

The Acadia Athenæum.

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THE
Acadia Athenæum.

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ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

The Sanctum.

ACADIA is in great need of a new Library and Museum building. We have now in our Museum a collection of geological specimens of great value, besides a large number of rarities from every quarter of the globe. Our Library, though of comparatively slow growth, contains a large number of most valuable works, and many thousands of dollars would be insufficient to replace it should it be destroyed. Now it looks like inconsistency to keep two such valuable collections in a building from which, in case of fire, their removal without incalculable loss would be an impossibility; while the chances are that their removal could not even be attempted. That parts of the College Building are put to this use is no fault

of those in charge. They are driven to this because they have no other place suitable for such purposes.

The remedy for this evil, is a new Library and Museum Building, separated from all other buildings on the grounds and large enough to meet the constantly growing demands which must be made upon such a building at Acadia.

It is easy to point out that we need a building; it is not so easy to see where it is to come from.

We cannot expect the Governors to build a stone Library, at least just now, for they are already overburdened in trying to, even approximately, keep pace in the matter of professorships with the requirements of Acadia so rapid is her growth.

The Alumni, also, are each year assuming heavier responsibilities and are making noble and successful efforts in behalf of their beloved Alma Mater. It is therefore evident that we can hardly look, just now, to the Alumni, as a body, for the building of a library.

But we have not exhausted the list. Report hath it that there are a number of men in our denomination who, alone or in conjunction with one or two others, would find it no hard task to erect just such a building on the Hill as we so badly need. To these we look in hope. Of course this subject has been broached before, but it may be that this year, some friend of higher education, whom God has blessed with abundance of this world's goods, seeing the place Acadia fills and the grand future lying before her, will undertake this work.

The man who builds a Library for our Institutions will do a work for the advancement of Christian learning and the elevation of his fellows, beyond estimation; and will at the same erect a monument which will not only keep green his memory but perpetuate his influence through many grateful generations.

OUR attention has lately been called to a most strange regulation in connection with supplementary examinations. A student who is unavoidably absent from examinations is supposed to pay two dollars for each supplementary, while one, who through laziness in study or carelessness in the use of "cribs," gets plucked, gets supplementaries to any number, free. This seems to put too great a premium on the survival of the most unfit.

AMONG the brightest prizes of attractive offices is power. We desire to make our mark in the world or make our influence felt. This being the case, we see no position combining more of the excellencies ambition desires than that of public teacher. He moulds the character and trains the powers that direct the world. He holds the most strategic position for directing the energies of man and the course of history. The balanced judgment of the ages places Socrates among the worlds greatest one's, higher than those who led the armies and directed the politics of Greece. The greatest changes in the world's history have been effected by teachers, Gaudama and Confucius wrought changes second to none but the conquests of the Great Teacher of Galilee. To day the real work of professional men is not so much to correct wrongs as to educate the public. The truest work of lawyers, physicians and ministers lies in their function as public teachers, and their success is indicated by the more careful appreciation of hygienic, social, moral and religious knowledge by the general public.

Nevertheless, the number among college students, the most ambitious of our young men, who devote themselves to teaching is very small. Especially is this so at Acadia. Why? The reply is, teaching does not pay; which means that it does not pay sufficient cash: not that it does not give influence and respectability. This poor pay of teachers has always been a discouragement. Bacon mentions it as one of the hindrances to the advancement of learning. Still it is very doubtful if, when we weigh the future with the present, the sterling value with the counterfeit and the rewards with the disadvantages, we shall not find the true teacher as well paid as the most fortunate workers. Young men are diverted from the teaching profession by the illusive glitter of gold, while all for

which wealth can be desired as social position, power of doing good, refinement of sense and occupation are acquired most directly and fully by the thorough teacher.

More careful attention should be given this work by Acadia students. If Acadia is to remain a power in the thought and life of the maritime provinces, more of her men should enter the teaching profession. If graduates of other colleges are the principals of our academies and high schools, they will naturally direct intending matriculates to their own *Alma Mater* and Acadia will thus allow the destinies of her natural constituency to be directed by her sister colleges. True, this evil does not now appear at all threatening but causes tend to produce their natural effects. "A student having completed the work of the sophomore year should be able to pass a satisfactory examination on the syllabus of grade A." Such is the opinion of our best authority. Healthful as the test would be, our students seem utterly oblivious to its advantages while the college on account of their carelessness is steadily losing some points of influence. Our claim is that a student who has done faithful work in academy and college, would give his training a beneficial test by passing the various examinations for teachers licenses and that to a college graduate the teaching profession offers rewards as great as those of other professions.

It would be unjust to leave the subject here. There is a tendency to follow the *occupation* of teaching for a short time and yet not make it a *profession*. This degradation of the teacher's office is felt in the teacher's reward. The learned professions have upheld their position by their efficiency and high standard. They possess ability and skill in their profession above their fellows and their reward is liberal and just. If a teacher knows no more about what he is to teach than the hundreds of others outside, if he possesses no more technical knowledge and skill in teaching than the general mass of educated men, he can expect no distinct recognition or reward. He possesses no particular ability or skill that thousands of his fellows have not. Hence, he has no more right than they to particular favor. He must accept his day's wages like all who have no particular profession or trade while teaching remains the common baiting ground of educated waifs and aspirants to the learned professions. So long as there are thousands of shopkeepers, farmers and mechanics as capable as the present teachers to

take charge of the common schools and hundreds of lawyers, physicians and ministers as capable as our academy teachers and college professors to fill the professorial chairs, teachers cannot claim particular distinction or reward. The successful lawyer requires an amount of general technical knowledge, business ability, logical and forensic power, simply enormous. He has to a remarkable degree that which his fellows have not and hence he enjoys rightful advantages.

