well-being.

Our future will be largely linked up with the years under

your tutelage, and our appreciation of your efforts will be manifested in our type of endeavor.

We bid you farewell.

Citizens of Wolfville:—

It has been our privilege to call ourselves for a time at least, citizens of your town. We have deemed it a privilege to spend such pleasant years as our college years have been, in such pleasant surroundings. The natural beauty of your town and valley has woven itself into our hearts, and will always be a pleasant memory. But the beauty of a place cannot in itself make for complete happiness. The human touch is needed and we have found among your number many real friends.

Naturally we have not entered into your life, nor you into ours, as if we were a unity; such could not possibly be expected, for you represent the practical side of life which we are about to enter, while our college life has been largely separated from the somewhat harsher realities of practical life.

We have enjoyed our stay with you, and we trust that in future years when we shall return to pay our tribute to our Alma Mater, we shall once more renew our friendships.

Citizens of Wolfville, we bid you farewell.

Fellow Students:—

Our fellowship with you during the past one, two, and three years has been a very pleasant one indeed, the severance of which constitutes one of our greatest regrets at leaving Acadia. We have fought side by side for the honor of Acadia in the football field and in other athletic contests; we have matched wits against the other universities of these provinces; we have joined hands for common causes, and what not. On the other hand we have indulged, sometimes at least, in accentuated class rivalries. Thus we have plodded along together having our ups and downs, our times of cooperation and disruption, and as a result we have emerged as one great family—the family of Acadia.

In all our undertakings we have endeavored to “play the game,” and as the so-called leaders of the student life we thank

you for your loyal support during the past year, without which such success as was attained would have been displaced by failure.

We leave the welfare of the future Acadia student life in your hands, knowing that you will profit by our mistakes and so make for a bigger and better Acadia student body.

Farewell.

Classmates:—

Tomorrow marks for us the end of the old life and the beginning of the new. It is the dawn of a new era, the culmination of four years of study. So long we have lived together, had common aims, common joys, and common sorrows, that we almost feel that life should ever be a repetition of what the last four years has been. To separate from tried friends of long standing is perhaps one of the most difficult things of life. Yet after all, friendship should be bigger and broader than mere selfishness. That which is most worthwhile in a man or woman is not some likeable trait as such, but some real worth as expressed in relationships with others. We have feasted at a common table. We have dreamed. Now we must throw aside the dream as such, for the privilege of making it a reality. Thus only shall we be worthy of the friendships we have formed during these years of preparation.

There is a task that calls us. We shall go to various parts of the world. We shall render our task in diverse ways. But underneath the varied form should lie the single purpose—Service.

Let us then, with expectant hearts, look forward to the coming years realizing that after all we are not bidding each other good bye, but that we are simply breaking asunder the little circle that narrows our efforts and binds us, that we may join hands in the greater claim of life as active units.

Let the voice of Kipling be the voice that spurs us on to our task,

“Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges—

Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!”

Classmates, farewell.

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Good
Thing



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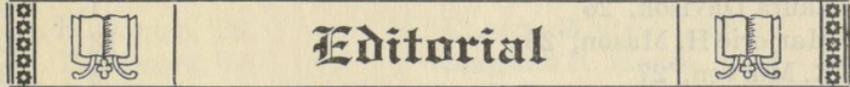
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F. S. Crossman, '26.....Managing Editor.
Margaret E. Hutchins, '26.....Literary Editor.

O. T. Rumsey, '26, Science.	E. Ardis Whitman, '26, Month.
F. H. C. Fritz, '26, Athletics.	M. Grace Perry, '27, Exchanges.
Marjorie H. Mason, '26, Personals	H. F. Sipprell, '27, Jokes.
A. L. S. Rep.—Mary Millard.	A.C.A. Rep.—William H. Miller
Gwen R. Spurr, '27, Staff Artist.	T. H. Taylor, '28, Circulation Man.

D. H. Gordon, '27.....Business Manager.

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All remittances and business communications to be addressed to the Business Manager, Box 308, Wolfville, N. S.



Editorial

The Relay

One lap to run, one fraction of the race,
Compelled by all who have touched goal before
To strive 'till stubborn strength can strive no more,
To follow true the challenge of their pace.
Who runs his best can with unblushing face
Answer the stricture of the censorious score,
And though he stumble, swift to rise once more
He yet keeps faith where failure leaves no trace.
The kerchief to another hand is flung—
A waiting hand outstretched in challenge high—
And of a sudden, one short race is run.
The past is with a thousand honors hung,
The future kindles the exultant eye,—
Of time, not of today, is victory won.

ATHENAEUM COMPETITION

	Lit.	Gen.
M. Grace Perry, '27	6	9
R. D. Perry, '27	5	8
E. Ardis Whitman, '26	18	5
Olive M. Archibald, '26	5	2
C. R. Gould, '26	18	5
G. D. H. Hatfield, '27	16	8
Marion E. Smith, '27	1	0
H. F. Sipprell, '27	18	5
F. H. C. Fritz, '26	13	10
J. A. Woodworth, '27	0	6
A. J. Brady, '27	1	0
Meredith A. White, '27	3	0
O. T. Rumsey, '26	19	3
Ethelyn Osbourne, '27	2	5
Margaret Belyea, '27	1	3
Ethel Schurman, '27	0	1
Laura Davison, '26	1	0
Marjorie H. Mason, '26	13	10
R. Marven, '27	6	3
A. R. Dunlap, '26	14	10
H. Mollins, '27	1	0
W. A. Stultz, '28	3	0
T. A. M. Kirk, Eng. '26	2	0
Marion Read, '28	0	1
Helen Simms, '27	0	9
Mary A. Bishop, '27	4	7
J. G. Patriquin, '27	0	5
Laura A. Duncanson, '26	0	2
Elizabeth B. Corey, '28	2	2
T. H. P. Morse, '29	5	0
I. H. Jenkins, '28	6	1
H. T. Stultz, '28	2	2
E. B. Paul, '28	1	0
Goldie A. Charlton, '28	1	0
K. V. Keirstead, Eng. '26	0	2
Zoa J. MacCabe, '26	4	0

Lydia Miller, '27	1	0
M. W. Gates, '28	2	0
Robie Roscoe, Eng. '26	2	0

Inter-Class Competition.

	Senior	Junior	Sopho- more	Eng.	Fresh- men
November	15	13	2	0	0
December	18	10	3	0	0
January-February	15	15	2	0	0
March	7	14	3	0	1
April	13	12	6	1	0
May	9	16	5	0	2
June	1	15	4	3	2
Total	78	94	25	4	5

Pennant won by Juniors.

Literary "A's" awarded this year

A. R. Dunlap, '26	E. Ardis Whitman, '26
O. T. Rumsey, '26	Marjorie H. Mason, '26
H. F. Sipprell, '27	F. H. C. Fritz, '26
C. R. Gould, '26	G. D. H. Hatfield, '27

Athenaeum staff for 1926-27.

Managing Editor	D. H. Gordon, '27.
Literary Editor	H. F. Sipprell, '27.
Science	G. D. H. Hatfield, '27
Athletics	R. D. Perry, '27
Month	M. Grace Perry, '27
Personals	Elizabeth B. Corey, '28
Exchanges	Mary A. Bishop, '27.
Jokes	L. H. Jenkins, '28.
Business Manager	T. H. Taylor, '28
Circulation Manager	Not yet appointed
Staff Artist	Not yet appointed
Seminary Representative	Not yet appointed
Academy Representative	Not yet appointed

THE GRADUATING CLASS OF '26**Olive Marie Archibald.**

“She is winsome, witty and wondrous wise.”

The “Gipsy Queen” came to us from Warren, Penn., U. S. A., where she was graduated from the high school there. Knowing the Annapolis Valley was the best place she had chosen Bridgetown, N. S. as her birthplace. Her bobbing curls caused quite a sensation as she made her debut in the class of '26 as a Freshie-Soph. But a like sensation occurred when she returned in her Senior year with her curls bobbed. Altho' Olive has taken an active interest in all organizations of the college her chief interest and other people's delight has been in her dramatic work. From her first year she has taken a leading part in the College plays, has been Secretary and Vice-President of the Dramatic Society in her Junior and Senior years, and is a charter member of the Alpha Psi Omega Fraternity.

Her scholarship has been of a high standard throughout her stay here but English is her forte. Her delightful little One-Act play “The Lost Queen” was produced under the auspices of the Little Theatre Guild of which she is President. She may be justly proud to be the first president of the first Guild of its kind in the Maritimes.

Besides writing stories and producing a play Olive has done efficient work in directing four others. Due to her singularly splendid work in Dramatics the Society have awarded her a distinction in the form of a “Dramatic A.”

Everyone knows Olive's love of an argument so it is not strange that she has led four interclass debates for '26.

Altho ill health prevented her from taking any part in athletics, yet her support from the sidelines has been inspirational—to one athlete especially—.

Lovely to look upon, with a cheery word for everyone, she is beloved by all. We regret that her indisposition the last of her Senior year has prevented her from taking part in the activities. Our heartiest wishes go with her for return of perfect

health, for we know with its return coupled with the insatiable ambition, she will be successful in any phase of life.

John Milford Blesedell

“He wears the marks of many years well spent,
Of virtue, truth well-tried, and wise experience.

Blesedell is to be noted as being one of the few theological students who both recognize that the use of scientific psychological and sociological knowledge is essential to effective Christian leadership and make an effort to obtain such knowledge. Though he first attended public school at North Sydney, the place of his birth, it was from Baddeck High School and the A. C. A. that he matriculated into the University. In the fall of '16, he enlisted in the 246th Batt. and, while overseas, served in the famous “Vingt Cinq.” After a year at the A. C. A., he entered Acadia in the fall of '20. Since that time, besides studying at the University, he has preached for three years at Avonport, N. S. He has accepted a call to the church in the town of Shelburne, where he plans to take up his duties early in June.

Frederic Stuart Crossman

“And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake.”

The solemn stillness that overhung the village of Elgin, N. B. was rudely broken on the night of November 2, 1901, by the lusty lamentations of one Freddie Crossman, born to *ease* and fame. At a tender age, Freddie moved to Truro where he received his elementary schooling. He later attended A. C. A. and was graduated from that school in 1922.

In the fall of the same year, he entered the University and, during his four years here, almost every department of college activity has felt the influence of his pleasing personality. He took an active part in athletics and played on basketball and football teams. During his Senior year, he served as rink manager.

For three years Freddie has been a member of the Athenaeum staff, and in his Senior year, Editor-in-chief. Debating

also claimed his attention and here he served the college well. In addition to taking part in inter-class debates, he won his Debating "A" by taking part in three intercollegiate debates.

New honors have been heaped upon him; he has been appointed Valedictorian for his class. We expect that great things will be accomplished by you, Freddie, in your chosen field of service, the Christian ministry.

Julia Leslie Covert.

"A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks."

It was when "Lou" was born, that Lakeville, Kings County, first began to sit up and take notice and realize that something extraordinary had happened. But, before she could be fully appreciated she was whisked off from the place of her birth to take up her home in Canning, and there pass happy school days.

On the completion of her third year in High School, Lou attended grade twelve in Kentville and after passing successfully, cast her eyes about her in search of further knowledge. Happily, they rested upon our illustrious seat of learning, Acadia University, and one fine October day in '23 found her eagerly and perhaps tremblingly entering the doors of Tully Tavern, a modest little Freshy-Soph.

Possessed with a sunny disposition and the spice of wit, it was not long before Lou found a place in the hearts of all, and "Lou" soon changed into "Louie."

As secretary of her class in her Junior year she proved her ability as well as her popularity.

Three short years have come and gone, and Lou is about to leave her Alma Mater to attend Normal College where she intends to learn how to manage, for a time, the younger generation in Canning, both physically and mentally.

We hope the best of luck will follow her, and that not even snow storms will keep her away from Tully next year.

Margaret Jean Creighton

“Noble she was condemning all things mean,
Her truth unquestioned and her soul serene.”

Jean was born at Sydney Mines on July 4, 1905 but soon moved to Wolfville where she received her early education. She graduated from the Wolfville High School in '22, entered college in the fall of the same year, and immediately took up the activities of college life by becoming secretary of her class.

Although an excellent student, Jean took a lively interest in the social and athletic side of college life, making her class basketball team in her Sophomore, Junior and Senior years.

The Senior girls will long remember the many good times that they had in Jean's home, at candy pulls and other social affairs.

By her charming manners and general good nature Jean won a host of friends who wish her every success in her future life.

Elma Louise Crockett

She is so winsome and so wise,
She always sways us at her will.

Elma was born in Hopewell, N. S., in 1905 and there received her early education. She graduated from Pictou Academy in the spring of 1922, and in the fall of 1922 Acadia welcomed her to its halls, as a freshette. Throughout her entire college course, Elma has always been a conscientious worker and has maintained a high standard of scholarship, graduating *cum laude*. Despite her quiet disposition she has taken an active part in college affairs, playing on her class basketball team all four years and in her Junior year leading the offices of secretary both of her class and of the Propylaeum Society. Elma will be greatly missed from college circles and as she goes out from us to take up nursing she will be followed by the best wishes of a host of friends. Good luck, Elma!

