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The Acadia Athenæum

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WOLFVILLE, N. S., JUNE, 1925.

No. 7.

AWARDS FOR THE MONTH.

Poems—1st, H. F. Sipprell, '27; 2nd O. H. Rumsey, '26.

Articles—1st, H. Grace Beardsley, '25; 2nd G. D. Anderson
Eng. '25.

Stories—Arthur Dunlap, '26; Etheln Osborne, '27; O. H.
Rumsey, '26. (equal.)

One-Act Play—Olive Archibald, '26.

Humor—R. Marvin, '27.

Science—G. D. Anderson, Eng. '25; F. H. C. Fritz, '26; H.
Grace Beardsley, '25. (equal.)

Month—1st, Grace Perry, '27; (no second).

Athletics—1st. F. H. C. Fritz, '26; 2nd, A. R. Dunlop, '26.

Exchanges—1st. Olive Archibald, '26; (no second).

Personals—(no first); 2nd, Helen Simms, '27.

Jokes—R. Marvin, '27.

Seniors 3 units.

Juniors 11 units.

Sophomores 9 units.

Engineers 2 units.

Freshmen 0 units.

Pennant to the Juniors

FAREWELL TO THE CLASS OF 1925.

Awake, oh comrades, ere another morn
O'ertake you sleeping here beside the ships.
Loud sounds the rattling clarion's silver voice
That calls you back from dreams of future joys
To face the stern realities of life.
Behold where yonder Phosphor brightly gleams
Upon the rosy fingers of the dawn.
Behold, Aurora with her hasting hands
Is parting now the star-gummed veils of night.
Up, up, away, oh comrades, ere the morn,
Roll down those lofty prows unto the sea
Where now the ivory foam is flicked with pink.
Those tall and haughty ships that you have framed
With months of leaden care now tower high
In pride and confidence along the shore
And thirst to taste the sea denied as yet.
Haste, haste, oh comrades, you must sail today
Across the crystal paved harbour floor,
Beyond the frowining headland, o'er the bar,
And forth upon the wideness of the sea,
The free, sky-bounded stretch of blue and white.
And we must stand along the shore and smile
To waft you on your way, through tears be nigh
And vain desires to seek with you the lands
Beyond the sunset. Nay! We must remain
And toil with weary hand upon our barks
That, when at length the dawn shall flame for us,
We may be found prepared to follow you
Across the murmuring hollows of the main.
Haste, haste, the time is short, strong sets the tide,
The wind is fair, the dawn is clear, and, there,
The shining smoothness of the silent sea!
Behold, the first tall ship is now afloat
And cleaves with haughty prow the silver flood.
Another and another follow fast!
Up, slothful ones, delay no longer here

With friends upon the shore, your way lies plain
From port away, across the sky-dyed waves.
Grip firm the steering oar, oh helmsmen brave,
And captains, keep your ships upon the course
For turn aside for storm or gale, but on
For aye, across the crested waves with eye
Firm fixed beyond the farthest verge of sea
Nor turn aside for rest, or wealth, or love,
Where islets small and sweet with spice begem
The smiling seemmer sea, but onwards sail!
The goal beyond the blue dividing line
That parts the turquoise heaven through the storm
Until, amid the boiling sea, by gales
Stirred to its lowest depths, and lashed by rain,
Amid the gloom, the lurid lightning's flash,
The thundering terror of grim Nature's rage,
Your ship o'erwhelmed by angry floods
Shall plunge beneath the sea's all-conquering waves
And pass in glory to a memory,
The Flag aloft, and each man at his post,
And all eyes firmly fixed upon the goal
That beckons on amid the night of death
On, on, oh comrades, though you fail, you win!

H. F. S. '27.

THE LOST QUEEN.

IN the shadowy background is a quaint stone house, whose roof top is silvered by the gleaming moon. A rose-covered arch over a wicket gate leads to the garden in the foreground. A flagstone walk, lined with pink and white clove pinks and English daisies winds through the garden. It breathes the loving fragrance of flowers which are everywhere—gaudy tulips, shy forget-me-nots, dainty mignonett, old-fashioned larkspur, slender lilies and budding roses.

On the left in the fountain the moonlit spray of water tinkling plays. On the right is a moon-bathed sun dial half hidden by lemon lilies and blue cornflowers. Further back, to the right, vines spray summer snowflakes over an arbor partly hiding from view a rustic bench.

It is a dreamy June night. The sailing moon slips aside her cloud veil to gaze on the sleep-wrapped world. There is a languorous note in the air, and the dew is beginning to fall.

(There may be played for a few moments a very soft strain of Liszt's Nocturne in E by the violin.)

The wicket gate clicks gently and tiny feet patter lightly down the flagstone walk. A slight little girl with wistful brown eyes and golden curls stops by the fountain. She is clad in a lacy white nightie, covered by a woolly pink kimono, and slippers.

She peers cautiously behind her. Then giving a soft little chuckle she stretches her arms toward the moon, the flowers, the fountain. Crooning softly she dances her way in and out among the flowers. With a coazing smile or a gentle whisper she bends toward one here and there. Then she flashes away around the fountain. A tiny breeze ripples over the flowers.

The garden gate clicks abruptly and a fine looking man with a square jaw, rather worried blue eyes, and yet the unmistakable air of a prosperous business man, enters. He stops and gazes in wonder at the dancing child, who does not see or hear him. He pulls his unlighted cigar from his mouth.

The Father: Elaine!!

(The child stops poised on one foot. After turning slowly she see the intruder. She shrinks back a little.)

Father: Elaine!! what are you doing?

(She gazes at the ground in frightened silence).

Father: Young lady, what does this mean? Speak up at once!

Elaine: (haltingly) Daddy, I-I-was-only——

Father: That will do! That will do! Haven't you any sense? The dew is falling and what do you have on? A nightdress! A kimona!

Elaine: But, Dadddy, it's warm and——

Father: Warm! It will be warm works for your aunt to take care of you with a cold. What have you on your feet?

(Elaine thrusts forward one tiny foot as her father approaches).

Father: I thought so! The new slippers your Aunt Mary made for you. They'll be ruined and you'll have to get a new pair!

Elaine: Oh, Daddy, really could I?

(Her eyes shone for a moment.)

Father: (slightly abashed) Well, er——

Elaine: And, Daddy, if I spoil them, will you talk a long while to me again like now? (wistfully).

(The Father starts and looks rather puzzled, pulls himself together, and rather forces himself to speak sharply).

Father: Well, we shall have no more talking right now. Go up to bed at once before you catch cold!

(He goes and sits on the bench under the arbor, with a rather mystified, but obstinate look on his face. Elaine reminds him too much of Other Things. Elaine walks slowly up the walk).

(The garden gate clicks sharply and loudly as Aunt Mary a bony, tidy, sharp-eyed woman, bustles toward Elaine. Her thin lips are drawn tight with vexation. She does not see the Father at first).

Aunt Mary: Elaine Roberts! so you sneaked out the back door again to-night! And catching your death of cold!

Elaine: But, Auntie——

Aunt Mary: But me no "but Aunties." I'll have no back talks, young lady, or any of this foolishness. You're just cram full of your mother's fool notions! (The Father starts slightly).

Elaine: (draws back as if struck) What!

Aunt Mary: (impatiently) How often have I told you not to say "what"? Not a grain of manners in you! Oh, what a trial! When your father comes back from his walk—then we shall see. I'll let him know what wicked actions—Stop your sniffing, and——

Father: (coming indignantly toward them) Oh, I say, Mary!

Aunt Mary: (startled) Why, George!!

Father: Aren't you a little rough on the kid?

Aunt Mary: "Rough on the kid? Such Grammer! If you only knew what I've had to endure when you've been away on all these business trips. A man never realizes! Father: Of course! Of course! But Elaine was only playing!

Aunt Mary: Playing, you call it? I'll warrant she was dancing. You should have heard Mrs. Price's lecture on it in W. C. T. U. yesterday. She promised to come over this evening, Though I must say——!

Father: (interrupting) Yes, I know, Mary, but Elaine is not wicked. Let me talk to her one moment! Elaine creeps closer and a smile breaks through the glistening tears).

Aunt Mary: You'll only——(a door bell rings). Oh, my! There goes that bell! Must be Mrs. Price!! Well, I hope she has the supper dishes washed this time. These women who go out to find gossip instead of doing their work!

Father: (rather drily) Some seem to manage both!

Aunt Mary: (turning quickly) What's that?

Father: Er—nothing! You should hurry, Mary, before she goes. I'll attend to Elaine.

Aunt Mary: But she has on that pair of slippers I made for her! She'll ruin them in this wet grass.

Father: (hastily) Oh, I don't think so. They have very substantial soles.

Aunt Mary: And she'll catch cold with so little on!

Father: (more impatiently) How absurd! On a warm night like this!

Aunt Mary: Well, of all the——(Bell rings again) Oh, that plagued bell! Mind you give Elaine a good lecture. And her lies she tells about fairies and——

Father: (drily) Really, Mary, I think Mrs. Price must have gone over to Mrs. Beeman's.

Aunt Mary: (rushing toward gate) Oh, no! I wonder if she has her new hat on! Remember a month ago, George (ominously).

Exit Auntie.

(George goes white for a moment, then seats himself on the bench while Elaine stands twisting on one foot.)

Father: Elaine, come! I'm no apparition. Sit down, dear! (Elaine's face lights up at the "dear," and she sits down on the bench).

(There is a silence for a moment, broken only by the music of the fountain. The Father lights his cigar and watches the moonbeams play on Elaine's hair.)

Father: Tell me, Elaine, what were you doing?

Elaine: (slowly), Nothing, Daddy!

Father: (hurt) Nothing?

Elaine: Well, nothing very much!

(Another silence in which the man smokes reflectively watching the smoke rings curl).

Father: Elaine, my dear, why are you so afraid of me?

Elaine: Afraid, Daddy?

Father: (Raising his eyes) Oh, I know! Tell me.

Elaine: (timidly) Why—'cause—Auntie said you did not like naughty girls!!

Father: Well?

Elaine: And I'm the naughtiest one in all the world. I'm just awful!! (with a kind of awe).

Father: (angered) What! Who says so?

Elaine: (surprised) Why Auntie! And she knows!

Father: (raising his eyebrows) So she knows? Oh! I—by Jove, I wonder! (His face is thoughtful—He turns to Elaine) Well, what would my little girl say if I told her she weren't quite the naughtiest?

Elaine: (doubtfully) Well, I—don't—know——

Father: You don't know?

Elaine: with chin on palm of hand and gazing before her) It's kind of nice to be something "iest", you know.

Father: Well, for heavens sakes!! Oh!

Elaine: (seemingly pays no attention) It's not much fun just nothing! (Raises her head suddenly and smiles mischievously) And I got my mouth washed out with ivory soap for saying what you did!

(The father almost jumps in surprise and then laughs. He draws Elaine closer and looks tenderly down on the golden head resting against his shoulder).

Father: Now, little girl, won't you tell your Daddy, who has been naughty too, what you were doing?

Elaine: (hesitating) I was dancing.

Father: Yes.

Elaine: There is a full moon to-night.

Father: Yes, dear. Go on.

Elaine: (slowly) But, Daddy, you see I can't!

Father: Can't!

Elaine: No! The wicked fairy won't let me.

Father: (a little hurt) So you won't tell me just because——

Elaine: (impulsively) Oh, I'll tell you some. (She clasps her hands and her face just shines) You know the fairies have a big ball every full moon. Oh, yes, I know they dance every fine evening; but that night the queen must be there. For all the posies would fade or drown with tears without her, and to-night she isn't here!

Father: (half smiling) Well, honey, that's quite tragic. Why isn't she? A new gown not finished? A quarrel with the servants? Or just the usual reason?

Elaine: (slightly puzzled, but most serious) No, you see, King Oberon drove her away at the last ball!

Father: The sinner! And who is he?

Elaine: Why her husband! And Daddy, all the flowers are crying 'cause they can't dance 'til she comes. (Her face becomes animated. Tossing back her curls she seizes the father's arm and pulls him from the bench. Then she dances

in and out once more). See, Daddy, all the tear-drops on their faces! And Look! the little spider carpenters have made all the tables. See all the diamond dishes? (Points to cobwebs jewelled with dew-drops).

Father: So you came—(He watches her wondering and lovingly as she sways, skips, and dances over the velvet grass)

Elaine: To tell them the queen loves them and maybe she'll come at Cinderella time.

Father: Cinderella time?

Elaine: (excitedly) That's what moth—she—(confusedly) I mean that's midnight!

(Father looks at her strangely).

Father: And you danced——

Elaine: In her place—for the flowers.

(The Father paces up and down breathing deeply of the fragrance.)

Father: Well, dear, how can we get this Queen of yours back?

Elaine: If only King Oberon would let her! But that wicked fairy——

Aunt Mary: (off stage) George! Are you still out there? Mrs. Price wants to talk to you.

Father: One moment, Mary! I'm very busy.

Aunt Mary: Oh, all right! I hope you're giving that child one good lecture!

(Father turns to Elaine, who appears rather agitated).

Father: We must hurry, little one. But first won't you dance for me—just for a moment!

Elaine: (sighing softly) No, Daddy, I just can't any more—even for you and the flowers. I—I—oh, Daddy! (She sobs.)

Father: (astounded) Wh, Elaine, what ails you? There, there dearie!

Elaine: (between choking sobs) I—can't—dance without her any more.

Father: (puzzled) But who, dear?

Elaine: Mo—the Queen!

Father: (tenderly, but a trifling impatiently) Why, child, you must not allow your imagination to run away with

you. Come, we'll take our little fairy into the house and tuck here in bed. If only——

(He picks her up in his arms, but she still sobs). There, there, honey! She'll be here to-night to dance for the flowers! She'll be here!

Elaine: (raising her head) Do you really mean it? Will you let her?

Father: (slowly) Let her? What have I to do with your Fairy Queen?

Elaine: Why, 'cause you're King Oberon of course. Didn't you know that?

(The Father sinks down on the bench gazing at the pleading face. The moonlight is caressing the whole beautiful scene).

Father: (in a low, tense tone) And the queen?

Elaine: Is—Daddy, (pleadingly) won't you break it?

Father: What? You amazing child!

Elaine: (earnestly) The spell of the wicked fairy.

Father: I suppose she is Aunt Mary.

Elaine: (apologetically) Well, I was just pretending. Of course she makes the yummiest tarts and, Daddy, she really was quite nice before the W. C. T. U. elected Mrs Price President. But you see she said—oh, Daddy, am I the naughtiest girl anywhere?

(George's face works as he sits gazing sadly into the fountain. With an effort he smiles as he puts his arm around her and gently strokes her hair).

Father: Little girlie, what would you say if I told you I had a small daughter who is the dearest little girl in all the world?

Elaine: (her eyes shining) Oh, Daddy! I'd say what Moth—she said!

Father: (eyes averted) And what was that?

Elaine: (dreamily) She used to hug me tight and say in a trembling voice, "Oh, my little fairy, I just wish I dared steal up and kiss him once more. If we could only get him into Fairy land—really—perhaps! I suppose she was scared just like me, 'cause you're so busy!"

Father: Then she came out here—with you!

Elaine: Yes, and sometimes we went hunting for wood fairies and flowers. And of—— Daddy, what's the trouble?

Father: (eyes flashing and angrily muttering) What a fool! I might have known! The wicked fairy! Business And I've lost her!

Elaine: (startled) Why, what is it, Daddy!

(After a short silence in which the Father's whole face is lined with suffering. He turns to Elaine).

Father: (slowly and slowly) Little girl, do queens—even forgive?

Elaine: (with her hands on his arm) Oh, goodness, yes. Mother—oh!

Father: Mother! Yes, go on, dear!

Elaine: (happily) Mother said everyone should forgive. So I spose queens must. They have to, you know. Or there wouldn't be any little flowers!

Father: (turning abruptly) Elaine, do you and the flowers want to dance to-night?

Elaine: I'll ask them!

(She tiptoes again among the moon caressed posies. Then smiling, she runs back nodding her head vehemently).

Elaine: Yes, yes, yes. You just bet!

Father: smiling in spite of himself). And is that the kind of language the flowers use?

Elaine: (innocently) Oh, yes, they were so excited—just like I get in school sometimes.

Father: Dear, come! We are going to bring the Queen back, tonight!! If she will forgive us!

Elaine: (dancing with delight) Oh, Daddy, Daddy!!

(A rising breeze stirs the flowers into a joyous dance to the fountain's music).

Elaine: Look, Daddy, look! The flowers are beginning to dance already.

CURTAIN.

O. M. A. '26.

POEM-MAKING.

THE writer has noticed with pleasure the growing interest among the young people of to-day in the writing of poetry. This poem-making forms a large occupation for many at the present time. Of course, no material wealth is actually derived from the writing of poetry, but many useful hours are well occupied, while they might otherwise be wasted.

We ask ourselves, "What force, what power, moves our young people to such acts?" The answer is: "Not for the sake of the verse itself, but because of the money which magazines are said to pay for poems."

And, therefore, the writer takes great pleasure in informing the modern youth how to manufacture saleable poetry. We shall learn by examining the various forms of poems published today.

The first type is what the writer, terms the "Give me" type. It is the most popular form of poetry now published. It is found in all college magazines and in periodicals issued by the inmates of the various Hospitals for Nervous Diseases. It goes like this:

Give me the salt of the ocean's tang!
Give me the smell of the sea!
Give me the sound of the breaking wave's bang,
A sound that comes back to me.

Give me the sheen of the topsail!
Show me the broad jib boom.
The odor of beans in the fo' castle in a pail!!
The warble of the passing loon!

I can hear again the captain's voice
As he calls to the tars on high,
"Reef! Oh, reef that keilson tight!"
Give me those tars on high!

Now, that poem carries with it the smaking smack, the very smack of the sea. Any poem written along that line is capable of receiving publication at any time, in certain places. And the great advantage of such a poem is that it can be written, and is being written, by any person who reads more than four poems on the sea—no matter, whether he has ever been on a boat in his life.

Then there is the poem for religious magazines. This poem should move along in a sprightly, joyous fashion. It should also be written with a chorus, as it is usually set to music:

1. I dreamed I was a moonbeam
Sent down to this dark earth,
To fall upon a petal
When it was given birth.

Chorus: Be a moonbeam, be a moonbeam,
Be a moonbeam free from sin!
When the earth is dry and thirsty,
Open up your mouth and let the moonshine in!

2. The world is evil nigh us;
It surrounds on every side.
We all should make the moonshine
To try our troubles to hide.

In the same magazine we find the inspirational poem:—

Be up and doing, my boy!
The Sun of your life is risen,
Jump to your feet, my boy!
Start all loose things a-whizzin'!

It is not by sleeping you get there;
But be busy in every way!
Be busy, my boy, be busy!
Let not your mind waste its may!

The night is fast approaching
 And soon work cannot be seen.
 All sin comes in the nighttime:
 Be busy, or you will be seen!

There is something in the regular metre of these verses and in their novel rhyme-scheme that deeply appeals to the writer.

Then, for weekly short-story magazines, such as "Love Lips," "Slimy Sex," and "Putrid Slush," there is the Love, or Warm Lips, poem. It flows like this:

When I look deep into your eyes, love,
 And think of what I see there,
 I feel I should not be alone, love,
 Alone, and a-tearing my hair.

When I look inside your ear, love,
 Or gaze in the depths of your nose,
 I think things are not what they seem, love.
 —Not even what we suppose.

—And so on.

And, of course the *vers Libre*:

I like Women:
 They have such funny ways of walking.
 Some walk
 As if
 Their le——, er, limbs were stilts,
 But they are not,
 —they are not.
 Some waddle
 But they refrain from this——
 It causes scoliosis.
 And then, there is:
 The Oriental wiggle.
 Someone has said of it
 "Every little Movement has a Meaning

All it Own.”
When I see
It
I feel it
Is not good
For Man to be
Alone.

And, lastly, the blank verse poem, named “blank” from the mind of the individual who writes it. It is usually in the form of description, nowadays.

The bubbling blobs of babbling brooks beside
The gleaming gray and gold of geysers green
And snapping-on of the star-lights in the sky
'Pregnate portentous passions in proud minds.

This type of poem may even be prolonged into a sonnet.

And so, we see, how easy it is to write poetry. Merely write a poem according to one of these patterns, and mail it to any magazine. If the magazine is of the right variety, your poem is certain of publication.

R. A. M. '27.

THE LURE OF THE SEA.

The blue waters dance to the song of the breeze,
And the incoming waves break and feather;
There's a sparkle and snap in the quick running seas.
And the signs that proclaim sailing weather.

The boats in the offing all tug at the chains,
From the dainty white yacht to the liner,
And the battered old tramp wallows deep and complains
As she chafes at the bonds that confine her.

The east wind is ruffling the water in glee,
Till the tossing tops, chuckle together;
And the wanderlust's call from the sun-doffled sea
Holds the sailormen's heart in a tether.

O. T. R. '26.

ALONE.

THAT was the end! Eighteen months there had been, months of extreme happiness, of exquisite bliss. We were happy in our comradeship, in our noble ambitions, in our love of the beautiful. The birds sang and our hearts responded. The joy of living overflowed our souls. We lived and we loved. Then came weeks of waiting, weeks filled with hope, with gladdening expectancy, followed by motherhood, sweet and beautiful, and pride in the birth of our son. For us the whole world was a thing of beauty. Everything harmonized. We were parts of the infinite picture. Then came death!

Only two hours before, on that smouldering August afternoon, they had taken her away, only two hours before, hours that seemed like a thousand years. There had been a last fond embrace, a last hungry kiss, my last tribute to her in the form of a red, red rose—half of my bleeding heart.

Then came the grave, cold, dank, and dark. Truly that was the end.

Eileen, child of my dreams, heart of my heart, my love divine! They had taken her away, my beautiful goddess, my heavenly queen, frail as the pale white lily, tender as my broken heart. God, how I loved her!

I was stunned! It was all as a dream to me. It couldn't be true. Surely I must awake and find her by my side. I wandered aimlessly. The flaming sun was sinking in the west, slowly sinking—a parallel to the flaming beauty of Eileen—just before night set in. In a tree near by a bird was chirping its farewell evening song. I was not thrilled. My soul did not respond. For me there was one voice, and that was gone. I was crushed!

Something drew me home. The house was empty, as the world was empty, without Eileen. There was all manner of sympathy from well-meaning friends—too much sympathy. How I detested it! how I wanted it to leave it all! For me there was no sympathy, only empty blackness. My soul craved for something inexpressible, something intangible. I wandered again in the evening twilight.

Dusk settled. With the falling of night I had the first real touch of sympathy, since she left me. Something impulsive drew me to the darkness. I went on unresistingly, and then I saw the sea. How well it reflected the darkness of my soul. Kindred souls we were, we three. Remembering a haunt of early childhood, I sought it. It took me within a few steps of the end of the quay.

Time passed. My soul cried out, but was not satisfied. The memory of that awful day oppressed me, and with the deepening of the night, so the blackness of my soul deepened. The moon rose, reddish and mellow, out of the sea. It lighted the sky with its silvery rays—it lighted the sea with a path of wavy gold—it darkened my soul with old remembrances. Eileen! My love divine! What was life without her? What was a child in exchange for the flower of my life? Could I go on? Could I face the world, mad, cruel, singing—alone? Was it worth while? Alone?

A temporary cloud—I looked down into the black, inky depths. Again the thought occurred to me. a kindred soul. I felt a call, an urge. How simple, yet how sweet to end it all thus. A soul in darkness forever in darkness. There to be swallowed up and hidden forever in darkness. There was no other way.

The sky remained dark. I stepped toward the end. The irresistible was calling—calling. What could I do but obey? I went further. The blackness within my soul ached to mingle itself with the black. There would be a tense moment, a further urge, a sudden plunge—then peace and freedom and Eileen. She was waiting for me somewhere out there, somewhere beyond those depths. Was hers the irresistible call? Who knows?

I stood at the end. I heard the call again. I reconsidered, but could not resist. My soul cried out again for peace, for freedom, for sympathy, for love, for Eileen. I finally decided. A moment more, and then rest in those inky depths. The moment came—but something held me back, and inexpressible something, like the tug of a tiny hand.

Homeward I turned. I sought rest in sleep, but sleep was denied me. For me there was nothing but emptiness, the emptiness of a crushed soul. I sought solace in the thought of religion, of God, but found no peace there. I tried to reason. A cosmic urge overcame me, and for a long time I thought of nature, the universe, God. I remembered my former ideas. I contrasted them with my present thoughts. There was no God. If so, whence did He come? Why had he taken Eileen from me, Eileen, my nature, my universe, my goddess, my all? I could not reconcile myself.

In my agony, I walked the floor. I cried aloud for something, I knew not what. I thought of the stars, of the vastness of the heavens. I asked myself why we were here, poor, worthless worms, writhing and groveling in the dust. I could not answer. I wanted to die. I wanted to go back to the sea. I felt the irresistible call again. Surely it was the only way. Yes, I would go and bury myself in those peaceful depths, those unexplored depths, which yearned imploringly for me.

