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THE Acadia Athenæum.

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The Sanctum.

THE Athenæum Society has secured Rev. Edward Judson, D. D., Pastor Berean Baptist Church, New York, and son of the pioneer missionary, Adoniram Judson, to lecture in Wolfville on the 23rd inst subj: "The Church and the people." The lecture coming as it does, so near the anniversary exercises, it is hoped that many of the friends who are planning to visit Acadia this season, will avail themselves of so good an opportunity of hearing this popular speaker.

THE site of our College is justly famed for its beauty. Scenes of poetic and historic interest are all about. Yonder the river, the Basin of Minas the Grand Pre meadows and 'away to the north-ward Blomidon.' To harmonize with such a setting of beauty it is only fitting that the immediate grounds

of the institutions should receive careful ornamentation. A good deal has been done in this direction especially during the past year: and it may be safely guessed that other improvements are only awaiting the co-operation of the mighty dollar. In the mean time there can be something done and at a trifling expense. Three years ago an uncontrollable mania for tree-planting seized the collegians. With great enthusiasm and not a little ceremony they covered a large part of the grounds with what seemed to contain the promise of classic groves and cool retreats. That those efforts have to a large degree proved futile is no reason for a cessation of all trying. Were an Arbor Day observed every year the students could readily be encouraged to take upon themselves the burden of the work. Another project which lies rather in the realm of use than ornament has been more than once referred to in these columns. There is need of a good gymnasium. It is certain that the students would all do what they could, many of the alumni would add their help and within two or three years a large building could be finished and furnished. The only trouble is no one will make a commencement. The Freshmen ought to be the most interested in securing a beginning *now*, for they would enjoy its privileges before their course is completed.

HOW frequently the remark is contemptuously made of some certain one that "he has high ideals." But as a matter of fact a very high compliment is paid to that person. It has been rightly observed that a man will never rise above his ideals,—indeed, if he has the right conception of life he is not likely to attain to his ideals, but it is also true that, other things being equal, the higher the ideals cherished, the higher the man will rise. To have no such ideals is to be contented in any condition—to be satisfied to drift up and down on the currents of fortune without hope or ambition. It is not to be inferred from this that we would have each one narrow

himself down to some single hobby and shut everything else out of his life for the sake of that ideal, but rather that he should keep constantly before him a goal worthy of his best energies. He should have ideals of duty, of character and of attainment. No better incentive to the formation of worthy ideals, can be employed than biographical studies: for
 "Lives of great men all remind us" etc.

But it is one thing to have an ideal of attainment and quite another thing to attain to that ideal. The former will be useful only as it develops into real aspiration and actuates to earnest endeavour in the direction of actual accomplishment.

"Rome was not built in a day," neither can a high standard of excellence in any sphere be reached by one tremendous stride, or by a succession of spasmodic efforts. The student may have his ideals of scholarship and of manliness and yet for want of persistent application of their principles, fail in both those directions. The elements that contribute to the realization of these ideals should appear in every act. The one who allows himself to be satisfied with partial application during the best part of the College term is not very likely to reach a very high standard by ever-so-much extra exertion at the close of the term. He may *save his standing* but is sure to come out weak on his work. If the first years of the course are skimmed over lightly, there is little hope of strength being developed in the later years. If the College course does not bring any marked achievement the future is not very promising. And yet how many students,—how many men are content merely to cherish high ideals, to dream of grand achievements without making an attempt to realize them.

No man can afford to do any work carelessly. One may not at first realize the connection between reasoning in the mathematical formulæ and that in the later philosophical studies, and yet he is sure to find out to his sorrow if the former be neglected. He may not at the proper time understand the bearing of "Angus' Hand-Book" and the principles of rhetoric upon elegant composition and the eloquence of the *Forum* and the *Bar*, but he will learn by bitter experience if, in later life, he is compelled, by constant reference to these texts, to master the lessons that should have been learned in his schooldays.

"Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
 And so make life, death, and the vast-forever,
 One grand, sweet song."

WHAT a strange fascination has that little word 'eh'! It is not much to look at; but how full of meaning, how demonstrative of wisdom! Why to become a very Socrates it is only necessary to put on a look of vast erudition and utter a deliberative 'eh' or two. For the student it contains an untold and magical potency. He need never to prepare a subject for some carefully balanced 'ehs' distributed as addenda to the suggestions of the much-enduring teacher will see him safely through the recitation. The academian uses this marvellous word with advantage. Through the successive years of the College course it gains fresh meaning and power until a senior may use it with almost supernal efficacy, and—happy to tell—the same little word can still be used. Anyone who lacks the art of ready expression can fill in what would otherwise be meaningless and wearisome pauses with accommodating and graceful 'ehs.' Alas, however some do not see its true beauties. They use the word for expressing inquiry or surprise it is true, but fail in apprehending its importance for filling those gaps in speech occasioned by a lethargic intellect. On the other hand, an adept in its use has been known by actual count to place in one sentence and with real eloquence too a whole dozen of 'ehs.'

(Contributed.)

THE death of HELEN L. BUTTRICK referred to before in this paper, was keenly felt by her friends in Acadia Seminary. The actual circumstances attending her death are not known. Letters received recently from Berlin say that Miss Buttrick had been suffering from nervous prostration brought on by over study; and that she had been persuaded to discontinue for a time, lessons and practice in music. On Wednesday afternoon, March 13th., she left her boarding place to walk for a short time in the open air. Later in the week her body was found in an arm of the river Spree. Whether, in a state of bewilderment, she fell into the river; or, in a moment of intense mental depression, threw herself in must remain a matter of conjecture. There are no indications that she had designed to take her own life. Her work in the Hoch Schule was highly creditable and her efforts had been commended by her professor.