Mary Augherton Currie

“Logic is to teach us the right use of our reason
or intellectual powers.”

“Mac” and the morning stars first sang together on the first day of January, 1905 in Woodstock, N. B.

Here she received her very early childhood training up till her graduation from the Woodstock High School in the spring of '22.

Coming here as a freshette in the fall of '22, Mac has spent her four years at college as a tale that is told.

She has always loved athletics and has made good, winning her athletic “A” in her Junior year, besides captaining her class basket-ball team the same year, and this year she has been assistant swimming instructor at the gym.

She has always been in great demand for the role of the bashful hero in successive “Tully” functions, but aside from this slight masculine bent, Mac has a very serious turn of mind, evidenced by the fact that in her senior year she has been elected to various important positions, namely, as the manager of the girls' basketball team, as a senior member on the House Committee, and last but not least, secretary of her class for life.

Along with the rest of her varied career has gone a little bit of study too, we will have to admit—and now as she leaves us to go “out there in the world”—we say simply and wholeheartedly to her: “Farewell!”

Russell Byrns Curry

“And still we gaze, and still the wonder grows,
That one small head can carry all he knows.”

Byrns led his first debate in Port Maitland, N. S., in the flowery month of June, 1904. Graduating from the Port Maitland High School at a very tender age, he spent two years at the Provincial Normal College, Truro, and two more teaching.

Since coming to Acadia in the fall of '22, Byrns has taken an active part in every phase of college life but has been most prominent in debating. Besides much experience in inter-class

debates, he has led the college team for two years and won for himself a place among the foremost of inter-collegiate debaters. In his senior year, Byrns was President of the Athenaeum Society and Prime Minister in Acadia's memorable Third Mock Parliament. In dramatics, he has shown much interest and ability. For two years he took a leading part in the college plays and, this year, has been President of the Dramatic Society. In the religious side of college life, Byrns played his part as well and was President of the S. C. A. in his Junior year. While not participating to any great degree in Athletics, Byrns has always been an enthusiastic supporter of this branch of college life. He has, moreover, represented his class for three years in the track meets, and, in his Junior year, was manager of the college track team. His constant interest in his class has received due recognition. He has been class president twice and is graduated as Life President. Despite his many and varied extra-curriculum activities, Byrns has maintained a high level of scholarship and his "Magna cum laude" speaks for itself.

Byrns plans to study law at Dalhousie and we bid him farewell feeling assured that Acadia has in him a son who will climb far up the ladder of success.

Hubert Alexander Davidson

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

"Davy" first saw light in Fredericton, N. B. and after spending sixteen or seventeen years at that place, during which he distinguished himself as a football and basketball player and incidentally graduated from Fredericton High, he came to us in the fall of '22 as a charter member of the class of 1926.

Acadia has found many places for "Davy" to fill and he has shown himself a student of executive ability and no mean standard of scholarship. However, it is on the football gridiron that "Davy's" fighting "toe" will be missed most, for many the thrills he has given us with his field-drops, punts, and converts. He has played half-back on the team during his four years

here and it will be difficult indeed to fill his place. At basketball, also, Davy has had his fling, being playing manager of the 1925 team and captain of this year's squad. The baseball diamond and the rink also bear witness to "Davy's" athletic achievement for he has played on several class baseball and hockey teams.

Having been President of his class for one term, Davy has always taken a keen interest in class activities and, consequently, was admirably suited to deliver the Class History which won such favorable comment. That his interest extends even beyond the class of '26 was shown by his election to the Presidency of the Acadia Amateur Athletic Association for his Senior year.

Davy has chosen the Ministry for his profession and, in his chosen work, he has the good wishes of the many friends whom he has made during his years at Acadia.

Laura Isabel Davison

To know her was to love her.

Laura Isabel Davison, was born at Halfway River, Cumberland Co. She received her early education in her home village, but took her Grade XII work at Amherst Academy. Before coming to Acadia, Laura taught school for a short time. She entered the class of '26 as a Freshie-Soph., and has applied her mathematical mind very successfully to her studies throughout her college course, graduating *cum laude*. She has taken an interest in all of the college activities, and during her Senior year was a member of the Students' Council and President of the Propylaeum Society. In her Junior year she contributed to the Athenaeum. Laura is a much liked member of her class, and we prophesy for her a very happy future as she continues her chosen profession of teaching.

Anne Frances Doherty

.....innocent as an unborn babe.

Anne was born in Sydney in 1905. It was there that she

completed her High School course. In the fall of 1922 she joined the Freshman class of Acadia.

Next to her *studies*, Anne's greatest interest has been in athletics. During her Junior year she was Secretary of the Girls' Athletic Association. Anne made the college basket ball team in her Freshman year and has, for four years played an excellent forward game. For her Senior year she was elected Captain.

In the activities of the Dramatic Society Anne has been an invaluable aid both "behind scenes" and in role.

We shall surely miss Anne next year but we are assured that her pleasing personality will gain for her many friends, wherever she may be.

Laura Amelia Duncanson

Fair is the damsel, passing fair
Sunny at distance gleams her smile.

"Duncie" was born at Falmouth and received her elementary education there. In 1918 she came to Acadia Seminary and took her Collegiate Course graduating with the class of '22. The lure of Acadia was so great that Duncie returned in the fall and entered the University as a member of the class of '26. From the very first Laura took a keen interest in all phases of college life. Although she was unable to take an active part in athletics her support could always be depended upon. In her Freshette year she was an officer of Propylaeum and Vice President of her class in the second term. Her cheerful disposition and cheery smile won for her a large place in the hearts of all. Next year she takes up library work in which we prophesy for her every success.

Arthur Ray Dunlap

"Art linked with genius, genius linked with Art."

Thus Horace wrote two thousand years ago, prophesying as all the best scholars of the day agree, the advent of Judique's greater glory at Sydney Mines, June 24, 1906—a day celebrated ever since by annual strikes. In the immediately ensuing years, Art romped about the carboniferous deposits, for which

the island is also famed, narrowly escaped falling down each and every mine, and was finally carried away by despairing parents to Dorchester, Mass. Returning to the land of coal, strikes, and scenery, a year later, he settled down to work, was graduated from the Sydney Mines High School in due course, and entered Acadia, very fresh and green, in the fall of 1922 with a neat little scholarship tied in the corner of his handkerchief.

Here, Art has entered into the round of student activities and has held several important positions among which are to be noted those of Class Treasurer, President of the Athenaeum Society, and Assistant in French. His greenest laurels, however, have been won in the literary and dramatic fields. Since its inception, Art has been a prominent member of the Little Theatre Guild, under the auspices of which his one-act play "Gold" was presented last fall. His dramatic ability as displayed in his own play and in that never to be forgotten French play last year won much favorable comment. During his senior year, Art collected a special prize for English composition and his literary "A" with little apparent effort. His contributions to the "*Athenaeum*" have been of a uniformly high literary character and his excellent impressionistic short stories, in particular, have done much to uphold the literary standard of this publication. Moreover, the record he has established in winning his "A" will doubtlessly stand a source of wonder and admiration to coming generations of writers. His literary ability received recognition from his class when he was chosen Class Prophet and general commendation has certainly shown the felicity of their choice. Despite his many and strenuous extra-curriculum activities, Art is being graduated cum laude with honours in English—all of which goes to show that merit does not pass through the halls of Acadia without a measure of recognition!

Art plans to teach for a year or so and then to take post-graduate work in English at an American University. Even the conviction that someday we shall have to teach your date and works to young hopefuls fails to detract from the sincerity with which we wish you the very best of luck.

Gerald Leslie Eaton

On October 6, 1906, there was great rejoicing among the members of a certain Eaton family in Madras for, on that day, "Gerry" made his first appearance in this world.

For twelve years, he made Madras his headquarters but spent considerable time in the Nilgiri Hills, where he attended Brooks School:—one of the finest schools for European children in India.

In 1918, he came home to Canada for, you know, Gerry is a Canadian at heart. After a short stay in Bridgewater, N. S., he went on to Ottawa, where he attended Ashburton College for a year and a half before the family moved to Wolfville. Graduating from the High School here in the spring of 1922, he won the second entrance scholarship and entered the department of science with engineering at Acadia in the fall.

Gerry's pet hobby is tennis and, in this sport, he ranks among Acadia's "professionals"—having played both for the college and for the town in several tournaments.

Gerry is going to spend this summer working with Kenny McKenzie (Eng. '25) in the Chemistry Laboratory of the Boston Tech. He plans to take a two year course there in Chemical Engineering—after that, who knows? Just now Gerry thinks that possibly he will go back to India, but wherever he goes and whatever he does, Acadia wishes him the very best of luck.

Blair DeMille Elderkin

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t' other dear charmer away!"

Port Greville, Cumberland County, claims the honor of being Blair's birthplace. Here he spent the early part of the 20th century, romping about on lumber rafts, playing "hookie," and obtaining his primary schooling. He came to Wolfville with his family in the autumn of 1917. After attending High School and Acadia Collegiate Academy for a year each, he entered the fall of '21 as a special student, and joined the class of '26 the following year.

Blair has had a great deal of extra-curriculum work from the outset of his college course. He played on the college hockey team in his Freshman and Junior years. In his Sophomore year, he was Treasurer of his class for the second semester, and played on the college baseball team. During his Junior and Senior years he has played on both the football and baseball teams, and was manager of the latter team in his Senior year. He has represented his class in all interclass athletic contests, and always could be relied upon on account of his loyalty and clean sportsmanship.

Never permitting his studies to crowd out the social part of College life, Blair has, nevertheless, maintained throughout his college course, a good standing in all of his studies.

Blair intends to stay another year at Acadia in order to get his M. A. in Geology. We venture to predict however, that prehistoric subjects will not claim his greatest interest.

Brenton Jost Elderkin

“Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun,
To relish a joke, and rejoice in a pun.”

Jost was born at Port Greville, Cumberland County, Nova Scotia, in the year 1901. He received his lower school education there and then moved to Wolfville where he spent two years in the Wolfville High School and one year in the Acadia Academy. He entered the engineering course first but decided to change over to the B. Sc. course and joined the class of '26.

He has been very prominent in athletics, playing in the football, basketball, and baseball teams for several years, and was captain of the football team during his senior year.

Jost has been very popular with his fellow-students who all join in wishing him the best of luck after he leaves Acadia.

Mark Williams Fairn

“As the calling dignifies the man, so the man much more
advances his calling.”

Mark arrived for the first time at the home of his parents

in St. Johns, Nfld., where he was received with much joy. After a little more than one year's residence there, he became tired of wandering over the rocky waste and gazing out upon the cold icebergs, and moved to more comfortable quarters in Halifax. After a short residence in the seaport city, he proceeded to Calgary, Sask. Not being satisfied, he returned later to his boyhood province and settled in Bridgetown. After spending a few years there, he moved to Kentville, which is his present home.

Although quite busy moving, Mark managed to find time to acquire knowledge enough to enter Acadia University in the year '22. Mark graduates as a member of the class '26, and looks forward to instructing others from the great fund of knowledge that he has acquired.

The best wishes of all Acadia students go with him as he pursues his vocation.

Mary Helen Falt

“Order and method make all things easy.”

It was in North East Harbor, Me., that Mary first raised her voice to demand “Silence,” in the year 1906. Finding the U. S. A. not quite to her liking, she sought to make Antigonish, N. S., her home. Mary here endured the tortures customary in the absorption of a primary education and entered Mt. St. Bernard's Convent to prepare for college.

St. Francis Xavier University next claimed Mary and here she rose to the rank of Sophomore before the realization of the error of her ways led her to Acadia in the fall of '24.

Mary's high scholastic record is proof enough that she is a student of high degree. Her activities have been considerable limited both because of her short stay at Acadia and her application to her studies. As Senior member of the Tully House Committee, the first term, Mary developed that “soda-fountain” propensity so characteristic of Tully “cops.”

Mary expects to go on in Library Science and we are confident of her success. Here's luck, Mary!

Wallace Ferdinand Forgey.

“The noblest mind the best contentment has.”

Wallace first lifted up his voice amid the fog of Saint John, N. B., on September 9, 1901. After receiving his early education across the bay, he came to Acadia Collegiate Academy, from which, he was graduated in the spring of '22, leader and Valedictorian of his class.

Thirsting for higher education, Wallace again braved the perils of the Bay of Fundy and entered college a charter member of the class of '26. Here, he has taken an active part in college affairs and held several offices of importance including the presidency of his class, membership in the S. C. A. cabinet, and presidency of the Theological Club. He also carried off the Coleman medal for oratory in his Junior year.

Wallace plans to take post-graduate work at Newton Theological Seminary. We feel sure that success will continue to attend you, Wallace, and with you go our heartiest good wishes.

George Edward Foster

He was a man, take him for all and all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Foster kicked the first slat out of his cradle at Bridgetown and, after “serving time” at the High School there, got his “A” in '23 and entered Acadia as a Freshie-Soph.