I dressed hurriedly, for ever it called me on. I went downstairs. With a whim of fancy I glanced in at the room where the casket had lain. In the moonlight, I saw lying on the floor a red, red rose. I stepped in and stooped to pick it up. With a sudden passion I crushed it to my bleeding heart and kissed it. It only brought memories of Eileen.

In my madness I rushed from the room. It was dark. Instead of the hall, I stumbled into the nursery. I saw the tiny white cradle nearby. Another whim of fancy struck me, and I moved nearer it. Bending over, I gazed upon my child for the last time. I was appalled by its *petitesse*, its whiteness, its softness. With a sudden impulsiveness I clasped it to my heart and implanted a kiss on its tiny, white cheek. I thought of its utter dependency, yet of its unlimited possibilities. It appealed to me as some thing fangible, something to strive for, something to live for, something to love. Then I understood and was satisfied.

After that came the dawn.

A. R. D. '26.

SECOND-HAND ROMANCE.

“NOW, what can you say to a girl like that?” and Jimmy looked up despairingly to his older sister’s face. Jimmy was ten years old and in the agonies of his first love affair.

“I tell you what I’d do, Jimmy, if I were a fellow. I’d let her see me give the candy to another girl. That’ll make her sorry. You just wait and see.

“Do you really think so?” Jimmy was rather dubious, but he knew from experience that Nancy’s plans usually succeeded. So, picking up a much crumpled bag of conversation lozenges, he stuffed them in his pocket and started off to play baseball with a lightened heart.

Nancy, left to herself, permitted herself the luxury of a smile. When one has brothers and a younger sister, one gets to taking even their most serious love affairs very casually. Of course, Nancy never let them suspect it, and she

had been the confidants of all five that morning. It must be the feeling of spring in the air, she decided with tolerant amusement. She herself felt immeasurably above such things.

Nevertheless she looked with interest at the young man who was just then coming toward the house. Nor was that unusual, for Alan Graham was looked at with approval by most people. He was tall and strong and handsome, and, Nancy privately thought 'like a young Greek God.' Also, he was one of those rare people who are as intellectual as they look, and Nancy was immensely flattered that she should be chosen as his friend. She could never see just what he saw in her, when there were so many clever and beautiful girls in the University which he attended. Moreover, he was engaged to a girl who was reputed to be both pretty and accomplished. Most of the time, however, she bothered herself with no questions, but simply accepted the happiness she received from their friendship, which seemed to content them both.

"Well, how are exams coming?"

"Now, Nancy, I don't want to talk about exams to-day."

"What do you want to talk about then? I thought you were always interested in your studies. But I'm ready for anything."

"I don't know. I feel so——oh, I can't tell you here. Let's go for a walk."

For a while they walked in silence; then they talked just of every day things till they were well out of the town. In one of their many walks together, they had discussed a particular little grove on a particular little hill that pleased them, and they often went there. This day, after sitting a while in silence, Alan opened the conversation.

"Nancy, you know a lot about such things, what would you do if a girl wrote you a letter like that?" and he spread several pages of note paper out before her.

"Perhaps I oughtn't read it; do you think Alice would mind?"

"She'll not know; and it really isn't doing any harm you know. You're my fairy godmother adviser!"

So Nancy scrutinized the pages carefully.

"Well, if I were you, I wouldn't bother to study for that Latin exam tomorrow; I'd go to see her this evening. You could get back tomorrow on the noon train. You wouldn't flunk on the exam, you know, you'd just be sacrificing your chance for a high mark."

"Do you really think that's what I'd better do; Nancy? Yes, I believe you're right. How do you always know the right thing to do? You must have had lots of experience."

"Well, if you call experience having everyone in my family and everyone else besides come to me for advice, then I've had it. Goodness me, I know by sight and report every romantic experience there is; it's a pity I wouldn't get a chance to apply it sometime! There, there, you know I didn't mean that. If you didn't come to tell me all your troubles, I'd be heart broken. Only, it seems as if everyone in the family was in love but me. Oh, come on, let's go home. You'll have to hurry if you are going to catch your train."

"You don't want to be in a hurry for romance, my dear child. When it does come it's more bother than its worth. I sometimes think there isn't any love except the love of friendship, anyway. So cheer up, the worst is yet to come."

Alan went on the next train to see his fiancée, and Nancy spent the afternoon helping her mother, who was tired and rather discouraged.

"I do think your father is working too hard at the office, Nancy. Tell me what you think he'd like for supper tonight?"

"I'll see if I can get some early strawberries, mother. He would like that. Now you go and get rested. I'll look after supper." Then she smiled to herself. Even her mother came to her for advice.

Supper that night was a merry meal, whether the strawberries had anything to do with it or not. Enid, the little sister, was going to her first evening party, and was consequently much excited. Every member of the family had something nice to look forward to, and talked about it.

"Now, Nancy, you might tell us why you're looking so pensive and dreamy."

Nancy "came to" with a start.

"I believe she's thinking of Alan Graham. Oh, Nancy, what do you want of him? He's engaged. Anyway he's so queer. I can't always understand what he's talking about."

"That's because you don't understand him, he's——"

"And you do, I suppose. Two hearts that beat as one, and all that——"

"Children, children, don't quarrel. Nancy don't you think you ought not perhaps be too friendly——?"

"Oh, mother, that's mid-Victorian. I'll never fall in love with Alan, I promise, on my honor. And you know how likely he is to fall in love with me. Honestly, he raves about Alice half the time. You can't fall in love with a man who raves to you about another woman."

Nevertheless, Nancy felt a little guilty. Quite unconsciously she had found herself counting the hours till she would see him again. And Enid's remarks had given her the feeling that she often had, that he was in some way a little different, perhaps a little better, than the rest of the world and had to be protected from it. She pondered considerably while washing the dishes, and at last decided that if he needed looking after, it was Alice's job, not hers.

After her work was done, she took a magazine and seated herself comfortably to read. After fifteen minutes it dawned on her that she had not read a word, and was doing nothing but literally going over the conversation they had had in the morning. What a little fool she had been to say that about wishing for romance. What would he think of her? And blushing as if the sleepy grey cat or the crackling fire in the grate could read her thoughts, she picked up her magazine again and started a story. It was rather an interesting article "Alan would be interested in this," she thought, "I wonder what he'd say about it."

"Alan, Alan, Alan, nothing so much. But he is so good and clever and everything, I just can't give him up. He'll never know whether I like him or not, and I don't believe it's wrong, so there." The placid grey cat blinked its eyes at this

rather abrupt speech, and then curled up in a ball and went to sleep again.

"Giving yourself advice this time? What kind of trouble are you in?"

"Why Alan Graham, where did you come from? How is Alice?"

"I don't know and I don't care. Listen, Nancy, I don't want to see Alice, I want to see you."

"That's nice. What do you want advice on now?"

"Oh, Nancy, you're always so cool and casual, just talking to you, seeing you once or twice a week. I tell you can't expect it of a man."

"But don't you love Alice? You must, Alan, she thinks so much of you, and——"

"Oh, yes, she's all right. But just now of these few minutes you're the one that matters. And you're so——, so damn friendly."

"Perhaps you think, Alan Graham, that it hasn't been hard for me, too. Perhaps you think you're the only one who has to be careful of everything they say and do, perhaps you're the only one who finds friendship is difficult to manage. But we've got to be friends or nothing, and I want to be friends so much that I can stifle the other——"

"Well, I can't. If I write to Alice and tell her its all up, then what?"

"Oh, but you couldn't, Alan. Why, think how badly she would feel. Besides, I'd never speak to you again. Now for goodness' sake go home and forget it."

And Alan, knowing discretion to be the better part of valor, went. But Nancy sat for a long time, thinking. The romance she had wished for only that morning had come and she could not keep it. She did not waste time considering 'her duty to herself' or anything like that. To her there was only one way of looking at it. Alan must be made to forget this foolish idea of his before it harmed anyone else, and the big question was, how? If she simply sent him away with no excuse, or because it was not fair to Alice, he would be back the next day, twice as sure of his love.

"Nancy, can I have a piece of bread and butter?" Jimmy again interrupted her thoughts.

"Yes, but you must get it yourself, and then go straight to bed. It's after nine o'clock. Oh, Jimmy, what's that in your pocket? Let me see, now."

Jimmy was frantically trying to hide a very dirty box of cigarettes. "Aw, Nancy, don't tell, will you? Dad won't let me play baseball if you do."

"You ought to know better than to smoke those dirty cigarettes. Did you ever see Alan smoking? And look what a baseball player he is, pitcher of the College team. I've got a great mind to tell Dad about it. No, I won't, though. Give them here and I'll put them in the stove, and if I ever again see you——"

But Jimmy was already out of earshot, and Nancy thoughtfully put the cigarettes on the chair, and commenced to think again. But she could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion, and soon afterwards she went to bed. Jimmy called to her as she passed his room:—

"Say Nancy, you won't tell Dad will you? Oh, I forgot to tell you that Mrs. Kay said for you to come over and talk to her awhile if you were home alone. Why don't you go, Nancy?"

"My head aches, Jimmy. I'll go over and see Mrs. Kay tomorrow. Now go to sleep, or you'll never get up in time for school tomorrow."

The next evening saw Alan arriving at the Grey home very early. Nancy greeted him with little enthusiasm.

"Jimmy'll entertain you for a while, Alan, I've got to finish washing these dishes."

Jimmy was never at a loss for conversation.

"Nancy says you don't smoke, Mr. Graham, do you?"

"Why, no, Jimmy, I never could see much sense in it."

"But pretty nearly all the boys do, and lots of the girls too. Mrs. Kay smokes, cause I saw her yesterday."

"Well, she isn't a lady, then. Your mother doesn't, does she, neither—Oh, good evening, Mr. Grey."

"Good evening, Alan. I trust you are well?"

Mr. Grey was rather pompous, on the surface, but beneath was an old fashioned goodness, and an almost child like belief in the world. He was also hard of hearing, and came over and sat down opposite Alan in the chair where Nancy had left the dirty package of cigarettes. He would never think of suspecting Alan of smoking, and turned at once to Jimmy, who tried to slip away unobserved.

"James, are these things yours?"

"No, Daddy."

"Then whose are they? I believe what you tell me, James, but I would like to know whose they are?"

Jimmy gave a despairing look at his baseball gloves, which was lying on the floor near by. He had to be on the team, just had to. So he gulped down any prejudice he might entertain against lying.

"I think they belong to Nancy. She said she smoked one last night and it made her head ache." Made bold by this fragment of truth he continued, "Mrs. Kay gave 'em to her. She smokes all the time."

"That'll do, Jimmy, that'll do." Mr. Grey realized that he was getting into an embarrassing position. "Run along now and play ball. I'll come out and watch you after a while." And the good man started off for his study to read his newspapers in peace and quietness.

In a few minutes Nancy came in. Alan was staring straight ahead with a troubled expression on his face, which did not change when he saw her.

"What's troubling you, Alan? Why the great dignity?"

"You might at least have chosen good ones, Nancy?"

"Why, what do you mean?"

He looked down at the box of cigarettes on the chair opposite. "Jimmy said these were yours. He didn't realize what he was saying——"

"And you believed him, Alan Graham." Nancy was furious. Then a thoughtful expression came over her face. "Well, I supposed you knew I smoked. All girls do nowadays. I don't see any thing so very terrible in it."

"But, Nancy, I didn't think——"

"I don't care what you think. If you're such a Puritan, you can go and find a girl who wants to please you better than I do. Perhaps Alice will do!"

"I think she will. Good bye, Nancy." And Nancy, not daring to look up, heard the door slam, and the sound of steps on the gravel walk.

"Nancy, Nancy, can I come in?" Jimmy's scared face appeared at the door. "Nancy, I didn't know he'd be so cross to you. I'll go tell him they were mine. And, Nancy, I'll tell Dad too. I don't want to play baseball very much anyway. But Nancy, you won't hate me 'cause I told a lie, will you? Shall I tell 'em, Nancy?"

"Now Jimmy, listen. I'll make a bargain with you; you'll not tell any more lies, and we'll not tell Alan about the cigarettes. And I'll fix it up with Dad."

"Say, Nancy, you're the best ever. How do you always know the right thing to do?"

"Oh, you'll know too, Jimmy, when you've had all the experience I've had, even if it is second hand."



JUST A LITTLE KICK.

THE girl's eyes flashed with deepest indignation as she hung on Winbourne's words; then her red lips quivered and she gasped: "And what did you say?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! You mean he called you a confounded miscompoop in front of the whole staff and you said nothing?"

Windbourne flushed and spread out his hands. "Be reasonable, Grace. He's the boss, isn't he?"

"Boss or no boss, he oughtn't to call you that. It—it must be true or you wouldn't sit down under such an insult."

"Wouldn't I? You don't know Ackerman. Why, during the past twelve months he's fired over sixty men—fired 'em without a mومن's notice. Paid 'em on the spot and literally kicked them out of the door."

Grace gazed through into the small garden beyond. A pair of thrushes had nested in the solitary pine at the end of it and were now engaged in completing the nest that was to be the nursery of noisy thrushings. It reminded her of her own future with Windburne. She had her doubts as to wisdom of taking the plunge. In the world of today it required more than meekness of spirit to rise to anything. The meek and humble and not unfrequently the intelligent and large-hearted were trodden underfoot.

"Grace, I'm sorry I told you that," put in Windborne.

"I'm not. I want to know the worst about you."

"The worst! It might be worse if I was kicked out. There's a living to earn, you know."

'know. But I think that earning one's bread and butter is less important than retaining one's self-respect. He's a bully and you ought to treat him as a bully. Give it to him in his own coin and hang the consequences."

Windbourne frowned.

"The consequences might affect you and me very much, Grace. You said that next year we——"

She moved uneasily and his face grew disturbed.

"Great heavens, you aren't going back——"

"I'd rather take that step than know that for my sake you are content to lie down and be trodden on. You've got to fight, Ted—fight until you drop. That's Ackerman's way, and it's the only way he understands."

She touched the brooch pinned to the neck of her blouse—a military cross mounted on a pin. "You won that by fighting and not lying down."

He laughed a little bitterly.

"You argue in true feminine fashion, Grace. There is no parallel at all. In this case there is nothing to fight—except my salary. I can't fight Ackerman, no man in his senses would dream of trying. So long as I let him bawl me out I kept my job. When I cease to be Ackerman's doormat, I shall begin to walk the streets like thousands of others."

"There's always a chance for a good man—one who fights hard."

"Is there? I wish I could think so."

It ended the argument, but the effect lay heavily upon both of them. The evening passed—a rather silent, miserable evening.

"Good night," he whispered as he left her.

"Good night, Ted. I wish you were a little different."

He went home humiliated. To be abused by Ackerman was bad enough, but to be despised by the girl he loved! Her apparent illogic grated on his nerves. She wanted him to quarrel with his chances for promotion. She seemed to take it for granted that he was quite content to be daily subjected to a storm of abuse and ridicule. Didn't she know that his hands were itching to land somewhere on Ackerman's anatomy at every insulting word.

She took no account of the self-control required of him to withstand the avalanche of undeserved reproof. It hurt him all the more to know that he did good work for Ackerman, that through some, perhaps absurd, notion of honesty he refrained from wasting his employer's time or others did openly and unashamed.

But the morning saw him composed and ready for the daily grind. With characteristic punctuality he started from

home on the second, knowing that nine o'clock would find him at Ackerman's office. But fate ordained otherwise.

He was about to cross the crowded street when a motor appeared suddenly around a corner, where an avenue joined the busy main street. Some one shouted — a shrill cry that echoed above the drone of traffic. He saw a young lady standing, as though dazed, in the path of the oncoming vehicle. There was a grinding of brakes, and the bus skidded broadside on, in the direction of the girl.

What happened next he had but the haziest idea. Something had propelled him toward the girl. He felt her sinking into his arms he leaped madly sideways to avoid the sliding juggernaut. Then a policeman came, and crowds, and more crowds. He rubbed his eyes to find himself in the center of an admiring mass. Names, addresses and what not followed—not to mention several claps on the back and soft glances from several feminine spectators.

"That bird's a hero!" cried a taxi driver.

A hero indeed! He wondered what they would think if they could only see him with Ackerman. He looked at his watch and bolted. Twenty minutes late, and he had never been late since entering Ackerman's employ. He reached the office at last. To his horror the book in which the employees signed their names on arriving was gone, and that meant an interview with the boss. The interview came sooner than he expected, for on entering the office he beheld Ackerman waiting for him.

"So," he snarled. "This is what you call nine o'clock, eh? It's a good thing I had the book removed or you might have continued—"

Windbourne flashed at this mean accusation. "I'm not a liar," he said briskly, and marveled at his pluck.

"Not a liar, et? No, but you are good-for-nothing lazy hound. I won't stand for you arriving at this time with tales of a block on the subway. I've heard them all before. There is no place here for people who can't keep the office hours. I can get men who——"

This was the last straw to the tired camel's load. But for the girl imperiled by the bus he would have been early, as he always was.

The ingratitude, the utter lack of decency in not requesting an explanation aroused the year's accumulation of suppressed anger within him. His face went deathly pale and he stepped up to Ackerman.

"You can get better men—then get them, damn you! I'm sick of you—fed to the teeth. You're nothing but a blustering bully. Because I've let you abuse me without punching your head you think I am afraid of you. Why, for two pins I'd pick you up and throw you out of the room. I'd——"

Ackerman turned to the petrified clerk, "Give him two pins, Peters" he said.

Peters awoke, hesitated, and then handed Windbourne two pins with a hand that quaked.

Windbourne grabbed them and laughed almost madly. He surveyed them, then flung them on the floor, took off his coat, and without more ado hurled his employer into the passage, and slammed the door behind him.

Absolute silence reigned, but Ackerman did not come back. One by one the staff came and gazed at Windbourne to make sure he was not intoxicated.

"Great Scott!" gasped one. "Whatever made you do that?"

Windbourne shook his head and put on his hat. "Good-by, folks," he said. "I won't wait for a letter of recommendation."

They shook him by the hand, but scuttled to their desks as the manager came in. He looked at Windbourne.

"Boss wants to see you."

"Does he? Tell him I don't want to see him—but wait. I'll go. Perhaps he'd like to hear a few more homely truths—or has he called a policeman?"

He strode up the long passage and rapped loudly on the chief's door. All care had gone now. It amazed him to realize his own absolute lack of nervousness. On other occasions he had knocked at the door in fear and trembling;

now it was as a victor. The price of his victory was postponement of that happy day when he and Grace——. But it was worth it.

"Come in," grunted somebody, and he went in to find Ackerman leaning back in a chair with a curious expression in his eyes.

"So you dare to attack me on my own premises, eh?"

"Yes—when you invite it."

"So the lamb has changed?"

"He has. I'm your equal now, Ackerman. You know it and I know it and I'm not a bit sorry for what I said or did. In future I'm going to kick back every time I'm hit. I've admired you simetimes, in a way; but your methods are rotten."

Ackerman pursed his lips. Are they? Young man, let me tell you something: It is by my methods I have succeeded. I've got a house full of worms without a kick in them. They're fine for writing in books, but when I want a real man—Look here, how much of a raise do you want?"

Windbourne was held speechless." Raise! I don't want a raise. I wouldn't stay here for five thousand a year. I've just learned to live——"

"Yes, I know you have, and that's what interests me. Will you stay for six thousand a year?"

"But I don't understand. You mean——"

"I mean that I want a good strong-minded man to fill an important post. Windbourne, you're a fine worker; I knew it all along. But what I wanted to find out was whether you had the grit in you to hit out when the occasion demanded. Well, I know now. How does it strike you—six thousand a year and complete control of your own department without interference from me. You can bully the staff to your heart's content."

"There are other ways to get things done than by bullying."

"Are there? Then perhaps you will show me them."

"I will."

"Then you accept."

"Yes."

He shot out a hard, horny hand and Windbourne grasped it. Five minutes later he was using the telephone and an inquisitive office boy heard, among other things that he said.

"It was all your doing, Grace. I saw red and kicked out like a mule. He was waiting for it. What's that? You will? Fine! We will have a celebration dinner at half past six."

O. T. R. '26.



ACADIA
1924-'25.



T. W. COOK, 25.

R. B. CURRY, 26, Leader.



E. B. PAUL, 28.

DEBATING TEAM.

A BOOK BY THE LATE JOHN G. MACKAY.

APRES LA GUERRE, by Captain John George MacKay, B. A., M. C., edited, with a Memoir and the Tributes of Friends, by Neilson Campbell Hannay, M. A., B. D., Ph. D., Professor of English in Boston University, formerly in Acadia University. Boston, Samuel Usher, 1925. 100p., front.

It was during the college year 1913-1914 that John G. MacKay, affectionately called "J. G." by his fellow students, was the Editor of the *Athenaeum*. He had a veritable genius for leadership, and he had marked literary gifts. It gave great satisfaction to the student body and great delight to the Faculty when Mr. MacKay undertook the editorship, and he immediately raised the status of the *Acadia Athenaeum* so that it took a place in the foremost rank of the college journals of Canada. At that time he refused to be called a poet, though he was forced to admit great aptitude for writing fluent and rhythmic verse. But at Christmas, 1914, he wrote a poem that forced all of us, the Professor of English leading, to confess that a true son of the Muses was among us, though we had known him not. This is the last stanza:

"A rifle-shot, and a soul goes out;
A message home, and a broken heart;
A suken mine and a prow of steel,
And a ship goes down where the salt waves part.
The moist earth closes, the cold seas rage,
O'er the fondest hopes of a happy age;
A great sad world and a dying year:
O Prince of Peace, Thou art needed here!"

Later Mr. MacKay went overseas, after nine months of hard training as a military Y secretary. On October 12th, 1918, he was severely wounded while helping to set up a new Advanced Dressing Station where active fighting was going on. He recovered, however, and returned home to take up the duties of the general secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at McGill University. Four happy, hard working years he

spent here, gaining a national reputation because of his tact, resourcefulness, faith, and marked ability as a leader of the college men of Canada in Christian activities. It was he who was largely responsible for the inauguration of the Student Christian Movement, an organization that still lives, a fitting memorial to the zeal of Captain MacKay. He had married on the eve of going overseas, and it was as the head of an ideal Christian home that he worked among the young men during his four years at Montreal. His happiness was great when his little son was born. But early in 1923 his health began to fail, and in the autumn of that year he died, after weeks of suffering from a septic bone.

Captain MacKay's poems were collected, and edited by his friend and teacher, Dr. Neilson Campbell Hannay, now of Boston University. They are now published in an attractive and tastefully bound volume, with a Memoir by Dr. Hannay and tributes from many of the author's friends. Among these is an appreciation written by Sir Arthur W. Currie.

From my former review of this book I quote the following:

"The volumn, I have no hesitation in saying, in its general appearance will bear comparison with any book of moderate price published in these days. The most critical eye will find satisfaction in every detail of contents and of formal in the ordering of the subject matter, in the typography, in all that shows fastidious and loving care in the preparation of a book. This is no more than might be expected, however, in a book edited by a man of Dr. Hannay's experienced judgment, and published under his supervision.

"Captain MacKay's poetry will make a strong appeal to men. It is a man's verse, written as the man's heart was touched, or his aspirations stirred, or his emotions quickened. The author loved his lyrical gift, and used it genially on all occasions, though he effected none of the poet's aloofness and abstraction. He has some lively lines on football,—a theme not often attempted by versifiers. In the poem, "Annie", in which he happily caricatures his own love musings, the tenderness and the humor are inimitable. The personal touch in the two poems, 'Westward' and 'Eastward'

will interest those who had the happiness to know Captain MacKay. Here is the preface to the first one: 'A man took a long journey westward to see Somebody whom he had not seen for years, and were married, and ——' Then follows the poem. — Four days later he went eastward again, — to the war — and these were his thoughts as he went.' From the latter poem I quote:

'Eastward! Eastward!
The old-time thrill
Leaps back in my veins; for a strong heart still
Hurls back in the teeth of relentless Fate
Its challenge to conquer, to suffer, to wait.
Was it I who said
'Good-bye' back there? Were the tears for me
That I saw rejected, denied a place,
When I kissed a strong, sweet, wistful face?
Yes! And the years, I knew, would exact their toll
With a sterner hand,—it is ever so—
From the woman's soul.'

Let me give another quotation, this time from the poem that gives its title to the volume, "Après la Guerre.":

What of the days when the war is done,
Dull, dreary, without this strife?
God! do you think we have fought for fun?
We have fought that might have Life!

Life, and the freedom to tread again
The path of a thousand goals;
To speak our thoughts of the world and God
As they burned in our war-born souls.

Life, to build on a new-wrought plan,—
With Woman a builder too,—
And to touch with the torch of our flaming hearts
Old tasks, and to make them new!"

MARY KINLEY INGRAHAM.

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF '25.

ARE you there? But then the question of greater moment to us is, "Are we really here?" Can it be true that this is no mere dream? True, the days we have longed for, dreaded, feared, are now at hand? For three successive years we have looked upon the graduating class with wonder, and envy when we have heard them rattle the parchment, and repeat the familiar phrase, "Educated at last." Yea, verily, our time has come! With the dawn of tomorrow, if the gods be propitious, the reward of four years labor will be given to us, and with that, we must leave our Alma Mater, never to return again as undergraduates.

