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THE
Acadia Athenæum.

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The Sanctum.

THE many friends of our College will, we are sure, learn with deep regret of the serious and painful accident on account of which the President, Dr. Sawyer, is laid aside from his active duties. On Saturday morning, 8th February, he fell on the ice near his own residence, breaking his left arm between the elbow and shoulder.

The announcement among the students called forth many expressions of sympathy, while Prof. Kierstead's suggestion that each one, by uninterrupted application to study and carefulness of conduct, endeavour to make the President's trial as light as possible, was heartily endorsed by all.

We are glad to be able to report favorably upon the case. The President has already met the Senior class at his residence, and hopes in the course of a week, to be able to visit the class-room again.

WE are indebted to the *Varsity* for bringing before us in a practical form the question of class organization. The eighth number of that journal gives us the letters from the class-secretaries, '89, of Princeton, Cornell and Harvard Colleges.

Permanent class associations have long been a characteristic of these and other universities, but among us they have never as yet been introduced. Class societies form indeed a prominent feature of our college life. In the first two years they have always been considered indispensable. To secure unity of purpose in anything of general interest, to cultivate the gifts of the class for wider display on the floors of the Athenæum, these societies have been found useful, and in untold ways besides. But in the latter years of the course the classes, as a rule, meet only for the transaction of special business, and after graduation there is no semblance of an organization attempted.

Hitherto it may have been impracticable to successfully maintain these permanent class societies. With the increasing Alumni, however, and the quickened interest taken by their association in the college as shown in very tangible expression last year, with the continuation of study for all the classes till the anniversary exercises and the grand rally of the friends of the institutions which will then take place, especially if, as is to be hoped, the associated Alumni decide to provide for the closing evening an entertainment worthy of the occasion,—with all these things in view, the time is surely near for the larger classes which now throng our halls, to fall in line with this plan, which in older universities has been found so potent for good.

The Princeton letter remarks as to the advantages, that "this system has proved beneficial in every way. It always succeeds in keeping the class together. There is no feature more marked than loyalty to the college. The reunions are always held at Princeton, and this naturally awakens new interest in and zeal for the Alma Mater, &c., &c."

Which of our College classes will have the honor of taking the initiative?

THE students allowed last winter to pass with no effort to increase their physical efficiency and with little care to preserve that which the campus in the autumn had given them. Thus the months with enervating step passed merrily, the spring came and with it the news that a Field Day was to be held at Kentville, open to all aspirants to athletic fame. Then, for a day or two, nothing was heard but the din of preparation. That our untrained men carried away so many prizes speaks volumes concerning what would be within the reach of patient practice. This reminiscence conveys its own lesson. It urges to regular and persistent use of the limited means available with a view to more thorough preparation for a similar occasion next spring. If the snow denies the privilege of sweeping

“On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,
In circling poise swift as the wind along.”

the leathern ball deftly moved by associational rules may well become the absorbing object of exercise hour, and when the inclement weather forbids admittance to the campus, “a hare and hounds race” over the mountain would be by no means useless as a developer of energy and endurance.

It is for our athletes, in justice to themselves, to take this matter in hand. Never, certainly, has our foot-ball team been so efficient as last fall. Never, perhaps, have there been among us so many men as now, naturally fitted for the various athletic sports. If ever a Field Day is to be inaugurated, it would seem that this spring is the time when such a departure could the most successfully be attempted.

LAW rules the universe. The starry systems and the animalculæ are equally obedient to her dictates. Even the erratic comets have their definitely marked orbits. Milton’s region, “where Chaos umpire sits,” was a mere poetic creation. King and subject, priest and people, must bow alike before the sceptre of order. In the home, in the army, in the school, the first lesson is obedience. A nation without a government would be as great an anomaly as a boarding-hall without regulations. This great and sovereign principle, the supremacy of law, is sometimes overlooked. Fools and thoughtless people are continually knocking their heads against its decrees. On this account the gallows so often groan

beneath their victims, on this account so much of trouble arises to parents, governors and teachers. Whoso is wise will seek to keep himself in harmony with law and good order.