Foster is a conscientious worker, but still finds time to enjoy life, and incidentally, has played on several class baseball teams. In class hockey, he will be remembered as the only Senior to get a goal at the very genteel Senior-Junior game this winter.

Those of us who have known Foster best have found him a companion of rare worth and, while it is not yet decided whether he will follow in the parental footsteps or seek some other profession, we are sure that his efforts will be crowned by success.

Margaret Barss Freeman

Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare—

“Maggie” first greeted the light of day in Middleton, Annapolis County, N. S., in the early nineteens. Macdonald School claimed Margaret throughout her early education. In the fall of 1922 she came to the Acadia Ladies’ Seminary, and there completed the course in Sophomore Matriculation. Desiring to continue her studies, and wishing to have a taste of freer Acadia life, Margaret entered college the following year, as a gay, young, Sophomore.

During her three years here, Margaret has shown a great interest in the various college activities, and has exhibited marked executive ability therein. The second term of her Sophomore year she was Vice-President of her class, and also served as a member of the Students’ Council. In her Senior year she held the important position of President of the Judicial Committee. From the first, basket-ball has engaged Margaret’s interest. She played defence on the inter-class team, in her Junior and Senior years, and in her Senior year she was President of the Athletic Association. Debating too, commanded her attention in her Sophomore year. That her studies were not neglected is evidenced by the fact that she graduated *cum laude*.

Margaret is undecided as to her plans for the coming year, but we wish her all kinds of good luck in whatever work she may take up.

Francis Herman Cedric Fritz

“Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend!”

Fritz appeared first in Saint John, N. B., September 6, 1905. After his graduation from the foggy city’s high school he shoved his rare discernment by joining the class of ’26. Herman has always been a loyal member of his class and was made President of that organization during the first term of his Senior year. In his Senior year, he was also Business Manager of the

Acadia football team in which capacity he worked faithfully and successfully.

Although Herman is specializing in Chemistry and Geology, he has always shown a real interest in the humanities. Greek has been a hobby of his, and to this classical foundation may be traced his interest in English literature. His philosophical poems and interesting articles contributed to the Athenaeum won him his Literary "A". He served as Athletic Editor on the Athenaeum during his last year with us.

But Fritzey did not always take life as seriously as such natural ability usually warrants. To the comparative few that have known him he has shown himself a regular fellow and always ready for a good time.

Herman hopes to do post-graduate work in Chemistry next year at Yale and, with him, we send our very best wishes for we feel sure that he will go *Myles* along the road to success.

Lucy Victoria Gates

For she, by geometric scale
 Could take the size of pots of ale
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
 The clock does strike, by Algebra.

Lucy's bright eyes first beamed on the inhabitants of this world at Nictaux, Annapolis County. After solving all the mathematical problems of that village, Lucy turned her attention upon Middleton proper, entering the Macdonald school for her early education. However she thought she had better leave a few prizes for the coming Middletonites, so, in a very sacrificial spirit, went to the Annapolis High School to obtain her A. After teaching a year, Lucy came to Acadia in the fall of '23 and soon became one of the champion hikers of Tully Tavern. During her three years with us, Lucy has held many important positions representing her class on the Students' Council in her Junior year, and serving on the House Committee in her Senior year, whence she rose to the dignified position of Head of the House for the second term. The duties of this latter office were carefully worked out by Lucy (whether

by Algebra or "trig", we know not), so that she was able to establish a precedent by not having a house meeting after every meal. Upon her diploma is inscribed the coveted *cum laude*. Lucy plans to teach next year, and here's congratulations to the school, which is lucky enough to secure our Lucy.

William Alexander Geldart

"Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom;
and with all thy getting, get understanding."

"Bill" is literally a child of Providence, for it was in Providence, R. I., that he first began to "tell the world," back in 1900.

About ten years later, his parents decided to come to Canada, and "Bill" agreed, after considerable discussion, to come with them. He spent the next few years of his young life in Springhill, N. S., where he completed his grammar school education.

The lure of higher education brought him to Acadia Academy in the fall of 1919. He graduated from the Academy with the class of '21, and in the fall of the same year entered the University as a charter member of the class of '25. He left at the end of the first term, however, and has, since that time, filled several student pastorates in N. B., while pursuing his studies at Mount Allison.

He returned to Acadia last fall and joined the class of '26. He graduates with the degree, B. A. (Th.)

"Bill" plans to return to Acadia next year and complete the work leading to the degree of B. D. We wish him every success.

Clarence Reid Gould

"How modest, kindly, all-accomplished, wise,
With that sublime repression of himself."

Aylesford is a place destined to come into much prominence, for it was there on March 15th, 1906 that "Father" Gould calmly made his debut into this "Universe of nights and days."

Father received his grammar school education at Ayles-

ford and then, in the fall of 1919, he went to Vancouver, where he took his high school training at the George V High School, and, on graduating, entered the University of B. C. as a freshman. The following summer he returned to Nova Scotia, and in the autumn of 1923 he entered Acadia University as a Sophomore.

During his sojourn here, "Father" has shown himself to be a student of keen intellect, and his "cum laude" speaks for itself. He has taken a very great interest in the literary and social activities of the University, and his valuable contributions to the Athenaeum have won for him the coveted Literary "A". The positions he has held as, President of the French Club, Treasurer of his class, and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Athenaeum Society are proof of his executive ability. Being a member of the Dramatic Society, and a member of the Delta Chapter of the Alpha Psi Omega Fraternity, shows his interest in social activities.

Upon leaving Acadia, "Father" intends to do Post Graduate work in English at Harvard. We will greatly miss you, "Father" but may unbounded success follow you all the way.

Harold Lothrop Borden Gould

"In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en tho vanquished, he could argue still."

Harold Lothrop Borden Gould, alias "Cuspy," was born on September fifth, 1905, at North Grand Pre. He migrated across the dykes to civilization at an early age, and received his preparatory education at Wolfville. After graduating from Wolfville High School in 1922, he entered Acadia in the following autumn.

During his college course, Cuspy has not taken any great interest in class and social affairs, but maintained a high reputation as an extemporary debater in the North Section Arguments, especially in his Junior and Senior years. He was also an ardent devotee of baseball; played on his class team for three years, and was captain in his Senior year. He made the college team for the first time in 1925.

Harold took his major in Physics, and plans to take up electrical engineering. Knowing his marked ability in this line, we do not hesitate to predict for him a very successful career.

Gerald Wallace Guion

“Thou art e’en as just a man
As e’er my conversation coped withal.”

“Jerry” first heard the chimes of Ottawa in 1894. After attending the Ottawa Collegiate Institute and working in the Dominion Civil Service, in 1914, he entered McMaster University, where he distinguished himself as the first Freshman to secure a position on the inter collegiate debating team.

At the close of the scholastic year, he enlisted in the 3rd University Company of McMaster, a special reinforcement to the “Princess Pats.” His war record was brilliant. He was twice decorated by the King, with the M. C. at Vimy Ridge and the Bar at Lens. After the close of the war, Jerry returned to Canada a Captain, Company Commander.

He pursued the Agriculture course at Truro, was graduated in 1920, and settled with his bride near Petitcodiac, N. B.

The fall of 1923 brought Jerry to Acadia as a theological student. In his three years here, he has completed the studies for a B. A. (Th.) degree, has been president of the Theological Club, and Chairman of the Judicial Committee. He has also done very successful work as assistant-pastor at Amherst and as pastor of the Gaspereaux Baptist Church and was ordained by the Maritime Baptist Convention of 1925.

The very best of luck Jerry! We expect big things from you in your chosen field of service.

Wilfred Emmerson Israel

“I would my horse had the speed of his tongue.”

Wilfred began to “string” them in Saint John, N. B., one September long, long ago and has shot a potent line ever since. After passing a period of unknown duration amid the fog of the Loyalist City, Wilfred crossed over to the Land of Evan-

geline, matriculated from the Academy in 1922, and entered the University the next fall.

As a charter member of the class of '26 he was soon in demand at the piano both in the Hall and down in the "Gym" where Chapel was held during the years of exile. However, it is as a financier and auditor that Wilfred has scored his fame. During his senior year, he very satisfactorily executed his duties as treasurer of the Students' Union and member of the Students' Council. His keen sense of honesty and justice and his fearless stands in student affairs have been outstanding characteristics.

As a result of his wide travel and experience, Wilfred has declared, "No more roving for me." But we wonder when the call to be up and moving will come. We predict for him a brilliant career in his chosen field of educational psychology.

Margaret Emma Hutchins.

"And still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all she knew."

Margaret was born in Truro, N. S., but did not reside there for any length of time. Her family moved to Chicago, U. S. A., remaining there for three years and thence to Middleton, N. S., where Margaret received her early education. She moved to Wolfville in '22 and entered college in the fall as a Freshette.

She has throughout her college career been a student of unchallenged merit and marked ability, taking several prizes including the Governor-General's gold medal and graduating *magna cum laude*. She has always taken a keen interest in class affairs, representing her class in debating and Athenaeum competition, winning for herself a Literary "A". During her Senior year she had the honor of being Literary Editor of the Athenaeum which position she has filled most adequately.

Margaret intends to be with us next year to take up post graduate work. We feel sure that success will attend her in her future career as it has in her past.

Maurice Hall Haycock

“Long experience made him sage.”

Maurice was born at Wolfville, N. S., way back in the dark ages. His early education was meted out to him in the Wolfville schools and in the Acadia Academy, from the latter of which, he was duly graduated. After a record overseas, Maurice joined the class of '23. His interest in Geology, however, kept him at practical work for a few years, then, he returned to Acadia and finished his course with the class of '26.

While at Acadia, Maurice has been the leader of the college band and also a prominent member of the Sem. orchestra in which his genial personality stood him in good stead.

Maurice has secured a government position which will take him within the Arctic Circle on geological work. He plans to make geology his life work and we are sure that he will rise to the top of his chosen field. Every success, Maurice, old boy! Remember us to our friends, the Esquimaux!

Charles Lamont Kinsman

“True in word, and tried in deed.”

Charlie greeted the world with a burst of laughter at Billtown, N. S., some twenty five years ago. The son of a Baptist minister, his education has been both comprehensive and varied. He attended school at Billtown, Canning, Kentville, and Truro, before he finally matriculated from Acadia Collegiate Academy. After a year with the class of '23, at Acadia, Charlie travelled extensively, but the lure of Acadia was so strong that he returned to finish his Arts course at midyears, 1926.

Charlie has the happy faculty of seeing the world thru rose-tinted glasses. With his unfailing good nature and his optimistic temperament, his future is very rosy. May success always attend you, Charlie!

Aubrey Wilfred Landers, Jr.

“Speech was given man to conceal his thoughts.”

Aubrey made his debut to the world in September, 1906, in Manchester, New Hampshire, U. S. A. Later he lived at Winchester, Mass. for three years. Following this, he came to Middleton, N. S., where he received his elementary and High School training. In the fall of '23, he entered the University of Acadia as a Freshie-Soph, joining the class of '26.

That Aubrey will be successful in the field of mathematics goes without saying. Aubrey goes from us to Brown University to take up an assistantship in math. and also to do Post-Graduate work.

We wish him success as he further pursues his studies in the field of mathematics.

Zoa Jeannette McCabe

“She is so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition.”

Tancook Island, Lunenburg County has the distinction of being Zoa's birthplace. She had lived in various places, both in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia before coming to Wolfville. Here she received her high school education and matriculated into the Freshman class of Acadia in the fall of 1922.

While a Freshette she represented her class in an inter-class debate. She has contributed to the Athenaeum, two of her one-act plays, being especially note-worthy. Throughout her course at Acadia she has been interested in, and taken part in the activities of the Student's Volunteer Band. Altho she was barred from some activities since she was not in residence at the Tavern, yet her sunny countenance and even temperament have endeared her to all with whom she has come in contact. As she goes out from her Alma Mater to take up her chosen profession of teaching, we wish her every success and happiness.

Evangeline Booth MacLelland

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admired,
Courteous tho' coy and gentle tho' retired."

On April 10, 1904, "Van" was born in Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia. A short time afterwards her family removed to Lunenburg, which town claimed the privilege of graduating her from its High School.

Van remained at home during one year, but in the fall of 1922, she came to Acadia and joined the class of '26 of which she has since been a valued member.

During her stay at Acadia "Van" has made a host of friends. Maintaining a high standard throughout her college course, she has found time, nevertheless, to take an active part in the social activities of the university. Ever ready to work with executive committees, she has given much valuable assistance as a member of the Dramatic Society. During her senior year "Van" has had charge of the girls at Mrs. Cohoon's residence, Prospect Street, and has proved her capability to a marked degree.

From here "Van" plans to go to Normal school and thence into the teaching profession. The best wishes of her friends go with her as she leaves Acadia.

Charles Flemming MacElhinney

"Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight."

When Charlie first opened his eyes in September 1907 to gaze upon the wonders of the world, he discovered that he inhabited the "hub" of Nova Scotia. As his intellect expanded, Mac passed from the Truro school to the Colchester County Academy, at which he completed grade twelve. In the fall of 1923 Charlie came to Acadia, entering his Sophomore year.

Charlie has been one of the more quiet and industrious boys. His special interests are chemistry, "Cohoonites" and tennis.

