

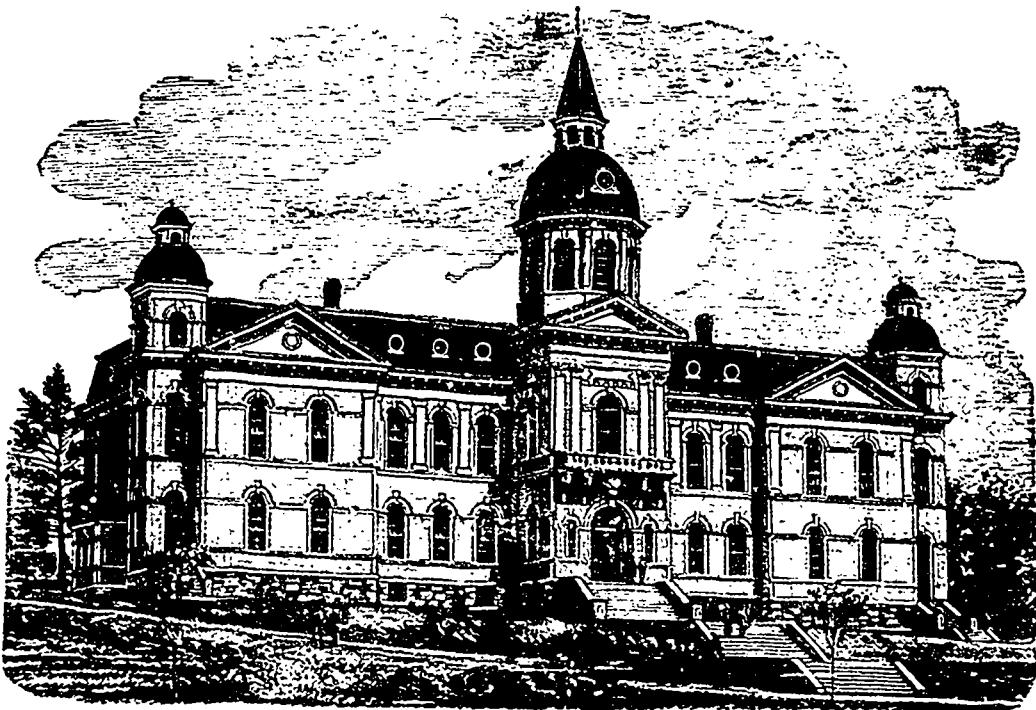
ACADIA TRIMESTRUM

Prodesse quam Conspici.

VOL. XIV.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., NOVEMBER, 1887.

No. 1.



THE UNIVERSITY OF ACADIA COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION.

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The Acadia Athenæum.

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No. 1.

THE Acadia Athenæum.

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Athenæum.

→* The Sanctum. *←

WE send forth this first issue of the ATHENÆUM from its new sanctum with some hope and much misgiving. After attempting to write our first article we had the nightmare and dreamed that the whole University, with its muddy sills, rested upon our shoulders, and that if we should stumble, the College would go all to pieces, the hill would be upset, the whole country would go to the dogs, and we should be hanged. But we do not believe in dreams, and the incubus of that ghostly midnight has already lost its power to suppress our spirits. Not a whimper shall squirm from our lips; but we just ask our patrons to remember, every time they pick up this paper, that the editors are boys. They will try hard to act like men, and are going to do their best. They intend to speak out as loud as anybody, and are determined that whatever power the ATHENÆUM has shall be for truth and right.

BEFORE another college year opens Acadia's great Jubilee Celebration, with all its people and orations, will have come and gone. But ere that good time shall have passed away the jubilant sons and friends of our noble institution are going to lay at her feet a thank-offering of gold—a sum equal to one thousand dollars for every year of her prosperous existence. "Will the full amount be raised?" we have been asked fifty times, and half-a hundred times have answered, "Why not?" Is it not all needed? Is Acadia not worthy of so much hard money? Have not her friends that much to spare?

She needs five times the proposed money to-day. That hanging rag of debt must be torn off. A fire-proof building for library and museum, and a much larger hall to accommodate the increasing audiences on anniversary days, are needed right away. The space occupied at present by the library and museum is wanted now for more and larger class-rooms, committee-rooms, etc. But the new Hall should be built first. For years old Assembly Hall, with both its galleries, has not been a comfortable place on the public days of June. At such times the rear of the main floor is a scene of men, women and children jammed together, piled up on the settees, standing on the window-sills, making themselves miserable, embarrassing the speakers and disturbing half the audience with their restlessness, while many are turned away disappointed and disgusted from the doors. Then the endowment fund, which is to be the more immediate receptacle of this offering, needs to be doubled at once.

And Acadia is *worthy* of all the efficiency that money can give her. The people are beginning to see that she is worthy of their fullest patronage. Without the great financial inducements of liberal bursaries and exhibitions, she is drawing to her halls

and is training to-day more students in Arts than any other college in the Maritime Provinces. They have come up in tribes from every corner of these sea-girt lands.

Then, to crown all, the friends of Acadia have the fifty thousand in their pockets. They have it to spare, and twice as much. Of course this statement is founded on a very cursory estimate, but the closer we figure, the more we are convinced that our statement is true. "Why not?" is our answer still. The money is coming. How is it coming? It is coming *voluntarily*, and that is the right way. Our agent does not propose to go around and extort the people's money from them, but he is going to let them *send* it out of the fulness of their hearts. He is not a beggar, but is just standing in the midst of the great congregation, *who love our institutions*, holding the treasury at their feet, and the contributions are already pouring in.

EVERY Sabbath afternoon, between four and five o'clock, a body of students may be seen in College Chapel engaged in the study of the Scriptures. This class was first organized by special request of the students. Hitherto they had been attending S. S. in the village or listening to fortnightly lectures by Dr. Cramp. The exercises in their present form are conducted by Dr. Sawyer, and all the students are urged to attend. The teacher's current plan is to bring before his pupils such portions of Biblical truth as will have a practical bearing on their present course of life. Each lesson gives evidence of careful preparation, and when our President toils no student can afford to lose the product. No thoughtful person could listen to his lectures on "The Sabbath" without feeling their great strength. He talks so close to the Scriptures that you can tell where the thought comes from and feel the force of its divine origin. A number of students, who engage in mission work, are hindered from attending this class, but the great body of the College is still left free to go every Sunday, and although the attendance does not seem to be rigidly compulsory, yet it is to be regretted if any student would needlessly stay away.