Today, we are preparing to take leave of old Acadia and the friends which the past four years have brought to us, we look back once again upon a few of the incidents which we shall always associate with our trials, joys, tears, and laughter—in short, with our life at Acadia.

Now, class histories in previous years have been chiefly for the purpose of revealing to the public a hidden secret—namely, that the graduating class was the best class in all respects that ever was graduated from Acadia. But this history must of necessity be different, for our class has failed, and failed miserably in one respect—we have failed to keep the secret. It was impossible, as soon as the sophomores discovered it, we gave up all hope of concealing the fact with which we had hoped to surprise the public on class day. Since this surprise, which plays such an important part in the conventional class history, must be dispensed with, let us proceed to the incidents which have proved this fact.

Once upon a time, on an early October day, a number of people, varying only slightly in degree of verdancy, collected in the town of Wolfville. We are forced to admit that a greater class is yet to appear in the realm of Acadia.

Years ago, the theory of evolution was based upon the arguments of Darwin; today, it has no such weak basis. Scientists merely point to the class of '25 of Acadia and say, "Believe it or not, only four short years ago, those dignified,

intelligent people on whom you now gaze, were ignorant, silly, and hopelessly green." Surely the evolution of a Senior from a Freshman is an infinitely greater phenomenon than that of a Freshman from a monkey!

Greenest in our greenness, each came with a different idea of college life. Some of us resigned ourselves with a martyr-like air to burning the midnight oil. Others, on the other hand, looked forward to our college course as a four years' picnic on the Ridge, interrupted twice a year by vacation.

Our first class meeting was held in stealthy secrecy in a residence in town. There were gathered together all the freshmen who were capable of following the directions given them; and, being hospitable from the first, we entertained a few camouflaged sophomores. These wolves in sheep's clothing, however, failed to gain any valuable information, with the exception of the name, home town, and highest ambitions of each assembled. That night, ignorant of the presence of our guests, we left the house one by one in order to avoid any suspicion on the part of our enemies.

The next evening was another meeting, but, alas, it was far from secret. No sooner was the meeting called to order, than we were disturbed by weird sounds from without. Two spies were sent to the look-off tower armed with water buckets. The buckets tipped; the water spilled; the dripping sopohomores below groaned and disappeared. Thus ended the first victory for the class of '25. As fate would have it, the fame of the efficient manner of disposing of the enemy spread far and wide. Even today, a stray water bucket is sometimes upset, in memory of our first great battle.

Friday evening was the eventful Gravenstein reception. Who gave the Freshman yell first, the Freshmen or the Sopohomores? Here, our class showed great presence of mind in delaying the composition of the yell until a few minutes previous to the reception. The one disadvantage was that no one had time to memorize the production. This fact led to a great deal of embarrassment. In the customary rush following the reception our boys played the victors despite the fact that the days of Firpo at Acadia had not

yet begun. The rush ended in an entertainment by the Freshmen boys, consisting of various songs and recitations, praise or disapproval of which alike resulted in contact with the plank.

Might I say that the marked originality of the class of '25 was shown in the composition of our first yell, which to us was wonderfully blood-curdling and alluring. It is said that its tones have been reproduced only by the static in radio. The other classes, however, could not appreciate its weirdly fascinating qualities, and, in a shameless fashion exposed it to ridicule. And so, we abolished our first yell.

Killa katta, killa katta, killa katta kink
If anybody bothers us we'll put them on the blink.
Vevo, vivo, vevo, vive
Acadia, Acadia, class of '25.

In its place we have submitted a milder yell, but one which we shall always remember when we look back on the old days at Acadia.

Freshmen rules, which are the greatest impediment to social life at Acadia, bothered us but little. For one long week we were subject to them, but great was the rejoicing when our boys defeated the Cads in the first game of football, thereby playing off the first year rules.

And so our class started in its proper course at Acadia. Just as every class we have had our parties, picnics, skates, sleighdrives, theatre parties, freshman sings, and constitutional class meetings; but to us, each holds some special memory, some mark of interest which might not be appreciated by the general public.

At the end of the freshman year, several of our classmates, feeling the life too strenuous, repaired to a milder climate. In this way they afforded the exception which proves the rule, "You can come in, but you can't go out." With the next fall, people from far and wide, having heard of the renown of our Freshman class, decided to join us and help us do our duty as Sophomores. This we did to the utmost of our ability, despite the fact that we were hindered

to a slight degree by a warning from the Students' Council and threatened with a life imprisonment behind the bars of Wolfville jail. Although the idea of a life-long class picnic appealed to us strongly, we felt that the faculty would not consider the chief of police a competent chaperone, and thus we dispensed with the idea and after a while reformed.

The freshmen of that year, however, were so very young that we had a most difficult time in looking after them. I recall especially one night when we invited them to take a walk in the evening air, knowing that it would be their first experience of the kind, we were literally forced to tie them together to prevent their scattering and being harmed. Just before their bed time, we led them individually into our darkened refreshment hall. There we served them generous helpings of—tooth paste.

The strenuous effect produced by our class may be judged from the fact that with only one year of our stay, one president was worn out, and his duties passed to a younger man of stronger nerves. And so in February 1923, we welcomed Dr. Patterson, whom we all have grown to love and revere. It was also felt necessary to add an extra dean or two and a provost to cope with the rapidly increasing strain and stress. But as you view the fine product which has resulted, you will agree that the extra efforts on the part of the governors and faculty were well worth while.

During our Sophomore year, despite the fact that a great deal of our energy was used up in caring for the freshmen, we yet were able to do our share in interclass affairs, winning the Bulmer race, and the interclass debating titles in both boys' and girls leagues. We also won the girl's interclass basket ball league. We feel justified in being proud of the fact that, except in our Freshmen year, our girls have won every interclass basket ball game in which they have played during their college course. On the college basket ball team, too, our girls have taken the leading part. This year, with five sixths of the team composed of seniors, Acadia won the title of undefeated champions of the Maritime provinces.

But, forgive me, our accomplishments are indeed so numerous that they should be given in child-size doses in order to obtain the desired effect.

You think, perhaps, that from the amount of extra curricular work in which we have participated, studies have merely a minor role in our life. Far from it. The faculty, astonished by the strength of our constitution, and fearing we were becoming too powerful, put their heads together to see what could be done about it. Seeking advice, the Good Book was opened, and there the story of the task masters and the children of Israel took seed, and inspired the faculty to follow the example set. Accordingly they made significant changes in the curriculum, endeavoring to carry out the time-proven maxim, "It doesn't matter what you study, so long as you hate it." Needless to say, they succeeded in a phenomenal fashion, by instituting the major and minor system, and nailing it fast with the major exam. Just because we have survived, however, does not prove that other classes will. We would counsel our successors to advertise immediately for a Moses to lead them forth from their difficulties before some further plagues befall them.

During the four years, several changes have taken place in the faculty which have made our life at Acadia different from that of previous classes. Among the out-standing changes have been the resignation of Dr. Chute and Dr. Coit, and the incoming of Miss Oxner, Dr. McDonald, Dr. Hutchins, and others who have influenced our lives here. Of great importance was the passing of Dr. Cohoon, during the summer of our Sophomore year. We can only appreciate the contribution which he has made to Acadia as treasurer for nearly thirty years, when we realize the difficulty of our task in collecting money from our Dads for only four years.

Our Junior year was one of many occasions. Our upper-class responsibilities rested lightly upon us, and this led us to play the part of "Jolly Juniors" with emphasis. We began our term with a corn boil at the Ridge. That evening, as we feasted on delicious ears of corn, alternately singed and soggy, we decided to search immediately for a good cook, and to make him honorary member of the class.

That year we again won both interclass debating leagues but without a single defeat; instituting for the first time the Oxford system of debating.

During Christmas vacation, an S. C. A. Conference was held at Indianapolis, at which two representatives from Acadia were members of our class.

One of the best parties of the year was our class sleigh-drive. We drove to Kentville where we went to the pictures. On our way home we worked up a good appetite by singing lustily and playing original games within the sleigh. A fitting close to the evening was a chicken dinner at the Tea Room.

The term closed with a picnic at Evangeline Beach. Here we spent the afternoon in such a manifestation of exhilaration that we have never completely recovered.

During our Senior year, the world has looked a trifle more serious to us. We began to add up our assets and our liabilities. In intercollegiate activities our class has done its best. In the class of 38, 14 have obtained the highly desired A's.

The question of scholarship presenting itself to us, we began to look ourselves over and wonder just how smart we really were. *Mirabile dictu!* we discovered that our scholarship ranked among the highest. Almost one quarter of our class are being graduated with averages over eighty. Yet more striking is the fact that throughout the history of Acadia only about twelve have been fortunate enough to be graduates with averages above ninety. Of these twelve, our class claims two of the number. And we have also the unique distinction of being the only class ever graduated to claim more than one of these prodigies.

This fact, combined with others, was considered so important by the Governors of Acadia, that after considering the matter, they decided to build a new hall for our graduation exercises. It is interesting to note that nothing of the kind has been felt necessary for any class for about 50 years. Whether or not it will be used for anything after our departure, has not yet been decided.

These accomplishments on our part may lead you to think that success has crowned our path at every turn. Far be it from us to voluntarily deceive you in this matter. It has been said that true art consists in leaving things out, especially those which are discreditable, but I shall name them in order to correct your mistake, if such there be. Our chief features are three in number. First, we have been unable to procure a three hour per week class schedule. Second, the president has refused to provide us with cars which would convey us to our classes just one second before roll call. And third, we have failed to obtain permission to use the basement rooms of the new Hall for a farewell senior dance.

Nothing daunted, we have decided to take our defeats cheerily and to keep up our reputation of having the most enjoyable of social times in our class. Lack of snow at the desired time prevented our customary sleighdrive. In its place we went to Kentville for dinner at the Cornwallis Inn and afterwards to the pictures. Our vehicles of conveyence were varied. The most interesting and exciting was an open truck in which we were showered with an avalanche of mud each time the wheels revolved. At the end of the journey the greatest difficulty which presented itself was that of recognizing our respective partners.

Toward the close of the term we were entertained most delightfully by the Junior class at the Junior-Senior banquet, in the one formal event of the year. We were better able to appreciate the work which the juniors had put on it, when we recalled the banquet of the preceeding year, at which we had played hosts. Shortly after this, we enjoyed the party given by Dr. and Mrs. Patterson. The realization that the last time had arrived when we should meet together socially was ignored, and did not in any way detract from the pleasure of the evening.

Although our last term has been on the whole a very happy one, a temporary gloom was cast upon us by the death of Miss Laura Sawyer, the daughter of a former well beloved president of Acalia. We marched to the funeral as

a class, endeavoring to pay to her memory such honor as we were able.

The problem of financial undertaking and selection of a class gift to the university has been with us a topic for class meetings since the first. Early in our Junior year we decided to publish an Acadia song book. The proceeds from the sale we should spend in procuring a gift. After many business transactions which ended unsatisfactorily we gave up the idea. Shall we ever forget the emergency class meeting held in the basement of the library when, with palpitating hearts, we feared the loss of all our wealth invested? As we discussed the matter, our loss gradually dwindled from \$300 to \$1.67. The final selection of our gift was the main electric fixture for this auditorium.

With this ends the history of four years' preparation with which we have provided ourselves in order to take our places as citizens of the world. What we may do of good we ascribe to the influence of the beauty which fills our land of Evangeline, and to the immortal Acadia Spirit. As we go forth in the outer world to complete our history, may we be true to our Alma Mater, led ever forward by the inspiration of our class motto, "*Per augusta ad augusta*" "*Through trial to triumph.*"

CLAIR CUTTEN.

PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF '25.

ONE night as I sat worrying over an approaching exam, a half-pleading, half-imperative voice suddenly spoke within me. "Study! Study!" it said, "Study tonight! or you will not pass in that exam tomorrow."

I detest, always have detested, this little voice within me. It vexes me, it disturbs me, it agonies me. My peace of mind always gives way to a medley of confusing ideas whenever I hear its accusing tones, As it continued to speak, it grew more forceful, until I was doubtful whether I was really master of myself. I rose from the table, and walked restlessly around the room.

"But I cannot study for the exam; I have too much work to do," I argued with this invisible demon. "I must prophesy the future of all my classmates. I have no time to study."

"Ah! Well, why don't you prophesy?" the voice taunted. "You are lazy! Lazy!"

I always have half believed this myself, but I could not endure such a thought just then. My restlessness doubled. The room became too small for me, and so I left it. I wandered away from the Hall, and into the dark night, and before long I found myself sitting on the steps of the new college building.

I had been there for a very few minutes when hearing a step beside me, I turned quickly to see standing there a man of very meagre proportions. He could not have been more than three feet in height.

"Hello! Who are you?" I demanded, rubbing my eyes in astonishment.

With a knowing look on his face, he answered, "Young student, overwork has undoubtedly disturbed your equilibrium of mind. Do you not recognize me? The Acadia Spirit is what they call me. I am the soul of the student body, the guardian of these buildings and of this sacred institution."

"Where is Mr. Borden or Henry Copland?" I inquired, but as he did not appear to have heard me I spoke again."

Impossible! Why, the Acadia Spirit must be a giant and here you are a slender weak creature."

"Alas, I have been a giant in the past," he regretted "But neglect and forgetfulness have dwarfed me. Future time, however, has more in store for me, for I shall grow again, and in a couple of years I shall become strong and even surpass my former self in size and power. This is well, for greatness should ever accompany greatness, and it will then be said that the Acadia Spirit is truly the companion of Acadia University."

I was incredulous. "The future! Who can foretell the future? Who knows what time will uncover? It is impossible."

He answered seriously. "It is not strange that you cannot understand me. You are a mortal, and, as such, you are bound by the shackles of Time. But I laugh at Time. This robber of life and taskmaster of humans has no power over me. I am free. I exist forever, whenever, and wherever I please."

His words rang in my ears, and I found myself trying to understand them. But it was useless. Logic had fled. Suddenly a bright thought came to me, probably just such an inspiration as comes at times only to great men and college students. "Tell me, if you can see into the future, what will become of my classmates when they leave Acadia? Will they all realize their lofty ambitions?"

"Indeed you shall know all," he said, "even if the truth does hurt. But I could not tell you all. The length of your life forbids it. Besides I do not like to talk. It makes too much noise, and unlike the minor spirit of Willett Hall I detest noise. But you shall read for yourself from my records, the records of Acadia. Come with me."

He entered the Hall, and I followed. We went into the Auditorium, and to my astonishment I saw a small table placed directly under the large lights from which was reflected in large black letters the words, "Class 25." An open book lay on the table. To this I went and glanced over it. It is written apparently in verse of a meter known only to spirits and to people filled with spirits. I read with such

greedy haste as to make even a spirit gaze in utter astonishment. But it was of no avail, for when but a page reminded to be read every thing disappeared, spirit, book, and Auditorium, and I awoke from the trance to find myself still sitting on the steps of the Hall. In the mental confusion that followed, the words of the book slipped my mind, so that all that I was able to write down later was a mere outline of its contents. Following is the outline:

TOME 87.

RECORDS OF THE DEEDS AND MISDEEDS OF THE CLASS OF '25.

Behold! The Acadia Spirit again advanced into time. He went into many strange lands, saw many strange sights, and observed many strange people. Thereupon he became inspired to write again a record of his experiences, and particularly a record of the Class of '25. To the live members of this class he dedicates the Book.

Evelyn Bently.

When a circular letter was sent out to the members of the class with an inquiry about the class banner, Evelyn read it, and became very dizzy. Her dizziness, she maintained, was only mere giddiness. This added giddiness caused her to act dizzily, and win the class banner. She lived giddily ever afterward.

Thomas Cook.

As a psychologist, Tom was never excelled; so that when the Department of Psychology decided to offer courses on the 'Psychology of Matrimony,' he was immediately selected to hold the professorship in that subject. In spite of his success, he decided that the text-books were inadequate. Some research work in Yarmouth then followed, after which he published his text, "The Way to Win the One You Love within a Week."

Edith Illsley.

She became a librarian at Acadia, distinguishing herself for many innovations. One of the chief of these was the opening of the stack-rooms at night, and the charging of an admission fee of 70c per couple.

Grace Beardsley.

Grace eventually won the Maritime mixed doubles championship in tennis. She made quite a racket over her partner, set out to court him, took the advantage, and finally netted an engagement ring. She afterwards told him that he was the very deuce in a love game.

Claire Cutten.

Her name is listed among the great surgeons. She, by struggle and endeavor, climbed the heights of surgery, corpse by corpse. A newspaper commenting on the event of her winning an international distinction said: She was so mighty good at Cutten' that she won the Nobel prize.

Charles Fillmore.

Charlie continued to develop his histrionic ability. His brilliant career, however, was cut short by the following sad incident. He was taking the leading part in the play entitled: "The Man They Could Not Hang." But the trap accidentally sprang during one of the rehearsals, and into space sprang Charlie. He met his death with a smile, his last words being, "Well, I don't have to buy matches."

Mark Inman.

Mark did graduate work in History at Yale, obtaining his degree (Ph.D.) by writing a thesis on the following subject: "A year of Life in Willett Hall," This work finally shocked the intellectual people of the world. He was finally

pensioned off, and sent to Spud Island where he lived in comparative safety for some time.

Charlotte Kinsman.

After specializing in English, she sailed for England. It was with no little effort that she succeeded in converting a clever native and became attached to him. They lived in deadlock ever afterwards.

Marion Kinsman.

She married a rich apple grower from Grand Pre, and continued to live a sober life.

Arthur Harris.

The Sydney High School and especially Sydney claimed Firpo's attention. The pointers on how to educate the modern youth which he had received in his senior year proved very useful to him. After a year, he left the teaching profession, and went into the employ of the British Empire Steel Corporation, where he was most successful in pacifying the miners with these well-known words of his, "By jumpings, miners, don't strike."

Harding Moffatt.

Hard signed on with the Canadian Aviation Corps, but was an absolute failure there due to his old Acadia habit of falling hard. He then turned to the field of applied psychology, and published a thesis on "The Theory of Impatience."

Helen Lawson.

The book did not give the events of her life in any detail. She went in for Physical Culture. It, however, contained a large photograph, a clipping from the Physical Culture Magazine, taken while she was out for a Swim.

Albert Marshall.

Zoology was Bert's specialty, and this fact was a great aid to him in obtaining a position. He wandered about for some time, and finally obtained a position in a livery stable. It was here that he received the inspiration to write a poem entitled "Nellie, please don't say nay!!"

Ralph Ingalls.

As a Bio-Chemist, Ralph took part in a great controversy as to what would be the result of feeding Tully Hash to mice. Experiments were performed in his laboratories with the most astounding results. These were published, and caused a great upheaval in scientific circles. On the death of the mice, however, it was discovered that one of his assistants had misinterpreted the symbol T. H. as meaning T. N. T.

Frank Mollins.

As a medical man, Frank covered himself with much gore and glory. It is said that he only lost two cases: one was Scotch, the other was born in England.

Henrietta MacPherson.

On the completion of a business course, the Laura Secord Chocolate Company offered Henrietta a position. She ultimately became the highest paid employer in the firm due to her work in increasing the company's sales by originating their great trade slogan: Buy a box for Saturday.

Moore Perry.

Ping translated and revised an edition of the Bible, suppressing all that favored wine, and stressing every thing that aided prohibition. He fell into disgrace when he stoutly affirmed to one of his old Bible Professors that he was no

other than Corinthian to whom Paul had addressed his famous letter.

Elwood Rafuse.

Fortunes are made in the advertising business, and working on this assumption, Rastus began to write testimonials for patent medicine firms. Wealth flowed in gallons when he utilized his poetic nature to write the following for Dr. Zinc Lozenges:

I took Your pills
To cure my ills.
Please come and pay
My doctor's bills.

Stanley Seaman.

Stan decided that he would try and get more than 100 units of york off at another college. This he tried for many years and finally succeeds in obtaining 50 degrees below zero.

Henry Copeland.

Henry became a famous architect. One day while standing on a steel girder at quite an altitude, he suddenly thought of the joke which had occasioned his famous epigram, "Har! Har! Let's have it." His laughter shook him off the girder, and he eventually reached the earth.

Luville Steadman.

Lu continued to study frequently and finally published a knowing treatise entitled, "Why I disagree with Einstein." He later on convinced himself that he was right.

Lester Coit.

When the Canadian Meteorological Department were looking for a man to determine the position of high altitude atmospheric disturbances, they immediately selected Calc for the position. He worked for a very short time at that, and then made the startling announcement that all great storm centres centred above Willett Hall.

Harold Puddington.

By a thermodynamical process of reasoning, Pudd came to the remarkable conclusion that the product of mu and theta always equalled a constant. The French Academy of Sciences hailed him as a second Van't Hoff. College students in Physical Chemistry also desired to give him hail.

A few days after the incident related above, I felt an inner urge, a dire force impelling me on toward the new building. Curiosity also drew me, and it was not long before I was standing in the large Auditorium on the very spot where several days before I had read the book of records. Nothing seemed much different from what it is today. As I was preparing to leave, I noticed by accident a small piece of paper projecting from the edge of the rubber carpeting which they were laying down on that day. On attempting to pick it up, I found it to be quite a large sheet of paper which had been concealed there. I was about to throw it away, when it struck me that it was familiar. In short, to my amazement and pleasure, it was the last page of the record book which I had been unable to read. Following are its contents:

A lordly, wealthy Spaniard into my sight was borne,
Velour hat and palm beach pants, and its was R. A. Thorne.
Yes he was very wealthy. He owned a Villa grand,
Named from his Alma Mater, the best in cider land.
And over all this earthy globe he far unfurled its fame,
And people came from every shore to visit Thorne's demesne.
His hirelings shout at every shore that rumbles thru the town,
"Acadia Villa, Acadia Villa, best hotel in town."

She danced in the Ziegfield Follies,
She played on the Great White Way,
She bought a ticket to Hollywood
As a screen star there to play.
And of all the stars of filmdom
Who won the people's love,
None equalled Muriel Stevens
Who starred in "The Deacon's Love."

"Oh landlord! Fill with glistening wine the bowl,
And let the servants roast the feathered fowl,
For I must eat," the weary traveller said.
Lee Martin rubbed his hands and shouted loud,
"Cease! cease! Although from hunger you be almost dead,
This Tavern food you cannot eat, for highest fate
Decrees that you have come one minute late.

She nursed the sick, and nursed them well
Did Inga Volger, and some tell
That many patients just stayed ill
So she could give just one more pill.
She was a blessing to mankind,
A gift was hers sent from above,
And finally she became blind
With that disease which they call Love.

There was a man named Arch MacLeod,
And he was wondrous wise.
He stated new philosophies
Which made man blink their eyes.
"Now what is real is really not—
That cannot be denied."
They asked him what it really was.
"You've got me there," he sighed.

In London Carol Chipman sang
Before the royalty.
In France she sang for counts and dukes,
And lived in gay Paree.

She went to Sydney, married there,
Now sings with air carefree,
"Of all the noblemen I know
The noblest man is he."

Johnny Copeland held an office of state
In the government of the isle of Grenade.
For a number of years he worked to persuade
Them to write out their laws and thus give them weight.
From the weight of his work he finally fell,
And now sings these words from a fine padded cell,
"Oh, I say! Oh I say! This thing is all wrong.
Constitutions today are made far too long.
When I die, yes I'll do it, Oh what a desire,
I'll throw constitutions right into the fire."

An old maid's life, ah but tis hard
To think that I should come to this."
This Pauline Colbath oft did say,
And died in sweet unwedded bliss.
A search of her worldly goods
Disclosed a secret sad and grim:
Ten thousand books all titled thus,
"The hours I spent with Thee, Dear Jim."

In social circles Bea Smith's name
Was often found, for she had fame.
At dainty luncheons and afternoon teas
She was the guest they sought to please.
But at every dinner, she became quite pallid
Whenever they offered her lobster salad.

On leaving McGill, a hopeful M. D.
Doc Schaffner set sail o'er life's troubled sea.
But 'tis sad to relate that he dismally died
A martyr to martial strife.
On a fine Friday night for Saturday's mail
He was writing a letter, and old friend to greet,
It was getting quite late, he was heedless of time,

And then on the door came a knock.
A silence too silent, a question discreet,
A look at the letters, a look not sublime.
She took it and read it. They say she's quite frail,
But that was the end of poor Doc.

Now there was Jean McLaughlin,
And she stopped one of three,
"Come here you imp, prepare my lad,
For I'll put you across my knee."
MacReady Junior cried and wailed
Upon this stern command.
"Now mother please I will be good.
I fear your skinny hand."

When W. Preston Warren preached, rich people came to
hear.
The millionaires with haughty airs, their pastor did revere.
He built a thirty story church for one five million song.
But mortal man must make mistakes, and greivous was his
wrong.
The roll he called at services, and if a man were late
Or missed more than a second time, he thought it crime to
rate
A man in guilt of such offence among the chosen few.
He cast the sinners from the fold, and soon addressed the
pews.