After leaving us, Mac. goes to Normal where he will learn to reveal life's mysteries to the children. When two years of teaching are completed, he plans to go to Yale where he will take graduate work in chemistry.

May your success be of the best, Charles.

Anna Price MacKinnon

"Always thoughtful and kind and untroubled."

Yarmouth has always been Anna's home, from the time of her first taste of worldly experience in 1905 until now. There she received her early education, and graduated from the Yarmouth Academy in 1922.

In the autumn of 1923 Anna first entered Acadia, as a member of the class of 1927, but escaped the honor of being a Sophette by joining the Junior class in 1924.

Not only has Anna done exceptionally well in her class work here, but outside activities have also claimed her attention. During the second term of her Junior year she was secretary of her class, and in the same year was a member of the House Committee. As Head of the House in the first semester of 1925-26 Anna proved her executive ability, and at that time her pleasant, charming manner cheered many a new girl in her various problems. The Senior basket-ball team also boasted her membership.

Since Anna's first few weeks in college she has been eagerly called upon to design program cards, place cards, and drawings of every description, for her pen and brush can work marvels.

We shall miss Anna's bright smile exceedingly, and we wish her every success in her work as a teacher.

Frank Henry MacLatchy

"He was wise, and discreet, and well-spoken."

Mac gave vent to his first wail in Sackville, N. B., way back in 1904. The son of a Baptist minister, he wandered around his fair province for many years. Finally, however, he was graduated from Aberdeen High School, Moncton, in

the Spring of '22, and with characteristic good sense came to Acadia that fall.

He at once turned out for football and made the team. When the hockey season opened, he was right on the spot, too, as sub for the intercollegiate team. Every year he has in these branches of athletics added to Acadia's glory and to his own prestige, winning his "A" in both hockey and football in 1924, and his Distinction Cap in hockey in 1925. Mac has also displayed considerable executive ability in the very capable manner in which he has managed the two college plays this year.

Clear-headed, sincere, with rare good sense, and a jolly, good sport, Mac has justly won for himself an enviable reputation and a host of good friends who wish him the best of luck as they regretfully send him out into the University of Life, in general, and the University of Chicago in particular, where he will pursue the study of Business Administration.

Ella Constance MacMahon

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

Ella was born in England, but at an early age she felt the call of Cape Breton's charms and came to Glace Bay where she received her early education and graduated from Glace Bay High School. After her graduation she taught for two years and then another call came to her which resulted in her arrival at Acadia where she joined the class of '26 as a Freshie-Sophette. During her three years here she has established an enviable record, not the least of her honors being her *cum laude* degree. She was on the debating team of her class in her Sophomore year and attained greater heights in her Junior year by winning the coveted Debating "A". Her Senior year is marked by still more activities. She represented Acadia on the debating team again, was vice-president of her class first term, and was chairman of the Entertainment Committee at Tully Tavern. She filled these positions capably and well, displaying a great interest in college and class affairs. Ella plans to teach next year, and the best wishes of all go with her.

Marjorie Helen Mason

"To those who know thee not, no words can paint!
And those who know thee know all words are faint!"

"Marj." first made an appearance on this globe at Wolfville, N. S., but at the tender age of three weeks she began the wandering life that falls to the majority of minister's daughters. Finally however, she returned to Wolfville, where she continued her education, first at the School, and later at the University, as a member of the class of '26.

Her activities during her four years here have been many and varied. She was the vice-president of her class in her Freshman year. In her Sophomore year she represented her class in the inter-class debates. She has taken a prominent part in the activities of the Student Volunteer Group. In her Senior year she was "Personals" editor on the staff of the *Athenaeum*, to which she has for the last two years, been a faithful contributor, and from which she won her literary "A."

We will all miss Marj. as she goes from us, and we wish her all the success possible in whatever occupation she may choose.

Alton Prescott Morton

"'Twas certain he could write and cipher too."

"A. P." made his entrance on this world's stage on February 15, 1908 at New Germany, Lunenburg County. The recency of this date may account for the shining morning face and other marks of extreme youth which he brought with him when he came to us as the youngest member of his class in the fall of 1922. Since then he has aged rapidly.

Here at Acadia, "A. P." has taken the Bachelor of Science course and has shown a special talent for mathematics as well as good general ability. During his Senior year, he has been assistant in Mathematics and has contributed substantially to the life of the university by managing students' plays and by captaining the senior hockey team this year.

On leaving here, "A. P." intends to engage in actuarial

work with an insurance company at Toronto and since, during the four years which he has spent at Acadia, he has won the esteem of all, we regard his future as assured.

Donald Farnham Munro

“Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time.”

Don arrived in Wolfville on October 25, 1905, and at an early age chattered in several languages. He attended the schools of his native town and in due time was graduated from the Wolfville High School and entered Acadia University a charter member of the class of '26.

He began to play baseball as soon as he could pitch a ball and his interest in the great American game has never wavered. He pitched on his High School team and was one of the most prominent members of the university and town teams during his college years.

In matters intellectual, Don's chief interest has been in languages. He majored in Romance Languages and minored in German and has attained considerable proficiency in both fields. In fact, such is his interest, that he intends to take M. A. work in German next year.

A town man of a reserved nature, he has been well known by but few of the student body, but by those who have broken through his reserve he has been held in high esteem.

Best of luck, Don.

Max Müller Munro

His armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Max first smiled upon the world at Paradise, Anna. Co., N. S. in the late nineties. He received his elementary and High School training at Paradise High School. After a term at Normal School, he taught for several years in the province. The fall of '22 saw Max at Acadia a stalwart member of the class of '26. Here he has spent four very successful years as is attested to by the varied positions which he has held. In his

Freshman year, he was captain of his class baseball team and also played some football. Max has also been treasurer of his class and lab. assistant in his Junior and Senior years. As a fitting expression of the high regard in which he was held, he was elected president of the Student Union in his Senior year the highest honor in the gift of the student body. In his studies Max always maintained a good standard, physics being his major subject.

Like many swallows in these days of unrest, he decided, about the end of his Junior year, that it was useless to fight the vicissitudes of life single handed and brought a wife back with him at the beginning of his Senior year.

Max's future work will be in either the graduate or teaching field. Whichever that may be, we feel certain that his ability and qualities of sound judgement and honesty will lead him on to success.

Elizabeth Cullen Murray

“Ambition is no cure for love.”

'Lizbeth was born in Stellarton, Pictou Co., Nova Scotia, but as the child grew it became necessary to remove her to a larger place. Since then her home has been in New Glasgow. She attended High School there and graduated from Pictou County Academy. After receiving her diploma from the Provincial Normal College, Truro, N. S., she taught in New Glasgow for two years.

In the fall of 1923 she came to Acadia as a gay young Sophette and became a member of the class of 1926.

'Lizbeth took a keen interest in all college activities. During her Junior year she was on the Judicial Committee and Vice-President of her class. She was President of the Girls' S. C. A. in her Senior year. She graduated *cum laude*.

"Lizbeth loves Biology and came to Acadia for the purpose of studying it. Many a mouse has met death by her hand, his brain and nervous system, etc., being carefully searched for. She was Biology Laboratory Assistant during her Junior and Senior years, and is looking forward to teaching this subject

next year. Later she plans to take up post graduate work in Biology. We wish her much success.

Arthur Laurence Neal

“Though I am young, I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit.”

“Dizz” was born on April 16, 1905, at Halifax, N. S. Four years later, however, he listened to the call of the great open spaces and moved his household goods to Yarmouth. He collected such education as that benighted municipality had to offer and, in the fall of 1921, entered Acadia Collegiate Academy. The next year, he entered the university as a charter member of the class of '26.

While at Acadia, Dizz has won fame with his ready wit which stood him in good stead in several inter-class debates and during his leadership of the opposition in Acadia's Third Mock Parliament. This year, Dizz has also served as the manager of the hockey team.

We wish you the best of luck, Dizz, in whatever you take up.

Curtis Lakeman Newcombe

“His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.”

Curtis first gazed upon the apple-blossoms of Port Williams in 1905. Since then he has grown up and up, and up, taking in the schools of “The Port” on the way. After his graduation from the Kentville Academy he entered Acadia as a “Freshie-Soph” in 1923, settled down to work and has been at it ever since.

Curtis has taken his major work in Biology and, next year, he intends to enter his medical course. We are confident that he will prosper in his chosen profession and wish him the best of luck as he goes forth from his Alma Mater.

James Arnold Noble.

“One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward.”

Arnold first opened his eyes on this vale of tears on the sixth of June, 1906, in Campbellton, N. B. When he was four years old, his family moved to Sydney. “An” finished his school education and took his ‘A’ in Sydney Academy where he also had an excellent record in the sphere of athletics.

In the fall of 1923, Arnold came to Acadia and joined the class of '26 as a Freshie-Soph. With his arrival in Wolfville began one of the most enviable careers that it has been the pleasure of this magazine to record.

He gained places on both the football and basketball team in his first year. Since then he has been an indispensable part of Acadia's scrum on the football field and an equally valuable player as centre on the basket-ball team. In the season of 1924-25 he was elected captain of the basket-ball squad, a position which he filled with honor and success.

“An” has also been prominent in interclass athletics and has been a member of practically every team which has represented the class of '26.

In addition to his scholastic and athletic accomplishments he has also been a member of several interclass debating teams and has taken parts in three college plays during his sojourn at Acadia.

This year he has been a teacher in the Acadia Collegiate and Business Academy, in charge of the department of athletics; to this fact has been ascribed much of the success of the Academy teams this year.

As might be expected of such a man as Arnold, his ability has been fully recognized by his class, for in the second half of his Junior year he was class-president, and has been elected as life-treasurer of the class of '26.

As is easily seen from such a record as this, in Arnold's graduation, Acadia is losing one of her best all-round students and one of her most popular athletes.

“An” plans to begin his medical course at Edinburgh this fall. We feel sure that he will acquit himself ably in his chosen

profession and wish him the very best of luck as he departs from his Alma Mater.

Otto Asker Noble

“A stalwart, active, soldier-looking stripling,
Handsome as Hercules ere his first labor,
And with a brow of thought beyond his years.”

On October 2, 1904, the town of Campbellton, N. B. sat up and took notice. Otto had arrived,—it is said, with a football under one arm and a basketball under the other. However, we are unable to vouch for that statement or for another insistent report that states that, even at the tender age of four months, he jumped higher and more gracefully upon the parental knee than any of his four successors have ever succeeded in doing.

After Campbellton was destroyed by fire in 1910, Otto decided that there was nothing more to do there and so moved to Sydney, C. B. At the Sydney Academy, he received his early education, gathered in such athletic honors as were available, and acted as the editor-in-chief of the “Academy Record.”

In the fall of 1922, Otto blew into Wolfville and joined the rollicking Engineers of Acadia. After receiving his certificate in 1924, however, he found ties so strong that he decided to take the B. Sc. course. He has been one of the most prominent men at Acadia during his four years here, has served on the Students' Council for three years, has filled many important class positions, and has been invaluable in athletics in which he has gathered a choice collection of distinctions. In inter-class sports, he has ably acquitted himself in hockey, basketball, baseball, and track events. In intercollegiate athletics, he has starred in football during all four years and was captain in his Junior year. In basketball, his brilliant jumping has provided many thrills and saved many baskets during the last three years. This year, he has acted as manager of the Acadia team. The college baseball team also has owed much in the last two years to Otto's prowess.

Otto has taken his major in Chemistry and plans to go on to McGill this fall to finish his engineering course and possibly

to do graduate work. He plans to find a comfortable corner for himself in the pulp and paper industry. Otto will be greatly missed at Acadia but we feel sure that he has a brilliant future ahead of him and wish him all kinds of good fortune.

Gwen MacLeod Patterson

“As young and fair as aught of mortal birth,
And charms so rare.

In 1905, Gwen was born in Calgary; after passing the usual years in growing up and emerging from childhood, she wended her way to Winnipeg to attend High School, and on the completion of her work there entered the University of Manitoba, but after a term here it was too manifest that the West had lost its charm for Gwen, so she decided on Wolfville as being the best move and consequently arrived here in time to enter the class of '26 at the beginning of the second term of the Freshman year. She was vice-president of the class during the first term of her Junior year. She debated successfully against the Seniors, and won notable honor by being the winner of the bronze medal presented for proficiency in Spanish.

We are indeed fortunate in not even now losing Gwen from Acadia circles, and we wish her success as she continues her work in Romance Languages here next year.

Owen Trevis Rumsey

“A heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute.”

Owen first saw the light at Clarence, N. S., on September 11, 1903. He was a bouncing youth of twelve pounds net and boasted of long brown hair. He received his early education at the Lawrencetown public school and later received his “A” certificate from the Bridgetown High School, entering Acadia as a “Freshie-Soph” in the fall of 1923. He took an active interest in all class and interclass activities, and was Treasurer of his class during his Senior year.

He developed an early appreciation for Chemistry in which

field he has taken Honor Work, and was in his Senior year Laboratory Assistant in Qualitative Analysis, performing excellent work and obtaining encouraging results.