THE classes in Elocution are again organized under the management of the same teacher who did so good work last year. A respectable number of students are taking advantage of the opportunity for culture in this line; yet there is cause for regret that so many are letting it slip by unimproved. Doubtless many are hard driven by their regular studies, and many more do not feel able to bear the extra expense; but the advantages of such a training, and the disadvantages of its absence, make its acquirement well worthy of an uncommon effort.

In a public man a defect in vocal expression is a bad defect. A poor elocutionist is half dumb. He roars more than he talks, and does not tell you half he tries to say. A man of great intellectual strength, with a naturally musical voice and an earnest spirit, just for a needless improper use of the organs of speech, loses half his power, and slabbers and spills at his feet what might have been sent, well cut and clear, with gentle, yet telling force, upon the most distant ear. Moreover, such a man often ruins his voice in early manhood, when it might have been preserved sweet and strong to a good old age. To be an adept in this art means neither to be mechanical, nor self-conscious, nor affected, nor to be forever straining after effect. Such lily-handed performances are not the work of an elocutionist, but the antics of a poor ignoramus, a platform dude, or a dishonest fool. But the honest man, with common sense, will but attain unto that clearness, naturalness and force of utterance which will become a *habit* and that will always make the people *hear what he says and understand what he means*. So little have we heard of really excellent vocal expression that the student does not know his glaring deficiencies until he joins the class himself.

SOME of the present Freshmen were prepared for college at our public schools. S. C. Shaffner, teacher at Paradise, and J. R. Ruggles, of Lockeport, each send one; J. F. Godfrey, at Hebron, sends two, and L. D. Robinson, of Berwick, sends three. This is not the first time these teachers have prepared students for matriculation. Others, too, have done the

same in former years. This is a work highly commendable. Many students who come in this way might never attempt a college course at all unless encouraged and prepared by their educational leaders at home. It would be a good thing to hunt the boys out and take hold of them *early*. Let the standard of matriculation be a bright goal, and to reach and scale it a vigorous incentive for several years. Then they will study with a purpose, and besides being thoroughly prepared for entrance examinations they will already have learned to be systematic and regular students. What a grand chance our common and high school teachers have for doing good! They are a noble class and are doing a noble work.

IN our excellent system of tentative class-work, where the Student comes in personal contact with the Professor, both hearing him and asking him questions, there is one perennial occasion for the former to exercise his love of good manners and his common sense. We refer to the privilege of discussing a subject with the teacher face to face. It is easy to abuse this privilege. There is a time to open the mouth, and a time to keep it shut. It cannot be wrong then to utter a few words of warning.

A student has no right to talk in Class for the sake of airing his knowledge. It is a bad thing for him to get an idea that the class room is a place to shew off. He should remember that his class-mates were not born expressly to gaze upon his wonderful attributes and attainments. It is very sad to have an ambition to make others feel your superiority, and forgetting that you yourself are only a man, long to have them fall down at your feet and worship you.

It may be laid down as a general rule that a student should not open a discussion in class at all, except for information. Even with this purpose he should not ask questions which he could have answered by attending to previous discussions. Moreover, he should not seek information in the class-room which he might have acquired just as easily in his own study. Then after all these precautions are taken no logical student will interrupt the course of an argument, and clown-

ishly try to divert it from the main issue. To be watching, with intense interest, the progress of a discussion between the Professor and his man on the floor, and then right in the midst of it to have a fellow blurt out and break in with one of his little side topics, is one of the most annoying and disgusting things in class-room life.

Furthermore, no one member of a class should talk too much anyway. He has no right to more than his share of the time, even if his lips are rubies and his words pure gold. Let him divide sixty minutes by the number of students in his class, and wear the quotient for a chaplet between his eyes. If he wants to make himself deservedly odious let him violate this rule; let him at every possible chance trot out all his concomitant meditations, cogitations, suggestions, reflections, ideas, conclusions, illustrations and observations. It may seem that the quiet ones are very ignorant, and that all the wisdom of the class hath settled into two or three places. If ignorance were the only cause of muteness, then the existence of the latter would be positive proof of the co-existence of the former. But the fact is that silence in class may be explained by at least one other circumstance: The persistent gabbler, who must have his say about everything, degrades discussion into a disgusting thing in which the student, who has any respect for himself, will not participate.

An ancient philosopher and king, eminent for his wisdom, unequalled in the great breadth of his learning, and immortalized by his profound literary productions, came to this conclusion and wrote it down: "A fool uttereth all his mind; but a wise man keepeth it in till afterwards."

IT is with the deepest regret and with heartfelt sympathy for the bereaved friends, that we record the death of Miss Evangeline B. Morse. Our departed friend was a promising student of Acadia Seminary, and expected to return this year to finish her course. Amiable and intelligent, she was respected and loved by all her fellow students.

CLIMBING.

KNOWLEDGE has been compared to a clear, limpid stream, taking its rise in almost inaccessible mountain heights.

The student is a discoverer searching for the perennial streams that supply this stream. Like the discoverer of strange lands, he must endure many hardships and surmount many difficulties. The question of finance, as to how he is to obtain money to carry on his studies, must be met and solved. The thought of leaving a happy home, with all its pleasant associations and taking up his abode with strangers, whose sympathies and aims are perhaps distasteful to him, may deter him. Or the blandishments of ease and pleasure may tempt him to remain in the valley below, rather than to endure the labour and trouble of climbing to the mountain heights to quaff the stream of knowledge at its source.