Last Autumn Miss Buttrick, obtained leave of absence for one year to pursue studies abroad and

was expected to resume her position in the Seminary next September. Her record here was that of an enthusiastic and a successful teacher, a trustworthy friend and an earnest christian. Many amiable qualities endeared her to her associates. Those in the Seminary who knew and loved her best, wish to express sympathy with her bereaved relatives and sorrow for her early death. Her memory will be cherished in the institution in which she is now sincerely mourned.

We have also received from a correspondent in Berlin, a clipping from *The English and American Register*, which is published in that city, containing a report of the circumstances connected with Miss Buttrick's death. As however the most important facts are contained in the above contribution from Acadia Seminary, to which we very gladly give space, we will merely insert a short extract from the clipping, giving an account of the services held in Berlin, previous to the remains being sent forward to her friends in New Hampshire.

It says:—

Miss Buttrick came about 6 months ago to Berlin to complete her musical education. All who knew her speak in the highest terms of her and Prof. Barth of the *Königl. Hoch-Schule der Musik*, counted the deceased among his best students, making excellent progress, contradictory to the statement of one of Berlin's papers that the lady, despairing success, sought an untimely end.

The remains were taken on Thursday last, in the afternoon to Rev. Dr. Stuckenberg's Chapel, Junkerstrasse, kindly offered by the pastor for appropriate funeral services. A large number of the friends of the deceased, among them professors and many students of the "Hochschule," the Consul General and his wife and niece were present. Rev. Dr. Stuckenberg spoke feelingly of the deceased, her excellent character and praiseworthy zeal as a student, evergreens and flowers covered the coffin (among them two beautiful wreaths, offerings of the professors and students of the "Hochschule") and sadness prevailed among all present.

WITH what carefulness ought every student in these days formative of character, habits, manners to cultivate the elements which go to make a noble and useful life. As a man is on leaving college so will the world know him. If coarse and loud during the four years he will probably remain so. If he poses here as a moral pest he will be apt to continue to find his chiefest solace in dragging down to his own level the unsuspecting and the pure. On the other hand the student with a worthy and exalted ideal of living in view gives promise just as certain of what his future will be.

It has been said that success in life is argely dependent upon attention to the five amenities of life: If there be truth in this statement—as who can doubt—its sentiment kept in memory would be healthful. Everyone is aiming for success. This favorable condition at least is by the exercise of thoughtfulness universally attainable.

How often is it observed that the man of low standing in his college class-work takes a high place in active life not infrequently outstripping those who were distinguished in their studies. Why is this? Apart from special influences in individual cases there does not appear to be anything in the nature of the case itself to warrant such a result. For after all has been said that may be concerning genius, and this or that way of obtaining success the hard, dry—to some unpalatable—truth remains that no success worth the name comes to one but by hard work. This is the royal road. The student who shirks his studies will be a failure, the one who works will be successful. The same principal runs right through every department in which man engages. If therefore he who had been the laggard of the class-room by some fortunate cause becomes aroused to the necessity of work and breaking away from the voluptuous arms of laziness applies himself with energy to the matter in hand he thereby fulfils the grand condition of a successful life, and other things being equal will not go unrewarded; for to deserve success is to win it. To mention examples of men attaining through family influence and the like to high places which they unworthily fill does not affect the general conclusion.

THE custom of wearing caps and gowns which has been abolished in so many universities, is still understood to exist at Acadia. While we doubt not that those who have dispensed with these articles of dress could furnish many valid reasons for having done so, we shall not be the first to advocate such a departure here, nor do we think the body of Students would regard with favour any propositions to discard the College uniform.

Though the gown is somewhat cumbersome and at times inconvenient, it is nevertheless a protection to the ordinary clothing, and at the same time is looked upon as a mark of distinction to the College student.

But however much may be said in favor of the custom it had better be abolished at an early date than for its observance to become optional or a matter of indifference. In regard to the daily class-room exercises, the rule that students shall appear in gowns is very generally applied but as the caps are only demanded on more public occasions, it invariably occurs from year to year that a large number of the students neglect to provide themselves with this part of the uniform. Within the experiences of many of the students now in College, it has several times occurred that in forming processions where full college dress was required a considerable number of students had either to be excluded from the ranks or the college caps be dispensed with. One of the avowed objects in changing the date of opening the college term from September to October, was that the whole body of students might be present at the anniversary exercises. On graduation day those who appear in full uniform will be conducted to the seats reserved for "the members of the College" but unless a little more stress is laid upon the college law in regard to caps and gowns the whole number of students will not be present. Why should not this, be as rigidly enforced as the requirement, that students shall provide themselves with text-books?

REVIEW.

WE have received a very neat looking pamphlet entitled, *HALIBURTON: The Man and the Writer*, and have read it with much interest and advantage. The style is luminous and leaves a pleasing impression on the mind. The writer evinces thorough familiarity with the works of the author concerning whom he speaks. He is neither blinded by what in any other person would be called a pardonable prejudice, nor does he occupy the position of a censorious critic. The work could not possibly be fairer in its estimate of the author of *Sam Slick*. It is useless to give examples of this fair-mindedness and candour. One, to see it, should read. We congratulate our collegiate friends at "Old Kings" on having been able to secure as the first publication of their contemplated series, a work so full of interest to all Maritime Province men, and designed to aid in perpetuating the memory of one who, by his scholarly attainments and his talents, has shown that Canada possesses the germs

of literary life, which now under favorable circumstances are beginning to unfold into the strong and beautiful productions of our own day writers.