But, not only should teaching be a profession but in its higher departments the most distinctly marked of the professions, as it requires not only a range of powers and learning equal to the greatest demands of other professions, but a skill, training and insight exceptionally rare. A gentleman of an acute mind who had spent some time at three of our foremost Canadian colleges said he had found but two real teachers among their professors. Be this as it may, it would be hard to thoughtfully say the same of other trades and professions and it perhaps gives some hint why some of our professors and teachers get less pay than commercial travellers. The truth is, able and efficient teachers cannot be got for pay and hence the worth of a school cannot be measured by its wealth. We suspect the school of Socrates was not very highly endowed with money but we cannot doubt its efficiency. The true teacher has not yet disappeared and a college with eight professors, men of learning and great teachers has an endowment that the most wealthy college may lack. A great school cannot be built by money for in this sense also there is no royal road to learning. So to a man of mediocre ability and ambition the teaching profession offers no great inducement and if any other profession does he had better enter it. But to men of the highest genius with special powers of analysis and questioning the teaching profession offers pecuniary advantages not insignificant, while it holds out rewards transcending in real worth those of any other profession for if they exalt the profession the profession will exalt them.

IN every community it is accepted that no better proverb can be followed than that most familiar one, "honesty is the best of policy." No nobler trait in man can be found than the tendency to do honestly and well whatever falls to one's lot, at the same time respecting the right of property of others.

Of course every person has a right to himself, but not at the expense of his neighbour's comfort. If you tamper with the goods of another without his knowledge you are taking liberties to which you are not entitled, it matters not where or what the wares may be. We had occasion to make reference to the condition of things existing in our reading room once this year, and feel that we should again repeat a word of caution. The table papers are shuffled about rather promiscuously and as a consequence the Magazines get badly torn and become next to worthless before they reach the purchaser's hands. The papers on the stand will scarcely bear handling, through the thoughtlessness of some persons, before they are in the reading room half the required time. We fear also that some persons carry off papers which do not belong to them, as their whereabouts cannot be accounted for. Do not clip the choice selections out of any paper as the purchaser may himself be compiling a scrap book. If a little more care and thoughtfulness was exercised on the part of those who make use of the papers, they would not be delivered in such a damaged condition. This is not intended to attach any blame to the person who has the care of the room in charge, but to sound a note of advice to those who enjoy these periodicals. We are strongly of the opinion that the whole trouble arises on account of the blurred conscience of some students in whose minds the idea of others rights has but a hazy existence.

MOVEMENT has lately been undertaken in Ontario for the purpose of having our Canadian flag displayed upon public school buildings on certain days during the year. It is urged that by displaying the national flag upon the anniversaries of such events as the Battle of Lundy's Lane, &c., the grandest pages of our history are kept constantly before the minds of the young, and thus valor-loving youth will be led to reflect upon the past and learn to honor and love the land of their birth.

We feel that this is a movement of no small importance. At first thought it might appear that there can be no special or permanent influence exerted by the repeated display of a bit of bunting; but when we consider the function and significance of the flag in the intercourse of nations we see that the subject is worthy of consideration.

In the United States the importance of this subject has long been recognized and we find the Stars and Stripes floating from almost every school-house in the land upon all public anniversaries. From his earliest years the American youth is taught to love his flag, not because of any intrinsic value in the thing itself but because it represents a great and free nation of which he is a member. Their national flag in various sizes and textures, can be found in every American home. Now we do well to learn the lesson and profit by the example of our worthy cousins. It is to be hoped that a flag-staff and flag will, ere long, be considered a necessary part of the equipment of all our common schools, and that the youth of the land may learn to love our flag because of the great country for which it stands.

Another educating factor in our national life worthy of consideration is the songs we sing. Much has been said in regard to the influence of a nation's songs upon the character and lives of its people. We accept the fact that national songs foster and encourage national sentiment. The question for us is, what songs do we sing? and to what extent do they influence us as a nation?

First of all we have our National Anthem. Grand words set to grand music. Words which no true hearted Britisher, the wide world over, can sing without a thrill of pride and thanksgiving for the part played by our great empire in the world's strange drama. Of late years the hearty way in which Acadia students sing "God save the Queen," has been remarked as an indication of the strong spirit of loyalty to be found among us. We hope that the future, even more than the past, will find Acadia to the very front among Canadian Colleges in this particular.

HAMLET.

HAMLET is one of Shakespeare's deepest and most ambiguous characters, and there has been much diversity of opinion with respect to his mental attributes. Without doubt he possessed a mind of remarkable intelligence, keenness, subtlety, power, and his profundity and complexity of character and mind are evidenced in his use of words and expressions, strong in affections he could sacrifice them to a sense of duty, and an unsatisfied revenge

was the controlling motor of his life after his father's death. But why his revenge was not accomplished sooner is a disputed question.