The earnest student will turn a deaf ear to all these calls and steadfastly set his face toward the mountain heights. He will move on from one point of vantage to another until he reaches the goal of his ambition. And as he mounts from height to height his field of vision broadens and the resolution to mount higher and yet higher grows stronger and stronger. Difficulties met and overcome strengthen his immature powers and fit him to meet and overcome new difficulties. As he looks around him with invigorated vision new beauties burst upon him from every side. New streams of knowledge are discovered mingling their waters with the original stream. Fresh observations must be taken and new problems solved. From the knowledge that two and two make four, he advances to know that two hundred thousand times one hundred quadrillion, added to infinity, gives, as a result, infinity.

He studies the structure of his own frame, and discovers that the brain controls the nerves, the nerves act on muscles, causing muscular contraction, and thus the motions of life are performed. Back of this he would go and study the mind, which moves brain matter, and the power that acts on mind.

He studies the forms and laws of matter until he is met with the questions: what is matter? and what power begat the force of gravitation?

History discloses to him many of the events that

have transpired on this globe of ours. It tells him how events have shaped the destinies of kingdoms, and teaches him to view effect with its relation to cause, in the political world. But back of authentic history he finds untrodden centuries that may yet be opened up to human ken by the diligent student of history. And thus he may roam through the entire range of human knowledge, finding regions yet unscanned by the eye of science.

To conquer the difficulties surrounding these questions and open up to science the unknown facts and laws of nature, is the work of the student, and it requires untiring energy and ceaseless application to accomplish it. He must climb from peak to peak of the mountain, and drink deeply from the springs of science, using the difficulties met and overcome as the stepping-stones to further achievement. Dr. Holland has said:

"We rise by things that are 'neath our feet;
By what we have conquered of good and gain."

And it is true that only what we have conquered helps us to rise. Half-achieved purposes and slighted opportunities only bar the way to further advancement. The student who does only enough work to pass him on to the next department, is sure, sooner or later, to come to grief. But he who seizes every opportunity to gain knowledge from every source is on the sure road to success. The good things of life come not to the idler and the loiterer, but only to him who, through patient well-doing, obtains the promise. All the great discoveries in science and the great achievements in every department of work have been attained by careful study and unremitting toil.

There is a pleasure in the overcoming of difficulties unknown to the mere dreamer. Such pleasure is felt by the student who, after hours of careful attention to a problem, sees the difficulties that surround it vanish and the light of truth break in upon his enraptured vision. Such pleasure may be felt by every sincere worker in the realm of knowledge.

Our predecessors have laboured and studied and given to the world the results of their toil. Shall we be content to pass on to those who come after us these same results, or shall we rise from known to unknown heights and open up for them regions not yet discovered, thus having the happy anticipation that our works shall follow us,

FOLLOW THE BROOK TO ITS HEAD.

Here's a stream :
 Shall we turn from the wayside to follow ?
 In the nooks of the bramble-choked hollow
 Scarce a gleam
 Of sunbeam
 Makes its way thro' the mist-overspread—
 Yet we'll follow the brook to his head.

Four o'clock of a dewy June morning !
 Scarce the sprites of last night have had warning,
 That their revels must cease in the sun.
 Hark ! there's sound as of elves in a flurry—
 In a flurry of fright, in a scampering hurry,
 In their flight flying past—
 In their haste flying fast—
 Ere the swift running daylight should come.
 Ah ! 'twas only the rustle
 Of leaves in a tussle
 With the strong morning wind pushing through ;
 Or of twigs in a bevy,
 Where the dow lay too heavy,
 From their loads springing back where they grew.
 "Follow on," calls the brook,
 Where my watersprings look
 From the source where they lie
 To an answering sky.
 For the joy of beginning is sweetest,
 And to taste of its gladness is meetest,
 Ere my waters run on to their fleetest"—
 Calls the brook—"Hear my song,
 Follow on, follow on !"

Warm noontide in the sunny June weather !
 Mist and fragrance are floated together,
 In the cherry bloom tossed 'gainst the sky.
 Hush ! from out of the world of white clover—
 As an arrow in flight might pass over—
 With a dash of brown wings,
 With a whirr of swift wings,
 Flew a bird from its nestlings close by.
 Tear aside the leaf cover,
 And 'be birdlings discover,
 Where the mother-bird hid them away !
 Here's a hollow of fern :
 Let us watch her return,

While the brook murmurs soft all the day.
 Calls the brook—"Follow on,
 For the way is still long—
 And the night draweth nigh,
 And my waters run by.
 There's no toiling but tasting's the sweeter,
 There's no seeking but finding's the meetest,
 While my waters run fleetest and fleetest"—
 Calls the brook—"Hear my song,
 Follow on, follow on !"

Purple shadows in balmy June weather !
 How they lengthen and draw near together,
 Till the light and the shadow are one.
 Long ago have we passed the damp hollow
 And still toiled when the waters cried "Follow !"
 Yet the night falleth swift—
 Like a sight-blinding drift,
 And the source of the stream is not won.
 Calls the brook—"Follow on—
 'Tis forever my song
 To the feet that must toil
 Thro' the heat and turmoil ;
 Just ahead is the tasting the sweetest,
 Just ahead is the finding the meetest,
 While my waters run on to their fleetest"—
 Calls the brook—"Hear my song,
 Follow on, follow on !"

—BLANCHE BISHOP.

VACATION EDUCATION.

SAYS a certain writer, "the aim and task of education is to cultivate the powers of the understanding, to strengthen and enlarge them and to show how they are to be used in mastering any subject." Says another, "education should, in its highest function, aim at development." These are two definitions of the word education, sufficiently clear in expression for everybody to understand. But as man is a complex being, made up of the physical, mental, moral, spiritual, is not the latter definition the better, because conveying more to our minds than is implied in the thought of mere mental culture? Education, then, will mean to us development, and education should in its highest function seek to develop the man.