"Christian Thought" is the name of a "bi-monthly" magazine which (thanks to Mr. Isaac R. Wheelock, of Meriden, Conn., a former student of Acadia), has lately appeared on the table in College Library. In the April number, now before us, is contained a very good discussion of a much controverted question, "Does the Nervana of Buddha imply Immortality?" The question is answered in the negative and after, what we think is a careful and well sustained argument. That which is represented as the highest good,—total cessation of all desire, even a desire of a future bliss in a life to come being regarded as a sin, cannot be thought of as immortality. Perhaps it would be a just criticism of the article in question, that it would have been better, and served to bring into clearer light the arguments adduced, if a careful and comprehensive definition had been given of the term, "immortality," so that always having it in mind, in a concise form, the reader would have been able more easily by contrast, to see the fallaciousness of those views contained in Buddhist doctrine, which at first sight would seem to imply *that*, which is to us not only endless existence but endless life and growth in the knowledge and love of God.

Our thanks are also due for the annual report of the work carried on in the Institution for the Blind in Halifax. Glad we are to know, that one of our boys fills a position in the Institution with so much success as to render him a most useful factor in this his day and generation. May what has been done in the past be only the earnest of what shall be done in years to come.

THE ability of our professors at Wolfville continues to receive recognition. We referred a few weeks ago to appointments and invitations received by Drs. Sawyer and Higgins. Prof. Keirstead has been chosen an examiner in the University of New Brunswick, and is also to deliver the alumni oration at the approaching Encenia.

Messenger and Visitor.

THE *Moncton Times* says: In the museum of St. Joseph's college, Memramcook, N.B., is now treasured that rude, broken up but priceless souvenir of ye olden time—the key of the chapel of Grand Pre.—*Hx. Herald*,

NOBILITY.

Who counts himself as nobly born
Is noble in despite of place ;
And honors are but brands to him
Who wears them not with nature's grace.

Then, be thou peasant, be thou peer,
Count it still more thou art thine own ;
Stand on a larger heraldry
Than that of nation or of zone.

Selected.

GENIUS.

WHAT is genius, and whereof does it consist, of what nature is it, and what was its origin, are questions apparently simple, but they are the same questions that have been discussed from the age of Plato, and the heathen philosophers to the present period of modern advancement and research. They are questions that have caused definitions, and conjectures and dissertations without number, and to the true understanding of which, the greatest minds of the time have devoted themselves in no small degree. The ancient Greeks hailed with admiration and reverence one endowed with extraordinary mental abilities, and attributed the gift to the superior qualities of his demon or protecting spirit. Plato says 'it is not by art that a poet sings but by power divine'; and Cicero likewise believed a genius to be under the entire possession of a god, by whom he was goaded to the pitch of madness, and his 'furor poeticus' differs in no material degree from Plato's divine frenzy, or the 'amabilis insania' of Horace. These definitions savour eminently of the supernatural, and strange as it may seem in this enlightened century, there yet remains in the minds of many the idea that a poet or any genius must indeed be a trifle mad, and in this they but unconsciously touch one of the modern scientific theories of the connection of genius with insanity. Shakespeare surely imagined this when he asserted,

"The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact,"

and Dryden approached still nearer in his oft quoted lines

"Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide."

With the mass, genius as it is thought a special gift is on this account deified and unapproachable,

while talent, honest, pains-taking talent, that deserves far more, is considered with a special grudge, that of envy. Genius, shout its sycophants and admirers, is that more than human faculty that can produce 'Iliads,' or strike off 'Paradise Losts' merely by intuition, and in accordance with those peculiar qualities that are its inseparable attendants. Genius is a god who deigns from his lofty throne to hold out the sceptre that "poor plodding talent" may approach and worship. Genius it is true is seldom recognized whilst it lives and walks the earth, but when once Westminster Abbey has received its noble dust, an admiring world cries out, how great he was, how supreme, how grand, and blindly fall upon their knees and do him reverence. It is the fashion to despise and overlook talent, for talent is common place, it may be seen on every side, and who would dare to erect an altar, or pay tribute to it, when Genius is at hand and commands, mark me, and make obeisance, for I alone am a god, and to be adored; and public opinion but too willing slaves, bow before their idol, regardless how often the plodding tortoise talent has distanced the fleet genius in the world's race for honour and distinction.

Since talent has been mentioned, the question would naturally arise, wherein is genius so greatly its superior? Where indeed? We can only say that genius is either talent abnormally perverted in one direction, and perhaps lacking in all others, or characterized by excessive industry, or flattered by opportunity, and redeemed by some originality quaintness or even deformity.

The inimitable Buffon has defined genius as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." Impossible we cry in a breath, why genius is a spontaneous outflow, an unceasing inspiration that unconsciously accomplishes the most difficult tasks, that with but a stroke of his brush can turn a sorrowful face to a smiling one, can chisel a Hermes or a Venus in a day, or dash us off a ballad or an ode while standing on one foot. If this indeed be our opinion we have but to glance at the long list of names to whom genius was but another term for the most unceasing toil and activity; and as the following facts, for a few of which I am indebted to an exceedingly interesting and instructive article in 'Temple Bar,' will abundantly show. Virgil spent seven years on the 'Georgics,' three on his short pastoral poems, and devoted twelve more to the

'Æneid' which he left unfinished at his death. Thucydide's great work cost him twenty-years. Diodorus was thirty years compiling his history. Lucretius' great poem occupied a life time. Pope would pass whole days over a couplet. Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" embraced almost a quarter of a century before it was completed. Eighteen years it took Locke to write his great essay on the human understanding. Balzac, it is said would average but a page a week. Charlotte Bronte would devote an hour to the selection of a word. A short ode would take Gray a month, and Foster would often devote a week to a sentence, while one poem of Waller's consisting of only ten lines represented his summer's work.