Now there was a lady who loved the Hill,
She loved the college, she loved it well.
She fain would leave, and how she was proud
When they asked her to stay, a chair to fill.
She was Dean of Women in the Tavern Halls,
In the dear old Tavern that stood on the hill.
And the name of this lady was Alce McLeod.

Vyval Short with his pleading voice,
Soon climbed to the heights of fame.
He did not sing but he spoke so well

That a lawyer's was his game.
He quite straightened out the mazes of law
With seeming freedom and grace.
And the newspapers said, and papers are right,
That he never did lose a case.
To his friends I went, the reason to know,
And they all looked up with a grin,
"With women judges and juries now,
How could he help but win."

There is one remaining member of the class, but his fate is not known. Either the Acadia Spirit was never acquainted with him, or his record appeared on the sheet preceeding the last and which I did not quite have time to finish reading. At any rate his record is lost, and he has no future ahead of him. It is of no consequence. I thank you.

VALEDICTORY.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

TOMORROW marks the conclusion of one era in the history of the class of 1925 and the beginning of another. We, its members, came to Acadia four years ago, impelled by a thirst for knowledge which we believed could be satisfied at this fount of learning. During the period of our undergraduate experience, we have drunk of the waters from various streams of thought and, under the direction of efficient guides, we have traced these streams from their respective sources to the expansive ocean of ultimate validity and actual application to life. Moreover, we have put upon a map of mental perspective the systems formed by these streams and their tributaries, together with the numerous shoals and pools for which they are individually distinguished.

Yet, our college career has meant more to us than the assimilation of facts or even the formation of habits of

thought. It has meant an induction into an entirely new experience of life: First of all, in a social sense, because we have participated in a unique fellowship, a fellowship constituted partly by our relationship to each other, as members of the same class, a relationship which has been enhanced and beautified by the high mental and moral calibre of the members of the class and by the fact that most of us have kindred ideals and purposes. Our fellowship has included also associations with the other students of Acadia, the memory of which we shall forever cherish, and daily contacts with the faculty of a Christian university, completing a social environment so rich and inspiring that we can scarcely hope to have an experience of similar character again.

Moreover, we have imbibed and become imbued with the Acadia Spirit, a mysterious something which enveloped and permeated us upon our entrance into college, which transformed us from an unorganized and diversified group into an organic unity, which bound us in appreciation and loyalty to the ideals and traditions of Acadia, and which made us an integral part of her corporate life. No longer do we think of Acadia as objective to ourselves. We think of her as within ourselves, including us as part of herself, just as she includes all those who have participated in her life and felt the power of her spirit.

It is true that we have attended Acadia during a transition period in her history. We have not had the advantages which other classes enjoyed for whom the Acadia Spirit found expression and focus within a central assembly hall. We have seen the tendency for loyalties to minor groups to become predominant in college life. We have even shared in the spiritual paralysis wrought by the devastation of the old hall, upon the ruins of which we were obliged to gaze for the first two years of our residence here. Yet, upon those ruins, we have watched the erection of a new and larger building, marking the dawn of a greater era in Acadia's history, and a simultaneously we have felt within ourselves the rise of a stronger Acadia spirit, rendered more ardent and intensive because we have witnessed her struggle and we behold her triumph.



ACADIA GIRLS DEBATING TEAM

But, the time for our departure has come. We have finished our work and we must move on in order to make room for others who have similar desires for truth. We must leave our Alma Mater in whose environment we have become enriched. Therefore, it is now our difficult task to say farewell to the scenes and peoples comprising the Acadia environment. Upon this campus we have lived, laughed, and loved, as well as learned, and every spot has become endeared to us. Yet in the fitting thought of Woodsworth:

“Farewell, thou little nook of mountain ground;
Thou rocky corner in the lowest stair
Of that magnificent temple which doth bound
One side of our whole vale with grandeur rare,
Sweet garden-orchard eminently fair,
The loveliest spot that man hath ever found;
Farewell! we leave thee to heaven’s peaceful care
Thee and the cottage which thou dost surround.”

Farewell! Acadia

“We give to thee
Head, heart and hand,
In years to be.”

Gentlemen of the Board of Governors:

To you we now turn in order that we may thank you for what you have done for us and for the world. Thru your efforts Acadia has flourished and provided educational opportunities for many hundreds of young men and women. Your devotion to the interests of Acadia has made possible our attendance here, and your enterprise at a critical time in her history has meant not only the continuance of her work but also an enlargement of her program. Moreover, you have seen to it that, as far as possible, only the good, the true, and the beautiful shall enter into the lives of those who study here. You have made Acadia stand for lofty concepts of character and service. You have been the means of

giving to the world the distinctive qualities of life which characterizes the sons and daughters of Acadia, and, you have thus greatly enriched Society. Yet, your task has not been easy. You have been confronted with great obstacles, and you have been obliged to work at times when your work seemed fruitless. Gentlemen, we have learned to appreciate the nature of your task. But, at the same time, we have learned to appreciate the reasons for your devotion to it. We honor you because you have honored our Alma Mater, and we assure you that in your efforts to make the contribution of Acadia still greater, you shall have our full and eager support.

Gentlemen, we bid you *farewell*.

President Patterson and Members of the Faculty:

To you we are greatly indebted for the knowledge which we have acquired and for the mental habits which we have formed, as well as for the joys of our fellowship with you. You have devoted yourselves wholeheartedly to our interests. You have sought to instruct the individual student rather than the group as such. You have been kindly with us when we were indifferent, and patient when we were slow to grasp the truth which you wished to impart. You have encouraged us when you thought that we needed encouragement and have made it your supreme business to fit us for effective living within a complex society. Moreover, you have exemplified those characteristics which you wished to inculcate in us, and by your personalities, you have inspired in us that which enabled us to rise to a greater measure of efficiency as students. President Patterson and Members of the Faculty, we thank you for your kindly interest and for the efforts which you have made on our behalf. We shall always think of you with deepest gratitude.

To you, we say *farewell*.

Citizens of Wolfville:

For four years we have lived among you and have enjoyed the associations and the beauty of your town. You have treated us with utmost consideration and you have sought to make our stay here as pleasureable as possible. As a consequence, we have begun to think of Wolfville as a home town for each of us. Moreover, your interest in us as students and in Acadia as a University has convinced us that the Town of Wolfville is the real counterpart of Acadia, Acadia, it is true, exists apart from any location. Yet it is also true that the natural centre of focus for her life is in the town of Wolfville with its kindly citizens and its remarkable beauty. We appreciate heartily the spirit of your relationship with us and we thank you for your frequently expressed kindness.

Citizens of Wolfville, *farewell.*

Fellow Students:

With you we have been intimately associated in every phase of college life. We have competed with you in athletics, debating, and literary effort, and you have co-operated with us in our efforts for the enrichment of student life. We have found you to be good sports, loyal workers, and inspiring companions, and the time which we have spent with you has been spent very happily. We sincerely regret that we cannot continue in immediate associations with you. We shall miss you greatly as we go on into the university of life. Yet, we shall ever be conscious of the fact that, though we are separated from you, we are linked to you by a community of experience and by common loyalty to Acadia.

As we go forth from our Alma Mater we leave to you the full responsibility for the quality of the life upon her campus. Each year will present new social situations demanding new responses by the individual and new methods of approach and solution by the Students' Union. Yours is the task to see that there is no retrogression in Acadia life, that grosser elements are not tolerated as part of student

experience, and that everything which tends toward the perfection of personality and the realization of a more perfect fellowship will be given its proper place within the student environment. Let it never be said of Acadia Students that they had no ideal of life for their University campus. And in regard to your ideals as certain of the poets have said:

“Is it a dream? Let us shape it to action;
Mighty with truth’s irresistible strength,
Bold with the courage which fears no distraction,
Shall we not climb to the vision at length?

Ever the dreamlight grows clearer and finer,
Ever the stars draw us up from the sod;
Up to the light of the glory diviner
Nearer the infinite glory of God.”

Fellow Students:

Two things are necessary for the achievement of a richer life at Acadia. The first is an *allegiance to truth* which will result in calm and thorough deliberation before committing yourselves to any practice or policy. If there is anything which will not be beneficial to Acadia, it is precipitated action occasioned by partially thought out programs. Therefore, use your mental endowment to analyse each situation, and think your each chain of thought to its ultimate conclusion before allowing it to work itself into action. Remember the words of Pope:

“A little knowledge is a dangerous thing
Drink deep or touch not the Perian Spring.”

The second requisite is the *self-control* necessary for clear thinking and right action. Group life is far less amenable to deliberative procedure than individual life. It requires a consciousness of purpose and firm self-discipline to maintain within the individuals of a group the condition favorable to reasoned thinking. Yet if there is any place where

we should get away from the impulsive action of the undisciplined masses and from the half-baked theories of partially trained men, it is at Acadia University with its natural peacefulness and its social environment. Therefore, we urge you to make all your powers of thought and action conducive to a richer life at Acadia. We shall watch all your efforts to achieve a finer Acadia fellowship and a yet nobler Acadia spirit. We are supremely interested in the type of life produced by our Alma Mater.

Fellow students, we bid you *farewell*.

Classmates:

We have come to the end of our journey together and now we must part. We would gladly postpone the severance of our united and happy fellowship, but we cannot. We must go forth into our separate ways, and for a time, at least, each will "feel like one who treads alone." Yet, we part enriched and inspired by four years of life together, and the memory of these years will always give us pleasure.

Moreover, the pain we feel at parting is offset by the great honor which is being bestowed upon us and by the fact that the world is calling us for service.

Tomorrow, we are to be graduated from this new, splendidly equipped, and magnificent hall. We are the first class to be graduated from this hall, and the honor which is conferred upon us is so great a crown to our undergraduate experience that it demands a fit expression of our worthiness in the larger fields of human relationships. We are not turned out into the world, as mere products of a machine. We are sent out, as living personalities, bearing the social values which our college life has produced within us, representing ideals and traditions of the highest order, sent forth by our Alma Mater to render service to the race. Acadia's sons have become noted for the distinguished character of their service. Yet never in the history of the world was the need for efficient service greater than it is today. Today, we have vaster accumulations of wealth than the people of the past, yet, at the same time, starvation conditions exist

among many millions of people, and these conditions are rendered more acute by the complexities of our social order. Today, we have an immensely greater array of scientific knowledge than the preceding generations. Yet, in the very heart of an educated populace, there is an increasing amount and increasing terribleness of crime. Today, the world is a commercial and in some respects, a social unity yet never was there greater economic and social instability. We, who have had the advantages of study at Acadia and are being honored by her, are called upon to find and apply the remedy for these conditions. We are challenged to lives of exceptional and uncompromising service. But, the distinctive contribution which the world demands from us is the type of personality in which there is a consciousness of peace. A war-torn and war-weary world is calling pathetically for peace. But peace is not something which can be super-imposed. It is rather the expression of an inner experience of life creating the spiritual atmosphere of peace and issuing in a more effective conflict against the ills of life.

In the words of Studdert-Kennedy:

“Peace does not mean the end of all our striving,
Joy does not mean the drying of our tears,
Peace is the power that comes to souls arriving
Up to the light where God Himself appears.

Joy is the wine that God is ever pouring
Into the hearts of those who strive with Him,
Lightning their eyes to vision and adoring,
Strengthening their arms to warfare glad and grim.

So would I live and not in idle resting
Stupid as swine that wallow in the mire,
Fain would I fight, and be forever breasting
Danger and death; forever under fire.

Bread of thy body give me for my fighting,
Give me to drink thy sacred blood of wine,

While there are wrongs that need me for the righting,
While there is warfare splendid and divine.

Give me, for light, the sunshine of thy sorrow,
Give me, for shelter, the shadow of thy cross,
Give me to share the glory of thy morrow,
Gone from my heart the bitterness of loss."

Classmates:

At such a time we cannot hesitate.
The world is calling to us, "Come,"
Our Mater sends us on our way,
Our ears have heard the sounding drum,
Then haste we forth into the fray.

But, let us never forget that the fundamental requisite to the most efficient service is an uncompromising allegiance to Him whose program seeks the fullest enrichment of every individual life.

Classmates, *Farewell.*

The Acadia Athenæum

VOL. LII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JUNE, 1925.

No. 7.

V. C. Short, '25.....Managing Editor.

T. W. Cook, '25.....Literary Editor.

E. R. Rafuse, '25, Science.

Inga Vogler, '25, Month.

R. A. Thorne, '25, Athletics.

E. Ardis Whitman, '26, Exchanges.

Margaret Hutchins, '26, Personals.

C. L. Fillmore, '25, Jokes.

W. Roberts, A. C. A. Rep.

Jewel Henderson, A.L.S. Rep.

Virginia Dixon, '28, Staff Artist.

Percy McKay, '27, Circulation Man.

F. C. Crossman, '26.....Business Manager.

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



Editorial



WITH the preparation of this issue of the Athenæum for the press runs a constant refrain—coined, as it were, from a well-known verse of an ancient book — about things done and undone, which ought not or ought to have been performed, keeps ringing in our ears. To the writer, at least, the bright hopes and plans with which he greeted the new task and the meagre accomplishment, show all too-startling a contrast.

Yet it has been a successful year. The staff have worked in constant harmony. Dr. Rhodinizer has been unfailing in his tactful co-operation. The student contributors, however, may claim chief share in the high standard maintained, and in some departments even raised. The stories and articles have been of excellent quality. In the poetry departments we were gladdened by the discovery of several lyrists of no mean ability. The competition in all literary departments



ACADIA
ATHENAEUM STAFF

1924-25

REDDEN, PHOTO

has been keen, and especially in the Poetry department, on account of a prize offered by Prof Paul Rogers for the best poem of the year. The Athenaeum wishes to congratulate the winner, Miss E. Ardis Whitman. The prize poem is "Marionettes." A new feature is the giving of units for the one-act play, which brought forth some excellent contributions.

The chief weakness has been in the general departments, for which constant appeals had to be made.

The new Athenaeum staff appear in the following pages. We have every confidence in their business and literary ability, and so feel sure that they will have even greater success. One serious matter for regret—the tardiness of publication of our magazine—should be remedied.

This, however, is not for us to do. That door is closed. Would our work had been better done! It has, however, been pleasant and largely self-rewarding. To the student body—particularly the staff and other students of literary aspirations—we heartily commend the future of the paper. The ideals of our Acadia magazine are high. We have tried to uphold them. "To you we pass the Torch."

* * * * *

The year of 1924-25 has indeed been a memorable one. The new college hall, one of the finest of its kind in Canada, has been built on the old site. All year we watched it rise on the hill-side, and proudly greeted in the name of our Alma Mater the thousands of visitors who crowded its beautiful halls for commencement. We look forward to a new era in Acadia Student Life when the large assembly hall will afford a centre for the fostering of the spirit of old Acadia. For four years the tide has fluctuated between Science Hall, gymnasium, and church, with disastrous results either in smallness of space or distance of meeting place. Now we have an easily accessible centre for college activities.

In boy's athletics the victories have been few. U. N. B. made a clean sweep of their encounters with us, while Mt. A. won as many as they lost. The girls, however, acquitted themselves nobly by winning the Maritime Basketball championship. In debating, one contest was won and one lost.

Interclass competition has held its usual high place. We heartily commend it and would wish it fostered. The boy's debating league was particularly well conducted, the interest being intensified by the entry of the Engineers, who tied the Freshmen for league leadership. ,

A noteworthy feature of the year was the advent and passing of "The Spokesman". This has been referred to in another issue, so we only mention its passing. Financial difficulties, we understand, caused its untimely death. Its author's deserve praise for their initiative, but we do not believe that such a paper is needed at Acadia.

The attempt, and result of the attempt, to connect the Athenaeum into a weekly, have been well and fairly written up by Mr. J. J. Copeland, to whom thanks are due. This appears in another part of the issue, along with other Students' union news.

In closing, may we bespeak the sober consideration of the student body to government problems.

Student government during the past year, was perilously near to being ineffective. In all seriousness, we believe this to be due to irresponsibility of many students, rather than officers or faculty. Stern measures may be needed. Wake up, fellows!



ACADIA COMMERCIAL CLASS
1924-25

REDDEN

ATHENÆUM COMPETITION.

STANDING OF CONTESTANTS.

	Lit.	Gen
H. G. Beardsley, '25	13	10
C. E. Fillmore, '25	1	4
S. G. Seaman, '25	0	5
C. M. Kinsman, '25	3	0
W. P. Warren, '25	3	2
R. A. Thorne, '25	17	6
H. P. Moffat, '25	2	4
A. D. Flowers, '25	1	0
E. R. Bentley, '25	0	1
H. G. Lawson, '25	0	1
M. G. Perry, '27	3	7
R. D. Perry, '27	4	0
P. O. Colbath, '25	0	2
E. A. Whitman, '26	11	0
O. M. Archibald, '26	4	2
C. R. Gould, '26	13	1
F. M. Cleveland, '26	1	0
I. M. Vogler, '25	1	2
J. C. McLaughlin, '25	0	2
G. D. Hatfield, '27	4	0
M. E. Hutchins, '26	18	9
G. D. Anderson, Eng	13	11
M. E. Smith, '27	1	0
H. F. Sipprell, '27	10	0
F. H. C. Fritz, '26	5	10
J. A. Woodworth, '26	0	5
A. J. Brady, '27	1	0
T. E. Roy, '25	3	0
M. White, '27	1	0
C. F. Allaby, '28	2	0
O. T. Rumsey, '26	15	0
Alce McLeod, '25	2	4
A. A. Harris, '25	0	1

	Lit.	Gen
E. Osborne, '27	2	0
M. Belyea, '27	1	0
Ethel Schurman, '27	0	1
Laura Davison, '26	1	0
Marjorie Mason, '26	0	8
R. Marvin, '27	3	1
G. Patriquen, '27	0	1
A. R. Dunlap, '26	3	2
H. Mollins, '27	1	0
W. A. Stulz, '28	2	0
T. A. M. Kirk, Eng.	2	0
M. Read, '28	0	1
Helen Simms, '27	0	1

INTER-CLASS COMPETITION.

	Sen.	Jun.	Soph.	Fresh	Eng.
November	18	4	3	1	1
December	18	6	7	0	3
January-February ...	8	14	0	0	4
March	5	15	4	1	3
April	2	21	2	0	5
May	3	10	5	3	6
June	3	11	9	0	2
—	—	—	—	—	—
Total	57	81	30	5	26

Pennant won by Juniors.

WINNERS OF LITERARY "A"

W. S. Ryder, '15	J. S. McKay, '15.
A. W. Rogers, '15.	S. W. Stackhouse, '16.
J. S. Millett, '16.	Miss E. B. Lockhart, '16.
H. F. Lewis, '17	H. L. Porter, '17.
R. B. Smallman, '17.	Miss M. A. Harrington, '17.
Miss H. P. Starr, '19.	Miss E. E. Hill, '19.
J. H. Manning, '19.	D. A. Grant, '19.
Miss H. G. Morse, '20.	G. H. Estabrooks, '20.
T. A. Meister, '21.	Miss Emma Fash, '21.
Miss Elsie Layton, '21.	Miss Marian Grant, '21.
K. E. Mason, '21.	C. B. Lumsden, '21.
H. S. Thurston, '22.	A. B. Corey, '22.
E. C. Prime, '22.	H. G. Goucher, '22.
H. H. Wetmore, '22.	A. K. Eaton, '22.
J. W. Lank, '22.	C. P. Steeves, '22.
F. W. Doyle, '23.	H. K. Grimmer, '23.
Miss M. Fitzpatrick, '23.	P. L. Judge, '23.
A. E. Warren, '23.	H. M. Bannerman, '24.
J. G. McLeod, '24.	T. W. Cook, '25.
Miss E. L. Morse, '24.	E. R. Rafuse, '25.
C. M. Spidell, '24.	T. M. Robinson, '24.

AWARDED THIS YEAR.

R. A. Thorne, '25.	Miss M. Hutchins, '26.
Miss H. G. Beardsley, '25.	G. D. Anderson, Eng. '25.
V. C. Short, '25.	

STAFF OF ATHENAEUM FOR 1925-26.

Managing Editor	F. S. Crossman, '26.
Literary Editor	Margaret Hutchins, '26.
Science	O. T. Rumsey, '26.
Athletics	F. H. C. Fritz, '26.
Month	E. Ardis Whitman, '26.
Personals	Marjorie Mason, '26.
Exchanges	M. Grace Perry, '27.
Jokes	H. F. Sipperell, '26.
Business Manager	Percy McKay, '27.
Circulation Manager	T. H. Taylor, '28.
Staff Artist	Gwen Spurr, '27.
Seminary Editor	Not yet appointed.
Academy Editor	Not yet appointed.



THE GRADUATING CLASS OF '25

HELEN GRACE BEARDSLEY

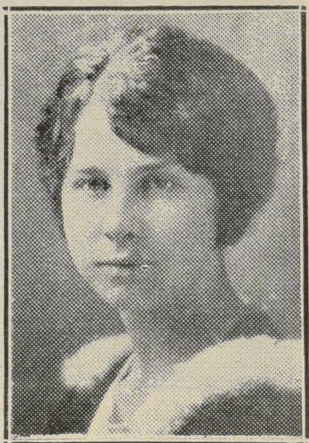
"A multitude of books distracts the mind."

We are not well informed as to Grace's early career, but she came to us from the town of Wolfville, and so was already wise in College lore.

Living thus in the town, Grace has been handicapped in entering the various activities which centre around Tully Tavern, but in the other parts of college life she has filled a sizable place.

A faithful contributor to the Athenaeum, and finally won her "A" in her Senior year. She has also been a constant supporter of the '25 girls basketball team. Grace's chief forte, however, has been debating. She was on at least one interclass team every year, and was only prevented from making the college team by a superfluity of high grade debating material.

We shall miss Grace's cherry smile as she goes to her profession of teaching, and our best wishes attend her.



EVELYN ROSE BENTLEY

"She is not made for the admiration of all, but the happiness of one."—BURKE.

Evelyn first appeared on this earth at Sydney, C. B. Her early life was filled with wanderings from place to place and she received her early education at Kentville, Truro and Toronto. She graduated from High School at Middleton, N. S., and then went to Annapolis Royal where she studied for and received her A certificate. Unsatisfied with this she went to Success Business College, Truro, to gain a more practical knowledge, and with this as a basis she spent two years in Kentville working with the Dominion Atlantic Railway.

She joined the class of '25 in the fall of 1922 as a Freshie-Soph. While at college she has divided her time between studies and college activities. For two years she was a member of the Student's Council; she held the position as "head of the house" and has been twice the vice-president of her class, the last being that of vice-president for life.

Evelyn has been interested in everything pertaining to college life and her place will be hard to fill. We wish her all the success possible in whatever occupation she may take up after graduation.



ALICE CAROLINE CHIPMAN

"I'd rather not be at all, than not be noble."



Carol was born in St. John in 1905. She received her early education at Hampton Consolidated School, after which she entered St. John High School, receiving her Grade XII from there in 1921. After a year spent in the study of music, the lure of Acadia proved strong, so she braved the waters of the Bay of Fundy and came to Wolfville, joining the class of '25 as a Freshie-Soph.

During her three years here, Carol has shown a great interest in the various college activities. She has served as member of the House Committee and as Chairman of the Club Room Committee. She was Vice-President of her class during the first term of her Junior year, and in that year also took part in the College play. Her music has been enjoyed by all on many occasions, but especially in S. C. A. Carol has also taken an active part in athletics, playing on the College basketball team during her Junior and Senior years, and winning distinction in that field. The best wishes of all go with her as she leaves here to take up secretarial work in St. John.

LEICESTER ALDEN COIT

"I shall strike the stars with my lofty head."—HORACE.

"Calc" first made his appearance in this world in 1904. He did not come to us but was already here when we came. He received his early education in the Wolfville High School.

In 1921, he joined the rollicking engineers at Acadia. Having received his engineering certificate in 1923 he joined the class of '25 in the following college year.

Calc has taken an active part and a keen interest in both classes, during his term of membership in each. He has been a worthy member of the college band and also of the "Sem" orchestra during his four years of college. Yes, and even previous to his college career. In his senior year he was our college swimming instructor.

It is almost impossible to say what future occupation he will pursue, but it is quite probable that he will follow the steps of his pater and grandpater. May success and happiness be with you, Calc, in whatever you undertake in the future.



PAULINE OLIVE COLBATH

"For what I will, I will, and there's an end"!

"Paul" made her first appearance on this mundane sphere at Easton, Maine, and has been wielding a potent influence ever since. Her home at present is in Presque Isle, Maine. After testing the respective merits of two or three schools she finally decided on the Acadia Ladies' Seminary from which she graduated. She entered the College in her Sophomore year; and it is with great regret that we realize that she is "educated at last by gosh." Paul has had a particularly brilliant career in basketball, having played a fast game at center for the Varsity team for three years. In fact Paul's interest the last two years particularly has centered around "gym." Paul's debating ability has also been outstanding in class and "second corridor" debates, especially on the relative virtues of the U. S. A. and the Provinces by the sea. We shall surely miss Pauline's wit and ability next year.



THOMAS WILLIAM COOK

"Right is more beautiful than private affection, and love is compatible with universal wisdom."