For students at "Acadia," the year has in the main but two divisions, college life and work and recreation, vacation life and work and recreation. Now college life should always be regarded as an

expression synonymous with work. Young men attend any institution of learning with the express intention of studying, and in and through this study, not only for the sake of the knowledge it brings, but also for the interest and pleasure it ever affords, they hope to be educated. This is a common idea and one most familiar to us all; perhaps so familiar that we scarcely give it a thought, and are in danger of allowing it to exert no vital influence upon our lives. But college life, here at "Acadia," occupies just eight months of the year: the rest is a vacation. Is then the process of being educated like a winter coat, to be laid aside as something too heavy and warm for summer weather, and again to be taken up when we return in October? Or is this impossible, and does this process, once having been commenced in a healthy man, ever appeal to him for aid in its onward and upward course? It would be more reasonable to suppose the latter statement true, and, if so, *what is vacation education.*

Now the mind, it will be readily admitted, is as often developed and strengthened by associations with objects in nature and life, as by contact with books; and the impressions thus made are often more lasting than any otherwise produced. With what, then, does the mind come in contact during the summer? During the fall, the winter and the spring one hundred students are gathered together for work. In the early summer they separate, and each of them, it may be presumed, seeks employment in some sphere congenial to his tastes. Let us briefly note the effect of some of these various pursuits upon the man.

One young man's father is rich. There is for him no need of working for the money necessary to defray the expenses of an education. The summer is passed in a round of pleasure; picnics, boating parties, baseball, tennis, all helping to while away the time which he knows, in complete idleness, would hang so heavily on his hands. But the question may be asked, Is this wrong? Is it not positively right to relieve the mind which has borne such a burden the preceding eight months? Yes, it is right. But the question is, rather, Does such employment, when carried to such a length, relieve or rest the mind; or does it render the mind stronger in itself,—better able to receive and retain knowledge? It does not. A young man, thus fully employed during his vacation, would return to his college a better tennis or baseball player, it may be, but ill-prepared to take up his work, to enjoy it and be benefitted thereby. Should not the vacation be so spent that the mind, yes and the man himself, shall be strengthened; and so that, on his return, although there may be for a day or two a disinclination to study on account of strangeness, yet very soon the mind will feel and reveal its strength in the prosecution of the year's work? For the mind "absence of occupation is not rest."

Or suppose the summer to be spent in travel. A young student goes down to the wharf and embarks for England or the continent, with the intention of doing the country. Two weeks are spent in going and a like time in returning, leaving three months for actual sight-seeing. Now travel does educate; but a man should not hope in so short a time as three months to see all that is worth seeing. A week here, a week there; a fortnight in London, a week in Paris. Much is seen, and if this is the purpose in view, it is abundantly fulfilled. But mere sight-seeing is not the true purpose in travelling. The true idea should be, to develop. A traveller comes in contact with other men very different from himself, and he sees strange objects which, if thought of and carefully studied, have wondrous power to mould his whole being; and so if a person meet an Englishman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, and a German the next day, he simply has met them. Their life has not affected his life; their customs have not caused him to think about them and decide how they reveal the national life; their personality has not come into living contact with his personality, and very, very slightly has the student traveller been benefitted.

The vacation has been very pleasantly passed, but the mind has become excited and disturbed, and has received no steady, uniform growth or permanent strength. A summer can be spent profitably in travel and, in thus spending the vacation, the better plan to pursue would be to pass the whole time in one country, studying the people, and by a careful consideration of their manners, customs, social and political life, to see how they really live. In this way the mind may be truly developed and the whole being rendered nobler and more capable of better thoughts and feelings.

We have spoken of two methods by which a vacation may be passed away; now let us notice a third. A vacation may, and not only may, but by very many young men must be spent in hard work. Of the students who leave "Acadia" in June, some are very soon found in lawyers offices, others in the schoolroom, others on the mission field; and to the honest student all these varied occupations are very suggestive of work. A week is spent at home, the trunk again packed, and very soon he is a stranger in a strange land. In a great measure study is still kept up. If our student be a preacher he may be possessed of some good ideas, but oh how hard he finds it to express them; and so he has to think and study and read till at last there is the idea clothed in plain language, simple, expressive and well calculated to please, reprove or exhort, as the case may be. Is not this *vacation education*? Is not the mind and the soul developing? Will he not find it far more easy to express himself again, when again there is occasion or necessity?

And so he returns to college resolving in his mind that, to him, the Junior Oration or the Senior Thesis will not mean something hard or disagreeable, but pleasing, delightful and in every way profitable. Much of this will apply to the teacher, and much more might be said of the study and painstaking necessary to force into the head of a mischievous urchin some simple truth. to the reception of which he seems remarkably averse. All this is education, it may be in a different line, but still development, making the man better and nobler, causing him to become round, symmetrical, a well-proportioned being rightly deserving that most glorious title—*Man*.

Again, let us notice the case of the student on the farm. How much more education is there in hoeing potatoes, pulling weeds, or in ploughing, than there is in tennis. Much more. As far as the mere bodily exercise goes, probably not as much, because the work is so severe and prolonged. But perhaps he has been a Sophomore, and knows something about chemistry. The earth he turns up with his plough has a very different appearance to what it had before. He asks the why and the wherefore, and strives to give himself a satisfactory answer. Or he may have been a Junior, and consequently knows *little* about Geology or Mineralogy; and so the rocks he strikes with his plough call forth no impatient exclamation, but straightway he is extremely desirous of knowing whether it is a fragment of limestone, granite or something else: how it got there, etc., etc.: thus, in the questions and answers he frames for himself, developing his thinking powers and causing what he learned from books to remain firmly fixed in his mind.

Further, a man or a woman can engage in no branch of honest work for three months without having self-reliant feelings developed. He feels that he is working for himself, that his parents are not bearing all the expense, but that, by engaging in honest work, he is transferring to his own shoulders that burden which was beginning to bend the father's and mother's form despite the fact that love was the impelling power.

Thus they all return—farmer, doctor, lawyer, minister—each one saying to himself: "what I get at college this year is mine; I have fairly earned it by the hard work I have done during the summer." Is not this, after all, the highest form of education, learning from life, being developed by coming in contact, not with those who lived centuries ago, but with those who live now, feeling the living inspiration coming from men with whom you mingle and associate day by day. This, taken with the work a young man does in college the next eight months, will be more of a blessing to him than he could possibly have received had he passed his summer in idleness, careless sight-seeing or fashionable frivolities.