During his Sophomore year, due to unknown stimuli, he contracted a desire to write poetry, and short stories and received his Literary "A" in recognition of his excellent work. He also, during his Senior year, was a Science Editor of the Athenaeum. The merit of his literary gifts received further recognition this year when he received honorable mention for both poetry and short stories in the College Anthology.

Owen intends to pursue post-graduate work in Chemistry at Yale University, and may Dame Fortune smile upon you, Owen, as you take your departure from the walls of your Alma Mater.

George Owen Ryan

"Though there may be many virtuous, many wise, many rich men, fame must necessarily be the portion of a few."

George was born at Stony Creek, N. B., in 1903 where he spent his early days. He was graduated from the Hillsboro High School in 1920.

After spending a couple of years with the tall timbers of New Brunswick, he came to Acadia in the fall of 1922. While here, he has shown a marked scholastic ability especially in Geology and Chemistry. In his Freshman year, he won the English prize for the greatest improvement in that subject of anyone in his class. In his Senior year, he was assistant in Chemistry I, where he won the favor of a great number of students with his genial personality.

Whether George's future lies in the teaching profession or in the continuance of his Geological studies, along such lines as looking up some of the relics of the tribe of *Amos*, we see nothing but success for him.

Robert Colquhoun Swim

"Ex eju lingua melle dulcior fluebat oratio."

"Benny" made the fourth year of this enlightened twen-

tieth century a notable one by his advent. After being provided with a High School education by the municipality of Yarmouth, he went the way of all flesh—as a Sophomore—and has been very much in the swim ever since.

Benny's major activities have been in basketball, debating, and Tully. During his senior year, he was a member of the team which debated with the Imperial Debating Team. Benny held several important positions in the various university organizations most notable of which were Chairman of the Executive of the Athletic Association and Secretary of the Athenaeum Society.

He was drawn along in the prevailing current of enthusiasm for the classics and is graduating with honours in Latin. He intends to impart his appreciation of the delights of Cicero and Vergil to the youth of his native land and we are sure he will succeed in this, his chosen field.

Ruby May Thompson

“There is in her heart a spark of heavenly fire, which beams and blazes in the dark hours of adversity.”

Ruby first appeared on this earth at Truro, N. S. She received her early education in the country, afterwards attending Truro Academy for four years. After teaching one year, she attended Normal school for a year and then taught two and a half years more.

She came to Acadia and joined the class of '26 as a Freshie-Sophette, taking up her abode at the annex and serving as a member of the House-committee at the annex for the first term. During the second term, she was secretary of her class during her Junior year, she was vice-president of S. A. C. and Head of the House after Easter, and during her Senior year, she debated on the interclass team and was President of the Propylaeum Society.

She has been a faithful worker and the goodwishes of all follow her as she goes again to teaching.

Laura Serena True.

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

Jacksonville, N. B. claims the honor of being the birth-place of Serena. After receiving her early education in various schools of New Brunswick and Maine, and later attending the Provincial Normal School she taught in the public school of New Brunswick. Serena entered Acadia in 1922, and during this year led the Freshette team against the Juniors. The following two years Serena taught school, but was welcomed back to Acadia in the fall of 1925. She not only led the debate between the Juniors and Seniors, but also led the inter-collegiate debate both in her Junior and Senior years. Her ability and interest in college affairs have made her a valuable member of the Students' Council which office she held during her Freshette and Senior years. She was also elected vice-president of her class for life. Her exceptionally high standard entitles her to graduate magna cum laude.

Serena plans to teach for a year, and then,—we wonder? Serena, is it "True" or—?

We are confident of great success in whatever she undertakes and extend our best wishes for her happiness.

Barbara Gordon Walker

In curtesye was set ful moche hir lest.

Brightly beamed the sun on the smiling city of Havana one happy day in July, 1904. Barbara had arrived!.....!

As the child steadily neared the age when she must go to school, the parents realized that Nova Scotia was the only place in the whole, wide world worthy of giving to the potential student the desired education. Acting on the realization, the family removed to Yarmouth, and in this town, Barbara has since then made her home.

Miss Hilton's and Edgehill were the first schools chosen, and after learning all that was to be taught there, Barbara,

knowing Acadia to be the very best college, in the very best province, came here as a freshette in the fall of '22.

After that first year of being a perfectly conventional—Barbara is always perfectly conventional—freshette, enjoying much popularity, and enduring some study, Barbara has settled down to the happy occupation of kidding the troops in Wolfville, when not making week end trips to, or receiving that visitor from Dalhousie.

Her activity in college affairs has been small, until her very successful debut as leading lady of one of the Little Theatre Guild plays, in the early part of her Senior year.

Barbara will go to Normal school, and intends to teach next year. We wish her happiness unlimited in that which she will choose as her life work, and, though we do *not* know definitely what this will be, we *do* know that of it, she will be the better judge.

Evelyn Ardis Whitman

Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn.

Ardis joined the class of '26 in the second year of its life, as she had previously studied a year at the Seminary. Her march, like Caesars, has then been brief, but triumphant. As a symbol of her success she wears a literary "A." Indeed, in all things literary, Ardis has held an important place. She has been a most valued member of the Poetry Club, and was one of the charter members of the One-Act Play Group. Her play "We Wives" was successfully produced this fall, and she has acted in and directed the plays.

Ardis has also been a valuable asset to her class as a debater, having taken part in interclass debates in both her Junior and Senior years. And last but not least, we must not forget the two poems published in the "College Anthology." These seem to foretell an illustrious literary future. May their predictions come true, and may you have every success in your life work, Ardis.

Frederic William Wright

“Let me play the fool
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come.”

Freddy's first glimpse of this dismal world was in New Glasgow in the year 1904. He admits, himself, that it wasn't a very bright outlook but here he received his early education and his "C" certificate from the Academy. He obtained his "B" from Pictou Academy in the spring of '22 and in the fall of the same year entered Acadia with the class of '26.

Freddie has been a favorite with the students ever since he came and has established a great record for himself not only as an athlete but as a student. He starred on the hockey team all four years and was captain during his Junior and Senior years. Freddy was also a member of the varsity basket ball and tennis teams, winning distinction in both. He took an active part in all inter-class sports, playing on all his class teams.

In his Junior year, Freddy was elected cheer leader for the University and he claims it was through this that he learned to play "snap." During his Senior year Freddie has been one of the swimming and diving instructors of the college.

From here, Freddy goes out West where he intends to take up business and with him go all our best wishes for his success.



COMMENCEMENT WEEK

"The Rivals."

On the evening of May 22, the Dramatic Society presented "The Rivals" by Richard Brinsley Sheridan before an unusually large and appreciative audience in University Hall. The delightful play with its numerous high comedy situations, elaborate complications, and clever dialogue kept the audience in peals of laughter and proved one of the biggest hits in recent years. The parts were all well taken but Harry Mollins ('27) as Sir Anthony Absolute provided what was undoubtedly the stellar role of the evening's performance. The stage settings brightened by the colourful Eighteenth Century costumes, left nothing to be desired and much of the success of the production may be attributed to the efficient crew of scene-shifters whose rapid work preserved the unity of impression. Great credit is also due to the director, G. D. Hatfield ('27) and to Mrs. MacLean whose kind assistance and sympathetic advice were much appreciated by the director and players. Several selections were given between acts by the Acadia Conservatory Orchestra.

Cast of Characters

Fag.....	Lloyd Jenkins '28
Thomas.....	Fenton Elliott, Eng. '27
Lydia Languish.....	Constance Hayward '27
Lucy.....	Louise Fritz '27
Julia Melville.....	Grace Perry '27
Mrs. Malaprop.....	Helen Simms '27
Sir Anthony Absolute.....	Harry Mollins '27
Captain Absolute.....	Arnold Noble '26
Faulkland.....	Theodore Taylor '28
Acres.....	Warren Findlay '28
Boy.....	Alec Crowe '27
Sir Lucius O'Trigger.....	Harold Sipprell '27
David.....	Archibald Black '28

Before the curtain rose on the first act, President Patterson

presented the various literary, debating, dramatic, and athletic distinctions as follows:

Literary A's

Arthur R. Dunlap	E. Ardis Whitman
Owen T. Rumsey	Marjorie H. Mason.
Harold F. Sipprell	F. Herman C. Fritz.
Clarence R. Gould	G. Doane H. Hatfield.

Debating A's

Robert C. Swim	Mary A. Bishop.
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Dramatic A's

Olive M. Archibald	G. Doane H. Hatfield.
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Boy's Athletic A's.

Frederick W. Wright

Girls' Athletic A's.

Elisabeth S. Ford	Janet Murray
Marion C. Smith	Elizabeth Corey
Glenora McCallum	Sara Wallace
	Mariam Duffy

Distinction Caps

Blair DeM. Elderkin	Wallace L. Barteaux
J. Arnold Noble	R. D. Johnson
Hubert A. Davidson	R. W. Johnson.

Baccalaureate Sunday

University Hall was filled to capacity on Sunday morning, May 23, when President Patterson, D. D., LL. D. preached the Baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of 1926. The President gave as his theme Mark XII: 30 and 31. He said that life was given its distinctive quality by the ideals by which

it lives which determine fellowships and fix the mould of character. He set before his hearers the greatest ideal of the Christian life as embodied in his text "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." He wished to consider this text in the light of John's statement that God is love. "Love conditions all that God does." But love no more than wisdom can exist in the abstract. There is only one way to be perfectly wise", he continued, "and that is to act always in perfect wisdom." So it is with the love of God. "All that God proposes, must be purposed in love; all that God does, must be done in love. Love must inspire every thought, motive, activity, condition, relation." The President then traced our threefold relationship, to God, to ourselves, to our fellows, and showed the role of love in these three spheres. "It is the man who loves God," he said, "with all his heart and soul and mind and strength who has the greatest capacity for loving his neighbour. In the thought of Jesus an adequate social ethics springs from an adequate religion. The practice of human brotherhood waits on the soul's response to the fatherhood of God." President Patterson then addressed the graduating class and urged them to consecrate themselves to the service of God and humanity, "to the ends of God in human personality", an aim impossible of attainment by human intuition alone and possible only for them with a love of human service rooted in the love of God.

At the service, Dr. Simeon Spidle presided. The Scripture was read by Dr. A. N. Marshall, and the Rev. Crandall, Editor of the "*Maritime Baptist*" offered prayer. The large choir rendered the anthem "Awake, Put on Strength" with Miss Gertrude Tingley as soloist.

In the afternoon, the Alumni Service was held at the Old Cemetery at which Judge A. J. Crockett of New Glasgow, N. S. was the speaker.

The Sunday evening service was under the auspices of the Students' Christian Association. Mr. Theodore Taylor presided, the choir rendered the anthem "Hear Our Cry" with Mr. Harry Mollins as soloist, and Rev. Oates Charles Symonds

Wallace, D. D. LL. D., Pastor of the Centaw Place Baptist Church, Baltimore, Md. delivered a powerful address.

Class Day

The class day exercises of the class of 1926 were held in University Hall, Tuesday morning, May 25. The graduating class entered to the strains of the "March Militaire," played by Miss Eleanor Harris ('28) and Miss Marion Reid ('28) and took their seats on the platform.

The class president, Mr. R. Byrns Curry in a brief opening address welcomed the audience to the last class meeting of the class of '26. The reading of the minutes and the roll call by the class secretary, Miss Mary A. Currie were followed by a business discussion.

Mr. Harry Mollins ('27) then rendered a very appropriate solo with rare feeling and was forced to respond to an encore by his appreciative audience.

The Class History by H. A. Davidson and the Class Prophecy by A. R. Dunlap followed. Both of these momentous documents which may be found on other pages of this issue of the *Atheneum* were received with bursts of laughter and hearty applause.

Frederic S. Crossman then delivered the well phrased Valedictory in his usual fluent and appealing manner and the meeting closed with the College and Class Yells.

Convocation

The eighty-eighth convocation of Acadia University was held in the thronged University Hall, Wednesday morning, May 26. The convocation opened with the processional march in which the President, Faculty, Board of Governors, Senate, Alumni, Graduating Class, and those receiving honorary degrees took part.

President Patterson opened the convocation with a brief speech and called upon Dr. J. W. Manning to unveil the tablet erected to the founders of Acadia. Following the unveiling,

Dr. Manning led in prayer. The tablet bears the following inscription:

Erected
to the memory of
Theodore Harding
Edward Manning
Edmund Alberna Crawley
James William Johnstone
Thomas Handley Chipman
James Walton Nutting
Harris Harding
Joseph Crandall
Joseph Dimock
John Pryor
Leaders in the founding of
Horton Academy, 1828
Acadia College, 1838
Now Acadia University

The audience then joined in the hymn, "Faith of Our Fathers."

Following this ceremony, President F. W. Patterson, D. D. LL. D. conferred the following degrees upon the largest graduating class in the history of Acadia University.