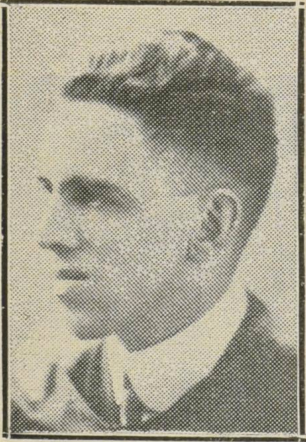
Prince Edward Island has produced many famous men, among whom is Tom Cook who, in the fall of 1921, bade goodbye to the picturesque village of Murray River, came to Acadia and joined the Class of '25.

Tom soon distinguished himself as a student and won the prize for highest average in the Freshman year. He maintained a high scholastic standing during his entire course. Besides being the recipient of various prizes, he graduated with highest distinction, winning the Governor-General's Medal.

Although Tom was a brilliant student, his college life was by no means restricted to perusing books and attending classes. He found time for extra-curriculum activity. He was a valuable member of his class which he served as President during the second term of its Junior year. He was a prominent class athlete and one of its ablest debaters. This

year Tom was a member of the Acadian Intercollegiate Debating Team which won from King's, thus winning his debating "A". Tom also obtained his Literary "A" and was Literary Editor of the Athenaeum for 1924-25.

Tom is interested in Psychology. He held an assistantship in the Department of Psychology at Acadia for two years and plans to do post-graduate work in this subject next year at Yale University where he has been awarded a scholarship. We wish him the best of success.



HENRY LEONARD COPLAND

"The countless gold of a merry heart."



Henry first showed signs of merriment some years ago at Grenada in the British West Indies. He studied at Grenada Boy's school and a London Preparatory school, from the latter of which he came to Acadia Collegiate Academy in the fall of '19. After his graduation from the above institution, a happy freshman entered our University in the fall of '21, where his jovial disposition soon endeared him to his classmates.

Henry chose science as his field, and his four years of college life have been filled with constant and pianstaking labor, as his student record shows. His only diversion has been football, in which he has given an excellent account of himself as halfback of the '25 team.

Henry plans to specialize in Science, and we feel sure that our wishes for his success are already well on their way to realization.

JAMES JOHN COPLAND

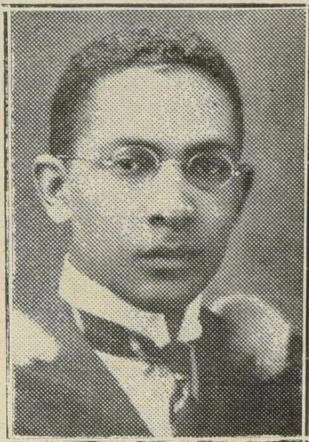
"There is a higher law than the Constitution."

John made his appearance on the terrestrial "stage" at St. Patrick's, Grenada, British West Indies, in the year 1901.

He received his early education at the Grenada Boy's School, after which he spent a year in one of the London Preparatory schools, next he honored Acadia Academy with his presentee, and finally in the fall '21 we find him an enterprising and dauntless Freshman.

John has made a splendid showing at Acadia, which we feel sure is a certain indication to his success in future life. Besides maintaining a high record throughout his college career, he has taken a deep interest in student activities. He will be remembered as the first Treasurer of the Students Union, which office he filled with great ability. In his senior year he held the important position of member of the Students Council. John choose soccer as his special field of athletics, and had the honor being chosen captain of his team. He has also distinguished himself in inter-class debating.

John's ultimate aim is "law". He is a man with "ideas", and we expect many reforms for the island of Grenada to originate in his fertile mind. "John", we tender you our best wishes.



CLAIRE CUTTEN

"True as the needle to the pole, or as the dial to the sun."

Claire was born in Corning, N. Y., but in 1910 moved with family to Wolfville. She attended Acadia Seminary for two years and matriculated from there joining the class of '25 as a Freshette.

Ever since her entrance into college Claire has been prominent in all our activities. During her Freshman year she was a member of the Student's Council and served a term on the Tully House Committee. She was Vice-President of her class one term of her Sophomore year and in her Junior year was one of the representatives of Acadia in the Inter-collegiate debate with U. N. B. She was chosen again for the debating team in her Senior year, but was unable to act. In her third year she had a part in the college play, "Come out of the Kitchen." In her Senior year, despite much extra curriculum, she has been President of the Girl's Unit of the S. C. A. and assistant swimming instructor. She was also chosen for Class Historian on Class Day.

Claire plans to enter a medical college next year and her fellow students at Acadia wish her the very best of success. Her ready smile and constant good humor will be missed by everybody.



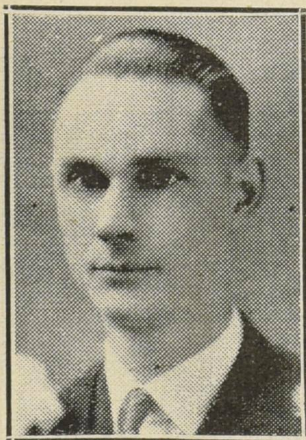
CHARLES LOCKHART FILLMORE

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

Collingwood Corner claims Charlie as a native son. His active soul could not rest there, so he attended the Provincial Normal School. Two years of teaching followed, and then Acadia called him.

Though a year behind in joining the class of '25, Charlie has packed into three years much more than most do into four. Our space is far too limited to sketch his busy life, but a summary of his Senior year may be enlightening.

During this last year Charlie has been assistant in the English Department, President of the Dramatic Society, member of the Student Council, joke editor of the Athenæum, business manager of the Spokesman, cheer leader, and track manager. Yet he found time to take part in two debates, to play baseball, to serve on numerous committees, and to give considerable attention to the social side of college life, and yet he gradu-

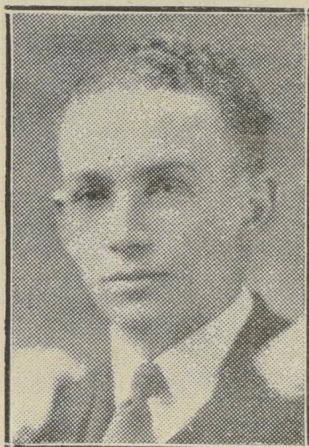


ates with good marks!

Charlie plans to instil the knowledge gained at Acadia into youthful minds. We predict a varied, active, and useful career.

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS HARRIS

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."



Cape Breton rejoices in being the native land of "Firpo" and Glace Bay has the honor of giving him his early education.

When the Class of '25 entered Acadia in the fall of 1921 there seemed to be a vacant place—all felt it but none could describe it. Great was the joy, therefore, when Arthur Augustus Harris joined them after mid-years for no longer did they feel the lack of something essential to a successful class. "Firpo" has been a hard worker throughout his college course. Yet he never neglected the social side and was always ready for any excitement.

He has represented his class on the track, baseball and basketball teams. When the Judique Club was organized he was one of its "shining lights." In his Senior year, he acted as Chairman of the Willett Hall House Committee.

He is now taking the Normal Course at Truro and we feel sure that some of the future generation is assured of wise and careful teaching.

EDITH AMELIA ILLSLEY

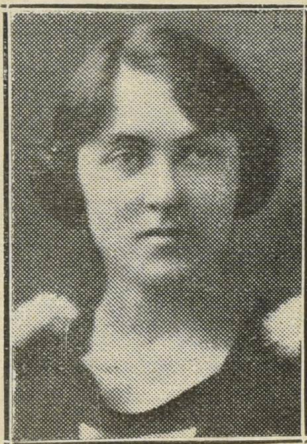
"I know a bank whereon the wild flower blows."

Edith's home is in Falmouth, there she received her early education after which she attended Hants County Academy graduating from that school in 1921. In the fall of that year she entered Acadia, joining the class of '25.

During her four years at Acadia, Edith has proven herself a careful and conscientious student. In her Sophomore year she was Secretary of her class and was President of Propylaeum Society during the last term of her Senior year.

Those who have associated with Edith have learned to value her worth as a friend and have learned too, how much pleasure she gets from the out of doors and what keen appreciation of nature's charms is hers.

We wish Edith every success and are fully assured that she will prove herself efficient in whatever work she may choose.



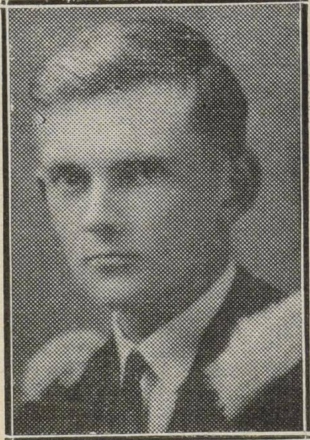
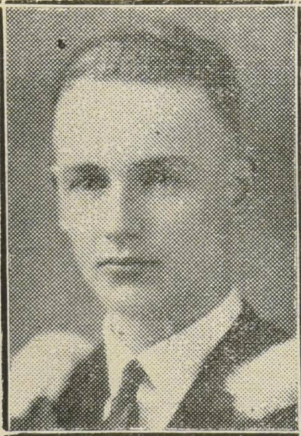
RALPH ARCHIBALD INGALLS*"Oh women you don't interest me—as yet."*

Ralph made all his noise during his cradle days which were spent at Grand Manan. In the boy from the rough coasts there the Island has a scientist of Biological repute. Ralph first observed the beautiful sunrise in 1904 and he still claims that the tang of the sea air is more thrilling than the moonlight from the Ridge.

The schools of N. B. were not able to hold him and he travelled the famous D. A. R. and arrived in Wolfville in the fall of 1919. There he became submerged in the studies necessary for the famous matric which would make him another Rah Rah Boy. His effort in the lead were crowned with success and he won the Entrance Prize for the second highest standing in his class.

Ralph has shown us that he takes life and his studies seriously for he has always maintained a high standard in all his courses. Of a quiet and retiring nature we have been unable to know him as we would like to.

The future seems a trifle uncertain but we are sure that the call of the scholastic world will come to him again and he will become another of Acadia's distinguished scholars.

**MARK KEITH INNMANN***"True in word, and tried in deed."*

The closing year of the last century was one of great importance at Argyle Shore, Prince Edward Island, for it was during the month of August of this year that Mark first made his appearance. He passed through the schools of his native place and then came to Acadia Collegiate and Business Academy. During his first year at the Academy, he made a name for himself by leading his class for highest average. Mark then joined the Royal Air Force and was afterward made lieutenant. He returned to the Academy and graduated in 1919.

After this, he went to the States for two years, and in the fall of '21, he returned to Acadia as a Freshman.

During his stay at Acadia, Mark has been a valuable member of the Class of '25. He has played on most of the class athletic teams and has attained a high degree of scholarship. He was Treasurer of his class during

the first term of his Junior year. In his Senior year, he was manager of the intercollegiate debating team. He graduates from Acadia with honors in History and plans to continue his work at Harvard, where he has been awarded a scholarship.

Mark, we wish you every success in whatever you may undertake.

CHARLOTTE MYRA KINSMAN

"Graced with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."



Charlotte began her career in Napinka, Manitoba, but she soon realized her mistake, and came to make her home in Nova Scotia. In 1921 she graduated from Colchester County Academy, and in the fall of the same year she joined us at Acadia. During her four years here she has proved herself a good student, especially excelling in her work in English. Her contributions to the Athenæum, although not numerous, have been greatly appreciated.

Next year Charlotte intends to enter the teaching profession. We are confident that her quiet, cheerful, and industrious ways will bring her well deserved success, and our good wishes will always follow her.

MARION KINSMAN

*For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And true she is, as she hath proved herself.*

Marion was born in Alameda, Saskatchewan. She has enjoyed the wandering life of the majority of minister's daughters, so that various schools have contributed to her early education.

Marion completed her Grade XI work at Wolfville High School. In the fall of '21 she graduated from Normal, and that same fall, entered Acadia.

During her college career she has proved herself a good student, and her work has been highly creditable. Being a town girl she was well known by only a few, but she was well liked by all.

Marion plans to enter the teaching profession, and we wish her every success, as she goes out into the "wide-wide world."



HELEN LEONORA LAWSON

"Small of stature—full of ginger."

Helen was born in Amherst some few years ago, and graduated from the Academy there. Coming to Acadia she entered the class of '25, and took an active part in the various college activities. She was Vice-President of her class second term of her Freshman year, and Secretary in her Sophomore year. As a Freshette she played basketball with her class team and the last three years she has been one of the best players on the college team. She was captain of her class team the last two years, and in her Junior year was President of the Girls' Athletic Association. Helen has taken part in other things as well, having debated for her class. She has served on the House Committee, and this year was Vice-President of the Student's Council.

Helen plans to teach after leaving here, and we wish her all kinds of luck.

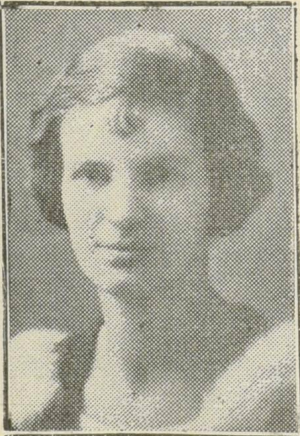


JEAN CHRISTIE MacLAUGHLIN

"You'll find as you grow wider you'll get wiser. Width and wisdom always grows together."

Jean Mac. universally known as "Skin" went through the usual processes of being born and passing a childhood in Amherst, N. S. She graduated from the high school there and answered the call to Acadia in 1921. She has passed the test of college life with flying colors, taking part in all college activities and excelling in athletics. She has held positions on the Student Council, and House Committee and has acted as head of the Advisory Board in her Senior year. In this year, also, she was one of the swimming instructors to the co-eds and sems. "Skin" made college team in her Sophomore year and has held her forward position three years, winning basketball distinction in '25.

Mere length of space could not do her justice—everyone wishes her the best of luck as she ignores her interest in geology (for the present) and begins her work in Physical Education.



ALICE HARRINGTON McLEOD

"She is, herself, of best things, the collection."



Alice McLeod was born at South Brookfield, Queens County, N. S., not so very many years ago. She attended high school there and then came to Acadia as a charter member of the class of 1925. Her activities at Acadia have been many and varied—far too many for any biographer with proper respect for the space at her disposal, to mention. She is especially distinguished in the use of the persuasive tongue, having debated many times for her class and twice on intercollegiate teams, winning her debating A in her Junior year. Alice's popularity and interest in college affairs was well attested to when she was chosen in her Junior year as the girls S. C. A. representative to the conference at Indianapolis. She has served on a multitude of committees varying from the House Committee to the S. C. A. cabinet, has taken an active interest in the doings of the class of '25 and given some attention to those of the class of '27 and, last but far from least, has constituted herself a committee of one for sympathizing with the woes of Other Folk.

Alice goes from us to take up for the time being, at least, the profession of teaching. We heartily wish her all the success and happiness that her varied abilities and sunny disposition warrant.

ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER McLEOD

"I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise."

Though born in the enterprising city of Moncton, Archie enjoyed few early educational opportunities, and so came to us heavily handicapped by lack of preparation. But after a half-yearly term at Acadia Collegiate Academy and a year as a special student in the University, he had so overcome this disadvantage that he was able to join the class of '25 as a Sophomore. Throughout his whole course he has proved himself a student of well over average ability.

A faithful and enterprising member of his class, he has served as class Treasurer, and twice represented '25 in interclass debating. The ability shown there as a public speaker he also turned to good account by winning the Ralph M. Hunt oratorical prize in his Senior year.

"Archie" also represented his class on the Student Council during the stormy year of '23-'24, making many friends and enemies by his uncompromising attitude to evil doers. He will also be remembered as one of those chiefly responsible for bringing in the new constitution, which in spite of faults is recognized as a decided improvement.



HENRIETTA MABEL MacPHERSON

"She is pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with, and pleasant to think on."

Another Judiquer was added to the already famous list when "Henry" first opened her eyes in Sydney, C. B. Here she passed her early childhood, receiving her education in the public schools and later in Sydney Academy. Towards the end of her last year in this institution the bright lights of Acadia proved more and more alluring, and after graduating, she came in the fall of 1922 to Wolfville, joining the class of '26. Here she was further christened "Saturday", but under it all retained the same cheerful smile and sunny disposition. Even her office on the House Committee in her Freshette and Senior years failed to dim her popularity. On the organization of that renowned society "The Judique Club" "Henry" was unanimously made Vice-President, and filled this office capably and well.



It was with mingled feelings of joy for her and sorrow for themselves that the members of '26 learned that "Henry" could, by taking extra work, graduate one year earlier. She transferred to the class of '25 in the early part of its Senior year, yet she always kept the same warm spot in the hearts of her former classmates, and they, on the other hand, were always sure of a sympathetic hearing from her in all their woes.

LEE ALLISON MARTIN

"A wise and valiant Roman."

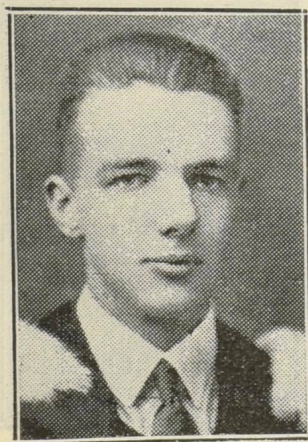
Daylight first dawned on Lee in Amherst, N. S. After attending the various schools of that town he found them too rudimentary, and so came to Acadia for further instruction.

While here, Lee has worked and played hard, still finding time for the quiet recreations of social life. Although his modesty has kept him from being much in the forefront, Lee has been one of the most valuable and popular members of his class, attending meetings, serving on committees and generally aiding with his talent for quiet leadership and good fellowship.

In athletics, he has done some work in football, but the pressure of other cares prevented him from distinction here.

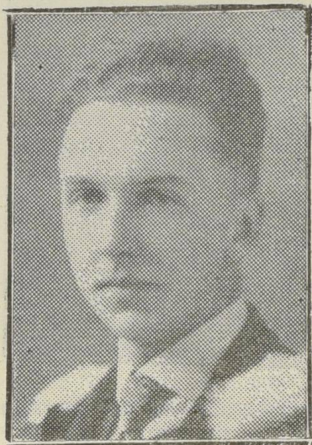
Besides active work in the S. C. A., Lee served on the Student Council in his Junior year, and was President of his class the following term.

Lee's chosen field is business, and we are his tact and ability will bring him success.



ALBERT HENRY MARSHALL

*"The light, that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing."*



"Bert" hails from Annapolis Royal, whence he came to us in the fall of '22, entering Acadia as a gay young Sophomore.

He sojourned in Willett Hall for a season, but the varied and prolonged activities of the inmates of that building proved too nerve-racking, and he was fain to take of his residence in a quieter locality. In this new environment he has been able to pursue his studies with his well known assiduity, graduating in good standing. He has also represented his class in Bulman and soccer teams.

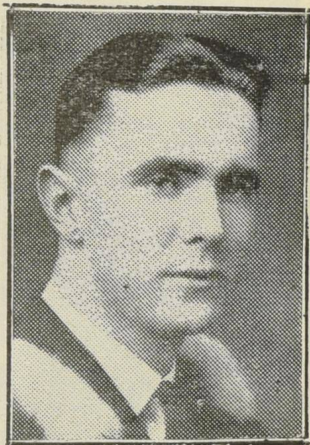
"Bert" has chosen teaching as his profession, and we wish him every success.

HARDING PYLE MOFFATT

"E'en his failings lean to virtue's side."

Canso claims "Moff" as a native son. It was there he received his early education, in the days of his youth. In the year 1921, he appeared on the college campus for the first time. Having entered college with a high scholastic record, he was very successful in maintaining his excellent standing. From the first he showed marked athletic ability, easily gaining a position on the class basketball team. In his Senior year he gained the coveted college distinction in this sport.

That "Moff" will be successful in the field of education, in which he intends to specialize, goes without saying. Throughout his whole college career he has been noted as a deep, serious thinker, and has taken life seriously. Our best wishes go with him for the future, whatever it may bring forth.



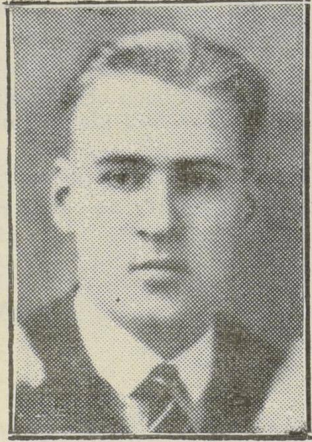
FRANK WILLIAM MOLLINS

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

The world was given Frank on March 25, 1905. This event occurred at Middlesex, Albert County, N. B. He spent the first seven years of his life there. At that age his family moved to Louisville, Westmorland Co., N. B., where he received part of his school education. Frank next moved to Moncton, thus showing the tendency of people to move towards the larger centres. Here at Aberdeen High, famous for its high grade Acadia students, he completed his school education. In the fall of '21, due to the same tendency, his next move was to Wolfville, where he entered Acadia as a charter member of the class of '25.

Here at Acadia Frank has led a very quiet life and has maintained a fine average in his course. Though he missed a term last year, he was able, through hard work, to catch up and graduate with his own class.

Frank has won many friends here who wish him every success in the continuation of his Biological studies.



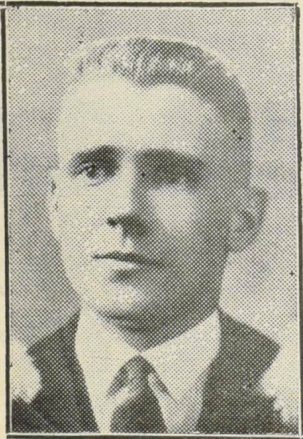
EDMOND MOORE PERRY

*"Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more."*

"Ping" hails from Petitcodiac, N. B. He joined the Class of '25 in our Junior year, having previously studied for two years at the University of Manitoba. Although not a charter member of our class, "Ping" soon made himself beloved by his genial manner and "million dollar smile." He took a keen interest in class affairs, especially in social functions. He upheld the honor of his class on the debating platform and on the diamond. He also served as President of the S. C. A. for 1924-25.

"Ping" was an earnest student and maintained a high standard of scholarship, graduating with distinction. He majored in English, in which department he was an assistant during his Senior year.

"Ping's" future plans are uncertain at present. He intends to try his luck in the west. Our best wishes go with him.



WILLOUGHBY MESSENGER PHINNEY

"He's a tried and valiant soldier."

"Bill" hails from Yarmouth, and received his early education in the school of that town.

In the University, he has shown some scholastic ability, but his prowess has been chiefly marked along athletic lines. "Bill" is a fine football and baseball player, and has done excellent work for Acadia in those sports.

"Bill" plans to go on in medicine, and Dame Rumor names an European University as the scene of his labors. All kinds of luck, Bill!

ELWOOD REID RAFUSE

"Prince of good fellows"!

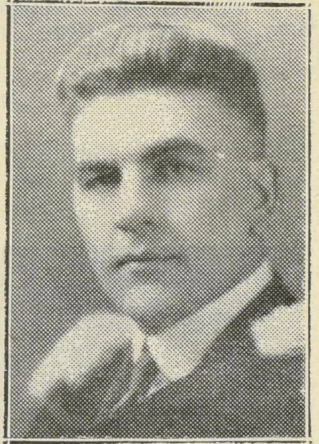
Amid the wilds of the south shore our hero emitted his first stanza. After a thorough grounding in the schools of Lunenburg County he spent some time at Acadia Collegiate Academy, from which he graduated first in his class. This scholastic record he has well maintained during his college days, and has graduated "cum Laude."

"Rafe" has taken an active part in every phase of college life, and his genial personality has endeared him to all. A poetic strain early found vent in the Athenaeum, and this, with other literary work, was instrumental in securing him his literary "A" in his Junior year, an honor which very few students have attained. For two years he has also been a valuable member of the Athenaeum staff.

He has done signal service to his class in interclass debating, (being on an interclass team at least once every year) and in athletics. He was also class President in his Junior year.

In the broader student life he has shown a constant interest, doing good work as member of the student council, rink manager, and President of the Athenaeum Society.

"Rafe" aspires to be a sawbones, and expects to attend Harvard next year.



HAROLD MILLS PUDDINGTON

"He was often silent but his actions were eloquent."—CARR.

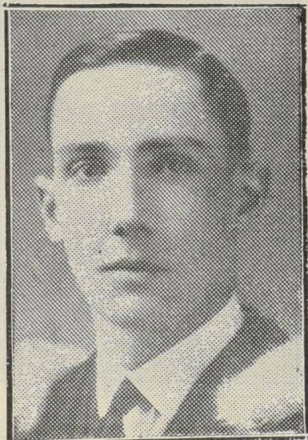
In 1904, "Pudd" chose the prosperous town of Parrsboro for his birthplace. Altho he did not disturb the peacefulness of the place with his advent, he early showed signs of a brilliant scolastic career. In 1921 he graduated from the Parrsboro High School with a high standing.

Since coming to Acadia "Pudd" has shown that he is a keen student. Throughout the four years that he has been here, in his own quiet way, he has contributed a great deal to the life of the institution. The first term of his Senior year, "Pudd" was treasurer of his class. During the second term he was received into the Delta Semga Literary Club.

Hal, in the past, has been one of our star tennis players. Last fall he helped Acadia's team to achieve a victory over that of Mt. Allison.