Of course this is but a one-sided view of genius, for others have been endowed with a degree of fluency surely marvellous. Lucilius made his boast that he could compose two hundred verses, "stans pede in uno." Cicero wrote as he spoke, and as eloquently. One week was all Dr. Johnson had in which to produce his 'Rasselas' that he might pay the expenses of his mother's funeral. Alexander's Feast, said to be the finest drinking song in the language was finished at one sitting, and four of Dryden's greatest works cost him but one year, while his wonderful translation of Virgil was produced in three. Sir Walter Scott dictated faster than his amanuensis could write, and his original manuscripts show scarcely a single blot or erasure. Milton at times poured forth his verse in a constant stream, but this seems to have been rather an effort of remembrance than immediate composition. Ben Johnson wrote his 'Alchemist' in six weeks, and Fenelon spent but three months on his *Telamaque*. Southey has left all modern writers far behind in the number of his works, there being extant 109 finished productions, besides articles in magazines and reviews without number. And he but compares with Lope De Vega, who as Hallam estimates was the author of at least 21,300,000 lines, and who could with ease write a complete play in a couple of days, or finish a farce inside of an hour.

It is one of the greatest tributes to genius that many of the most elaborate undertakings have been accomplished under the most adverse circumstances. The 'Iliad' and 'Paradise Lost' are the works of a blind Homer, and a blind Milton. The numerous historical works of Prescott were likewise compiled in darkness,

and the 'Amenities of Literature' was produced by Disraeli when overtaken by the same affliction. Dante, a needy pilgrim, brought forth his immortal poem. Cervantes, in a wretched prison composed his 'Don Quixote,' and it was in the jail of Bedford, that Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress' was conceived and finished. Thucydides, Ovid, Xenophon, all during exile composed their different works and under the same circumstances did Locke write his letter on 'Toleration,' and Bolingbroke his 'Reflections on exile.' Petrarch was continually threatened by the priests who attributed his poetry to heresy and witch-craft. Camoens the only one that Portugal has produced of whom she can be proud perished from hunger in a Lisbon hospital. Vaugelas, of all French writers the most polished, and who devoted over 30 years to the translation of Quintus Curtius, was so poor, that at his death he sold his body to his creditors.

The many and various freaks and caprices of genius are at once strange and interesting. Among the Romans four of their most noted poets would before writing become completely intoxicated. Coleridge, De Quincey, Shadwell, were absolute slaves to opium. Schiller, drank coffee "to thaw the frost on his wits," and absinthe alone could excite the imagination of Musset. Dryden was accustomed to be bled, and raw meat, it is said, was the incentive of Fuseli. Milton, could compose only between the vernal and autumnal equinox. Phillips employed a servant to comb his hair whilst he was writing, and Montaigne could never have composed his essays, without his favourite cat beside him.

It was Florus, that first said, "Poets are born, not made." Now this refrain is echoed world-wide, and this seemingly accounts for the extreme reluctance, with which a criticising public greets the first appearance of a true genius. The Many believe there were mental giants in the past; they readily admit this since they are dead and buried, and but for fear of other men's opinions, they would perceive that the world is indeed suffering from a superabundance of great men at the present time, but this is the misfortune of real genius, not to be recognized until too late. Alas! they cry, Southey and Byron, Scott and Wordsworth, Coleridge and Lamb, Keats and Shelley, all are gone, and never for a moment consider that they have but given place to men like Tennyson and Browning, Arnold and Meredith. Landor and Morris, Swin-

burne and Dobson. Dickens and Thackeray, have joined the majority but their seats are not empty, Eliot and Bronte, Reade and Collins, Trollope and Payne, represent an age richer in thought and imagination than any preceding. Mill and Macaulay, were followed in due order by Carlyle, Newman, Ruskin, Freeman, Froude and Green, Goldwin Smith and Harrison. The domain of science has repaired the loss of Herschell, Lyell and Owen, by Darwin, Spencer, Huxley, Clifford, Lubbock, all names that call to our minds theories and researches that no previous epoch can show. There are indeed as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, and when we see younger men on every hand such as Haggard, Guthrie, Russel, Howells, Clark, Oliphant, Stevenson, we need not trouble for the future, but let genius take care of itself.

"RABBI BEN EZRA."

Browning, at twenty and Browning at seventy-six,—young, lancif¹, rugged—intense, plain, masterful. Thus the years have marked this Columbus of a new era,—an age when strong and fresh shall breathe a newer atmosphere above the *clay-charged* sentiment.

One man touches the key-note of a century and determines thus the course of its thought and action— which vein is worked and abandoned but for a richer.

Sooth to say, the note of the 20th vibrates even now 'neath the song of Robert Browning, and as long as its amplifications are sounded will his work ever welcome and excite the "choristers." Though to-day snarls at his heels, criticises and condemns already it yields a reluctant obedience and follows the guidance of the "Poet-Philosopher" as he throws open his many treasure-houses.