The very first speech of Hamlet shows that he and his uncle are not in harmony, and he seems to have some intuitive feeling that the king and his mother are guilty. He was devotedly attached to his father and the circumstances of his death were peculiar, so perhaps it was only natural that suspicion should rest on his uncle whose character also might give some colour to this distrust. At first he consents to the king's wishes and never violently opposes them, but there is a deeper and very different feeling underlying his peaceful words. When left alone his true nature asserts itself and the strain of his double life is removed. What a picture of the utter misery and despair of his tortured heart! His life appears to him a burden, then his thoughts turn to the cause of his sorrow, his father's excellence, his mother's faithlessness. This is a touch of the hidden springs of feeling which only a clear insight into nature could dictate. The ingenuity with which he can hide his melancholy and welcome his avowed friends is remarkable, but when reference is made to his father his natural susceptibility comes to the surface and the depth of his filial devotion is expressed in the lines,

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

At the mention of the ghost what could be more true to nature than Hamlet's incredulity, then amazement, then interest, and finally intensely curious desire to see it for himself! When again left alone his anxiety and eagerness are apparent in his words. While waiting for the ghost his mind, weighed down with sorrow and apprehension, notices slight circumstances around him. When the ghost says,

'If ever thou didst thy dear father love,'

his intense ejaculation shows how truly deep his love was, and on hearing his suspicion of the guilt of his uncle confirmed he is beside himself and can hardly bear the rest of the recital. His subtlety of judgment forbids him to divulge the result of that secret interview which stamps his whole after life with its dreadful import.

From this time onward the nature of Hamlet is twofold, for he seems to plan a peculiar method of action which will serve him in carrying out his revenge, and assumes an appearance of madness towards

all but *Horatio*, who is ever his devoted friend. He was without doubt keenly alive to every act of those around him and closely watched and studied their motives, especially those of the king. Absorbed in the one agonizing thought of his father's death and of the vengeance which he meditates, he more readily discovers the motives of those on whom his thoughts are directly concentrated. The perfidy of *Rosencrantz* and *Guildestern* is instantly detected; he probes them to the very quick, they cannot deceive him, he is too watchful, and feels no compunction in settling their fate at a later day. The plan by which he deceived the king and queen, wrought out in its full completeness displays a mind of no ordinary depth. He possessed an affectionate heart which was the origin of the deep purpose which overshadowed and affected his life. Is there not a touch of irony in his eulogy on man, piercing as he does the very soul of *Claudius*, *Polonius*, and those who are confessedly his friends?

On hearing of the arrival of the players an idea suggests itself to *Hamlet*, and he tests these players to see how his plan will work. Finding he can use them for his purpose, he not only thinks quick but decides and acts quick. When again alone his feelings have full vent; he reproaches himself for dallying with his revenge; he who has a design, a deep cause within spurring him to action, still waits and does comparatively nothing. This self-upbraiding naturally leads to the thought of his uncle and his hate reaches a climax. The thought seems to madden him and he again breaks forth against himself. Finally having decided to use the players to determine the truth of the ghost's revelations, every circumstance is arranged with careful forethought and his plan is successful. The king is the only one who discerns in the least the bias of *Hamlet's* mind, and is sufficiently shrewd to know that he is sane enough to cause him some injury.

Hamlet's soul revolts from the performance of this deed, and he reasons as to whether it is better to endure wrongs or to commit suicide. The latter is not safe since the life after death may be less desirable than the present one. It may be that in killing the king his own life would be endangered, and for that reason he has hesitated, thinking that after death his existence may be worse than it now is. He catches the king alone praying and does not kill him, because

at that time he would go to heaven, but if slain during the performance of some wicked deed, he would be eternally destroyed and this would be the very quintessence of revenge.

In the interview with his mother, all *Hamlet's* bitterness pours itself out upon her. He uncovers her offence so plainly that she would fain cry out for mercy, but he will not spare her, and she is forced to acknowledge her guilt and seared conscience. She beseeches him to stop but he continues, painting the black character of his uncle. The appearance of the ghost interrupts this tirade, and he advises his mother to be a better woman telling her that in order to be kind he must be cruel, that this is only the beginning of evils, and that he is mad only when it suits his purpose. Truly he has cut her to the heart, but he never forgets that she is his mother, and the finer and softer feelings of his nature are manifested at the close of the interview.

Censuring himself for his dalliance, *Hamlet* cannot determine whether its cause is forgetfulness or reluctance resulting from constant meditation upon the deed. It often happens that a great purpose dwelt on too much becomes weakened. However, rousing himself, he resolves to let all feelings of mercy give way to those of revenge.

He displays a good deal of feeling upon learning that one of the skulls thrown up by the grave-digger is that of the court jester, and is quite sane when he leaps into the grave with *Laertes* exclaiming, "It is I, *Hamlet* the Dane." He readily consents to play with *Laertes*, and before engaging in the encounter frankly acknowledges the wrong he has done him and asks his forgiveness, affirming that he was mad when he did it—mad probably in the sense of being stung or goaded on to madness merely for the time being, yet not insane as we understand it. In his relations with *Laertes*, *Hamlet's* nobility of soul is conspicuous, and this appears to be the only time that he does not read the secret motives of *Claudius*. Himself the very soul of honour he does not perceive that *Laertes* has permitted himself to become the fool of the king. *Hamlet* wounded is aroused when he discovers the treachery by which the queen is poisoned, and with his last breath crying out for vengeance he stabs the king. He feels the ban under which circumstances have placed him and desires *Horatio*, true to the end, to live and clear his name.