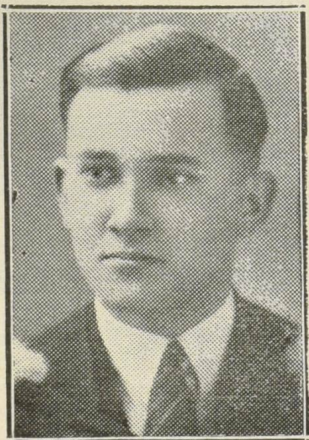
Puddington is specializing in Chemistry and will probably continue work in that line, after spending some time at his home.

It is with regret that we, the undergraduates, see him leave, for he was certainly one of the few who gained a host of friends while studying at Acadia.



THEODORE EARNEST ROY

"Bashfulness is an ornament to youth."—ARISTOTLE.



Ted made his debut in Grand Ligne, sometime in November, 1904. He received his early education at Feller Institute, then in the fall of 1921, he came to Wolfville.

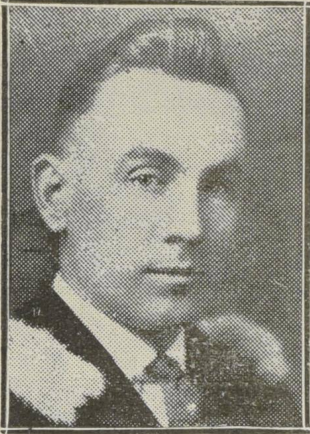
Ted showed his ability in both the classroom and in student activities. From his Sophomore year he was an assistant in Chemistry, and graduated with honors in that subject and also "Cum Laude" for his whole course.

He was one of the most popular boys in the Senior class, and in his Senior year was President of the Athletic Association, Manager of the hockey team, and class prophet.

Ted goes from Acadia to follow up his chosen field, medicine, at McGill, where we feel sure that he will hold up the honor of the "College on the Hill." Good luck Ted.

STANLEY ROY SEAMAN

"I can do with my pencil what I know.... Do easily, too."



"Stan" hails from Moncton, N. B., and had risen to a fine position in the C. P. R. offices before the call of higher education lured him to Acadia.

Gifted with fine natural ability, and having acquired a habit of persistent application to work, Stanley set himself to getting the greatest amount of knowledge in the least possible time. So well has he succeeded that he secured a B. A. and engineering certificate, and all but graduated in an B. Sc., in the same year Stan also has artistic talent, with which he has aided the Athenæum, also serving a year as staff artist.

Stanley proposes to make accounting his life work, and we are certain that his ability and industry will ensure his success.

VERNON D. SHAFFNER

*"Every man is as nature made him,
And sometimes a great deal worse."*

It was in the early part of 1904 that Lawrencetown broke into the ranks of fame, for on April 16th of that year it gave birth to "Doc." Doc states that he weighed 11½ pounds on that notable occasion, however we are pleased to state that experience and a few years have made him somewhat heavier.

He received his early education (except as he admits, what he received on the sly) from the Lawrencetown schools, proceeding to Acadia in the fall of '21 to join the other verdant Freshmen now known to fame as the Class of '25.

"Doc" has always been a firm believer in "extra-curriculum" as a means of more complete education. You will notice by his photo that he parts his hair in the middle this year. Last year his "extra-curriculum" wouldn't permit that mode of hairdressing.

Although not engaging to any great extent in athletics, Doc has always shown a keen interest in the success of college teams, and this year he acted as Business Manager of the Football Team. As a mark of esteem and popularity, "Doc" has been honored as Treasurer of his class for life.

As a student, friend, and loyal supporter "Doc" will be missed by those of us who remain at Acadia. We wish him every success as he further pursues his studies in the field of medicine.



VYVAL CLARENCE SHORT

"Rich in the grace all men desire."

The town of Brigham in the province of Quebec proudly claims Vyval as its own. In spite of this, however, he left there at a tender age for Grand Linge, and after graduating from that school arrived at Acadia (in company with "Ted" Roy) in the fall of '21.

Despite a tendency to absent himself from "gym," he has taken a deep interest in the literary, rhetorical, and athletic, as well as the social activities of our University. For the Athenaeum he has served successively as circulation manager, business manager, and managing editor, doing good work in each office. As a debater, the class of '25 owes much to his logical and effectively delivered speeches, one of which was given as a member of one of the five unbeaten Junior teams in 1923-24. He also won a prize in his Freshman year for public speaking.

Besides debating, he has represented his class in baseball, hockey and soccer football, and was manager of the College baseball team in his Senior year. The members of the Athenaeum Society also signified their approval of "Shorty" by electing him Vice-President of that august body in his Junior year.

Vyval's specialty is Economics and he plans to own and edit a very large newspaper. We predict success.



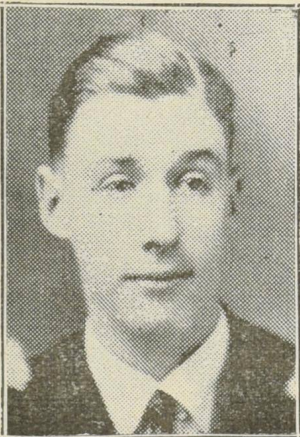
LUVILLE TAYLOR STEADMAN

"He reads much; he is a great observer."

Born in Kentville, and securing his early education in the schools of that town, Luville received his Grade XII certificate before joining us, and so came into the Sophomore class.

"Stead" has spent his evenings and nights in his native town, except during his Senior year, and so has not been able to take much share in student life. Despite this he has represented his class in the Bulman race. His quiet, cheerful personality has, moreover, endeared him to all.

Luville's chief characteristic is an untiring devotion to Science, and this has finally secured for him a scholarship at Yale in Physics, his chosen subject. Our best wishes attend him as he goes on next year.



BEATRICE LOUISE SMITH

"Woman's at best a contradiction still."—POPE.



"Bea" was born at Lunenburg, N. S., a few years after the dawn of the 20th century. There she spent her early years, graduating from High School in 1918.

Two years later "Bea" came to Acadia as a charter member of the Class of '25. During the entire four years she has been very popular, not only with her class mates, but with the students as a whole. This is shown by the many and varied positions she held creditably.

She has been vice-president of the Dramatic Society and in her Sophomore year took a leading part in the college play. For three years she played basketball for her class and she made the college team in her Junior year, thereby winning her athletic "A." In her Senior year she held the important position of Head of the House, which she very tactfully filled. Particularly has she shone in a social way, having been the convener of the

Social Committee of her class, and head of the Tavern Social Committee. Lastly, in her Senior year, she took an active interest in the newly-formed French Club, of which she was the first Vice-President.

In addition to this "Bea" has studied extra curriculum work admirably during her four years—most notably she has been a popular "enginette."

A host of Acadia friends will wish "Bea" all luck in her future work as a teacher.

MURIEL GRAY STEVENS

"Sheltered, exquisite, and gracious. Made for devotion as flowers are made for the sun."

Muriel Grey Stevens was born in Campbellton, New Brunswick, and has always lived there. In 1919 she entered the Acadia Seminary to study expression and piano. After a year spent at home to complete her course at the Campbellton High School she became a charter member of the Class of 1925 of Acadia University. During the time spent here she has taken little part, but great interest in college affairs. However, in "dramatics" she has been most active in her Senior year taking a leading part in the college play "A Full House."

Muriel is still undecided as to her plans for the coming year, but no doubt she will have much success in whatever work she may take up.



INGA MARION VOGLER

"A merry heart goes all the day."

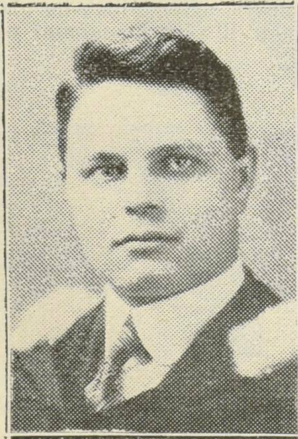
In the early nineteens Inga arrived at Vogler's Cove, N. S. After completing her high school course at Liverpool, she came to Acadia Seminary. While there she became convinced of the error of her way so she left that institution, and in the fall of '22 she entered the University as a Freshie-Sophomore, joining the class of '25.

Inga has taken an active part in all college activities. From the first, basketball engaged her interest. As a player on the Intercollegiate team she won her athletic "A", and in her Senior year she was President of the Girls' Athletic Association. Debating too, commanded her attention, and this year she was editor of the general department of the Athenaeum. She was also made life secretary of her class.

Her sunny, cheerful presence will be missed by all as she goes out from us to enter her chosen profession, that of teaching. We wish her success.



WILLIAM PRESTON WARREN

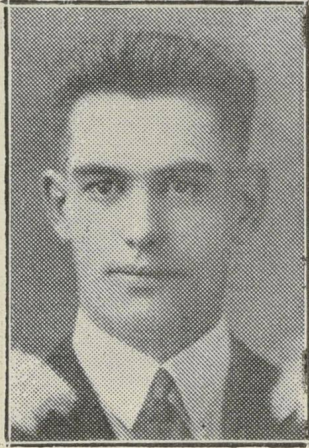


Preston was born in New Glasgow, P. E. I., on the 26th January, 1901. He received his elementary education at the local school and after a few years at home entered Acadia Collegiate Academy in 1919. He graduated in 1921 and entered the University being the first President of the Freshman class. During his college course he has been President of the Theology club, twice President of the Student Volunteer Band and President of the Athenaeum Society. He has played on the college football team for two years, as well as being a member of the class basketball team. His other interests have not, however, interfered with his work, as he graduates in Theology "cum laude" with honors in Economics.

He was also the class Valedictorian. He plans a missionary career and will take graduate work at Yale. We wish him the best of success.

REN ATHERTON THORNE

"There, now, that's what a nobleman should be."



After one lusty yell to signal his advent, Ren opened his eyes in the town of Havelock, N. B., smiled to find the world so good, and has never been known to frown since.

After a cursory course in some New Brunswick schools, and a more thorough one in the University of Hard Knocks, he entered Acadia as a happy Freshman. Here he has been one of the most successful all round Acadia men. As a student, his "cum laude" speaks for itself. As a debater, he's pleasing manner and convincing arguments have won many debates. As a writer, his efforts for the Athenæum have netted him the coveted gold "A" which is that magazine's mark of honor. Even as an athlete, though not a shining light, he has found time to run in the Bulmar race and kick the round pigskin at soccer. He has also served as assistant in the English department for the last two years.

Ren was class President in his Junior year, and so notably performed his duties that he was chosen life president the last term of the Senior year. He was also premier of the famous 1924 mock parliament. He has served on the student council, and finally received the highest honor in the gift of the student body, being elected President of the Student Council in his Senior year.

Ren will teach in Georgia for the next two years, after which he plans to study for his M. D. Then he will cure all our ills by his genial personality and superior knowledge.



W. E. BROWN
Senior



J. J. BROWN
Senior



W. E. BROWN
Senior



W. E. BROWN
Senior



W. E. BROWN
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W. E. BROWN
Senior



'24

'25

SKETCHES FROM COMMENCEMENT.

"A Full House."

On the evening of May 23, a large audience gathered in University Hall to witness the presentation by the Acadia Dramatic Society of "A Full House," a farce in three acts. The play was ably directed by Miss Olah M. Teabeaut and the parts were exceptionally well taken. The various complications which arose as the play progressed kept the audience in a high state of amusement and excitement. The Acadia Conservatory Orchestra gave several selections between the acts.

In the intermission before the last act, Dr. Patterson presented the cups for interclass competition, the athletic distinctions, and the literary, debating and athletic A's.

Baccalaureate Sunday.

On Sunday, May 24, at eleven o'clock the Baccalaureate service was held in the new University Hall, and in spite of the greatly increased seating accommodations the hall was filled to capacity. The beauty of the dignified and stately building added much to the occasion. Special features of the service were a solo by Miss Ruth B. MacDonald, and the rendering of Handel's Hallelujah Chorus by the choir.

The Baccalaureate sermon was delivered by Rev. G. B. Cutten, Ph. D., D. D., LL. D., President of Colgate University and former President of Acadia University. He chose as his text, Luke 17:32, "Remember Lot's wife," and his theme was a comparison of the values of progress and conservation. "Unless your diplomas are punctuated with a question mark, instead of with a period, your education is in vain; in fact you have no education. If you cease to read, if you cease to study, if you cease to think, you cannot be classed among educated people."

The forward look is the hope of mankind, and on it rests the possibility of progress. The creative imagination

which does not, however, entirely ignore the past, but takes certain elements out of oblivion, recasts them, adds to them, and by projecting all into the future produces a new product, shares God's task. "By faith," which is the forward look, we are to grow in grace and in power; we are to see the invisible God and to know him. The challenge to young manhood and womanhood is "continue to keep your eyes on the east rather than on the west, on the sunrise rather than on the sunset."

* * * * *

One of the most impressive services of Commencement week was that of Sunday afternoon which was devoted to the dedication of the new building. Dr. Patterson presided, and spoke a few words in regard to the financial needs of the university, and the success of the campaign so far. A solo by W. A. Jones was followed by the prayer of dedication offered by Dr. W. C. Goucher of St. Stephen, N. B.

The dedicatory sermon was delivered by Rev. Every A. Shaw, D. D., of Emmanuel Baptist Church, Brooklyn, N. Y. Dr. Shaw traced the amazing rapid growth of education in recent years, and noted the marked change in emphasis in education. The widespread demand for a practical education, and the beginnings of a reaction in the direction of something akin to what our fathers strove for. The problem of education today, however, has certain elements which had little or no place in the problem as our fathers faced it.

In closing, Dr. Shaw said, "Education must bring us into beautiful and intelligent co-operation with him who said, "I am re-creating all things," so that all may feel in all our labor that we are fellow workers with God in creating a new Heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness. This is the the task of Christian education, and to it Acadia has always dedicated herself. We believe this building to be a new step, a splendid forward step to a more complete fulfillment of her high calling.."

The service of Sunday evening was under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., Mr. R. B. Curry presiding.

An inspiring address was delivered by Dr. Patterson, who spoke of the elements that must be found in a permanent religion. These elements of religion are found in the religion of Jesus Christ. He came revealing a God of love and compassion and power. He made an atonement for man's sins. He brings a new life and energy to the one who is willing to receive him. The religion of Jesus is the only one that meets all the needs of the human life, and will abide forever.

Class Day.

The class day exercises of the class of 1925 were held in University Hall on Tuesday morning. The graduating class entered to the strains of the entrance march which was played by Misses Mary Bishop, '27 and Louise Fritz, '27.

The opening address was given by the class president, R. A. Thorne, who, after commenting on the fact that they were the first class to graduate in the new building, spoke in appreciative terms of the Baccalaureate sermon which was so extremely fitting and practical on that occasion. He then welcomed the audience to the last class meeting of the class of '25.

The secretary, Miss Inga Vogler, read the minutes of the last meeting, and called the roll. In the business discussion which followed, it was decided that the sum of \$500 be appropriated from the class funds toward the purchasing of the chandeliers and lighting fixtures in the new auditorium.

Miss Claire Cutten read the class history, and in mournful tones informed the audience that while on such occasions, former classes had always revealed the startling truth that theirs was "the best class that ever graduated from Acadia," the class of '25 had no such secret to reveal, for they had failed to keep it a secret! The history was exceptionally well written, and was delivered in a most pleasing manner.

Then followed the class prophecy by T. E. Roy. In wonder and suspense the audience followed the careers mapped out for the members of the class of '25. Many were the deep, dark secrets revealed as the inspired prophet opened up the mystic book of the future, and great was the awe of

those assembled as they realized that in very truth, a prophet under the influence of the Acadia Spirit, stood in their midst.

The valedictory was delivered by W. P. Warren, and in terms expressive of the greatest appreciation he bade farewell to the Board of Governors, the faculty, citizens of Wolfville, fellow students, and class mates. In conclusion, addressing his class mates, he said. "We are not turned out into the world as mere products of a machine. We are sent out as living personalities, becoming the social values which our college life has produced within us, representing ideals and traditions of the highest order, sent forth by our Alma Mater to render service to the race."

We are confident as this class goes onward that it will ever live up to the high ideals expressed by the valedictorian, and that its members will ever rise "through trial to triumph"—"Per Augusta ad Augusta."

University Graduating Exercises.

The eighty-seventh convocation of Acadia University was held in University Hall on Wednesday morning, May 27. The hall was filled with a throng of visitors from every part of the province. The faculty, Board of Governors, the Senate of the University, and distinguished visitors occupied seats on the platform. The members of the Alumni occupied reserved seats on either side of the hall, while the graduating class marched slowly to seats reserved for them in the centre.

The ceremony of conferring degrees was most impressive, the candidates kneeling in turn before President Patterson. The following degrees and certificates were conferred:

BACHELOR OF ARTS.

Beardsley, Helen Grace	Wolfville N. S.
Chipman, Alice Carolyn	Hampton, N. B.
Colbath, Pauline Olive	Presque Isle, Me.

Copland, John James	St. Patrick's Grenada, B.W.I.
Cutten, Dorothy Claire	Hamilton, N. Y.
Fillmore, Charles Lockhart	Collingwood Corner, N. S.
Harris, Arthur Augustus	Sydney, N. S.
Illsley, Edith Amelia	Falmouth, N. S.
Ingalls, Ralph Archibald	Grand Manan, N. B.
Kinsman, Charlotte Myra	Boyleston, N. S.
Kinsman, Ellen Marion Henrietta	Boyleston, N. S.
Lawson, Helen Leonora	Amherst, N. S.
Marshall, Albert Henry	Annapolis Royal, N. S.
Mollins, Frank William	Moncton, N. B.
MacLaughlin, Jean Christie	Amherst, N. S.
MacLeod Alce Harrington	Brookfield, N. S.
MacPherson, Henrietta Mabel	Sydney, N. S.
Phinney, Willoughby Messenger	Yarmouth, N. S.
Schaffner, Vernon Douglas	Lawrencetown, N. S.
Seaman, Stanley Roy	Moncton, N. B.
Short, Vyval Clarence	Brigham, P. Q.
Smith, Beatrice Louise	Lunenburg, N. B.
Steadman, Luville Taylor	Kentville, N. S.
Stevens, Muriel Grey	Campbellton, N. B.
Vogler, Inga Marion	Vogler's Cove, N. S.

BACHELOR OF ARTS—(*cum laude*)

Bentley, Evelyn Rose	Middleton, N. S.
Inman, Mark Keith	Clyde River, P. E. I.
Perry, Edmond Moore	Petitcodiac, N. B.
Rafuse, Elwood Reid	Barss, Corner, N. S.
Roy, Theodore Ernest	Havelock, N. B.
Thorne, Ren Atherton	Havelock, N. B.

BACHELOR OF ARTS—(*summa cum laude*)

Cook, Thomas William	Murray River, P. E. I.
Moffatt, Harding Pyle	Canso, N. S.

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE.

Coit, Leicester Alden	Somerville, Mass.
Copland, Henry Leonard	St. Patrick's, Grenada, B. W. I.
Martin, Lee Allison	Amherst, N. S.

BACHELOR OF SCIENCE—(*cum laude*)

Puddington, Harold Mills	Parrsboro, N. S.
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BACHELOR OF ARTS IN THEOLOGY.

MacLeod, Archibald Alexander	Kingston, N. S.
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BACHELOR OF ARTS IN THEOLOGY—(*cum laude*)

Warren, William Preston	Wolfville, N. S.
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MASTER OF ARTS.

Rogers, Paul Patrick	Albany, Wis.
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BACHELOR OF DIVINITY.

Curry, Emerson Ladd	Port Maitland, N. S.
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MASTER OF ARTS—(*Honoris Causa*)

Anderson, Alexander Locke	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dobson, Harvey Dulton	Brooklyn, N. Y.

DOCTOR OF SCIENCE—(*Honoris Causa*)

Haley, Francis Raymond	Wolfville, N. S.
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DOCTOR OF DIVINITY—(*Honoris Causa*)

Baker, George Randolph	New York, N. Y.
Camp, George Wellington	Campbellton, N. B.
De Blois, Austen Kennedy	Boston, Mass.
Huddleston, Arthur Lionel	Halifax, N. S.

DOCTOR OF LAWS—(*Honoris Causa*)

DeWolfe, Henry Todd	Wolfville, N. S.
Morse, William Reginald	Chengthe, China
Rand, Benjamin	Cambridge, Mass.

CERTIFICATES IN ENGINEERING.

Brown, Gordon Wilson	Falmouth, N. S.
Longly, Alan Wilfred	Lawrencetown, N. S.
MacKenzie, Kenneth John	Sydney, N. S.
Seaman, Stanley Roy	Moncton, N. B.
Taylor, Morley Gladstone	Parrsboro, N. S.

HONOR CERTIFICATES.

CHEMISTRY.

Puddington, Harold Mills	Parrsboro, N. S.
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ECONOMICS.

Warren, William Preston	Wolfville, N. S.
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HISTORY.

Inman, Mark Keith	Clyde River, P. E. I.
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PSYCHOLOGY.

Moffatt, Harding Pyle	Canso, N. S.
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The prize list was announced as follows:

Governor-General's Medal	Thomas W. Cook
Class of '92 Scholarship	Margaret E. Hutchins
Class of '05 Scholarship	M. Grace Perry
Continuation Scholarship	Ruby M. Thompson, and Gordon A. Potter.
Ralph M. Hunt Oratorical Prize	A. A. MacLeod
A. C. Cameron, Prize	H. S. Sipprell
W. H. Colemon Medal for Public Speaking ..	W. F. Forgey

Entrance Scholarships—Walter Graham, Cora Davis, Elizabeth Corey.

Philip Beals Memorial ScholarshipS. W. Fenwick

Bronze Medal for Excellence in Spanish—Gwen McL Patterson.

Poetry AwardE. Ardis Whitman

The class of 1915 secured the Alumni Cup for the largest percentage of numbers present.

Dr. Patterson's message to the graduating class urged them to enter upon a life of sacrificial service. He drew the distinction between one who digs a well for service, and one who builds a monument for display,—“he who has dug for eternity builds the only kind of a monument that can endure.”

The service concluded with addresses by the distinguished visitors, and the recipients of honorary degrees tendered their thanks to the Board of Governors and Senate.

THE GRADUATING ENGINEERS

GORDON W. BROWN

“You cannot tell the inside of a book by its cover.”

Brownie first graced the city of Falmouth with his presence in the year 1905. His early education was received at Windsor High School.

In 1923 he joined the “rollicking Engineers.” While with us he showed a marked interest in both his studies and the “fair sex.” The fact that he has obtained his certificate at the age of nineteen speaks much for him. His frank, manly character is sure to win for him success in his chosen field, Electrical Engineering. Here's wishing you luck Brownie, and a prosperous and successful career.

KENNETH J. MacKENZIE

“My life is one damed horrid grind.”

The city of Sydney became illuminated by the presence of Kenneth J. Mackenzie in the year 1904. He graduated from Sydney Academy in June, 1923, and in the fall of the same year, he entered Acadia,

Kennie always took an active part in all college activities, especially in debating, he also was on the Students' Council twice and was treasurer of the class for the last term. He was a very level headed fellow always considering all matters before taking any definite step, especially in the feminine line.

He plans on entering M. I. T. in the fall to complete his course in Chemical Engineering. With these qualifications and knowing him as we do, we feel certain that nothing but a prosperous future awaits him. Here's wishing you the best of luck.—Engineering Class of '26.

MORLEY G. TAYLOR

Morley was born in Parrsboro in the year 1, and received his early education in the public schools of that city. After leaving school he spent several years at school.

"Skipper" became tired of leading such a tame life so in the fall of '23 he joined Acadia's rollicking Engineers. Soon after his arrival at Wolfville he showed marked ability on the football field and made the college team. Due to injuries received during the holidays he was unable to play the second year.

He was always prominent in his class, especially in sports and social activities. He was Vice-President of his class for the first term of the year '24-25. He goes to N. S. T. C. in the fall to complete his engineering course, and we are sure his work there will be of the same high standard it was at Acadia. We wish you all success in your life work—Skipper.

ALAN W. LONGLEY

Alan, who is better known as Pop, was born in Halifax early in the present century. Soon after his birth, the family moved to Lawrencetown. Pop attended the public schools there, and graduated from the High School in '21. He worked two years and then in the fall of '23 joined the Engineering Class of Acadia.

During his two years at Acadia Pop took quite an interest in his class, but did not neglect his studies by any means.

He intends to enter Nova Scotia Technical next fall and study Electrical Engineering. We wish him the best of luck and all kinds of success.