Long he himself followed Tennyson till the place grew too narrow and cramped, when breaking loose, on an *upward* angle he clove new ways to suit his keener sense. Where he left the "Laureate" the stream divides, and, though its newer course is far less *easy*, the very vigor of its current lures the "shipping" and ensures for it the passage of those millions which may be.

Now, where the rapid, deep-toned torrent boils away from its placid, law-abiding neighbour let us place Ben Ezra, a fit index to the "mariner" who enters here to strive—"to see what God sees."

Rabbi Ben Ezra was written by Browning in mid-life, while yet the voice of *her* to whom he so lovingly addresses his "One Word More" was strong in his ears. Far richer is he now than he was, far more tender than he has been. His wife dead, with a strong hand he probes the soul's embodiment and *the subject* admires but does not leave the artist.

Ben Ezra is the song-philosophy of a man born above and apart from the *hurrying throng*, who escaping thus the load of common-place sees with clearer vision the little turns that save the bruise, the upward glance that easier fits the yoke.

Bid adieu the old prejudice, climb out of the old rut, stand forth *clean* and then, and only then read,— "Grow old along with me."

Clear-cut, forcible, unrestful, its every breath a challenge, 'tis the daring cry of a strong soul. No dreamy, half-closed languor drapes its any portion, alive, prominent and aggressive is its beginning and finish.

In sense, the stanzas are didactic, for truly the "law and gospel" are laid down, yet like few structures of the kind by no means are they wanting in beauty touched with emotion. Indeed, 'tis the only one of Brownings own maturer works where wisdom and beauty are so well balanced, so perfectly inwoven. Then, the billowy canvas, fold on fold of clinging white, decks the strong spars—now the "good ship" under *bare poles* nears her haven.

Two little breaks of three feet, a longer swell; again the three foot breaks, then, with the long and steady sweep of an Hexameter the stanza closes. If the meaning be altogether neglected and the uneven sway and swell alone be sounded 'twill be unexpected music to the attentive ear.

Again in his choice of words Browning is ever happy. Yes, though they drop into place with a *click* their combination is rich, though the soft "g" sounds are few and the sharp "c's" abundant—though not voluptuous, in themselves they are freshly musical and truly their breath is bracing.

And now, what is the purport of the "law and gospel" or, in other words, the object of the Poem? The answer comes,—more nicely to adjust and more fully to reconcile man to Divine Law. A noble purpose surely, for could we all but *know* and *feel* the reality and inevitableness, the sympathy and harmony of the relations of man to his God how few "would dash up against the thick-bossed shield of His judgment!"

With *sin* came ignorance and there generated in man's soul anger, despondency, superstitions. Though we have come far and the years treasure much filth the skirt that wraps the present century is still dark, and far removed from whiteness. Thus Ben Ezra finds it and with kindly yet powerful hand does further cleanse the soiled garment and reach it one move nearer the second Eden.

True, as yet it may prove too powerful a tonic and weaken where it should make strong, but what nature can for long gaze unennobled at the picture here drawn? Where the strong and well-furnished man with shoulders thrown back and eye alight drinks in his life to the full—the bitter with the sweet, and thankfully murmurs,—'tis good to live and learn"; how his soul grows strong neath the weight of years till at last "he sees all nor is afraid," for with a smile on his lips and his cheer in our ears he boldly takes the leap we all do stumble over. It fairly makes the blood tingle and the teeth draw close with the firm resolve to *be* and *die* a man, to gather ourselves together, body and soul, and keep bravely echoing,—“all good things are ours, nor soul helps flesh more *now* than flesh helps soul.” Of course when the enthusiasm dies we do bitterly laugh both at Browning and ourselves, considering from the *under* side the track which daily meets us. Still we are higher for having been strong an hour and though the first bloody inspiration is gone, the idea itself must remain sure.

Again, how much comfort there is in the thought that we render not to our *peers* our lives, account,—“All *men* ignored in me *this* was I worth to God.”

Inborn in each and all seems the vital need of commendation. With flushed cheek and kindling eye, long ago, our *great house* builded, did we seek our mother's knee, and succeeding years change only for the approving and loving hand, the great world's sordid palm, strong, relentless. Repulsed to the end we strive to seem *good* in our fellows' eyes, or in despair quit our “few days.” Thus we have lived.

How great the change if each one rested content, satisfied that the Great Taskmaster's eye saw and appreciated *all* his struggles and trials and would nothing forget! While the *clang* of to-day is very far from such a pitch still the ever-increasing harmony—Ben Ezra may remove many discords—speaks its attainment by and bye.

“Young all lay in dispute: I shall *know* being old,” is much the same precept that we have continually heard employed since Cicero wrote his “*De Senectute*.” Though the matter is old, the manner of its appearance effectually relieves it from all tediousness—indeed the combination is so *strong* and *new* it might deservedly earn the heading, “Original Wisdom.”

Possibly in such way Browning gets more than his due—his setting is so unique we forget that after all —*we knew all that before*.

Ben Ezra closes with a metaphor—“that Potter's wheel,” and here the beauty is exquisite. Potter, Clay, Time—the Pitcher shaped neath the tool—*circumstance!* The figure is complete but does our *clay* lie passive? Is the answer that the question —“thou cup, what need'st thou with earth's wheel” expects, natural? Browning even a seer is human and will or can it *ever* be in anything human to answer,—“Nothing?” Still all the more it is the sound of a psalm and rings out *above* us in the dark—rings out and on,—“Mistake not thou thy end to quench His thirst” and *will* till the last laggard shall have grasped its burden and higher bells have caught the ears of those who journey.