Bachelor of Arts

Archibald, Olive Marie.....	Warren, Pa.
Blesedell, John Milford.....	Wolfville, N. S.
Covert, Julia Leslie	Canning, N. S.
Creighton, Margaret Jean.....	Wolfville, N. S.
Currie, Mary Aughterton.....	Woodstock, N. B.
Doherty, Anne Frances.....	Sydney, N. S.
Duncanson, Laura Amelia.....	Falmouth, N. S.
Elderkin, Blair DeMille.....	Wolfville, N. S.
Falt, Mary Helen.....	Antigonish, N. S.
Foster, George Edward.....	Bridgetown, N. S.
Fritz, Francis Herman Cedric.....	Saint John, N. B.

Israel, Wilfred Emerson.....	Saint John, N. B.
Kinsman, Charles Lamont.....	Boylston, N. S.
Landers, Aubrey Wilfred.....	Middleton, N. S.
Mason, Marjorie Helen.....	Wolfville, N. S.
MacCabe, Zoa Janette.....	Wolfville, N. S.
McElhinney, Charles Flemming.....	Truro, N. S.
MacKinnon, Anna Price.....	Yarmouth, N. S.
MacLatchy, Henry Frank.....	Woodstock, N. B.
Neal, Arthur Lawrence.....	Yarmouth, N. S.
Newcombe, Curtis Lakeman.....	Port Williams, N. S.
Patterson, Gwen McLeod.....	Wolfville, N. S.
Ryan, George Owen.....	Moncton, N. B.
Thompson, Ruby May.....	Hopewell, N. S.
Walker, Barbara Gordon.....	Yarmouth, N. S.
Wetmore, Horace Hanington.....	Sydney, N. S.
Whitman, Evelyn Ardis.....	Margaretville, N. S.
Wright, Frederick William.....	New Glasgow, N. S.

Bachelor of Arts (cum laude)

Crockett, Elma Louise.....	Hopewell, N. S.
Davison, Laura Isabel.....	Halfway River, N. S.
Dunlap, Arthur Ray.....	Truro, N. S.
Freeman, Margaret Barss.....	Middleton, N. S.
Gates, Lucy Victoria.....	Middleton, N. S.
Gould, Clarence Reid.....	Aylesford, N. S.
Murray, Elizabeth Cullen.....	New Glasgow, N. S.
McMahon, Ella Constance.....	New Aberdeen, N. S.
Noble, James Arnold.....	Sydney, N. S.
Swim, Robert Colquhoun.....	Yarmouth, N. S.

Bachelor of Arts (magna cum laude)

Curry, Russell Byrns.....	Port Maitland, N. S.
Hutchins, Margaret Emma.....	Wolfville, N. S.
True, Laura Serena.....	Woodstock, N. B.

Bachelor of Science

Eaton, Gerald Leslie.....	Wolfville, N. S.
Elderkin, Brenton Jost.....	Wolfville, N. S.

Fairn, Mark Williams.....	Kentville, N. S.
Flowers, Albert David.....	Campbellton, N. B.
Gould, Harold Lothrop Borden.....	Wolfville, N. S.
Haycock, Maurice Hall.....	Wolfville, N. S.
Morton, Alton Prescott.....	New Germany, N. S.
Munro, Donald Farnham	Wolfville, N. S.
Munro, Max Muller.....	Paradise, N. S.
McClelland, Evangeline Booth.....	Lunenburg, N. S.
Noble, Otto Asker.....	Sydney, N. S.
Rumsey, Owen Trevis.....	Lawrencetown, N. S.

Bachelor of Arts in Theology

Crossman, Frederic Stuart.....	Truro, N. S.
Forgey, Wallace Ferdinand.....	Saint John, N. B.
Geldart, William Alexander.....	River Glach, N. B.

Bachelor of Arts in Theology (cum laude)

Davidson, Hubert Alexander.....	Fredericton, N. B.
Guiou, Gerald Wallace	Ottawa, Ont.

Master of Arts

Cook, Thomas William.....	Murray River, P. E. I.
MacLaughlin, Jean Christie.....	Amherst, N. S.
Robinson, Ernest William.....	Wolfville, N. S.
Vaughan, Vivian Inscoc.....	St. Martin's, N. B.
Wasson, William Barker.....	Saint John, N. B.

Certificates in Engineering were presented to

Brent, Edgar Delap.....	Paradise, N. S.
Dunlap, Clarence Rupert.....	Truro, N. S.
Eaton, Gerald Leslie.....	Wolfville, N. S.
Roscoe, Robie.....	Centreville, N. S.
Wetmore, Raymond Eugene.....	Yarmouth, N. S.

Honor Certificates in English were presented to

Dunlap, Arthur Ray.....	Truro, N.S.
Gould, Clarence Reid.....	Aylesford, N. S.

An Honour Certificate in Latin was presented to
Swim, Robert Coluqhoun..... Yarmouth, N. S.

Honorary Degrees were conferred as follows:

Degree of Master of Arts (Honoris Causa)

Clark, Harriet Hannah Richardson..... Fredericton, N. B.
Parsons, Mabel Helena..... Richmond, Va.

Degree of Doctor of Divinity (Honoris Causa)

Dakin, Egbert LeRoy..... Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mason, Ernest Seymour..... Wolfville, N. S.
Spidle, Simeon..... Wolfville, N. S.

Degree of Doctor of Letters (Honoris Causa)

Morse, William Inglis..... Lynn, Mass.
Wallace, Oates Charles Symonds. Baltimore, Md.

Degree of Doctor of Laws (Honoris Cause)

Tory, James Cranswick..... Halifax, N. S.

The prize list was announced as follows:

Governor-General's Medal..... Margaret E. Hutchins.
W. H. Coleman Medal for Public Speaking..... Alvin Robertson.
Karl Merrill Robinson Prize..... W. H. Jones.
Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical Prize..... Alvin Robertson.
Sergeant Beals Memorial Scholarship..... Alfred Arthurs.
Class of '05 Scholarship..... Richmond Longley.
D. F. Higgins Prize in Mathematics..... Richmond Longley.
W. C. Milner Canadian History Prize..... L. Serena True.
Class of '07 Essay Prize..... Robie Roscoe and
G. D. H. Hatfield.
Henry Burton DeWolfe Bursary in Biology..... W. H. Spencer.
Class of '92 Scholarship..... Grace Perry and
Harold F. Sipprell.

The Class of '25 secured the Alumni Cup for the largest percentage of members present.

After the announcement of the prize-list, the President addressed the graduating class and those who had received honorary degrees delivered addresses in which they thanked the Board of Governors and Senate for the honors conferred upon them. Then the President made several important announcements regarding new buildings and additions to the faculty and the eighty-eighth convocation of Acadia University closed with the exit of Acadia's largest graduating class.

THE GRADUATING ENGINEERS

Edgar Delap Bent.

Born at Paradise, in the Province of Nova Scotia, Canada, age (); height 5 ft. 8 inches, complexion, light. Yes indeed Paradise claims Ed. as one of their finished products. As soon as he got over being cradle sick he started in fooling with electrical apparatus and after spending a number of years in the school at Paradise, he went to Bridgetown where he graduated in the spring of '29 with his A certificate. That fall he landed at Acadia where he has been tinkering with electrical apparatus Ford, etc., ever since.

Although quiet in his way Ed. was always jolly, but had one bad fault that an Engineer should not be cursed with, that is a desire for a steady woman.

Edgar does not plan to continue Engineering but rather to further his studies in Physics in which we know nothing but a brilliant future awaits him.

Clarence R. Dunlop

Clarence first graced the world with his presence on the first of January 1908. The event took place in Sydney Mines. Great was the rejoicing; greater will be the rejoicing.

He spent the earlier years of his life gathering a little in-

ENGINEERS' HOROSCOPE.

Name	Alias	Age	Appearance	Chief Characteristic	Favorite Expression	Future Occupation	Highest Ambition	Chief Weakness
T. H. Ayer	Haliburton	Small boy	Everywhere	His Beard	Unprintable	Chem. lab. ass't.	To grow	Chem. 2.
G. Baker	Joe	Almost	Neat	His Beard	Got your Math. done	Oculist	To buy the bookstore	Pretty eyes
E. D. Bent	Ed.	Precious child	Dressed up	Profanity	Hell	Mechanic	To own a Ford	Liz.
B. Berry	Bliss	Childish	At the rink	His Appetite	Well, no!	Ask the Sems.	To get enough to eat	Sems.
A. L. Bowman	Bo	Goofy	With porter	His hands	Yeh!	Barber	To play the piano	Lois
C. Brehaut	Bray-ho	Doubtful	Often as possible	His laugh	Oh good God!	Garter Inspector	To get to Truro	Women
K. M. Brooks	Farmer	Tough	Porky	His belt	Lay off	Pork inspector of Jerusalem	To pass in Shop 1	Library stacks
C. G. Clark	Prof.	Ancient	Intellectual	Telling stories	Is that so	Hard to tell	To play cards	Arguments
K. Collins	Pete	God knows	Angelic	Conversing with Profs.	Boys-oh-boys	Millionaire	To be first done in Shop	Giving the butter-fly kiss
J. L. Condon	Ambrose	Nineteen	With Eleanor	His necktie	Where's my pipe	Architect	To build another wing on Tully	Nights out
E. F. Creelman	Plant	Lengthy	Seldom	New clothes	See Lorne Miller?	Work at—?	Hasn't any	Everything
W. L. Dickson	Bill	Sophisticated	Pensive	Modesty	How	Dean of Engineering at Acadia	100 in Drawing 2	Too tired to work
G. R. Dunlap	Rupert	Just about	In Sunday clothes	Smiles	Who said so?	Mine inspector	To walk with a Sem.	Flynn
F. Elliot	Werrell	Over 5	Shy	Woman Hater	Go on	Millwright	To be in the movies	Shop 1
R. A. Ferguson	Bob	We don't know	Rare	Curly hair	Say Ken.	Making Ken work	To be a boxer	Studying
O. I. Fetterly	Yank	Old timer	Breezy	His sweet face	You guys	Night watchman	To be able to sing	Barbering
A. D. Foulis	Dodge	Old man	Collegiate	Potent line	?	Public speaking	To stay longer at the Sem.	Necking
D. M. Fraser	Handsome	Juvenile	Not bad	Pretty hair	I think so	Night watchman at the Sem.	To be a partner in R. H. Davis & Co.	Afternoon walks
G. C. Hault	Bud	Old enough to get a girl	Might be alright	Pretty face	Got a match	Throwing the gentleman cow	To cut out smoking	John C. Miles
C. R. J. Hibbett	C. R. J2	Unknown	Grace-ful	Angel face	Dog-meat	Don't know	To get there first	Cohoon's
K. V. Keirstead	Ken	Ripe	Loose	Weird sounds	Yep	Prof. in German	To get sick at Greenwich	Nan
T. A. M. Kirk	Tammy	Voter	Pretty Smooth	His grin	Frig ya	More sleep and less work	To get Wyse	Long walks
P. M. Lane	Hellish	Past the limit	Variable	Speed	Tommy	Managing the New York Giants	To get in Dutch	Rubber heeled shoes
C. A. MacIntyre	Charley	Little enough	Puzzle	Happy	O the old lady	Singer	To sell violets	His moustache
J. H. MacCulloch	John	Puzzle	Firey	Sports	You're a nice fellow	Prospecting	To have a girl	Clothes
K. C. MacWha	Casey	Never been kissed	Mushy	His shoes	Charlie	M. P.	To marry Janet	His moustache
B. MacNeil	Bruce	Ask the Annex girls	Tall	Fingers	?	Signaller	To grow small	M—
J. H. Moses	Prophet	Very	Stunned	His hair	Over in Boston	Doing 100/hr.	To take Biology with Miss?	Professors
A. D. Nickerson	Nick	Not quite	In Class	Studiosness	Look here	Storekeeper	To be in parliament	Apples
H. Outhaus	Netherlads	x 12	At the Sem.	His walk	Did you get this one	Fishing	To drive the old man's car	Math.
H. D. Perry	Sleep	Ought to know better	Overalls	Dirty face	See now	Chauffeur	To write an argument	Wild women
J. E. Raymond	Johnny	Quite young	Normal	His pompadour	Hasn't any	Physics Prof.	To go out rattin'	Leaving doors open
H. A. Renton	Hollis	Youthful	Fine	Wicked eye	Numerous	Janitor at Annex	To acquire a wife	Annex verandah
R. Roscoe	Robie	70 99	Always the same	No knowledge of Wo'n	Cripes, man	Shop assistant	To invent the impossible	An M. A.
H. E. Thompson	Tommy	Kiddish	In plus fours	His color	Hello chet.	Radio inspector	To get the joker	A Sem.
R. E. Wetmore	Peamore	Antique	With Moses	His pipe	That thing	Successor to Mrs. Weeks	To see Kate	The farm
V. T. B. Williams	T. B.	Very young	In the Club Room	Innocence	Nick	Civil Engineer	To win the mile race	His complexion

formation in the schools of his native town, graduating from the High School in the Spring of 1924. In the fall of the same year he came to Acadia and joined the "rollicking" Engineers.

Whilst a member of our class he took a most active interest in all activities; representing the class both in athletics and in debating. During his Senior year he was the genial class President. His plans for the future are uncertain, altho we understand he still plans to continue Engineering. We wish you every success, Clarence, in your chosen field, whatever it might be.