Hamlet's treatment of Polonius and his daughter deserves some study. He probably understood both well, and knowing that Polonius was open to the king, very successfully played upon the old man's credulity, but having unwittingly killed him he felt deep sorrow for he knew that although foolish Polonius so far as his own intentions were concerned was quite harmless.

There is no doubt but that Hamlet loved Ophelia. After the ghost's visitation he was convinced that everything must be sacrificed to his revenge. The strife between love and duty was great, but duty triumphed. Although he cannot think him mad, yet the intensity of his mental feelings would make him thoughtless of circumstances external to his mental attitude, and hence his disorderly appearance. By causing Ophelia to consider him mad, she would blame him less and not experience so much pain, as if he had willingly deserted her for a reason which he must not explain. His strange actions and his treatment of her may have been used as a blind to conceal the deep influences working within him, and to cause those around to misread his motives. He was aware that she might repeat to her father what he said, and for that reason did not speak plainly, but mentioned his proud, revengeful, ambitious nature as a fact which should reconcile her to his loss. Yet he found it difficult to restrain his love and at her grave openly expressed its intensity. He was the cause of the death of both Ophelia and her father, but could not be responsible for either.

Although Hamlet thirsted for revenge, he could not from his contemplative and mild nature commit murder in cold blood, and deferred the execution of his vengeance until such time as circumstances should be favorable. Horatio speaks truly when he says,

"Now cracks a noble heart."

R. '91.

PROMISE.

What fairer lands and sky than these
 Promote a subject's weal?
 What clime more blessed of liberal earth
 May others days reveal?
 What riper age, what fitter time,
 To make a nation grow,
 Can years present to willing men,
 On favoring chance bestow.

The day is come, the men are born
 Whose kingdom hath begun;
 A nation enters on the field
 Of labors yet undone—
 A nation set on earth so vast
 Its day must linger long;
 And the bright sun that makes it fair
 Must make the people strong.
 Along the country's hills and plains,
 The cities yet to rise,
 I see like shadows broad and dense
 Beneath the lower skies,
 Beyond the pole where verdureless
 The whaler scans the shore.
 Bound by the oceans east and west
 Whence favoring currents pour,
 This age-protected land awakes
 On every mount and plain;
 The thrill of purpose high and good
 Bestirs the hearts of men.
 No weakling bends to servitude,
 Or, heedless of his toil,
 Looks for a rank spontaneous growth
 On this ambitious soil.
 Yet youthful, under strifeless skies,
 To blessed colors bound,
 No foe has fallen on our dust
 To mark a battle-ground.
 A restless spirit stirs them, yet
 Untried in battle-fields,
 What motto Valor dare emblaze
 Upon their dintless shields.

J. F. HERBIN,

A PLEA FOR MODERN LANGUAGES,

LONG have the dead relics of a dim past held despotic sway in our higher institutions of learning, and in the strength of rule have pushed to the wall the live representatives of a modern civilization. These, not obtaining a footing, were compelled to recede and became thus relegated to schools and seminaries; as though the study of French or German were too effeminate an exercise for men to bother their brains with. This, to say the least, is unfair, and surely all lovers of literature and polite learning will welcome a change which places the Modern Languages upon a plane, where, in the asser-

tion of their rights, they must demand attention commensurate with their merits.

The peculiar worth of the Greek language, as a study, lies in its dramatic, poetic and historic nature, coupled with originality, beauty of expression and richness of terms, while great stress is laid upon its value as a discipline for the mind. All these attributes may be ascribed to the Latin, which also has an additional use in its practical application to some of the professions; and ably do both of these fulfil their functions. But what may be said of our modern tongues, both in these respects and in others peculiar to themselves? May not a French play, for instance, be as realistic as a Greek one of the same nature, or a tragedy have as terrible an ending? Can we not find as beautiful poetry in the productions of modern minds as in those of ancient thinkers? Are there not in a pure French literature as many words, and terms as rich as in similar works, in the Classics? Do not the historical works of French and German writers give us a view of the events treated as comprehensive, as descriptive, as that gained from the books of either Livy or Xenophon? Investigation, certainly, will furnish grounds for returning an affirmative answer to all these queries.

But perhaps the chief argument in favor of the Greek and the Latin is in their nature as mental fashioners. Their usefulness in this respect is due in a great measure to the intricacies of their verbs, and the dense character of the roots; so dense in some cases as to prove veritable snags in the path of the student. Granted that this is the mission of Greek to us, and that in the original it stands forth as an excellent mind-trainer, we may yet assert that there is as much polish and discipline given to the mind which has been engaged in overcoming a French *idiom*, as has been gained in the same time by one which has been trying to delve to the bottom of the toughest Greek root. But someone may say that the value of the French or the German, as mind-trainers, ceases as soon as the student becomes fairly conversant with the language, because of the easy nature of its construction. True these tongues may be acquired, by even the fair student, so that they become easy reading, and in this fact there rests a very strong point in favor of their being cultivated. If a person has reached a point in his study of French where he can enjoy without restraint the reading of its literature, may he

not be as much benefitted by storing his mind with what is valuable in the works of many writers, as though the same time were spent in examining verbs and compounds? We speak of a man as being "well-read;" and can he be correctly styled thus who has worried through a half dozen books of Latin or Greek, even though he has spent *months* in the operation? No! Knowledge is essentially the resultant of extensive reading. The dead languages are practically useless in this particular, and their votaries will ever be found bending over lexicon and grammar, in the almost hopeless search for terms needed to make clear some abstruse passage.