When we all can live our lives through, firm in our own individuality, proud of our lot and “trustful what He shall do” then, shall we have reached a higher plane—the *ahode* of Ben Ezra. “What I aspired to be and was not only” *then* “shall comfort me.”

RHETORICAL EXHIBITION.

CONSIDERABLE interest has centered about “the fifty” since it first donned the cap and gown. This has arisen partly from the fact that it is the largest class that, as yet, has entered College, and partly otherwise. Our acquaintance with ‘the boys’ as Freshmen was altogether of a private character, consequently it was with no small degree of concern that we watched them, as Sophomores, ascend the rostrum to do Acadia's first public battle. And they were not found wanting. The Exhibition as a whole compared favourably with its predecessors, and this average degree of excellence is especially noteworthy when we remember the large number, and age of many, of the speakers. In her increased proficiency

in the main art of public speaking Acadia has reason to congratulate herself. On this occasion many and marked were the tributes paid to the teacher and study of Elocution.

There is however a certain sameness about these Exhibitions that is hardly to be classed as a pleasing feature. Suitable selections get hackneyed or scarce and the performances savour somewhat of the small boy with his first piece.

A scene from one of Shakspeare's plays, the different characters being impersonated by as many speakers, would certainly give variety and strength to this routine, and would as certainly be not found deficient in intrinsic worth.

ATHENÆUM AT HOME.

IT has been customary for the Athenæum Society to give, annually, some kind of public entertainment. In other years, in the form of "Open Athenæum," "Mock Trial" or "Mock Parliament," it has been fairly successful, having stimulated the interest of the members in their society, and given amusement to the friends composing the audience. This year, following the example of our respected Faculty, it was decided that an "Athenæum at Home" would be a pleasant change.

Accordingly the evening of March 29th, saw the College building aglow with light from top to cellar. The night was fine and the one hundred and twenty members of the Society were pleased to see that nearly all of the three hundred guests invited were present.

Never did the Athenæum spend a pleasanter evening. Never before did College Hall look so gay:—the platform, thanks to the generosity of village ladies was decorated with beautiful plants—ivies, geraniums, callas, fuchsias and others more rare, until it was a study in botany and horticulture; the front of the new gallery was hidden by flags, tastefully arranged, the college banner being placed so that the motto "*In pulvere vinces*" formed the centerpiece.

Never before did College Hall contain so many curiosities,—dead ones—for the museums had been sacked by the energetic committee, and there on rows of tables, up, down and across the hall, laid cases,

containing all kinds of geological, zoological, anthological, entomological, and anthropological wonders; amethysts, trilobites, sea-weeds, oottled tarantulae, stone-hatchets, old coins, kayak, stuffed birds, and pickled snakes, cheerfully offered themselves as topics of conversation, and with laudable self-denial, did what they could to make things pleasant.

Never before did the College Library present so many attractions,—with books, albums and pictures where the lamps shone brightly, with sofas and easy chairs in dim, out-of-the-way corners, with those fascinating *London News* in the gallery, with that quaint staircase so narrow and awkward for two to climb, though none the less attractive, apparently, on that account.

Never before were the village ladies prettier, the seminary ladies wittier, or the Kentville ladies better dressed; and as for the singing by "the quartette" the reading by Miss Wallace, and the violin playing by Miss Fitch, they certainly were never better nor did they ever receive longer or louder applause. The quiet, orderly Botanical Classroom was even more inviting than usual, for there was spread the board groaning with refreshments, and there around it was the jolliest, happiest crowd the old room had ever seen.

Altogether the "At Home" was a success and an era in the history of the Society and the committee in charge well deserved the hearty vote of thanks presented at the next meeting of the Athenæum.

A. J. K.

EXCHANGES.

The Sunbeam is an enterprising journal with practical editorials full of wholesome advice. The part of the Canadian *versus* the American girl is well maintained. Would not a column of "Contents" be an improvement?

The University Gazette affords nearly a column to "Cuttings," another column to "College World" and column after column to "Society news" and matters of similar nature. These things are all very good in their place and perhaps will be read by those immediately concerned, but to have them inserted to

the exclusion of literary articles does not speak well for the editors' taste. Were this paper as well sustained in its literary department as in the editorial it would take an average rank among our exchanges.

The Thielensian presents the usual number of editorials some of which cannot be said to be expressed in very elegant English. Though disposed to criticize leniently as the theme demanded indignation, we take it as a sign of intellectual weakness in the editor who could vent his feelings only in such expressions as "general cussedness" and claim that other terms more strong and at the same time graceful could have been selected. In a dime novel or a third rate newspaper slang may be tolerated, not in a journal representing a university. "The Voyage of Human Life" is a series of well-conceived scenes vividly described. *The Thielensian* would present a much better appearance were its pages enlarged. At present it looks more like a medical almanac than a college journal. We are glad our friends have pulled safely through their financial difficulties and trust a little of the ready cash may be used for the purpose here suggested.

Trinity University Review purports among other things to be a journal of literature. The March number can scarcely be so classed. Give space in your columns for a literary or medical or some sort of an article; and let us see how your M. D.s and B. A.s and M. A.s can write. As a representative of the university thought and events the Review ranks high.