Robie Roscoe

'Twas on the sixth of October, 1902, that the population of the city of Centreville was increased 50%. The cause—the birth of him who has become famous under the name of Robie Roscoe.

Robie's early education took place at Kings Co. Academy. From there he journeyed to Acadia in the fall of 1919 to take a pre-medical course. One year was enough; the next four years were spent in Boston.

In the fall of 1924 he felt the call and joined the Engineering Class of '26. His record while here has been that of a good student and what is more—that of a good fellow. He was noted for his push and hard work, which always aided all of our class activities. Robie's plans for the future are as yet undecided. Whatever he does, wherever he goes, we know he will succeed. Best of luck to you, Robie, old son.

Raymond E. Wetmore

Raymond first opened his peepers in New Haven, Conn., but not caring much for the States, he was transported to Yarmouth where he began his education, and received his A certificate from the Yarmouth County Academy.

He now decided to illuminate the illustrious Engineering Class of '26 with his presence, in the fall of 1924. While at Acadia Raymond has taken a great interest in class affairs and during the first term of a second year he acted in the capacity

of Secretary and Treasurer. Although he has not taken an active interest in college sports, Raymond has represented his class in hockey, baseball and soccer, and has demonstrated his athletic ability in each of these games. He has been a diligent worker, and as he leaves our midst the Engineering class wish him success in the pursuance of his chosen work.

SEMINARY CLOSING

On Tuesday evening the graduating exercises of Acadia Ladies' Seminary were held in University Hall.

The programme for the evening was as follows:

- I. Entrance March.
 - II. Prayer—Rev. E. L. Curry.
 - III. Vocal solo—Beulah Wry.
 - IV. Essay—Jack Miner and his Birds—Emma V. Bradshaw.
 - V. Piano Solo—Vera Z. Olts.
 - VI. Essay—Use of Intelligence Tests in Education.
Jewel M. Henderson.
 - VII. Vocal Solo—Gertrude N. Tingley.
 - VIII. Essay—The North American Indian—Eva O. Robinson.
 - IX. Piano Solo—Irene Card.
 - X—Presenting of Diplomas.
 - XI. Address to Graduating Class—Dr. H. T. DeWolfe.
 - XII.—Presenting of Prizes.
God Save the King.
- Students receiving honors in English:

Emma V. Bradshaw.....	Summerside, P. E. I.
Irene A. Card.....	Dorchester, N. B.
Jewel M. Henderson.....	New Waterford, N. S.
Eva D. Robinson.....	Canso, N. S.

Monday afternoon at 2 p. m. in University Hall the class

day exercises of the graduating class of Acadia Ladies' Seminary opened with the Senior march played by Frances Littlefield and Dorothy Wilson of the Junior class.

The members of the class wore green fugi silk dresses, trimmed with white and white roses, the class flower.

After the regular class meeting, Eva Robinson and Emma Bradshaw rendered a vocal duet.

The important number of the programme was a pageant entitled "Down Petticoat Lane," which was a history of costumes.

The valedictory was read by Irene Alice Card.

The programme closed with the Senior march.

On April 30, 1926 a fine recital was given by Miss Vera Maude Lake McEacheron, of the department of expression.

The following programme was well rendered.

	I	
Green Gardens.....		Hart.
	II	
A group of poems.		
Little Branch River.....		Apres La Guerre.
Little Bateese.....		Drummond.
Aux Italiens.....		Lytton.
	III	
Absent mindedness of Priscilla.....		Wilson.
	IV	
Cherry Blossoms.....		Sutphen.
	V	
Play—The Finger of God.....		Wilde.
God Save the King.		

Graduating recital given by Beulah Alice Wry, University Hall, May 7, 1926.

Program

On May 7, 1926, Beulah Alice Wry, dramatic soprano, gave a very fine graduation recital.

The following programme was given:

Program

I

- Was ist Sylvia?.....Schubert
 "Ah! Mon fils" (from The Prophet).....Meyerbeer

II

- I know that my Redeemer Liveth (from Messiah).....Handel

III

- Songs of Roumania.....Lohr
 a—The Roumanian Mountains
 b—Life has Sent Me Many Roses
 c—Roumanian Night Song.

IV

- Pace, pace, Mio, Dio (from La Forza del destino).....Verdi

V

- a—The Holiday.....Curran
 b—Wings of Night.....Watts
 c—Little Holes in Heaven.....Hope
 d—Paradise.....Kreisler

God Save the King.

- Minnie Allen Poole.....Accompaniste

A very fine recital in pianoforte was given by Vera Zella Olts in University Hall, May 6, 1926.

A difficult and interesting recital was given in a very fine manner.

Program

I

- Sonata, Op. 27, No. 1.....Beethoven
 Andante
 Allegro
 Allegro molto e vivace
 Adagio con espressione
 Allegro Vivace

II

Etude, Op. 25, No. 2	Chopin
Etude, Op. 10, No. 5.....	Chopin

III

Valse Capricie, Op. 74, No. 4.....	Scott
La Fille aux Cheveux de Lin.....	Debussy
Impromptu in C Sharp Minor.....	Reinhold

IV

Polichinelle, Op. 3, No. 4.....	Rachmaninoff
God Save the King.	

The graduating recital of Gertrude Naomi Tingley, soprano, was given in University Hall, Thursday evening, April 29, 1926.

The following programme was given in a very pleasing manner:

Programme

Indian Love Lyrics.....	Finden
(a) The Temple Bells	
(b) Less Than The Dust	
(c) Kashmira Song	
(d) 'Till I Wake	

II

"Je dis que rien ne m'epouvante".....	Bizet
from Carmen	

III

(a) Wiengelied	Brahms
(b) Parla.....	Arditi

IV

O Had I Jubal's Lyre.....	Handel
from "Joshua"	

V

(a) Pan and The Fairies.....	Newton
(b) The Cuckoo.....	Lehmann
(c) Sheep and Lambs.....	Homer
(d) Ho! Mr. Piper.....	Curran

God Save the King.

Irene Alice Card.....	Accompaniste
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SEMINARY NOTES

The first of a series of graduating recitals was given by Miss Elsie Alberta Barnes of the department of Expression of Acadia Ladies' Seminary, on Thursday evening, April 22, 1926, in University Hall.

She was well assisted by Miss Dorothy Wilson.

The following programme was well rendered.

Program

I

A Story—The Garden of God.....Kernahan
Elsie Barnes

II

Piano Solo—Grillen, Op. 12, No. 4.....Schumann
Dorothy Wilson

III

A Play—Mansions.....Flanner

Characters:

Harriet Wilde

Lydia Wilde (her niece)

Joe Wilde (her nephew)

Elsie Barnes

IV

Group of Poems:

My Inn.....Grotter

Where Sings the Whip-poor-will.....McCallum

The Land of Beginning Again.....Tarkington

Elsie Barnes

V

Piano Solo—Like a Singing Bird.....Mortelmans
Dorothy Wilson

VI

A Story—Gretna Greenhorns.....Connell
Elsie Barnes

God Save the King

ACADEMY CLOSING

The anniversary exercises of Acadia Collegiate and Business Academy were held in University Hall on the evening of May 24, with Principal E. W. Robinson in the chair. The program opened with the customary processional march, played by the Misses Dorothy Wilson and Frances Littlefield. Prayer was offered, and following a piano solo by Miss Dorothy Wilson, the History of the Graduating Class was read by H. C. Morgan. A graduating essay was read by G. E. Lantz the subject of which was "The League of Nations." This was followed by a vocal solo by Harry Mollins.

The message to the Graduating Class was delivered by Dr. W. L. Archibald, former principal of the Academy and Registrar of the University, and his subject was "Success in Life." A really successful life consists in the development of such character or personality as will enable one to live a happy and useful life either with or without wealth, learning, or fame. True success has to do with internal conditions of body, mind and spirit, chiefly, and only accidentally with the external thing of life. The four aids to reaching the desired end he suggested as

"Give yourself the opportunity of securing a good education if possible.

Make absolute loyalty to truth a habit of life.

Recognize the law of existence.

Cherish the highest ideals."

The Valedictory was delivered in a pleasing manner by A. W. Akerly.

Diplomas were presented as follows:

Academic—Edgar H. Tracey, Charles W. MacKinnon, Clarence A. Linkletter, Henry Whitney, Arol W. Estey, Raymond Whitney, Harold MacGibbon.

Senior—Stephen A. Titus, Lewis A. Fraser, Gordon E. Lantz, Norman MacRitchie, Horace Morgan, Russell Reade, Seymour Denton.

Stenography and Typewriting—Elizabeth F. Banks, Pauline

D. Clancy, Evelyn Layton Jeffrey, Nina A. Levy, Mabel L. Marshall, Beth E. MacCallum, Marjorie B. Stevens, Eleanor M. Zinck.

Commercial—Eldred B. Buchanan, Varley E. Bishop, Jack Carruthers, Winford E. McDavid, Curtis L. Prime.

Certificates were presented as follows:

Academic—Arthur W. Akerly, Arthur O. Bowlby, J. Fred Cowan, William M. Cousins, Douglas Cossaboom, Robert L. Dewar, Edward H. Gunter, Lawrence Hancock, Laurie K. MacNinch, William McK. Miller, Louis F. Sutherland, Robert Stevens, Bertram S. Stewart, Horace Hughson.

Business—Harold L. Dunphy, Reginald H. Freeman, Sybil F. Haliburton, Edna E. Boone, Helen W. Clark, Harold B. Shaw.

The class membership is as follows:

Senior—Akerley, A. W.; Bowlby, A. S.; Cowan, I. F.; Cousins, W. M.; Cossaboom, D.; Denton, S. C.; Dewar, R. L.; Estey, A. W.; Fraser, L. A.; Gunter, E. H.; Hancock, L.; Hughson, L.; Lantz, A. C.; Linkletter, A. C.; Miller, W. McK.; Morgan, H. C.; MacGibbon, H. M.; MacKinnon, C. W.; Margson, A.; McNinch, L. K.; MacRitchie, N.; Reade, R. A.; Sutherland, L. E.; Stevens, R.; Stewart, B. S.; Titus, S. R.; Tracey, E. H.; Whitney, H.; Whitney, R. E.

Business—Buchanan, E.; Burke, P.; Bishop, V.; Boone, E.; Banks, E.; Blackadar, P.; Beach, M.; Carruthers, J.; Coldwell, M.; Clarke, H.; Clancy, P.; Cross, M.; Dunphy, H.; Eye, S. J.; Freeman, R.; Hunter, F.; Haliburton, S.; Halliday, H. Hudson, B.; Hart, U.; Hankinson, W.; Johnson, H.; Jeffrey, E.; Leslie, E.; Leslie, V.; Leoy, N.; Martyn, C.; Morton, A.; Marshall, F.; Marshall, M.; MacGibbon, L.; McCann, A.; McCallum, B.; McDavid, W.; Prime, C.; Pike, R.; Rose, B.; Stevens, M.; Shaw, H.; Weldon, L.; Zinck, E.

The prizes and distinctions are

Leader Senior Class—Edgar Tracey, \$60 Scholarship; 2nd Arol Estey, \$40.

Leader Middle Class—Wm. Hankinson, \$10; Dr. Archibald.

Leader Junior Class—Stewart Gunter, \$5; part of Roy prize.

Leader Business Class—T. Warne, Digby, \$10.

Special Prizes—G. E. Lantz, \$10; Roy prize; H. MacGibbon, \$10, Mrs. McLean; K. P. Tynes, \$10, Roy prize.

Bookkeeping—J. Carruthers, \$5, Mr. Pace.

Rapid Calculation—Miss Levy \$5.

1st Pen—W. McDavid \$5; 2nd P. Clancy, gold pencil, E. C. Pace.

Silver Medal—Miss Nina Levy, speed and accuracy in typewriting.

Bronze Medals—Mabel Marshall, Nina Levy, Blanche Hudson, Pauline Clancy, Evelyn Jeffrey.



TREASURER'S REPORT

STATEMENT OF YEAR ENDING APRIL 30, 1926

		Receipts Payments			
1925	May and September.....	1878	92	2186	58
	October.....	716	80	452	99
	November.....	334	35	509	39
	December.....	1602	75	1546	95
1926	January.....	1060	20	855	76
	February.....	996	49	1084	97
	March.....	1478	81	1805	36
	April.....	454	42	278	54
		8522	74	8720	54
	Balance in Bank 30 April 1925.....	341	36		
	Balance in Bank 30 April 1926.....	210	96		
	Outstanding Cheques.....	67	40		
		8931	50	8931	50

Outstanding cheques April 30, 1926.

	No. 244	3 75
	253	8 00
	5	1 30
	7	1 50
Wilfred Israel,	9	2 85
Treasurer, 1925-26	260	50 00
Verified		
H. E. Arnold,	\$67	\$67 40
Auditor.		

Appropriation 1925-26 Appropriations Granted 1925-26 Receipts May 1 1925 April 30-26 including appro-
priations. Expenditures May 1 1925 April 30-1926.