But there is another phase in which we must consider these languages; one which touches us perhaps more nearly than any other, and that is the practical side of the question. This is a utilitarian age; and while all due deference must be given to the attainment of poetry, and literary gems, yet perhaps that is the truest education which blends the practical with the beautiful, and gives the seeker something he can use when he comes into contact with an unsympathizing world. In some of the professions a use may be found for the ancient tongues, but, separated from the stimulation of class demands, the mind soon loses its grip on Greek terms and a few years from college finds them almost, if not quite, forgotten. It is to the *living*, something in daily use, that the word practical attaches itself, and whatever is acquired of that nature by the student becomes a potent factor in the strife for a successful life. As a result of the extensive immigration of late years, the present requirements of civilized and commercial intercourse make a knowledge of Modern Languages absolutely necessary. Go where we will on this continent we must come into contact with French and German-speaking people and being able to converse with them in their own tongue our pleasure and profit will be materially increased. The value of such a knowledge to one who travels in the Old World is imperative and sufficiently obvious to all.

If then our Modern Languages vie with the Classics in points of beauty and literary merit and in addition possess a *use*, they are surely worthy of attention. Let them rise to their own plane; let them be placed on the curriculum not as options but as full-course studies, and they will well repay the trouble. In an institution where there is room for both let both remain, and on an equality; where there is not room for both let the *Lead* be cast aside and the *live* be received into full honor. "Off with the old, on with the new" will in this case usher in an innovation of unmistakable value.

H. '91.

MR. HINSON'S LECTURE.

On more than one occasion have the students found themselves indebted to Rev. W. B. Hinson of Moncton, N. B., for lecturing to them. This debt of gratitude was again renewed when on the evening of the 14th ult., under the auspices of the Athenæum society, he delivered in College Hall another of his popular lectures. The subject on this occasion was "Immortality." Those who had heard the speaker before expected a rich treat and none were disappointed. In a most pleasing manner he presented the views of the world's great men representing all walks of life from Homer down to Rufus Chcate to show that in all ages there existed in the minds of men a striking unity of belief as to the soul's eternal existance. Referring to the three greatest of moderns Shakespeare, Dante and Goethe all of whom have chosen the future life as the ground work of their greatest scenes, the speaker could see no reason why the busts of these eminent believers should be selected to adorn those chambers where "the filthy slime of scepticism stagnates." He next proceeded to show that it was no mere coincidence that the great poets should also agree on this momentous question. In rapid succession he quoted from five and twenty of them, presenting at the same time a vivid pen picture of each; and every gem thus carefully selected illumined future hope, and sparkled with the radiance of poetic genius. Beginning with the Hebrews and Egyptians the lecturer then showed that all nations, primitive and cultured, held by immortality; nor has any race yet been found with no hope of a life beyond to lure them on. He believed with Dr. Johnson that our wishes are the presentiments of our capacities and that nature is too true to deceive. There is something to meet and satisfy every appetite; and as the "odor of myrrh and sweet spices" assures the mariner of approaching land, so by our aspirations do we catch glimpses of the great beyond. Chemistry reveals to us the composition of the physical being, but at best it shows only what the entire man is not. The body may be destroyed, but what becomes of the consciousness which existed through the various stages of bodily transformation? The Pauline idea of retribution has seized the scientific world. Is justice meted out in this life? Then, when shall it be? is the question. From the emphatic words of the Great Teacher the

speaker argued a hereafter, but there can be no stronger evidence than the Saviour's silence,—“If it were not so, I would have told you.” “He made hope a doctrine and the wish a reality.” In closing this admirable address which held the rapt attention of the audience throughout, the lecturer in his inimitable style made a touching allusion to the last evening spent with his father which will not soon be forgotten by those who heard him.

With the President of the Athenæum, we bespeak for Mr. Hinson as a lecturer an immortality among the students of Acadia.

OLD ACADIA.

I. JOURNALISM.

Few men have gone out from Acadia's terraces and halls to honor by their presence an editorial sanctum and to wield the emblematic scissors. But should the moulding of public sentiment be influenced more by the liberalizing effect of a college education this much abused profession would be raised to a higher plane.

G. Armstrong, '44, E. M. Saunders, '58, and J. E. Hooper, '62, successively filled the editorial chair of the *Christian Visitor* in an able manner. With them however the ministry was the chosen calling.

J. W. Longley, '71, united the profession of law with that of journalism. Though distinguished in politics he had also won renown by his able conduct of the editorial department of the *Acadian Recorder*.

Walter Barss, '80, directed the *Wolfville Star* for a year, and S. McCully Black, '74, edited and published the *Windsor Tribune*.

A. J. Pineo, '81, formerly editor of the *Canadian Science Monthly* and also of the *Wolfville New Star* now edits the *Pictou News* with the assistance of E. D. Webber a class-mate of his.