We welcome to our table *The Cadet*, a good paper. The Editor gives a just rebuke to "ponying." Among other things he well says:—Like every other habit it grows on one, and if a student once begins to depend on such means, he will study less and less, spending most of his time in contriving some plan to dodge recitations or worry through a lesson. One thing is sure these "pony" fiends will never amount to much as students till they give up the contemptible habit. "The Jury System" is a weak attack on trial by jury. Come, sir writer, give us one sound argument and let your betting men and your hyper-sentimentalists alone.

The Adelphian contains "A Trip up Mount Vesuvius" a silly little piece with some ghastly attempts at humour, and not as good a description of the trip as an intelligent boy of six years would give. A good editorial on "School and Social Trials" discusses the relations of the student to social life. "School Notes" are humorous and witty.

The College Rambler would do better to reserve its columns for its student. A college paper is not the place for Professors to publish their productions be these ever so excellent. "Philosophy and its Development among the Greeks" is a succinct outline from Thales to Plato, and shows careful selection of the characteristic principles in each philosophic system. The inner connection of these systems however is not made quite prominent enough, nor is Aristotle mentioned.

Locals.

Habel Meastian.

Meander down the staff.

Per Saltum,—by means of the salt.

Ministering to the senses! The mother dealing out confectionery, and the daughter dispensing music.

A Soph, having performed a series of experiments with camphor, says he has discovered the secret of perpetual motion. Best of all, he knows how to keep a secret.

"Certainly there is national as well as natural affinity," said an observing youth, referring to the manner in which his class-mate spent an evening recently. "Why, she's from Canaan, and he's from Jerusalem."

Prof.—"Sleep taken before midnight is so refreshing that it is sometimes called *beauty sleep*." R-O-M.—"Does not that depend somewhat upon the constitution of the person?" Prof.—"Well, there are *individuals* so constituted that they do not require it."

"An ad-huc."

Who broke the dash-board off?

Scene: The Village, Papa's front door. Time, the gloaming.

Sen. I did not see you at the—and Mr.—walked home with me. You do not care, do you John?

John. "Of course not, so long as you got safely home."

The traveller, unwilling listener, plugged a handkerchief in each ear and meditated upon the stoical indifference of this practical age.

An ebullition of spirit such as was seen at the tea-table Good Fri-day indicates that civility and common sense were for the moment held in abeyance.

CLASSICAL PROFANITY.—Prof. *Curs-u!*

Mr. F.: "What kind of an ablative is that?"

Why tarries our hero so long near yonder spruce that shades the path of our *Smetic* friends? Seeketh he for gum? Alas, no longer we hear his pleasing words warning unsuspecting youth of those fatal tinglys.

Medicin gueris-toi toi-meme.

The following extracts need no explanation:

"Jaunt and Cuteness."

"It only shows that her heart is not in it."

"Are you going to mail it or pass it on the street."

Rev. J. Clark of Nietaux, N. S., on Saturday evening, March 30th, delivered before the Students an excellent and carefully prepared paper on "The Human Feelings of Jesus Christ," and on the following evening preached in College Hall for the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Clarke's visit to Wolfville will be long remembered by the Students.

Rev. H. F. Adams of Yarmouth, preached in Wolfville, April 28th and delivered a lecture on "Charles Haddon Spurgeon," Monday evening 29th. Each of these efforts were highly appreciated by the Students. A temperance-address on "The relation of liquor to Morals," was also well received.

'Tis trying enough on the nerves as well as upon the patience to be chased and fretted the whole evening long, but when one is upbraided on every hand because he was brave enough to stand the pursuit of the *dæm*, it is no wonder that human nature asserts itself.

The philosopher's stone has at length been discovered. Order is, in consequence, reduced to a science. The decree has gone forth that the *Kindergartens* of Acadia should talk aloud in classroom no more. Let boys weep tears of thankfulness and sing aloud the praises of an age in which laws as inexorable as those of the Medes and Persians are the controlling forces.

Shades of the *Mighty them!* One cannot be too well posted in the great subject. So thought the youth with *Arch eye* and *bald face*, who during the week, preceding the Student's "At Home" spent sleepless nights and anxious days over Emmer-son's essay on "Love," that he might be conversant on that subject when the long-looked-for occasion should call forth his eloquence. Is not such an example as this worthy of imitation in some of the other walks of life?

How blissfully the hours betake themselves to flight, and how fully must the mind be occupied when the striking clock conveys no impression to the brain, which only sweet sentiment seems capable of effecting. Yet, to strike the core of the matter, those who laugh at the frank confession of this oblivious young man must know whereof he spoke.

On Friday evening, April the fifth, Frederick Villiers, War correspondent of the London *Graphic*, delivered his celebrated lecture, "War on a White Sheet," before a large audience in College Hall.

There was a place, a time in student days,
Favored of Venus—sing aloud her praise!—
Where 'Cadia's sons reflected all their light,
And twinkling stars emparadised the night.
A place of beauty, valor, joy in truth,
When aged tutor was transformed to youth,
And beamed with radiance so bright,
O, can we e'er forget that joyous sight?
The plodding student when he does reflect,
Is seen to pause, then smile, and stand erect;
Forms rise before him—some how wondrous fair,
When shall they once again? Ah, when and where?
By the oasis long he loves to dwell,
Enraptured by that soul-sustaining spell,
For in those hours that passed so quickly by
Most brilliant prospects dashed before his eye.
Where is this land? And when, if ever, found?
The heart leaps forth with a tremendous bound,
As we discover, not Greece nor Rome.
Mirabile dictum! 'Tis our own "At Home!"