Balance Sheet April 30th, 1925.	Dr.		Cr.		Appropriation 1925-26		Appropriation Granted 1925-26		Receipts May 1, 1925 April 30, 1926 including Appropriation		Expenditures May 1, 1925 April 30, 1926		Balance Short April 30, 1926				
													Dr.	Cr.			
Athenaeum Society.....			42	04	170	170			325	04	178	59		56	45		
Football.....					477	588	42		995	29	1042	21	46	92			
Basket Ball.....					350	350			630	45	617	40		13	05		
Hockey.....					637	637			1669	34	1745	25	75	91			
Track.....					150				29	67	3	05		26	62		
Baseball.....			205	36	140						11	35	11	55			
Girls Athletics.....			185	64	355	355			713	61	587	86		125	75		
Athenaeum Paper.....	31	37			833				2645	11	2900	37	255	26			
Capital.....			103	75					103	75	103	75					
Constitution Booklet.....				55						55		55					
Dramatic Society.....			90	76					1322	78	1201	87		120	91		
General Expenses of the Union.....	17	19			175				136	17	334	95	198	78			
Propylaeum Society.....		37			150	150			212	28	188	21		24	07		
Evangeline Rink.....			118	90					1749	99	1908	70	158	71			
S. C. A. Men's Union.....	88	67							243	70	194	81		48	89		
S. C. A. Women's Unit.....			10	21					205	47	123	77		81	70		
Profit & Loss.....									132	05	100	95		31	10		
College Women's Residence.....									10	80	4	23		6	57		
Universal Fee.....	278	25							2627	75	2272	17		355	58		
	415	85							13663	80	13520	24	747	13	890	69	
Bank Balance.....	344	36									210	96	210	96			
Outstanding Checks.....									67	40				67	40		
	757	21	757	21	3437	2244	42	13731	20	13731	20	13731	20	958	09	958	09

Remarks

A Certified accounts were formerly kept under the name in one account the Acadia Amateur Athletic Association. H. E. Arnold.

X These accounts had not received their yearly appropriations when banks were audited.

WILFRED ISREAL, Treasurer 1925-26.

ACADIA ATHENAEUM



Now we turn to the exchange shelf, for the last time this year. Both papers and magazines are characterized by a note of mingled joy and sorrow—joy that another year has successfully passed and sorrow that with its passing many friends will go too, not to be lost entirely of course, but lost as fellow students. College friendships and their stimulus to co-operation in work and play are one of the best things in college life. But you ask, what have these to do with exchanges? Only this, that while we may not be personally acquainted with very many or even any students from other colleges, nevertheless it is a pleasure for us to read of your activities. We see our own problems reflected in many of yours. We enjoy hearing of the latest play you have produced and reading the prize story or poem which we have long awaited. Cannot we thus be truly friends in spirit if not in fact?

We have missed many of you this month—old friends whom we looked for eagerly in the winter months. As we lay aside the Editor's pen for the last time our wish is that you may come again next year, all of you, and may we become better and better acquainted!

THE ACADEMY LEAF

Again we have this little paper from Windsor with us. Your "Curiosity Shop" is a new department among the exchanges on our shelf, and is truly curious and very interesting. The cartoons are very life-like and humorous. Our faculty,

past and present, are congratulating themselves that their fame has spread so far that you, like our Class of '23, have incorporated their venerated names into a class yell.

The prize essay on "Why the Windsor Academy Should Have a Newspaper" is full of thought and common sense. This paper is one of the most worthy endeavors of prep school literary and journalistic talent to come to our shelf, and should receive every encouragement from readers, contributors, and advertisers.

THE COLLEGIATE

A new addition to our decimated shelf this month is this very creditable annual from Sarnia, all the more welcome because of the dearth of exchanges examinations and commencements conjure up. The editorials show a remarkable excellence in clear reasoning and in timeliness. The photographs are especially clear, and the drawings very clever. These are a treat to us of "The Athenaeum." The story, "By Western Seas" shows a fine knowledge of technique and artistry and deserves the medal it won. The articles and sketches are a delightful and unusual feature, and the poetry displays a charm of spontaneity and thought. You are fortunate in your advertisers.

ARGOSY WEEKLY

It is with regret that we read of the last Theological Convocation at Mount A. The passing of anything with a good and worthy record behind it is always sad, but we wish the department every success in its new home at Pine Hill and entertain no fears for an even better future.

We congratulate you, Mount A. on your successful presentation of the charming "Charm School." The splendid article on "The Opportunities of a Small College" shows deep thought and is of interest to every undergraduate in the Maritimes. The poem, "Spanish Castles," is beautiful. The editorial is thoughtful.

We thank you for your kindly criticism of our own magazine. Alas, it is only too just. Your last issue for the year is parti-

cularly fine. Good luck to the new staff. May they carry on as successfully as you have.

BRANDON COLLEGE QUILL

It is always with a sense of satisfaction that we shall find just what we want that we turn to this model undergraduate magazine. We were glad to learn from your inimitable Krazy Kuts that we are not the only college under the sway of this loathesome hirsute fad. Your month, like all colleges about this time of year, has been particularly active—the swansong before the appalling hush of the examination lull. Your athletic department is very well conductd. The story, "On the Shelf," is an intensely dramatic tale and well depicts the horrors of war so often mistaken for glories. "My Memory Book," an authentic account of first-hand experiences at Lake Louise, is presented in charming form. The article, "A Trip to Canada's Northland," is valuable and the "History of Journalism" is an excellent summary. Perhaps another short-story—

KING'S COLLEGE RECORD

As all our contemporaries are justly doing it, we, too, must fall in line and chant the praises of your March-April number. It is indeed worthy the high esteem the colleges hold it in, and is a most worthy endeavor, especially when one considers the number you have to choose from. The opening sonnet is exquisite. "The Experiences of a Soloist" is a very realistic, readable treatment of a subject we are all interested in, what it feels like to fly. The editorial is excellent. Truly, it is a university's chief function to be a "Builder of Character," and in this we are sure Kings succeeds. We are still laughing over "The College Calendar." The appreciation of Conrad is very intelligent. We like your cordial support of dramatics as evidenced by the space devoted to your write-up of "You Never Can Tell," and wish you every success with "Tweedles" in your tour.

It is a very well-balanced magazine, but could you not incorporate a short-story. Best of luck in your financial campaign.

MCGILL DAILY

The Convocation Number is "bigger and brighter" than ever, and brings to us Canada's leading university's extensive Commencement Program. Your article, "A History of the 'McGill Daily'" is a worthy record of fifteen years interestingly presented. The well-written reviews and surveys of 1925-26 show a very creditable year in all departments. Congratulations on the valuable addition to your splendid Chinese Library. We are looking forward to receiving this, your largest annual.

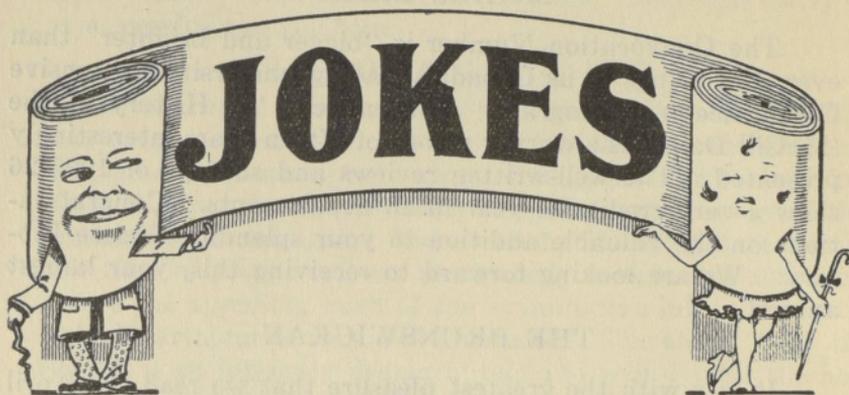
THE BRUNSWICKAN

It was with the greatest pleasure that we read the April number of this valuable exchange. It is veritably a humor number as witness, "The Shortest Way with the Coeds" in P. C. D.'s delicious vein and "On Alarm Clocks." We must congratulate you in your poetry department. There are some real gems, especially "Elegy," which shows a depth of real emotion. The "Save the Forest" articles are timely and sensible. We, too, have just prorogued a very successful Mock Parliament.

If we have failed to do this really excellent number justice, it's because we were just plucked in a Bible exam, and—!

XAVERIAN WEEKLY

The first thing we notice about this newsy, little sheet is the great improvement in the quality of the paper and the printing. You certainly have had a deluge of lectures descend upon you. There is much food for thought in your editorial on intercollegiate debates, and we especially appreciate "The Editor" and "The Proof Reader." But let us see some original poetry and humor. Congratulations on your expansion in affiliating with St. Martha's Hospital.



Prof. Hancock: Has color a place in the field of action and reaction?

Henson: Sir, you just wear a red necktie and try to pat a bull.

Brooks '27: How fat Gin is getting!

Mill '28: That's because she daily doesn't.

Diz '26 (in History 6): Sir, who was the author of the Dawes Plan of Reparations?

K. C. '27: It has taken Tommy a long time to settle down to work.

Mellish '27: Well, Ayer is light you know.

Potter '27: Were you in the play?

Marven '27: Very. I had a leading-part. I was an usher.

Dr. Hutchins: Miss Fritz, who was the tenth king of Israel?

Louise '27 (aside): Gee, who was he?

Dr. Hutchins: That's right. Jehu.

We understand Father has accepted a position to pose for 'The Palmolive Soap ad—"Keep that School girl Complexion."

Paul '28: Tut has joined the great silent army.

Levy '28: Is he dead?

Paul: No, married.

Nowlan '28 (in question on English 4 exam): Chaucer may have been a good poet, but he was a very poor speller.

Louie '28: What is so rare as a day in June?

Otto '26: (ruefully looking at plate) Artie's beefsteak.

Bryns '26: This chicken was raised in an incubator.

Maggie '26: How do you know?

Bryns: It's too tough to have known a mother's love.

Punk '27: A friend at Artie's is a friend indeed.

Elliott '27: I'm surprised at the tailor turning you out like that.

Blair '28: It's not his fault. He can never get the measurements. I'm so ticklish.

Notice on Bulletin-Board: Found—A fountain-pen by an engineer half full of ink. Apply to Ed. Creelman.

Dr. Hutchins: (about to "have the names") Are you all in?

Israel '26 (entering): Yes, sir.

Helen '27 (romantically): Why are the stars so far up anyway?

Benny '26: So the Freshmen can walk around without knocking their hats off.

Chink: What's the matter?

Ted Morse '29: Got something in my eye.

Chink: What is it?

Ted: Don't know. Can't see it.

Voice from above 3 a. m.

Oh daughter, does Mr. Crowe ('27) like grapefruit?

One sometimes wonders if there were any insurance agents in Methusaleh's time.

Brooks (Eng. '27) has been cussing the weather as though he had a right to expect summer this spring.

If "Van" has her hands full looking after some of the Sophettes, what ever will happen to the Children of Israel.

Biology Prof. What becomes of a tadpole after it loses its tail?

Prosser '27. It is then called a frog and is usually caught, and sent to market to be retailed.

Waiter in candy store. Did you order this sundae sir?
McElhinney '26 (arousing from reverie). Goodness have I been here that long?

Poetry from the Ridge.

Silver moon,—pretty miss
Lips upturned,—for a kiss
None to see; just us two
Sure I did,—wouldn't you?

White ('29) That corn syrup isn't any good.

Coy '29. Why not?

White: I've taken three cans of the darn stuff, and my feet aren't a bit better than when I started.

That's pretty snappy said the rat as the trap sprang to on him.

Ardis tells us the only path she is interested in is the bridal path.

Co-ed) to druggist). Is your cold cream good for wrinkles?

Druggist. Madam, it would take the wrinkles out of corrugated iron.

Morton '26—"Bachelors don't know much about women, anyway."

Art '26—"You're wrong there; that's why they are bachelors."

Eleanor '28—"Do you think a girl can live on love?"

Marion '28—"Yes, if she stays single."

Father '26 (at show "The Freshman") Where's the freshman? If he doesn't soon appear, he'll be a Soph."

Owen '26—He's probably taking one of his skips.

Lee '29 "You didn't know who I was this morning, did you?"

Ted Morse—"No, who were you?"

Mac '26 (insinuatingly)—"How would you like to lend a friend three dollars?"

Davy '26—"I'd be only too glad, old timer, but I haven't a friend in the world."

Ardis '26—"Do you know any plan to make a little money go a long way?"

Ethelyn '27—"Yes. Buy spaghetti and eat it lengthwise."

Benny '26—"What's the matter with Davy lately? His work doesn't seem to be up nearly as high as it was last term."

Mac '26—"Oh, he's getting a little 'Slack.'"

Doc '27—"Hey! you're snoring."

Yank—"How do you know?"

Doc—"I heard you."

Yank—"Don't believe everything you hear."

Ardis '26—(hands over ears)—I can't study unless my ears are plugged up.

Owen '26—"I can't, unless your mouth is."

Elizabeth Ford wants to know what one does with anything that is "*Bent*."

Barbara wants to know what to do 'for the love of Pete.'

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