G. R. Wilby, '44, turned his steps to Calcutta and there figured as assistant editor to the *Friend of India*.

J. E. Wells, '60, began newspaper work on the editorial staff of the *Toronto Globe*. He afterwards

edited the *Rapid City Standard* and the *Moose Jaw News* in the wild west, and he now edits the *Canada School Journal* at Toronto.

J. F. Morton, '66, was for a time literary editor of the *Watchman*, Boston.

C. R. Daniels, '69, was engaged upon the *Farmer's Union*, an agricultural paper of Minneapolis, as business manager.

Arthur L. Calhoun, '82, is at present dramatic editor of the *Boston Traveller*, and he promises a successful career in his chosen calling.

Among those who belong to the ante-collegiate period we have one distinguished man who devoted himself to journalism—Edward Young of Windsor. He was one of the pioneer students at Acadia and in '28 sat at the feet of Mr. Chapin in the old yellow building. For a year or two Dr. Young edited the *Olive Branch*, the first or second temperance paper in the Maritime Provinces. For ten years '51-'61 he published in Philadelphia a weekly newspaper devoted to American industries. He established in New York the *Industrial Monthly* an advocate of protection, and he also contributed many articles to the New York press on industrial subjects.

URD.

Exchanges.

WE were pleased to receive the March number of the *Theologue* from the Presbyterian College, Halifax. A careful reading showed the contents to be excellent, giving it high standing among our exchanges. It contains 47 pages of attractive reading. Rev. Principal Knight treats of "Foreknowledge and Foreordination." He finds a common ground for extreme Calvinists in the necessity of a *subjectum copæ* for salvation. The article on "Robert Browning" is at least one of the best we have seen, showing careful and well informed appreciation with a common sense estimate of the great poet. Rev. L. G. Macneill tells from his own experience "How to write and speak the gospel" with characteristic scope, vigor and thoroughness.

For full advertisement of wine, spirit, liquor and tobacco dealers of Toronto see covers of *Trinity University Review*. The March number also contains some discussion of the agitation concerning its musical degrees in England. The article "A modern correspondence" contains some views of actual types of humanity.

When it was announced that the *University Gazette* was to be published weekly, we feared that the quality would suffer at the expense of the change. But what was already one of our best exchanges has grown still better. Every issue in addition to full college news contains one or more articles of especial interest.

In *Dalhousie Gazette* March, 13th a number of editorials draw attention to the law school. That institution is becoming very favourably known. Its graduates have scattered themselves over the length and breadth of the continent and its students are now drawn from the farthest parts of our Dominion. Reforms and extension of the course are proposed at length the aim of which would be to make it a more purely technical school. The reform advised is that the law of (say) domestic relations or constructions of statutes be substituted for international law and that half the time now given constitutional law be devoted to the law of (say) agency or bailments. The extensions are proposed in shipping, medical jurisprudence, pleading and practice. Perhaps, there might be also a few difficulties in these proposed changes. Prof. MacMechan upholds the claims of Hopkins for a postgraduate course.

Personals.

Prof. J. G. Schurman, D. Sc. of Cornell University delivered the weekly lectures this year at the Theological Seminary, Andover, Mass., his subject being "Belief in God; Its sources and grounds."

E. H. Armstrong who finished the Sophomore year with the class of '87, has lately been appointed Registrar of Deeds for the County of Digby.

Vernon F. Masters, '86, Assistant Prof. of Geology, Cornell, has lately published a small work on the "Intrusives" of Nova Scotia.

Locals.

Afflicted with rabies or the *huckster's* dog.

Jack the Jew or the old clo' vender.

The gentile or the crow in hose.

The saw'd off or Foxy Peto.

Billious Bill or the blear-eyed bummer.

Namen the parrot or the myriad minded sophomore.

The Knight of the singed eyebrow or the veteran smoker.

The *cross boy* or the sweep's terror.

The proposed class motto, *Semper Idem*, which is being interpreted, *always fresh and "fly"*.

What a flood of light breaks in upon us when we read the Senior's definition of Metaphysics. "That which teaches us we don't know nothin and never kin."

May it not be inferred of a student who, when describing the pendulum, persistently refers to the centre of osculation, that his thoughts are not in their *normal* state of lucidity.

Prof.—"Where is the earliest mention of the Heliostat?"

Imaginative Junior—"In the Bible, sir. Doesn't it say somewhere that Joshua said to the sun stand still and it stood still all day?"

Gude pity me because I'm sma',
Though in my spirit unco' ta'
And nane can better, syne the fa'
Make sinners shake.
From pent misfortunes which befa',
My banes aye ache

That burly blackguard wham ye ken,
Oh may he smither i the fen
Ere I be ca'ed to preach agen,
Wi' in the kirk.
And Hornie catch him i' his den
O' blackest mirk.

For why! I did but peer a blink
Aroun' the pupit's darksome brink,
Nor even did I slyly wink
At ony woman;
An' if I should what wad ye think,
I'm only human.

For though the ruffian sair me threepit,
And withered beldams anger heated,

Their groundless tales of sins repeated,
I meekly bore it.
The pupit tap's sae high completed,
I can't look owre it.

Sae i' the open view of men,
I'll perch me where they a' may ken,
Upon the chair-back's tap, an' then
What I desire,
Baith ill *Kempt uns* an' th' upper ten
Will a' admire.