The March meeting of Acadia Missionary Society was held in College Hall on Sunday afternoon, March 24th. The following programme was presented:—

ESSAY.—"System in Missionary Work," by N. A. MacNeil;
ESSAY.—"The Isles waiting for His Law," by Miss A. G. Jackson.

SOLO.—By Miss May H. Vaughan;

ADDRESS.—By Prof. D. F. Higgins, Ph. D.

Mr. MacNeil showed the importance of system in every department of christian labor. The early disciples went forward according to the plans and specifications systematically laid down by the Great Teacher, and subsequently, when the cir-

circumstances differed, the plans for aggressive work differed. Making the application, the speaker urged the necessity of providing missionary intelligence, awakening interest in the minds of the indifferent, and of giving according to the Gospel rule. The mission fields of the present day require men strong physically, mentally, and morally. These qualities are the outcome of systematic home training. But the great success of the missionary enterprise depends upon the united prayer of those who remain at home.

Miss Jackson read the whole paragraph (Isa. 42) of which her subject was but a fragment. After a brief mention of its comprehensiveness, a few of the characteristics of the law-giver and his law were referred to. Then followed a consideration of some of the peculiarities of Pagan civilization as contrasted with those of Christian civilization; the most marked of these mentioned was the difference in the condition of the masses in respect to labor and civil rights. This admirable paper closed with a discussion of the harmony of Christ's law with the best that is in the human constitution, from which harmony the adequacy of His law as a rule of national and individual conduct was inferred.

The society is indebted to Miss Vaughan and the College Quartette for the musical part of the programme.

Dr. Higgins, in the beginning of his very earnest, impressive, and practical address, in which he dealt with missions as a whole, referred to the increasing work and the growing demands. There is a marked tendency on the part of the laboring classes, especially in large cities, to withdraw themselves from the church and its influences. Hence the necessity of increased labor among this class. The calls are loud everywhere, and demands not simply a cold, formal statement of truth, but warm, earnest, loving endeavour on the part of the individual Christian. As a society, we are responsible for our abilities and opportunities. Whatever position we may occupy in life, everything must be secondary to the cause of Christ. That our works and words may be in harmony, let us henceforth be active and earnest in this great cause.

The April meeting of the Acadia Missionary Society was held in College Hall on Sunday evening, 14th ult. The literary part of the programme was carried out as follows:—

ESSAY—"The Spirit of Missions," by H. T. DeWolfe.

"The Telegu Appeal," by A. J. Kempton.

ADDRESS—By Rev. P. S. MacGregor.

Excellent music was furnished by a choir from the College and Seminary under the leadership of Miss Vaughn.

Mr. DeWolfe said that missions appeal with power to the hearts of all Christians. The true missionary spirit is first seen as preparative. It is a spirit of questioning waiting, coupled with a spirit of unquestioning obedience to the will of God. Most abject misery is revealed to us in heathen lands. To fully provide for all the need such a state unfolds, the missionary must be one who denies self to minister to the masses, and this must be done with a loathing for sin, but a God-like love for the sinner. A spirit of trustfulness in regard to the results is

always requisite in the true missionary. Finally, the true spirit of missions is the spirit of Christ.

As introductory to the "Telegu Appeal," Mr. Kempton indicated, on the missionary map of the world, the principal places where missions have been planted. He referred to this as practically the work of little more than half a century. This period has been called the seed-time of missions. The seed-time is one-twelfth of the year. If such success has attended the missionary efforts during this one-twelfth of this time, why may not the world be gathered to the Lord during the remaining eleven-twelfths?

The "Appeal" comes from the Canadian Baptist Missionary Conference, and allots 3,000,000 Telegus to the 75,000 Baptists of Canada for evangelization. It speaks of the dense moral darkness of that land, and calls for fifty-two men for the work immediately.

Mr. MacGregor said that zeal characterizes all industrial efforts. Why should it not mark missionary effort? To say that men are beside themselves when they manifest Apostolic zeal in missionary work is no reproach. New Testament zeal in mission work stands on the following bases:—1. The great majority of mankind still lie in wickedness. 2. God has given us the honor of carrying the gospel to the heathen. 3. Gratitude toward God and love for what He has done for us. 4. Loyalty to Christ demands that the call should be heeded. In the early days of Christianity the call was from the east to the west. Now it is from the west to the east. Mr. MacGregor closed his excellent address by urging upon all to prosecute the work with zeal both at home and abroad.

MR. WALTER BESANT makes the suggestion that for the formation of a good prose style not only the study of poetry, but practice in the writing of verse, is necessary. The suggestion is an excellent one, but—mark the fact that Mr. Besant is careful not to advise the printing of these practice verses.

N. Y. Examiner.

MARRIED.

At Sussex, N. B., on the 10th ult., by Rev. Sydney Welton, Jessie T. Prescott, B.A., M.D., to Annie E., youngest daughter of Robert E. MacLeod, Esq., both of Sussex, N. B.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

C. D. Rand, A. B., \$5.00; H. S. Freeman, A. B., Colin Roscoe, A. M., J. T. Prescott, B. A., \$2.00 each; G. H. Wallace, O. D. Harris, \$1.75 each; S. H. Rogers, \$1.70; J. B. Calkin, M. A., Rhodes & Curry, T. S. Rogers, A. B., T. H. Rand, D. C. L., Judge Steadman, L. A. Cooney, J. W. Wallace, E. S. Crawley, Rev. S. McCully Black, M. A., John Mosher, J. D. Keddy, J. C. Chesley, J. E. Price, \$1.00 each.

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