SOME SPRING PROPOSITIONS AND RESULTS.

LAST spring we felt sort of spring-like, so to speak. It appeared to us as though we could, like the lovely early roses, burst into blossom and shed fragrance almost anywhere. So we made a number of propositions, or mental resolutions, which we fondly promised should be carried out to the letter of the law. We struck a balance sheet, the other day, of our season's work, and give a few of the results below.

We proposed taking a glance over the coming year's work to get an idea of what it is like and give us a lift when we actually encountered it. We didn't. We proposed reviewing last year's work, to look up lost points and keep fresh on others. We sold our books at 75% discount before leaving to go to the concert. We proposed taking up a thorough course of outside reading—some of the choice pieces of English literature and standard works in general. We looked over the city and country papers occasionally and were lost in admiration over that sublime piece of composition, "The Rise and Fall of the Moustache." (We might just add here, for the sake of information, that the rising of ours is similar to the rising of the river Nile—rises very slowly, leaves a slight coat of dirt and then oozes gradually away.) We proposed helping, to the best of our ability, our Dear Old Father, by whose gracious liberty, and money, we are permitted to let our lights shine for the benefit of the people about Acadia College. We spent two months with a friend; went to seventy-nine picnics, forty-six excursions, twenty-eight summer parties; took a letter to the post-office for father, and (three) at the same time for ourselves; watched the hired man half a day from the hammock, waken not a sleep, and then took a slight holiday till the term began, remembering that "all work and no play, etc." We proposed studying nature, and did, especially ice-cream and bricks. We proposed doing something at literary work! just a small beginning, say a few communications under a *nom de plume*, and a standard article or so. We wrote two-and-a-half columns of foolscap to father for a further small remittance of twenty, and some poetry which we have not published. We proposed rising early to enjoy those glorious sunrises, the sweet dewy breath of the early morn, when all nature is heart-breaking, and the shrill shriek of the early spring rooster tells of the hen's early scratch in mother's garden. We were kept out late one night and saw it rain about daylight next morning, and heard a poetical young lady describe another sunrise. It was lovely, just gorgeous. P. S.—The young lady had accepted an invitation to go to a picnic that day and the boat left before daylight; it was her first and, let us hope, her last experience. At all other times

the sun rose till 11 a. m., and then she began to rise with it. We ah proposed—and got left. We didn't propose any more last summer.

THE CLASS OF '87.

On the second day of last June a cluster of youths fringed the platform in Assembly Hall, grouped for the last time as a class in Acadia College. Four years' constant and happy associations; four years' community of interests; four years' united grappling with the same problems; one-and-a-half years' trying grief for a dear classmate had bound them together with ties that could not be broken without pain. Never before did their class affection seem so strong; never before did they seem so ready to break through all class distinctions and find in each student below them a brother and a peer; never before did those who were to return again look up to these seventeen Seniors with such charitable judgement, such fond appreciation and such unqualified good wishes. The brightest hour of friendship was just before the darkness of separation. The dark hour of separation was just before the dawn of their battle day with the stern realities of practical life. As parents and the younger children gather around the eldest son on the evening before his departure, so we gathered around our eldest brothers to hear their last words and watch them receive a father's counsel and blessing.

But life is not all sentiment. *Collegium Acadii* was not builded by the prayers, toil and sacrifices of the fathers, that their children, having drunk, side by side, deeply of her pierian springs, might then sit down together and sing away life under her propitious shade. The student with manliness in his soul will be glad when his college days are ended; glad to break up the little hallowed circle; glad to go out in his new strength; glad to meet the world face to face, there to launch forth his manhood and lay down his life in the service of his fellows and his God.

W. E. BOGGS

is the eldest son of Rev. W. B. Boggs, President of Ramapatam Theological Seminary, India. He is now studying theology at McMaster Hall. It was not till after his graduation that he fully decided upon the vocation which the nature of his present studies suggest. He was one of the youngest in his class and his cheek is "smooth as Hebes." The Natural Sciences were his favorite study and received his special attention. Diligent and unassuming as a student, gentle and inoffensive as a companion and respectful to all, Boggs had no enemies and many friends. His quiet, unobtrusive disposition will be of great value to him in the calling which he has chosen.

C. W. COREY

is now with the Baptists at Amherst—the esteemed assistant of their pastor. We were all glad and no one was surprised when this student began to preach. He is a youth full of courage, affection and vim, cut out for one of our strongest men. He has an excellent physique and was one of the hardest football quarter-backs of Acadia Fifteen. Yet we have one thing against him. His own class not possessing the necessary charms, he coolly invaded the Class of '88 and without apology or remorse quickly robbed the jubilee boys of their richest treasure. But there is no help now. We tender to him our special best wishes and shall always watch him with peculiar interest, feeling sure, that, if energy and integrity are worth anything, the world shall be made richer and better by the life of this manly boy of '87.

Music lovers, skippers of the "light fantastic" or heavy brogan, and the Hill miss

R. W. FORD.

His musical abilities were always in demand and highly appreciated; "'87," indeed, was blessed with excellent musical talent. Ford will teach the young idea how to, as Principal of the school at Westport during the coming year, take a P. G. course at Harvard next, and maybe during the vacation will take somebody who will give him an S. B. (second best) course in the sanguinary business of housekeeping or rent-paying. (R. I. P.) Ford was a keen scholar without an effort, ranking among the best in his class

Newport, Hants Co., claims

E. M. FREEMAN

as a natural, and Los Angeles as an adopted, son. With some thoughtfulness he has chosen this favorite health resort for the study and practice of medicine. Of a slightly retiring disposition, Freeman, nevertheless, was pretty well aware of what was going on in the world. He owns a pile of knowledge and upon occasion can snap it out with the vindictive click of a rat-trap. Trust a shrewd, cautious soul like himself for success.