ENGINEERS

NAME	ALIAS	AGE	APPEARANCE	CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC
G. Doug. Anderson	Doug.	Old enough to know better	Rough	Modesty
T. H. Ayer	Tommy	Tender	On the Main Drag	Work ???
Edgar D. Bent	Ed	Has his first girl	In the Library	Shy
J. R. Bigelow	Big	Hasn't shaved yet	Sloppy	Love for cars
G. W. Brown	Brownie	Young	With Skipper	His chest
F. T. Boutilier	Boots	Ask Alex	Could be Worse	Wild unruly hair
E. F. Creelman	Plant	Old enough to have a skirt	Loose	Studiousness
C. R. Dunlap	Clarence	Juvenile	Sober	His neckties
R. B. Estey	Tomatt	Ancient	Seldom	His size
O. I. Fetterly	Yank	Ask Methusaleh	Cave Man	Dazed look
A. D. Foulis	Allan	We wonder	With a Squirt-gun after dark	His Laugh
G. M. Freeman	Free	Prehistoric	Could be better	His strength
A. T. Goudey	Teviot	Childish	Turned down	Talkativeness
K. V. Keirstead	Ken	Sophisticated	Natty	Woman hater?
T. A. M. Kirk	Tammy	Just about Scheventeen	Might pass	Carrying S. C. A. Books
P. M. Lane	Hellish	Puzzle	Dutch	Love for Sauer Kraut
C. D. Lowe	Charlie	Unknown	Fair	His stature
A. W. Longley	Pop	Settled	Seedy	Cleverness
K. J. Mackenzie	Kenny	Wise	Stunned	Stubbornness
W. H. Mackley	Walter	Ask Helen	Everywhere	Brown eyes
C. A. MacIntyre	Charlie	More or less	Shy	Silence
R. P. McLeod	None	Not old enough	Rare	His eyes
G. H. MacLaughlin	Cal	About 6	Desperate	His volume
K. C. McWha	Casey	Kindergarten	Minus	His curly locks
E. E. Orlando	Eddie	Nearly married	Missing	Fondness for women
C. L. Parks	Sue	Old timer	Awful	Raising H—
M. G. Taylor	Skipper	Uncertain	Afterwards	His Shoulders
M. L. Wallace	Mac	Unrecorded	Not bad	His grin
R. E. Wetmore	Pearmore	Kiddish	Rusty	Sweet face

HOROSCOPE

FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FUTURE OCCUPATION	HIGHEST AMBITION	CHIEF WEAKNESS
Unprintable	Gas Engineer	45 in Calculus	Boxing
Frig ya	Doing the Old Gent	To get a girl	Late for English
What in To'ped!	Electrical Engineer	First in English	Cutting the table
Yea	Chauffeur	To own a real motor-boat	Wild Women
I-s t-h-a-t s-o	Stoker on a tug	Wed lock	High-school girls
Gonna work to-night	None	To be a runner	His legs
Center	Distributing knowledge	To play a five no trump Hand	Sleep
Go on	Owner of Grocery Store	To be an Engineer	Draw II.
Where's Doug?	Hammer Thrower	To make the half-line	Inga
Did you hear this one?	Artist's Model	To avoid work	Heavy Courses?
O rats!	Dean of Women at Acadia	To inveigle Fudge	His feet
To H—— w——	Owner of Hardware Store	To be a Draftsman	His instrument case
?	Throwing the gentleman cow	To play a Banjo	Many
Oh my yes!	Mayor of Greenwich	To be an Architect	None
Darn tooting	Chauffeur	To teach Anne Music	Attending Meetings
Down home	Scientific Fisherman	Big League Pitcher	Sweet Mary Snow
Going out to-night?	Editor of Film Fun	45 in Calculus	Telephone Operators
Got the makings?	Surveyor	To go to Church	His prophecies
How about some dues?	Civilizing Cape Breton	65 in Shopwork	His voice
D—— right	Speed Artist	To make the Olympic Hockey Team	Mugging
Got my stool	Doubtful	To run a Slide Rule	Chem. II.
Got your Math done?	Parson	A Pass	Drawing I.
I can't do this d—— stuff	Running a Pool Room	None	His Ford
Do it this way, boys	Athlete	To be one	Tennis
Got any smokes?	Time-keeper	King of Italy	A Sem.
Going rattin' to-night?	Garage Owner	To damn Niagara Falls	Motor boats
Hello thing	Train-jumper	To be a Porter	His knee
What did ya say?	Running a Post Office	To get a thrill	Bashfulness
What's that?	Waiter	To ride in her car	Home

SEMINARY CLOSING.

THE closing of Acadia Seminary may be said to begin with the Graduating Recitals. This year there were four of them. The first recital was given by Miss Ena Faie Roop of Wolfville, who completed the course in Expression for a diploma, assisted by Vera Zella Olts of the Junior Class in Pianoforte. The second Recital in Expression was given by Doane Hatfield of Wolfville, who completed the same course. Both of these Recitals represented work of a high grade. The programmes were carefully constructed and the rendition of all the numbers was excellent.

In addition to the two Recitals in Expression there were two in Pianoforte. Lucy Adelaide Cogswell of Port Williams who completed the Normal Course in Pianoforte this year claimed and sustained her right to a Soloist Diploma in a Recital which was greatly enjoyed. Minnie Allan Poole, who last year completed her course in Pianoforte for a Soloist Diploma, this years completed the post Graduate Course. Her Recital, which was the first to be given in the new University Hall, was heard by a very large audience, which delighted in the fine work, which Miss Poole did in every part of the ex-acting programme. It is no evidence of partiality to give Miss Poole's programme in full.

I.

Sonata: Op. 26 *Beethoven*
 Andante con Variazioni
 Scherzo
 Marcia Funebre
 Allegro

II.

Etude; Op. 10, No. 12. *Chopin*
 Etude; Op. 25, No. 11. *Chopin*

III.

Chant Sans Paroles	<i>Rebikoff</i>
Prelude in G	<i>Blumenfeld</i>
Nocturne in A Minor, Op. 10, No. 1	<i>Rachmaninoff</i>
Prelude in G. Minor, Op. 23, No. 5.	<i>Rachmaninoff</i>

IV.

Scherzo, Op. 39	<i>Chopin</i>
God Save the King.	

The Graduates, the Teachers in whose departments the work was done, as well as their Alma Mater have a right to be proud of their work.

A concert was given by the Acadia Orchestra in College Hall on Thursday evening, May 21. The orchestra which was directed by Mr. Carl Farnsworth was in fine form and the programme herewith appended was an excellent one. Mr. Jones, Tenor Soloist, also aided much in making the concert one of the finest and most enjoyable of the year.

PROGRAMME.

Unfinished Symphony	<i>Schubert</i>
Recit., "My Arms"	
Aria, "Sound an Alarm"	
from "Judus Maccabeus"	<i>Handel</i>
Mr. Jones.	
Coriolan Overture	<i>Beethoven</i>
Old English	
The Lass with the delicate air, Anne 1719-1799	
Old Welsh	
The Ash Grove (Llwyn On)	
The Dove (Deryn Pur)	
Mr. Jones.	
"Angelus" from "Scenes Pittoresque"	<i>Massenet</i>
Louin du Ball	
Good Night	<i>Burnham</i>
Gossiping	<i>Dodge</i>
So many Dreams are Over	<i>Sinding</i>

The Top of the Morning	<i>Manu ucca</i>
Allah	<i>Chadwick</i>
The Star	<i>Rogers</i>

Mr. Jones.

Largo	<i>Handel</i>
March from "The Nutcrackers' Suite"	<i>Tschaikowsky</i>

God Save the King.

Miss Irene Card was the efficient accompanist of Mr. Jones, while Miss Johnson at the piano and Miss Chapman of the Violin Department, Concert Meister, gave great aid to the orchestra.

* * * * *

One of the most interesting Recitals of the year is given by the pupils, taught by the Students taking the Normal Course in Pianoforte. Such a Recital was given this year under the direction of Miss Rachel Johnson, Head of the Normal Department, in the Alumnae Hall, May 16, at 7.15 p. m. The general class was conducted by Miss Vera Olts and Miss Vera MacEacheron at the Piano. The Programme which was delightfully naive was at follows:—

German Folk Tune	Who Are You?
	Elizabeth Forbes
French Folk Tune	On the Bridge of Avignon
	Rowena Spencer
Reinecks	At Twilight
	Shirley Elliott
Porter	Dancing on the Green
	Keith Warren
Buggmuller	Little Ballach
	Gordon Wheelock
Chadwick	The Cricket and the Bumble Bee
	Margaret Fullerton
Dennee	The Chase of the Butterflies
	Martin Mitchell

Beech Minuet, Op. 36. No. 1
Bernice Alaxander

God Save the King.

CLASS DAY.

The last meeting of the class of '25 of Acadia Seminary was held in University Hall, May 25, before a large and interested audience. The following program was given by the members of the Class.

Entrance March	Class
Opening Address	President
Reading of Minutes	Secretary
Roll Call	Secretary
Election of Officers	
Pierian Paper—Part One	Edna Roop
Duet	Mary Brady and Doris Leard
Pierian Paper—Part Two	Mary Fearon
Piano Solo	Margaret Barnaby
Pierian Paper—Part Three	Alaxander McLean
Valedictory	Evelyn Hatfield

An interesting feature in connection with class day was the presentation by the class of twenty-five a Chair for the Reception Room and a Piano Bench for the same room. These gifts are much appreciated. Principal DeWolfe on behalf of the Board of Governors presented to each one of the class a copy of the book by Dr. James H. Snowden, "The Meaning of Education," assigning a synopsis to be presented by each member of the class at The First Class Reunion.

The annual business meeting of the Acadia Seminary Alumnae Association was held in Class Room A. Monday afternoon following the Class Day Exercises. Much Business of importance was transacted by the exceptionally large number of members present. The following Officers were elected:—

President—Mrs. C. M. Vaughan, Wolfville, N. S.

First Vice President—Mrs. C. S. MacArthur, Truro, N.S.

Second Vice President—Mrs. Ernest Johnson, Greenwich, N. S.

Secretary—Mrs. M. R. Elliott, Wolfville, N. S.

Treasurer—Mrs. Donald Grant, Wolfville, N. S.

The members of the new Executive are all from Wolfville; Mrs. C. E. A. DeWitt, Mrs. H. D. Johnson, Mrs. J. W. Smith; Mrs. Percy Benjamin, Mrs. F. H. Beals, Mrs. D. G. Whidden, Mrs. A. C. Cox.

After the Class Day Exercises an Exhibition of the work done during the year in China Painting, Art, and Sewing, was held in the Seminary. The comments were that the sewing was the best ever exhibited. In the Art Department the work of Miss Lottie Pulsofer of Hantsport was especially fine. Mr. Lewis Smith, Head of this Department kindly consented to exhibit some of his own paintings, which added greatly to the exhibition.

At the Union Reception given by the Alumnae and the Seminary to the members of the Graduating Class and to all the friends and patrons of the Seminary, Tuesday Evening at the Close of the graduating exercises, an exceptionally large number of guests were present. A short program was given. Miss Joyce Clark of the Class of '23 delighted the audience with a remarkably fine Violin Solo and Mr. Doane Hatfield of the class of '25 read in his own inimitable way, "Gladsby's Wedding."

An interesting feature of the evening was the presentation by Miss Dora Baker of the Class of 1924 of an address and also a Life membership in the Alumnae Association to Principal DeWolfe who retires from the Principalship of the Seminary after twenty-four years service. Dr. DeWolf responded in a few appreciative words.

The graduating exercises of Acadia Ladies' Seminary took place on Tuesday evening May 2, in University Hall. The following program was presented:—

Processional Irene Card and Jewel Henderson
Glee Culb

(a) Welcome Spring Denza

(b) Morn Rise Czibulka

Essay: "English Residential Life in India" — Elizabeth
Eaton.

Piano Solo

Moment Lyrique Blumenfeld

Second Arabesque DeBussy

Lucy Adelaide Cogswell

Essay: "Paderewski, Musician and Statesman"—Margaret
Barnaby.

Tenor Solo

Requiem Homer

For You Alone Geehl

Mr. Verne Graham

Essay: "The Tourist Value of Cape Breton"—Olive Holmes

Piano Solo

Prelude in G minor *Rachmaninoff*

Minnie Poole

Presentation of diplomas

Address to the graduating class

Presentation of Prizes

God Save the King

CLASS OF 1925.

Post Graduate Course in Pianoforte

Minnie Allen Poole St. John, N. B.

COLLEGIATE COURSES.

Constance Evadne Collins Advocate, N. S.

Mary Fearon Wolfville, N. S.

Eileen McKenzie Fearon Wolfville, N. S.

Evelyn Josephine Hatfield Parrsboro, N. S.

SOPHOMORE MATRICULATION COURSE.

Margaret Irene BradySherbrooke, N. S.

SOLOIST COURSE IN PIANOFORTE.

Lucy Adelaide CogswellPort Williams, N. S.

COURSE IN EXPRESSION.

Ena Faie RoopWolfville, N. S.

Gregory Doane HatfieldWolfville, N. S.

TWO YEAR COURSE IN HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE.

Margaret Isabelle BarabyBridgewater, N. S.

Cecilia Lillian BradshawSummerside, P. E. I.

Mary Elizabeth BradySherbrooke, N. S.

Christine Murdock CavanaghNew Glasgow, N. S.

Grace McClintock CoatesAmherst, N. S.

Elizabeth Mary EatonWolfville, N. S.

Bernice Olive HalesWolfville, N. S.

Olive Media HolmesSydney Mines, N. S.

Doris Baxter LeardSummerside, P. E. I.

Alexandre MacLeanWolfville, N. S.

Lena Mildred PriceMoncton, N. B.

Eileen Marguerite ShankelLawrencetown, N. S.

ONE YEAR COURSE IN HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE.

Hazel Margaret BeldingChance Harbour, N. B.

Carrie Erna HamiltonHopewell Cape, N. B.

Elizabeth Janie PickleBloomfield Station, N. B.

HOMEMAKER'S COURSE IN HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE.

Mary Florence MacdonaldSydney, N. S.

Dorothea Pauline MullinSt. John, N. B.

RECEIVING CERTIFICATES IN STENOGRAPHY AND TYPEWRITING.

Myrna Mareta CustanceUpper Rawdon, N. S.

Eileen McKenzie FearonWolfville, N. S.

Bernice Marguerite Forbes	Milton, N. S.
Bernice Catherine Nieforth	Avonport, N. S.
Thelma Audrey Morris	Bear River, N. S.
Ferna Spinney	Harmony, N. S.
Helen Elizabeth White	Wolfville, N. S.

RECEIVING CERTIFICATE IN TYPEWRITING.

Myrtle Ethel Lewis	Salisbury, N. S.
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GRADUATING WITH HONORS IN ENGLISH.

Constance Evadne Collins	Advocate, N. S.
Lena Mildred Price	Moncton, N. B.
Elizabeth Mary Eaton	Wolfville, N. S.

PRIZE LIST.

(a) For Excellence in English.

Two Students tied.

Myrtle Erg	St. John, N. B.
Elsbeth Ryan	Sussex, N. B.

(b) For Excellence in French.

Constance Collins	Advocate, N. S.
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(c) For Excellence in Instrumental Music

Lucy Cogswell	Port Williams, N. S.
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The Christiana St. Clair Paint Scholarship

Eva Robinson	Canso, N. S.
Francis Brown	Wolfville, N. S.

The Governor General's Medal for Excellency in English

Dorothea Mullin	St. John, N. B.
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The Margaret Millard Prize

For highest standing in Household Science

Christine Cavanagh	New Glasgow, N. S.
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The Winnie Rhodes Scholarship

For most commendable progress in music.

Jewel Henderson	New Waterford, N. S.
Frances Whitman	Lawrencetown, N. S.

• The C. Winter Brown Prizes

In Art especially for Commercial Purposes.

Lottie PulsiverHantsport, N. S.

Robert HerbinWolfville, N. S.

The Alumnae Scholarship in honor of Sarah J. Manning

Irene CardDorchester, N. B.

The Lewis E. Smith Art Prize

Lottie PulsiferHants port, N. S.

Pierian Prizes

For highest standing in Household Science in Junior Year.

Doris GunterFredericton, N. B.

For Excellency of contribution to the Seminary Pierian.

Book Prizes, Senior Class.

Emily KellyYarmouth, N. S.

Junior Class

Eva RobinsonCanso, N. S.

Lucia ChambersNorth Sydney, N. S.

First Year

Great RostWolfville, N. S.

Greatest Imporvement in English

Margaret HuntGreenfield, N. S.

Second Highest Standing in Essay Work and English

Jewel HendersonNew Waterford, N. S.

The Mrs. Harold Myer Prize

For Highest Standing and Conduct in Collegiate Courses

Elsbeth Ryan

The L. W. Simms Prizes

For Excellence in Theoretical and Practical Music open to
New Brunswick Students.

Irene CardDorchester, N. B.

Vera OltsFredericton, N. B.

Special Prize for Public School Pupils in Art.

Bryce HatfieldWolfville, N. S.

Winner of Next Year Free Term Scholarship in Art Department.

Bryce Hatfield Wolfville, N. S.

Ruth Ingraham Wolfville, N. S.

Book Prize for General Excellence in Art Department

Jean Robertson Hemstead, N. Y.

Honourable Mention in Household Science. The following pupils made a standing above 85 percent throughout the year.

Seniors: Hazel Belding Chance Harbour, N. B.

Margaret Barnaby Bridgewater, N. S.

Erna Hamilton Hopewell Cape, N. B.

Juniors: Mary Millard Liverpool, N. S.

Christine Miner Amherst, N. S.

Ruth Harris Canning, N. S.

Cora Miles St. John, N. B.

ACADEMY CLOSING.

ON the evening of the 25 th day of May, the Academy held its anniversary exercises in the auditorium of the new college building.

Miss Beulah Wry gave a vocal solo, which was enjoyed by all, and Miss Jewel Henderson gave a very delightful piano solo.

The Academy wishes to take this opportunity to thank the Seminary for their services in the program, we also wish to thank Harry Mollins for his much enjoyed vocal solo.

An essay on Maritime Rights was read by Gerald Colwell, and was a most interesting one to any audience of the Maritime Provinces. It was not only enjoyable, but also very instructive and showed the result of much study.

The Class Prophecy given by Gilbert Titus was a rare treat. However, we hope for the sake of some of the members of class '25 that some of his prophecies do not come true.

Mr. Titus deserves great credit for the way in which he handled a very difficult task.

Dr. G. R. Baker gave the address to the graduating class. His address was rich with illustration and should have had its effect on not only the graduating class but on the whole audience.

After Dr. Baker's address the diplomas and certificates were given to the graduating class of both Collegiate and Commercial Departments.

The following are the names of those who made up the graduating class.

Blackadar, Ross L. Jr.	Port Maitland, Yar. Co. N. S.
Berry, Bliss E.	Moncton, N. B.
Beyea, James A.	Saint John, N. B.
Carter, Harold S.	Aulac, N. B.
Chisholm, Joseph Jr.	Sydney Mines, N. S.
Colwell, Gerald S.	Wickham, N. B.
Eaton, George	Shinimicas Bridge, Cumb. Co. N. S.
Fuller, Lee	Truro, N. S.
Ferguson, Everett	Metapedia, P. Q. Canada
Ferguson, Robert A.	Pictou, N. S.
Hamilton, James G.	Saint John, N. B.
Harrison, Arthur L.	Margerville, N. B.
Hopper, Harold D.	Woodstock, N. B.
King, Fred S.	Petitecodiac, N. B.
Lefergey, Osborne B.	Summerside, P. E. I.
Linton, Byron G.	Fairville, N. B.
Linton, John	Fairville, N. B.
Moreside, Gordon G.	UNorth River, P. E. I.
Parker, Willard M.	Bear River, N. S.
Raymond, John E.	Hartland, N. B.
Roberts, William F.	Saint John, N. B.
Smith, Russel F.	Sydney, N. S.
Schurman, Harold B.	Summerside, P. E. I.
Titus, Aubrey C.	Millstream, N. B.
Titus, Gilbert W.	Norton, N. B.
Williamson, Lewis Wesley	Woodstock, N. B.
Wright, Robert E.	Sydney, N. S.

Wilson, James Middleton, N. S.

The prize list is as follows:

To John E. Raymond, Hartland, N. B. for highest average in matriculating class, a Scholarship, \$60.

To Arthur Harrison, Marrgville, N. B., for second highest average, scholarship, \$40.

To Joseph Chisholm, Sydney Mines, N. S. for Divinity student on basis of scholarship and character, \$10.

To Holmes Stunt, Greenfield, N. S., for leading Middle Class, \$10.

To Horace Morgan, Fredericton, for second place \$5.

To Eric MacKinnon, Montague, P. E. I., leader of Junior Class, \$10.

To Earl Smith, Charlottetown, second place, \$5.

To Ralph Nickerson, Shag Harbor, N. S. leader of Commercial class, \$10, also a \$5 prize for leader in bookkeeping

To Marguerite E. Marshall, Clarence, N. S., Rapid Calculation, prize \$5.

To May S. Thurber, Freeport, N. S., first prize in penmanship, \$5.

To Geo. R. Chambers, New Glasgow, N. S., second prize in Penmanship, gold pencil.

VALEDICTORY

Again the time has come when another class of Acadia Academy is about to sever its relationship with this institution and go out into the world.

At this time we look back over the several years that we have spent as a class. We came here with the object of acquiring more knowledge to fit us for our work in the world, and in this purpose, we have in varying degrees succeeded.

When we first became students here, the time of our graduation seemed to be at the end of a long, hard road, and to many of us, it has been hard, but we have endeavored to do each day's work thoroughly, realizing that we would not pass this way again. On the other hand we looked forward with the greatest pleasure to the night when we should receive our diplomas and go from the Academy, but now that the time has arrived we find the pleasure accompanied by a tinge of sadness because we are separating from friends and from an Institution that has meant much to us during these days, and the memory of which shall remain with us forever.

During our stay here we have not only received an education from books but we have also received a positive religious and moral training and this after all is of chief importance to our lives, for the high ideals of true manhood and of service that have been set before us will be our constant inspiration and guide as we go out to make our contribution to life.

We have learned the value of working for a common cause in our many competitive games and have derived great benefits both of mind and body from the training received at the gymnasium.

This will not only be a memorable day for us, but a memorable day in the annals of Acadia's history. This anniversary occasion marks the opening of this building which has been erected on the site of the old College Hall. For more than two score years before the old structure was

burned, it stood as a great monument to education and there are hundreds of people living in this generation that look back with the greatest pleasure to the days spent within its walls, and have put into practice many a theory that they have mastered in its classrooms. This is a still greater and a more beautiful building and will be in the future years a fountain of education from which the coming generations may freely drink. A structure of this type costs an enormous amount of money and to raise this money will mean a huge sacrifice, but a building dedicated to such a worthy cause will splendidly repay the sacrifice, no matter how great it may be. In future years this building will not only stand as a monument to education, but also as a monument to the dauntless spirit and energy of President Patterson, and the Governing Board and to all who have in any way contributed to the funds necessary for its erection. On this occasion, the joy of the present, the hope for the future and the memory of the past are borne in upon our minds with such force that we are incapable of expressing adequately the strong emotions that rise within our breasts.

Citizens of Wolfville:—We wish to thank you for the friendship you have shown towards us during our stay here. You have done everything to make it pleasant for us by helping the class in its various social functions. Before we were here very long we were attracted by the beauty of your town. As we go out into life we will always retain a pleasant memory of our relations with you.

Students of the University and Ladies' Seminary:—We have been bound together in love and loyalty for the Garnet and Blue. On the campus we have cheered and defended Acadia. We have rejoiced together in the time of victory and have sorrowed together in time of defeat. In the future years we shall all strive to keep Acadia to the front which is her rightful place among the Educational Institutions in the Maritime Provinces and as we later meet in various activities of life, we will feel we have something in common because of our relationship while at Acadia.

Dr. Archibald and Members of the Faculty:—It is with deepest regret that we say farewell to you. We wish to

thank you with all sincerity for your untiring efforts on our behalf. Many times we have made the way hard for you by our follies and neglect of duty, but you always gave of your best and even if your efforts, many times seemed in vain, you have set us an example that we can carry through life. Tonight as we say farewell, we desire to express our determination to be worthy of your interest and trust in the years to come we may accomplish something that will make you feel that your efforts with this class have not been fruitless.

Academy Students:—As the class of '25 goes out from the Academy, the responsibilities which they have been bearing are cast on you and it is your duty to do everything which will help to maintain the standards for which Acadia Academy has been so long noted. We hope that you will succeed wherein we have failed. We have endeavored to carry out the duties and to do everything that would help the name of this Institution, but many times we have failed. We hope that you benefit by our mistakes so that the class of '26 will be of still more credit to the Academy than its previous classes.

Fellow Classmates:—Our lives may be compared to a great building like the one in which we are now assembled. We have the power to make it a beautiful structure from which good will radiate and which will be an example of the finest type of manhood.

At this time we have nearly completed our foundation and have started to construct the framework of our temple of life. We have been given the proper kind of material while at this Institution, and if we are to successfully complete our edifice, we must wisely use all of this material. If at any time we fail to use our best, such as sacrifice and diligent labor, our structure must suffer. So we see the absolute necessity of putting into this temple of life the very best we have so that our building will be able to withstand storm and tempest. After we have built all our ideals into this abode we shall have a beautiful structure. As this New College building is white, an emblem of Purity, so let us be pure. When we have finished building, let us

dedicate our lives to a noble purpose. Wherever we go there is the need for noble self-sacrificing men. We want to make our temple of life, a temple of honour, loyalty, purity and strength, and let us all struggle bravely to reach that desired goal. Let us not be satisfied with our present attainments. We must go on building from day to day. May we strive to build more noble on the morrow than we have done today.