The programme of the Acadia Missionary Society, March 10th, was as follows:—

Music, Double Quartette. Essay, Moravian Missionaries, J. H. McDondld. Essay, Women's Mission to Women, Miss Alice Rich. Music, Double Quartette. Address, Rev. W. J. Stewart.

The playfulness of some people is astonishing. Their spirits are so exuberant, so productive of enthusiasm and mirth! What an outburst of Attic wit and graceful compliment to expectorate upon the heads of those passing below! It is ridiculous, of course, but there comes before the mind at this juncture, the vision of an ancient instrument of correction within the precincts of the college, whose healing streams might by a mere chance give some persons the idea that this college is so absurdly old fashioned in its notions as still to be delicate, to say the least, about engag'ng in such innocent pleasures and light-hearted joys. Therefore we would most respectfully recommend hydropathic treatment for this case.

The Soph, who suggested that one stomach of a person poisoned, might be sent to New York and another to Halifax to be analyzed, evidently has discovered a certain cure for dispepsia, namely alternation. If he proposes to keep the quiescent stomach in a *crook* it is not known.

Oh dear to my heart since the day of its springing,
Is the faint hairy growth that my upper lip bears.
But with fondest affection my soul to it clinging
Naught other on earth such expectancy shaves.
What though from my classmates I hear such expressions,
(So faintly appears it, so slowly it grows)
"Try to *fashion* it, twirl it, ye make no impressions
On the century plant growing under your nose."

The story of Aladdin's wonderful lamp has become commonplace, and even the great island fished up from the depths at the end of a line becomes a mere *chip* when we learn of a *man* by a word placing Tahiti among the Sandwich Islands. Even Geography is becoming an uncertain science.

Among the many sports of the coming spring, lawn tennis seems to be exciting a greater interest than even before. Four sturdy youths, for months past, have held various meetings and at length have taken all the desired stops. Balls, racquets, &c.,

to the required amount will be forthcoming, but the feature to attract notice will be the special uniform of the players. There will be at least one pair of white pants, whether with a *Tam O'Shanter* to match is not yet decided upon. Perhaps a new pair of *tennis shoes* will be purchased, if any one can be hired to *haul away* the old pair from room 25. Soon will the green sward be trampled up by agile feet and no longer thereon will *pa's cows* procure even the semblance of a meal. Then will the *church ill* attended on the coming Sabbaths toll of grievous hurts sustained and fractures missed. Yet boys, go in and win. There is nothing like a good *racket* to drive away melancholy and perhaps, too, the fair ones, as they pass, will stop and wonder and adore. Don't practice too hard as there is never much of a chance for the world's championship the first year and if you did get it, then people would say you must have played before. Never get angry with one another. But if any dispute arises, forgive as you hope to be forgiven. *Verbum Sapientibus Sat.*

When a student of French turns to a class-mate and asks the loan of the book of Esther from which Racine derived his play of the same name, we conclude that this student has crossed the Rubicon from the *east* and finds it not a trickling *brook*.

Two students lately buried in the depths of mythological research are now *w(e)aring* their lives away discussing a much vexed question. The younger and more inexperienced says it is due to environment and industriously applies cold steel and "Williams genuine." The elder and more philosophical says it is hereditary and calmly waits the coming growth. And as each collegian has furnished them with data concerning the lengths of beard of their respective ancestors and compared them with the presumptive growth of their own, their hopes, no doubt, are on the wing that those beards may *make* their appearance, if not here, at least, in their own *far land*, and graceful float on the balmy air.

Hist!

What shape is this that awesome and so white
Informs thus to mine eyes. Meseems the air
Itself doth scent of tombs, and caverns dark,
And charnel-houses filled with dead men's bones:
While from my soul doth outward strike a frost
That chills my body up, and makes my blood
Like rigid floods of ice within my veins.
What well known form here straightened for interment?
Ay well known form, for oft have I it's like
Encountered when before the glass I posed
And sleeked my ruffled dress, ere me to church
I did betake; the mirror messaged back
To me, "This shape is thine, these graceful limbs
This blode hued hair, these very vestments, thine."
Hath Charon in his wherry ferried me
Across the Stygian flood? Is this the land
Of shade, whence none may reembark to gain
The distant shore, once this the other side.
How changed is all and things once near at hand

Are now beyond my touch. And will those feet,
Nor heaven pointing, never beat the streets
Of this dull village, now how grown in worth?
Now bear me at the music of the gong
To eat my portion on the board laid out.
But see a what's on the breast, a note near by
The pocket pinned? The pocket's stretched sides
Any gaping top reveal the outlines of a shape
Glass stoppered, whence I judge a jolly son
Of Erin's on the face portrayed. But stay,
I'll read the epitaph.

Reads. Kind friend, in pity breathe a sigh,
Nor check the falling tear.
For know, when these remains you spy,
That I am on my bier.
Ah grieve o'er my misfortunes here,
For fate I found to be
A cobbler at his ends. But *Beer*
Hath made an end of me.