THADDEUS T. S. K. FREEMAN

belongs to Milton, Queens Co. He has joined that noble band which goeth forth to tell men that, unless they look out for themselves, some person else will ultimately take the business out of their hands. He labored in this capacity during last vacation in P. E. I., and is now numbered among the Theo's of Newton. Thad. has a bright eye, good digestion, surmounts difficulties and survives disappointments, with the stuffiness of which heroes are manufactured. He will doubtless marry.

E. L. GATES

is a jolly, good fellow. He could cure a man of the blues in two minutes. His excellent social disposition made him ever friendly and familiar with all—Freshman and Senior, Academy and *Seminary*. Always sympathetic and obliging, he would do all in his power for anyone who needed his favor or assistance. As a student he learned his lessons well, but never let them worry him. His room wore an air of attractive comfort and neatness. He is a musical soul and for three years was the regular organist in the College Chapel. With such a genial and contented nature, Gates is sure to find friends and get along well wherever he goes. He is now studying Theology at Newton Centre.

C. H. MILLER,

is one of Bridgetown's bright boys. After helping the Attorney General through some legal business this Fall he entered the Medical School to pursue a course of Medicine. Charles promises well; he had a good steady practice in the village while here,—at least he had long consultations. Blessed with one of these amiable dispositions, born with a sympathizing voice, and clad in a good suit, Miller took well in society. When he wants patients may he have them; we all need patience for that matter.

O. S. MILLER,

also hailing from Bridgetown, was one of the best known characters of Chipman Hall and Wolfville. With the exception of being a poet, he is almost everything genius can make a man. Oratory is his forte, politics his sphere, studying law at his native place his present occupation, and if jolly Olly doesn't have clients in a few years the millenium will have come and the lamb and lion keep house together.

J. B. MORGAN

is a knowing fellow with spectacles and an air of metropolitan Fredericton. He was cut out for an enterprising, erudite, brain-prying professor, and is already exercising his talents in that direction at Woodstock College, where he has charge of the preparatory department. His intention is to take a higher course of study at Harvard. Among those who knew him intimately he was credited with a brilliant reputation as a biographical writer. Honors were so plenty with this Class that it is hardly worth mentioning Morgan was one of the participants.

We are all glad to see

E. R. MORSE,

the Paradise, N. S., man, with us as teacher of Mathematics in the Academy. He is just the boy who can do it, too, with plenty of will and look-alive about him, tempered with judgement and learning. "Old Enoch," as he was popularly called, is a

thoroughly good fellow in every sense of the word; not the goody-goody, but the genuine. When he completes his contemplated course at Harvard, the place that gets him secures a prize.

J. W. PORTER,

after his graduation, rested a few weeks at and near his home in Deerfield. During his course he was Sophomore, Junior and Senior Editor of the *ATHENÆUM*. At the same time he took five courses in honors and was one of the best students in his class. His kind voice and fatherly smile always made a Freshman feel welcome when asking for assistance or counsel. This diligent student loved his study. Just over his table there ever hung and shone like a rosy beacon, at the rocky entrance of a sailor's harbor home, a little tintype tacked to the plastering. Perhaps this talisman strange contains the secret of all his cheerfulness and increasing success. On the 31st day of last August, Porter was ordained pastor of the Parrsboro' Baptist Church. He starts out with good health, a clear head and a kind heart, in bright prospect of much happiness and great usefulness.

J. T. PRESCOTT

is missed on the football field, where, for two years, he barked shins and led on to victory. He could also make a bicycle hum, and was no mean scholar withal, being most painstaking and persevering. He entered the University of New York this fall to come out ready for the sore and afflicted. He will make a grand Dr. for Sussex, N. B., to which place he belongs.

If you want a fit out in jewellery, go to

J. A. SHARPE,

St. John, who is in business with his father. In spite of a confusing, never-failing blush, Sharpe was not bashful. A clever English scholar, his books were models of cleanliness and careful handling, bringing top prices. Escorted in the bosom of his family, surrounded by blooming children, Sharpe fill out on the *beau ideal* of a St. John citizen.

SAMUEL S. K. SMITH,

of Milton, has entered the College of Physicians, New York, to fit himself for killing and curing. Sam will cure, though; his good company will make a sick person look bright. He is a first-rate all-round young man, as four years at Acadia College and Wolfville can testify.

H. VAUGHAN,

St. Martin's, puts one in mind of what we read of the building of Solomon's temple, i. e., he goes up or on without the sound of a hammer. Chipman Hall

loved him for the noise he never made. Cool, methodical, and no dummy at business, he is one to look after his own umbrella every time. He will take a full course at Columbia Law School, N. Y.

G. E. WHITMAN

is in Boston, where he will study law, a sure guarantee that that instrument of good or evil will certainly be a terror to evil doers and an ornament to himself, also a good square source of income. In and out of college George was liked (or loved); he was always ready for something extra, without ever seeming rushed. Took honors by the forelock, although usually coming in with the after lot. None need fear for him; he is sure to come up right side with care and thank his own brains for the result.

G. R. WHITE,

in the russet autumn of '81 flew in from the north and alighted on his two feet in Wolfville—a live shoemaker with the mantle of prophecy on his energetic spirit. He hopped over the stile into the college campus, stepped up to the front, shrugged his shoulders, shook his head and joined the "middlers" in the Academy. In due time he entered College and manfully pushed his way through without any large break in the whole six years' course. His long stay on the "Hill" made his form a necessary part of the scenery, and his prudent activity in all that pertained to the welfare of the students or the harmony and prosperity of the institutions, rendered his services almost indispensable, and his absence leaves a vacuum that is hard to fill. White delivered his graduating oration on the second day of June, and in less than one fortnight was solemnly married on the foggy coast of his native Province. On the 9th of August he was ordained to the Gospel ministry at Jacksonville, N. B., and the Baptist people of that place welcomed to their pulpit and their homes a good preacher and a good pastor. His naturalness, freedom and animation in public address, as well as his solid soundness in the faith, are among the qualities which eminently fit him for the work to which his life is now devoted.