“Build thee more stately mansions
Oh my soul,
While the swift seasons roll.
Leave thy low vaulted past,
Let each new temple nobler
Than the last.
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast;
Till thou at length art free,
To leave them outgrown shell
By life's unresting sea.”

Dr. Archibald, Members of the Faculty, Friends, Fellow
Students, Classmates—Farewell!

MARITIME RIGHTS.

THE problem of "Maritime Rights" is one which should arrest the attention of all true citizens of the Maritime Provinces. This problem is being considered more today than ever before—perhaps, because the people of the Maritimes are beginning to realize that they must stand firm for those things which they maintain are their rights, i. e., they must not be bound too directly to political parties, but have a common aim in view and work to that end that our grievances may be righted. We often hear the term "hard times" used in these days—which, may only be a polite way of saying that we have become victims of the sleeping sickness, as far as our national spirit is concerned.

To know just what we mean by "Maritime Rights" we must go back to the time of Confederation. Of the inducements held out to these provinces at the time of Confederation let us consider two or three of the more important.

First, the opening of an extensive trade with the Western Provinces. In order that this trade might be carried on the Intercolonial Railway was to be built, thus uniting the Maritimes with the Western Provinces. This railway was not built as a paying proposition, but was one of the strong links which made Confederation possible. The people of the Maritimes were also assured that the ports of these provinces were to be used as much as possible, i. e., the products of the "Prairie Provinces" which were being shipped to European ports would be shipped through Halifax or St. John.

Secondly, the Federal Government promised to give each of the provinces grants of money for educational purposes. Under the Dominion Land Act of 1872, 24,000,000 acres of land was set aside, the income of which was to be distributed to help each province advance along educational lines.

Have these promises been kept?

If we consider the railway problem in New Brunswick, we at once think of the St. John and Quebec Railway, and of the injustice done this province by the Federal Government. When the construction of this road was being con-

sidered, the Federal Government promised to grant a subsidy to help bear the expense of constructing that part of the road from Andover to Grand Falls.

The road was at first intended to follow the St. John River Valley as far as a point on the west side of the river opposite Rothsay. Then it was to cross the St. John and Kennôbecasis rivers, connecting with the Intercolonial Railway at Rothsay. This was to be the route by which, the grain and other products from the Western Provinces were to be shipped to St. John and from there to European ports. This plan, however, was never carried out. The subsidy was cancelled and the route changed, so the terminus is now Westfield rather than Rothsay. The result is that the sum of \$90,000 is paid to the Canadian Pacific Railway annually for the privilege of running rights over their road from Westfield to St. John, which is a distance of less than 15 miles. Besides, practically all of the grain shipped from the "Prairie Provinces" goes to Portland, Me. Thus, the St. John and Quebec Railway means nothing to the port of St. John, but, is the means of which the debt of the province is rapidly increasing. This is perhaps one of the most serious problems of the province at the present time. The provincial debt up to the present, due to the failure of the Federal Government to carry out a promise amounts to \$7,000,000. This, we must admit, is a great injustice. Have we not as good a right to have this debt lifted by the Federal Government as the Western Provinces had—the Western Provinces have been favored in this matter, perhaps, under similar circumstances.

When the Canadian Northern and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railways were built, the cost was to borne in some measure by each of the four provinces. British Columbia was responsible for \$60,000,000 worth of guaranteed bonds. Alberta \$45,000,000, Saskatchewan \$22,000,000, and Manitoba \$25,000,000. This debt, however, has been taken over by the Federal Government, thus releasing these provinces of this heavy burden. In this way the credit of the Western Provinces has been strengthened in all markets of the world. I ask, is this a fair deal to us as citizens of the Maritimes?

About the same time that the St. John and Quebec Railway was nearing completion, a change was effected in the "Railway Policy" on the part of the Federal Government and the Transcontinental Railway. The wheat was to be shipped via Moncton to Halifax. This, however, is another scheme that has never been carried out as it should have been. Would not Nova Scotia have benefited by such a plan, if it had been fulfilled?

The trade relations between the Maritimes and the Western Provinces have never reached the mark they should have on account of several reasons, viz., high freight rates, abuse of the "National Policy," etc. The freight rates on produce shipped from the Maritimes to the West are such as to strangle these provinces. Take, for instance, the coal industry of Nova Scotia. Why is it the coal of Nova Scotia is not being shipped to Montreal and to points farther west? It is because the cost of transportation is so great that we cannot compete with the American markets. This is certainly a great injustice, under which the province of Nova Scotia is laboring. Perhaps one of the reasons for such trouble and suffering in the mining districts of Nova Scotia today, is the indirect result of the high freight rates. It is, at least, one reason why our coal cannot find a market. The same thing applies to the shipping of fish, another of the important resources of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. The rate on fish from Halifax to Winnipeg is 10.6c per lb., while the rate from Vancouver to Winnipeg, which is practically the same distance, is 3.5c. Why should we pay three times as much freight on our products? Are we getting justice in this respect? The problem of high rates is about the same in the three Maritime Provinces. How can we expect to market our produce under such conditions?

In 1878 the so-called "National Policy" was adopted. This policy placed higher duties on all goods that were imported, which could be made in Canada. The object was to protect and increase the Canadian industries. How has this policy helped Canada financially? The result has been that the manufacturers in the Central and Western Provinces, especially Ontario, have in many cases become rich at the

expense of the Maritime Provinces, and our smaller industries have been over run. Here again, we find the Central and Western Provinces swinging things in such a way as to paralyze the growth of industries in the Maritimes.

The two ports of the Maritimes, which may be classed among the best in the world are St. John and Halifax. The port of St. John at one time ranked fourth, as regards tonnage in the world, while Halifax ranked third during the Great War. Are these ports to be given the transportation go-by and starve contently in peace times? Over 13,000,000 bushels of wheat was shipped from Fort Williams and Port Arthur during the past winter, and only about 3,000,000 bushels passed through St. John, which is one of Canada's winter ports or should be; the remainder was shipped via Portland, Me. This is one of the ways, by which the Maritimes could be given a chance to live. The distance from either Halifax or St. John to Liverpool is much shorter than from Portland. Why should Canadian products be shipped through American ports? Our ports are the arteries through which the life blood of our country must flow. The policy of the U. S. Government is to use their own facilities; and apparently the practice of the Canadian Government is to use American ports. The port of St. John is also equipped with the largest and most up-to-date dry-dock in the world. If we are to see this prove a benefit to the Maritimes we must have the Canadian trade pass through the Maritime ports.

In considering the question of grants from the Federal Government in the interest of furthering education in the various provinces, we are again up against a stone wall. The Maritime Provinces are not receiving proportional grants. According to the latest statistics, if each of the Maritime Provinces received a grant on an equal basis, New Brunswick would receive an annual grant of \$445,000, Nova Scotia \$330,000, and Prince Edward Island \$85,000, making a total of \$860,000 as a yearly income for educational purposes. We sometimes hear it said that the Prairie Provinces are getting the cream of the teaching profession. This, however, may be an exaggeration, but it is a known fact that large salaries are offered because the Provinces receive such grants as en-

able them to do it. Is there any just reason why the Western Provinces should again be favored?

The results of these injustices have had a far-reaching effect on the progress of the Maritimes. Perhaps, the most important of these is the decrease in the industries. In New Brunswick the farming industry is being crushed out of existence, not because crops cannot be grown successfully, but, for the simple reason that the produce cannot be marketed so as to give the farmer the least chance of making more than a living. The high freight rates and duty have made it practically impossible to ship potatoes, which is the chief crop, into the United States, and at the same time meet the expense of production. The lumbering industry is another of the more important resources of New Brunswick, and this, too, has received a hard blow under the new tariff law.

The coal of Nova Scotia is no doubt the greatest resource of this province, while the fisheries are of great importance. If we consider the fact that the laboring class in some of the mining districts of Nova Scotia are facing poverty and starvation, we are forced to ask, "Is it not time that the Federal Government should take steps to remedy this problem? If freight rates were to be reduced, Nova Scotia coal would find a market. Thus, instead of the miners only being permitted to work two or three days a week on a starvation wage, they could be given steady employment. Is there any reason why the laboring class should not have a chance to, at least, exist?

The potato industry, for which Prince Edward Island is noted, has received a set back for the same reason. This industry, however, has been replaced by the fox farming. This is, perhaps, the greatest asset of the Island at the present time. During the past year there was a turnover of approximately \$2,000,000.

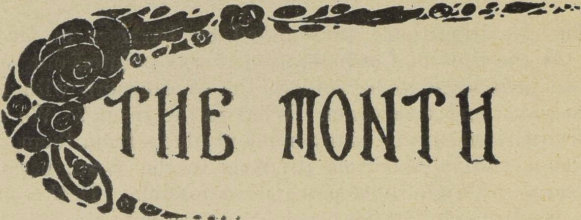
The emigration of the people of the Maritimes to other places is another serious problem. This too, is due to the fact that the laboring class find difficult to secure employment in our provinces. How can we employ men when our industries are cut off? This is impossible. Another result of the emigration of our Maritime people is that we are not

eligible to as strong a representation in the Federal Government.

The Maritimes are surrounded by barriers on every side. At the time of Confederation it was pointed out, that our products were to be sold to the Westerners with low freight rates and vice versa. What is the result? We are forced to buy wheat and many other products from them, but we cannot market Maritime products in the West, because the barrier of high rates make it impossible. Is this fair to the Maritimes? On the other hand our ports are idle too much of time. Thus, the Maritime Provinces are in such the same position as England would have been if Napoleon could have successfully carried out his plan of the "Continental Blockade," i. e., our ports are practically isolated and we are unable to trade with the rest of Canada.

Are the people of the Maritime Provinces satisfied with present conditions? If not, why should we not, at least make an attempt to obtain our rights? Is the national spirit weaker in the Maritimes than in the other provinces? Perhaps we lean on the Government too much. Thus men lose their powers of initiative. It is when people have this power that farms are worked, mines are found and developed, forests turned into merchandise, industries created and commerce extended. The people of the Maritime Provinces demand, (1) That the trade of Canada be done through our own ports, (2) The promises of Confederation be kept, (3) That we get a fair share of the development through public expenditures, (4) Fair share of the educational funds. Should we not be optimistic in this matter and put our hands unitedly with order, intelligence and energy to this great work? Refuse and we are disloyal to every principle which stands at the base of prosperity and advancement of the Maritime Provinces.

G. S. C. Academy '25.

A decorative floral ornament featuring a large rose on the left, with smaller flowers and leaves trailing to the right, framing the title.

THE MONTH

STUDENT'S UNION.

*Movement to Start Weekly Newspaper and Convert
"Athenaeum" into Tri-Annual.*

AT a meeting of the Students' Union, Thursday, April 23, V. C. Short, Managing Editor of the "Athenaeum," supported by J. J. Copland and K. J. MacKenzie, warmly advocated a scheme (to be voted on later) of starting a permanent weekly newspaper and converting the "Athenaeum" into a purely literary tri-annual. Now that—after several weeks of talk—things had come to a head, the students divided into two opposing groups.

(On April 28 a mass meeting, presided over by Byrns Curry, was held in the Science Hall for the purpose of further discussing the question. There was an interesting and sustained discussion, pro and con.)

On April 30 there was a second meeting of the Union in the Gymnasium, at which it was expected the question would finally be settled. E. Paul, however, moved a carefully prepared amendment that promised to reconcile the opposing camps; and the meeting adjourned.

A third meeting was held on May 4, in the Science Hall, definitely to settle the question. Unlike other meetings there was no discussion, and the amendment carried.

Briefly, the amendment provides for the appointment of a committee whose task will be to secure data regarding the possibility of publishing, for a trial period of six months,

both an "Athenaeum" without general departments and a weekly newspaper. It further provides that if, after the committee reports in the fall, the Union decides to and does publish a weekly newspaper, and such a newspaper is a success, it shall continue to be published side by side with an "Athenaeum" differing from the present only in its lack of general departments. The committee consists of: E. Paul (chairman), C. R. Gould, F. H. C. Fritz, R. T. Steeves, R. Prosser, D. Gordon, Margaret Hutchins, Olive Archibald, and Grace Perry.

After the newspaper scheme had finally been settled, R. D. Johnson at last raised the question of the undesirability of the Dramatic Society monopolizing the Saturday evening preceding Convocation. There was no lack of interest in the discussion following. It was decided that the Union should settle, on application, who should use the evening as well as the purpose to which the proceeds should go.

On Thursday, May 7, after chapel service, the last regular meeting of the Students' Union for the year took place. There were two events of importance—the report of the Treasurer and the election of the new president, together with the approval of the nominated class representatives on the Students' Council.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

J. J. Copeland, Treasurer of the Students' Union, read a financial report verified by Mr. H. E. Arnold, Auditor.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES
AND
BALANCE SHEET AS AT APRIL 30, 1925.

	<i>Receipts</i>	<i>Expenditures</i>
Athenaeum Society	\$ 140.91	\$ 184.82
A. A. A. A.	1155.39	2530.78
A. G. A. A. A.	212.82	397.18
"Acadia Athenaeum"	257.22	1011.09
Band Levy	9.70	9.70
Capital	103.75	
Constitution Booklet	250.55	250.00
Dramatic Society	134.38	43.62
General Expenses, Students' Union.	33.03	107.52
Loans	130.00	130.00
Propylaeum Society	84.73	158.60
Evangeline Rink	1053.60	934.70
Men's S. C. A.	308.13	396.80
Girls' S. C. A.	81.04	70.83
Universal Fee	2611.75	
	6567.00	6225.64
Athenaeum Soc. Appropriation	85.95	
A. G. A. A. A. Appropriation.....	1580.75	
"Acadia Athenaeum" Appropriation	722.50	
General Exp. Union Appropriation .	57.30	
Propylaeum Soc. Appropriation	73.50	
Universal Fee		2611.75
Balance Universal Fee		278.25
Balance in Bank of Montreal		341.36
	\$9457.00	\$9457.00
	<i>Dr.</i>	<i>LCr.</i>
Athenaeum Society		42.04
A. A. A. A.		205.36
A. G. A. A. A.		185.64
"Acadia Athenaeum"	31.37	

Capital		103.75
Constitution Booklet55
Dramatic Society		90.76
General Expenses, Students' Union	17.19	
Propylæum Society37	
Evangeline Rink		118.90
Men's S. C. A.	88.67	
Girl's S. C. A.		10.21
Balance Universal Fee	278.25	
Balance in Bank of Montreal	341.36	
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$ 757.21	\$ 757.21
	<hr/>	<hr/>

Reviewing, the Treasurer dealt with the loan of \$125.00 from the College to help pay for the Constitution Booklet, touched on the Season Ticket Scheme, and declared the financial system instituted that year to be on a successful, working basis. He concluded with some recommendations the most important of which are: that the Union procure a typewriter, that in the annual budget there be an appropriation for each sport (and not simply for the A. A. A. A.), that a central auditing committee be appointed annually to audit the reports of all business managers, and that the Students' Union consider becoming incorporated.

Election of New President of Students' Union

The nominations for the Students' Council were all approved. They were: W. E. Israel, R. C. Swim, Mary Currie, Laura Davison, Serena True ('26); R. D. Johnson, D. H. Gordon, Janet Murray, Margaret Brown ('27); Elbert Paul, Francis Parlee ('28); T. A. M. Kirk (Eng. '26).

Weeks before the day the students evinced an unusually keen interest in the election of next year's President. Things rapidly assumed a political semblance, and a close contest was looked forward to. The Juniors, after confusing the electorate by their vacillation,—first putting forward Arnold Noble, Max Munro, and Byrns Curry,—finally, almost the

eve of the election, nominated as candidates Byrns Curry and Hubert Davidson. At the very election meeting, however, a last-minute nomination was made in writing by ten students. The candidate so nominated was Max Munro. His meteoric rise on the political horizon, culminating in his defeating his opponents by substantial majorities and becoming the new President of the Students' Union, was topic for many a day's conversation.

OFFICERS, 1925-1926.

CLASS '26.

President—F. H. C. Fritz
 Vice-President—Ella MacMahon
 Treasurer—O. T. Rumsey
 Secretary—Anna MacKinnon

CLASS '27

President—R. R. Prosser
 Vice-President—Meredith White
 Treasurer—L. Pugsley
 Secretary—Grace Nelson

CLASS '28

President—H. S. Lawrence
 Vice-President—Constance Barteaux
 Treasurer—S. Fenwick
 Secretary—Winnifred Gates

ENGINEERS

President—T. A. M. Kirk
 Vice-President—R. B. Estey
 Sec.—Treasurer—R. E. Wetmore

ATHENÆUM SOCIETY

President—R. B. Curry
 Vice-President—D. H. Gordon

S. C. A. (MENS)

President—T. Taylor
Vice-President—H. W. Mollins
Secretary—H. S. Lawrence
Librarian—T. A. M. Kirk

A. A. A. A.

President—H. A. Davidson
Vice-President—R. B. Eaton
Secretary—L. H. Jenkins

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS.

President—C. R. Gould
Vice-President—Greta Shaw
Sec.-Treasurer—Constance Hayward

PROPYLÆUM SOCIETY

On Friday evening, May 1, the Senior girls presented their last Propylæum. It contained many words of wisdom (?) for the Juniors. The program was as follows:

1. Prologne
2. Grand Opera
3. Volition
4. Epilogue

Lucy Gates gave a very witty critic's report.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER PICNIC

The members of the Student Volunteer Band decided to celebrate the close of a successful year with a picnic. So on Thursday, May 7, in spite of several clouds in the sky, they went to the Dug Woods for supper. Mr. and Mrs. Steeves were the chaperones, and according to all reports everyone had a delightful time.

S. C. A.

On Sunday evening, May 3, the S. C. A. held a sing in Tully Club Room. Janet Murray sang a solo and May Bishop played a piano selection.

SOPHOMORE SING

The class of '27 passed a very pleasant evening when they were entertained at a "Sing" at the home of Elizabeth Ford on April 19. This was the last of several Sunday evening "Sings" that the Sophomores have enjoyed this year.

SOPHOMORE PICNIC

The members of the Sophomore class held a picnic in the Dug Woods on Saturday, May 9. After a satisfying picnic supper, a hugh wood fire was the main attraction. Songs to the tinkle of ukeleles made the woods resound until the night was black. Then the tired, but very happy Sophs sang their parting songs, and wended their way slowly home. Prof. and Mrs. Perry were chaperons.

SENIOR CLASS ENTERTAINED BY DR. AND MRS. PATTERSON

On Tuesday evening, May 5, the class of '25 voted unanimously that they had the "best time yet" when they were very delightfully entertained at the home of the President. Dr. and Mrs. Thompson and Dr. and Mrs. Hill were the other faculty members present. After playing very original games and singing college songs, the party broke up at the witching hour of midnight.

SENIOR CLASS ACTIVITIES

On Sunday, May 3, the Senior Class marched in a body to church. We realize with regret, how soon they must leave us.

The Senior Girls were very delightfully entertained at afternoon tea on Wednesday, May 6, at the home of Marjorie Wickwire.

By way of novelty, the class of '25 breakfasted on the Ridge, Sunday morning, May 10. The girls acted as hostesses.



· ACADIA BASKETBALL TEAM

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

On Thursday evening, April 30th, "Le Cercle Francais" was entertained at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Patterson. The officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:—

President—Clarence Gould

Vice-President—Greta Shaw

Secretary-Treasurer—Connie Hayward

It was voted to spend part of the proceeds from the French play in buying French magazines to be placed in the Library.

After the business meeting the members racked their brains (and dictionaries) in order to solve French cross-word puzzles. After the refreshments, Mrs. Balcom told some of her experiences and impressions of Paris. This was the final meeting of the club this year and it is to be congratulated on the success that it has attained in this, the first year of its existence.

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

On Friday evening, May 8, the Dramatic Society presented "A Full House," a three act farce by Fred Jackson. The parts were very well taken and the play itself abounded in fitty and sparkling dialogue. The Society is to congratulate in having as coach Miss Olah M. Theabeant, of the Expression Department at the Seminary, to whom the success of the play was in a great measure due.

The cast of characters is as follows:—

Parks, an English servant,	Doane Hatfield, '27
Susie, from Sioux City, a maid	Muriel Stevens, '25
Ottily Howell, a bride	Olive Archibald, '26
Mrs. Winnacker, from Yonkers, the aunt, June Doherty, '26	
Daphne Charters, Ottily's sister	Nita Tretheway, '27
Nicholas King, a stranger	Warren Findley, '28
Ned Pemborke Jr. an only son	Charles Fillmore, '25
George Howell, the bridegroom	Theodore Taylor, '28

Dougherty, a police sergeantLloyd Jenkins, '28
Jim Mooney, a policemanClarence Gould, '26
Kearney, anotherRalph Marven, '27
Mrs. Flemming, who owns the apartment ..Marion Read, '28
Vera Vernon, a show girlLouise Fritz, '28
Mrs. Pembroke, from BostonMarguerite Milner, '27

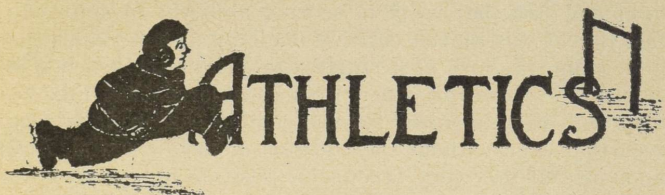
The play is to be repeated on the Saturday before Convocation.

A special meeting of the Dramatic Society was held in Tully Club room on Saturday, May 9, at 1.30. The officers for next year were elected as follows:—

President—Byrns Curry, '26
Vice-President—Olive Archibald, '26
Secretary—Louise Fritz, '27
Treasurer—Ted Taylor, '28



ACADIA BASKETBALL TEAM



ALTHOUGH it may be said from one view point that Acadia has not been very successful in Athletics this year, it cannot be affirmed that she has lacked either sportsmanship or spirit in this branch of college activities. Acadia athletes, this year as in others years, have entered into all branches of sport with the characteristic Acadia spirit that has not left them altogether without reward.

The football team, although not winning the league, has made a very credible showing. Despite a serious defeat at the hands of the U. N. B., the Acadia team staged a glorious come-back by winning from Mt. Allison, this team having previously defeated U. N. B. Two exhibition games were also played, in one of which Acadia won from Kings by a large margin. The remaining game was played against Dalhousie, in which the team gained no small merit by holding this well-known rugby squad to a score of 3—0.

With respect to the team itself, it may be said that it was weak in the back-field. Although the forward line was undoubtedly the best in the league, it seemed impossible to mould a really workable half-line at such short notice from the material available this year. With this weakness being recognized and in view of the fact that but one of this year's team will be absent from next year's squad, there is little doubt that with the influx of new material and with the experience of the past season to the players, Acadia's prospects for football are very bright for the coming season.

Acadia has been somewhat unfortunate in hockey this year, yet at the same time has lost out in the league only in

very closely contested games. The team itself was very light and fast, but weak in scoring ability. In spite of the fact that it was almost entirely made up of last year's champion team, the loss of a single star player weakened it considerably. However, when it is considered that this year's team will remain intact for the coming season, it is readily seen that even without the addition of new material, Acadia finds herself in a very favourable position for next winter.

Basketball has always been one of Acadia's strongest branches of sport. Out of a total of eight games, but one was lost by this year's team. But in spite of this seeming success, this one game cost Acadia the league. However, great credit is due to the players, and one "off-night" need not detract from them the praise that is their due.

Girl's basketball fulfilled even the brightest hopes of Acadians. The Co-eds this year again captured the Maritime intercollegiate title and in addition were undefeated throughout the season. Hard training and good coaching turned out a girl's team for Acadia that might have easily looked for national honors, so pronounced was its superiority over any team against which it was opposed.

This season for the first time in three years, a Maritime intercollegiate track meet was held. Teams from St. Francis Xavier University from the University of New Brunswick, and from Acadia University met at Fredericton. The home team took the honors by a total of 46 points. St. Francis and Acadia gained respectively 23 and 21 points. Field sports in the past have always played an important part in intercollegiate activities and it is hoped that the revival of this sport will bring about more interest from other universities as well as its development at Acadia.

Interclass sports this year have been very closely contested. The basketball leagues were played off just before the Christmas recess. The Juniors won the boys' league and the Senior girl's carried off the honors among the co-eds. Interclass hockey was played immediately after the last intercollegiate game. The Sophomores were the victors. The

baseball league was not played out this year because of the scarcity of favourable weather prior to examinations.

Acadia's athletic activities were brought to a very successful close by a double-headed victory over Mt. Allison in baseball. The games were played at Wolfville on the Saturday preceding Baccalaurate Sunday and both resulted in easy victories for Acadia.

Travel gives a character of experience to our knowledge and brings the figures upon the tablet of memory into strong relief.—*Tuckerman.*

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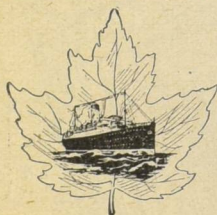
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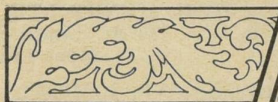


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