How tough he looked! "Hahd" was no name for it. He almost *fell* tough with his decrepit head gear, so that, as long as the sun shone with refulgent beams on his weather beaten hat, his joy was full. But when the shades of eve approached and he was left cold and alone, compunction at the thought that he could so far forget himself as to be happy, so preyed upon his conscience that he penitently walked bare headed through the town in the sight of all beholders. The way of the tough is "hahd" and leads through the *hollow vale* of humility.

First Junior.—(Going into another room)—"What book is this you're readin'? Oh! the *Duchess*. Why don't you read *Dickens* as I am doin'?"

Second Junior.—"Which one of *Dickens'* works are you reading."

First Junior.—"I'm readin' *Vanity Fair* but I don't like it much."

There is a glorious city beyond the sea. The limpid *Jordan* there its littered streets laves lovingly. How huge a name hath all its Herculean hitters! Its catchers how consummate! And if some other game than base ball catch their changeful fancy and paste board chips or *chess* lead any of its denizens to wile away the tedious time; in that also are they superior to all others. And even epistles to their friends begin *Anno urbis condite*.

Prof.—"In a case of poisoning, how would a chemist proceed to detect the presence of arsenic?"

1st Student.—"By introducing a portion of the stomach with contents into a Hydrogen generator in activity and thrusting a cool piece of porcelain into the flame obtained—"

2nd Student interrupting, evidently harassed by fears for the safety of the individual. "But wouldn't the person be dead by that time?"

'Twas in that place in Scotia's bourn',
 Where meikle mirth an' fun gaes roun',
 That bears the name, amang us a',
 Of "On the Hill," or "At the Ha",
 Twa dogs, wham for my ain guid piasuro
 I'll ane ca' Luath, tother Cæsar,
 Forgathered ance, fast friends together,
 Tao chatter gossip or the weather,
 An' talk o'er what each got for eatin'
 An' where their fare could bear repletin'.
 O' apple pie, the ane tyke boasted ;
 The tother, eggs just newly roasted ;
 Till each dog tint his appetite
 For his ain food, an' longed to bito
 An' feast upo' his neebor's denty,
 Wi' dreepin' chops, tho' baith had plenty,
 Said Cæsar, wi'an air sae jauntie,
 (They'd baith them blethered lang an' vauntie)
 I prae yo no will hand hastie
 But wha'll ye tak an' sell your pastie.
 Sae twixt their nainsels they arranged it,
 (The fient will ither say he changed it).
 That each shud prio his neebors vivers :
 An' baith thoct nainsels better livers.
 Sae a' gaed weel until aie eenin,
 When Luath thoct himsel recein'
 Nae half the eggs which he had boughtit,
 An' sae wi' worretin' they foughtit.
 Each ca'ed the t'ither blackguard tyke,
 An' thief an' cheat an' a' sic like :
 They scratched they tore they jowled they blethered
 An' i' the dust they rolled an' swithered,
 Chewed ither lugs to their destruction
 Black Hornie's sel wad fleo the ruction.
 Sae when they found that nither pairty,
 (For baith were sturdv dogs an' hairy)
 Could hao his weel, they baith agree't,
 To arbitration-they wad lea it.
 Sae in they ca'ed five brither messens,
 An' baith them tried by bribe or blessins
 Tac gain the arbitrators favor ;
 At that, each ane was unco' clever.
 The five sat roun' upo' a cummock,
 (While wi' an egg each cheered his stomech)
 An' heard the case wi' solemn faces
 As if their nainsels were "The Graces."
 Sae after lang deliberation
 O'er pros an' cons i' lawfu' fashion,
 They a' declared (judicial wonners)
 Baith eggs an' pic wi' out their owners.
 Then spak a towzie light hair'd tyke,
 I spier if e'er yo saw his like,
 His mou, his hair, his e'en, his lugs
 Showed he was not like ither dogs :
 Said he, who'll for onr our fashin' feo us

Or recompense, as judges, gie us.
 Sae mang their nainsels 'twas agreeit
 The pie an' eggs shud be divedit ;
 Thon each sprang oup wi' motion hrstio
 Wi' waggin' jaws ower Luath's pastio.
 Now baith the dogs wi' mournfu' air
 Content themsels wi' plainer fare.

The Acadia Athenæum society elected the following officers at its last meeting:—Pres. J. B. Pasco, Vice-Pres, H. P. Whidden, Treas., C. T. Illsley, Sec., W. Lombard, Corr. Sec. H. McLean, Ex Com. F. J. Bradshaw, F. S. Messinger, E. E. Gates, A. Murray, R. D. Bently.

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B. Witter, R. Pratt, H. S. Dodge, R. Dow, \$3.50 each, M. S. Hall, \$2.50, G. H. Wallace, S. R. Sleep; \$1.75 each, H. T. DeWolfe, B. A.; J. B. Pascoe; H. S. Ross; F. J. Larkin; L. R. Morse; J. D. Spidle; L. J. Slausenwhite; H. F. Waring; L. B. Crosby; J. W. Litch; H. T. Knapp; H. P. Whidden; W. A. Fenwick; L. A. Lovitt; Z. L. Fash; W. L. Archibald; I. E. Bill; A. Dunlap; W. F. Parker, B. A.; J. E. Wood; J. Howe Cox, B. A.; C. E. Seaman; C. H. Read; W. N. Hutchins; A. F. Newcomb and A. J. Crockett \$1.00 each, H. R. Simonson 75 c., E. P. Fletcher, 50 c.

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