Go, men of '87; let the retrospect of your college days, with its happy lines and deep regrets, still teach you how to live; let the intellectual power developed here be consecrated to the cause of truth and right; let the cultivation of heart you here received direct you into the strongest love for all mankind. Swear that you will rather die than needlessly injure even the feelings of any man or woman on earth. Choose the purest, most inexhaustible fountain in the universe as the source of your strength; and by this way you conquer yourselves and bless the world, is the earnest wish of those you have left behind.

REVIEW.

"FORTUNE'S WHEEL" is the name of a book translated from the Telegu by Rev. J. R. Hutchinson, late of Chicacale, India, now a member of the Senior Class at Acadia. We clip the following review of this work from *The London Times* :—

"Fortune's Wheel" (Elliot Stock) is an almost unique example of a Hindoo novel. The author, Pandit R. Viresalingham, is described by the translator as an ardent reformer, who, having had some degree of English education, has adopted the form of a fictitious story to convey to his readers a knowledge of the inner life and thought of the Hindoo race. This knowledge is very difficult to be obtained by Europeans, owing to the seclusion which caste entails in India. The story itself is simple, and, from a European point of view, of no great interest; but the pictures of Hindoo domestic life, of religious ideas, modes of worship and superstitions, and the condition of women, with their denial of all rights of choice in marriage, are so well drawn and illustrated that the book will have a charm for all readers who concur in the author's desire for an amelioration in the social status of the native race generally. The translator from the original Telugu is Mr. J. R. Hutchinson, and a preface is added by General Macdonald, late Director of Instruction in the Madras Presidency, strongly recommending the work to the notice of the British public.

PERSONALS.

REV. D. H. SIMPSON, B. A., '76, who has been preaching for two years in Stillwater, Minnesota, is now pastor of the Hantsport Baptist Church.

C. H. DAY, B. A., '86, has joined the graduating class at Brown.

REV. J. R. HUTCHINSON, after six years' hard work as missionary in Chicacale, India, has returned to his native Province, and is now finishing his course at Acadia. He graduates next June.

STEPHEN H. CORNWALL, who left his course unfinished several years ago, having completed his studies in private and successfully passed the B. A. examinations, received his degree last June.

REV. G. E. TUFTS, B. A., '66, Baptist pastor at Belfast, Maine, is now in Wolfville, visiting his brother.

W. B. HUTCHINSON, B. A., '56, is studying Theology in the second year at McMaster Hall.

REV. O. C. S. WALLACE, B. A., '83, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Lawrence, Mass., with his wife, spent his vacation at Hebron, Yarmouth Co.

W. H. JENKINS, who went half through College with the present Senior Class, has left his mission field for a season and joined the Class of '89.

A. J. KEMPTON, who finished his Sophomore year with the Class of '87, after two years' fight with the busy world has returned to Acadia and is now a Junior.

Z. T. HARLOW, Freshman of '89, after a year's wandering in the Republic, is now a member of the Sophomore Class.

B. A. LOCKART, '84, is now studying Law at Dalhousie.

C. R. MINARD, after his Freshman year with the boys of '88, played truant and wielded the furler for two years. Now he is a studious Sophomore.

F. H. BEALS, B. A., '86, was ordained pastor of the Billtown Baptist Church on the 12th of May, '87.

H. B. SMITH, B. A., '86, was ordained pastor of the Cause Baptist Church on the 11th of September, '87.

MADAME BAUER, who has been travelling in Europe during the past year, has returned to her position in Acadia Seminary, as teacher of the Modern Languages.

MISS JENNIE HITCHENS, late teacher of Vocal Music in Acadia Seminary, is now in Boston studying with a view to further proficiency in her favorite department.

MISS MAY H. VAUGHAN, a former graduate in Instrumental Music, and late of New England Conservatory of Music, is now teacher of Vocal Music at the Seminary, in place of Miss Hitchens, resigned.

MISS HATTIE M. EATON, an '87 graduate of Acadia Seminary in the Literary Course and in Instrumental Music, is now assistant teacher in the latter department at her Alma Mater.

V. F. MASTERS, B. A., '88, is at Cornell, where he is pursuing a course in Natural Science.

REV. R. M. HUNT, B. A., '79, pastor of the Union Street Baptist Church, St. Stephen, N. B., has received a call to the pastorate of the Jamaica Plains Church, Boston. It is not known that he will accept.

LOCALS.

MR. C.—“Prof., where can I find something about glaciers in Greenland?”

MR. F. (interrupting).—“Why in the Baptist hymn-book, where it says, ‘From Greenland’s icy mountains.’”

“I SEE my love in the window.”

SENIORS now number fourteen; Juniors nineteen; Sophomores twenty-four; Freshmen fifty, and more are coming. Seminary has fifty-eight students, and there are also fifty-eight Academicians.

CONVERSATION overheard on football field.—“Say there, what did you want to kick that ball towards your own goal for?”

New man.—“Well I couldn’t get a chance to kick it the other way.”

A CRY of “Fire!” was raised in earnest in Chipman Hall at 2.30 p. m., Oct. 13th. The fellow who started it must be fitting himself up for a fool.

THE Freshman dude has been subdued.

WATCH next Sunday at church and see who shuffles himself into his overcoat before the benediction.

THE Sophomores have discovered a relation existing between *size* and *sighs*.

HE had evidently been there. Prof.—“Mr. S., you may proceed with the translation.”

MR. S. proceeds.—“What *small* youth *hugs* thee, O Pyrrha!”

LUCID reasoning. Mr. M.—“Say, B., I know why your fire burns so well. It is because the chimney has a pipe on the top.”

MR. B.—“But the chimney has no pipe.”

MR. M., sober as a judge.—“Well then, it is because there *ought* to be one.”

J. R. CLARK, “The Boot-Black Orator,” lectured in Assembly Hall on Friday evening, Oct. 14th. Subject: “To and Fro in London.”

EXPLANATION.—On the authority of Prof. Caldwell, chairman of the lecture in College Hall on Friday evening last, we publish the following:—

The lecturer, J. R. Clark, during his discourse having publicly rebuked one of the students for imagined ungentlemanly conduct, thereby calling the attention of the audience to this individual, afterwards thought it wise, upon hearing the opinion of the chairman, together with those of the audience who were in a position to judge, to offer an apology for the same, as being entirely uncalled-for and unwarranted.—*Wolville Acadian*.

EVIDENCE of advancement in the study of *polite literature* :— A student suffering with neuralgia. Bad pain in the head. Very little sleep for a whole week. Just fallen into a doze. Then a half-dozen kind-hearts set up a Salvation Army war dance through the halls, and called it a "Sophomore racket."

FOR three consecutive years Chipman Hall has had the same steward and stowardess, and now for the fourth year Mr. and Mrs. Keddy are back with us again. This speaks for itself. The students are glad to see them.

THE gallery of the Baptist meeting-house, in this village, is not a fit place for any person to sit during an evening service, unless he keeps his eyes shut. A man ought to have the privilege of looking at the preacher if he wants to. But to sit around the rails in the back part of that old gallery and look at the minister is to meet the blinding glare of a dozen lights. A few shades which at the most would not cost as much as one eye is worth, would make it all right.

"TO LET."—A spacious room in the upper storey of the *Hall*. The apartment is fresh and new.

OVERHEARD AT RECEPTION :—*Freshie No. 1.*—"How long is this thing going to last?"

Young Lady.—"To what thing do you refer? To the reception or the promenade?"

Freshie.—"O, this tramping up and down. It's getting tame."

Freshie No. 2.—"Some of our class are so green that if they were stuck in the earth they would soon take root."

Young Lady.—"So I perceive."

Freshie No. 3.—"By jove, there are lots of good looking girls around here. More than ever I thought there were. Would you like me to show you one?"

A NEW species of mammal is now on exhibition at Chipman Hall, or in the contiguous pastures where it is permitted to roam at large. Its distinguishing characteristic is a loud, prolonged, undulating, pretty, purring, gurgling warble, which transcends the richest notes that kiss the sweet gardens of the tropics. It loves to perform at all times and in all places, and takes high delight in drinking in the music of its own song. When this lovely trill floats from its tremulous throat in the moonlight, the heavenly charm hushes the sweet singers across the way, and all the rich-toned instruments on our leaf-strewn hillside, as by an invisible hand, silence their baser strains and are still.

THE Societies on the Hill have elected the following officers :

Athenæum.—President, C. W. Eaton; Vice-President, A. J. Kempton; Corresponding Sec'y., A. C. Kempton; Treas., J. E. Eaton; Recording Sec'y., A. T. Kempton; Executive Committee, H. H. Wickwire, W. B. Crawley, W. W. Chipman, W. M. Smallman.

Missionary Society.—Pres., J. R. Hutchinson; Vice-Pres., W. H. Jehkius; Sec'y., C. B. Freeman; Treas., W. S. Black; Executive Committee, L. D. Morse, E. R. Morse, B. A., Miss E. L. Margeson.

Base-ball Club.—Pres., H. H. Wickwire; 1st Captain, A. B. Holly; 2nd Captain, W. B. Wallace; Sec'y.-Treas., J. E. Eaton. Executive Committee, C. W. Eaton, E. M. Bill, H. T. Knapp.

Football Club.—Pres., H. H. Wickwire; Sec'y.-Treas., J. H. Cox; 1st Captain, C. W. Eaton; 2nd Captain, A. W. Foster; Executive Committee, C. H. McIntyre, C. W. Eaton, C. A. Eaton, B. H. Bentley, W. A. Read.

Athletic Association.—Pres., C. W. Eaton; Sec'y.-Treas., A. J. Kempton; Executive Committee, A. B. Holly (resigned), H. T. DeWolf, C. W. Eaton, C. B. Freeman, H. T. Knapp, C. Seaman.

Committee having charge of Religious Services.—H. S. Shaw, F. C. Hartly, B. H. Bentley, E. R. Morse, B. A., W. M. Smallman, Mr. Routledge.

MARRIAGES.

HARRINGTON-RICHARDSON.—On Tuesday, June 14th, at the residence of the bride's mother, by Rev. W. H. Cline, B. D.; Rev. F. G. Harrington, of Sydney, C. B., to Marie Otis, daughter of the late Rev. S. Richardson, M. A.

WHITE-CALHOUN.—At the Baptist Church, Albert, N. B., on June 15th, by Rev. E. M. Kierstead, Geo. R. White, B. A., to Miss Minnie A. Calhoun, daughter of D. H. Calhoun, Esq., of Albert.

TROTTER-FREEMAN.—On May 5th, by Rev. D. Freeman, Canning, King's Co., N. S., and at his residence, Rev. W. H. Cline, B. D., assisting, Rev. T. Trotter, B. A., to Ellen Maud Freeman, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

ROWSE-BOLES.—At Boyleston, Sept. 1st, by Rev. A. L. Powell, Rev. W. A. C. Rowse, to Miss Mary E. Boles, of Boyleston, Guysboro' Co., N. S.

BEALS-SMITH.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Sept. 21st, by Rev. L. M. Weeks, Rev. F. H. Beals, B. A., of Billtown, N. S., and Miss Annie F. N. Smith, youngest daughter of Benjamin Smith, Esq., Albert, Albert Co., N. B.

FIELDING-PAYZANT.—At Windsor, Oct. 15th, by Rev. H. Foshay, Mr. Clifford Fielding, son of B. A. Fielding, Esq., of Halifax, and Flora, youngest daughter of Dr. E. N. Payzant, of Wolfville.

DEATHS.

McLATCHY.—At the residence of his brother, Edward McLatchy, Grand Pre, after a lingering disease, on the 15th of July, H. O. McLatchy, M. D., aged 58 years.

MORSE.—At Paradise, Annapolis Co., Aug. 3rd, of typhoid fever, Evangeline B., beloved daughter of Captain Edward M. and Caroline W. Morse, aged 18 years.

SPENCER.—At Milford, Mass., on the 12th inst., of typhoid fever, Rev. A. H. Spencer. Mr. Spencer was graduated from Acadia in '76. His wife was formerly Miss Whidden, a teacher in Acadia Seminary.

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