“THE Canadian Baptist Hymnal” has been adopted by the Faculty for use in the religious services of the College. Every wise student will supply himself with a copy of the book. A good hymn-book is necessary for the thorough cultivation of a taste for lyrical poetry, as well as for enjoyment of the exercises of public worship. Heretofore the book used in our meetings has been so expensive as to greatly limit its circulation, but the book now adopted by the Faculty is sold at so low a price as to remove all objections on the ground of expense. It is by far the cheapest book of the kind we have ever seen, and its contents seem to be equally satisfactory. The hymns are of the best of authors, are well suited for worship, and sufficient in number for any congregation. The Hymnal is being widely circulated in these provinces, and we are glad that it is to come into use on the hill.

EXCESSIVE study is one of the shoals on which many a college man has perished. Deplorable examples of this species of insanity are afforded in turn by nearly every class. The unremitting toil, the contempt of exercise and rest, the high record in scholarship—this, the first scene. How soon the curtain rises, and with a certainty how unerring upon evil premonitions of a hundred kinds,—a burning pain flashing through the brain, a general feeling of lassitude, eyes suffering or even blindness imminent, while not infrequently is beheld the tragic end—the physical wreck, the afflicted painful life, the brilliant intellect gave out in a darkness rendered all the more intense by the promise contained in the transient brightness. Notwithstanding all this there have seldom been wanting a few who would persist in tempting nature beyond the limits which restrain her vengeance.

Such a student thwarts his own efforts for the attainment both of present and of ultimate success. The body, weakened by neglect, is but illy suited to sustain the large demands made upon the nervous

system. The brain, goaded beyond endurance, cannot accomplish the work which, under more favorable circumstances, were an easy task. The energies become exhausted, and it is only by a continuous exercise of the will that the now irksome labor is perseveringly maintained. If, then, present success be the student's object, his unqualified grasping, as in the old fable, bears with it the stamp of futility. With a precision no less unerring does he defeat his ultimate aims. And in making this observation we take it for granted that every good student has some purpose more worthy than mere marks or high standing among his fellows. He is laying the foundation for future usefulness or fame mayhap in the halcyon days to come. Are these worthy ends to be attained in a day or without a struggle? Voices from all the ages send back a negative with thundering emphasis. The student should remember this and lay his plans accordingly. Though toil be demanded to secure a good foundation, let him never forget that much more severe and arduous the toil to rear a beautiful and imposing superstructure. This calls for the supremest efforts of both body and mind; and thus the ancient saying, *sana mens in sano corpore*, becomes pregnant with practical wisdom and glows with the last condition of a successful life.

Some there are to whom the above may come as inspiration to increased indolence. To these at another time a word may be given. We are not here addressing the college sluggard, the crib manipulator, nor the classic equestrian.

THE most practical proofs of the fact that "where there's a will there's a way," are to be found in almost any locality containing an educational institution. To those who are acquainted with the circumstances of the individual members of such a school or college as we have here, it is simply amazing to observe what difficulties are surmounted and what sacrifices are made, in order that the desire for knowledge may be satisfied. Although the claim is so often made that the common schools are for the common people, and the higher educational institutions for the wealthy, it is nevertheless a fact that the larger proportion of the students in attendance at the various Universities and Seminaries in this and almost every other country, are sons and daughters of common people; and these, the most worthy students

to be found, are procuring education under circumstances of extreme self-denial. Many of them are even earning the money wherewith to defray each year's expenses as they go along. Nor is this the only proof. It will be found that the majority of students being educated at one of these centres, and those with the highest aims, have come from distant points, while not one in a dozen of those who have always lived in the immediate vicinity of any of these places of learning are putting forth the least efforts to secure the advantages within such easy reach of them. One might stand on College Hill to-day and point out a large number of men who have spent all their days within sound of the College bell, and yet have failed to secure the boon of a college education. Moreover, there are to-day lots of boys idling around the shops and streets who ought to be in the schools, plodding towards the college class-rooms. "There's a way," but there is no "will."

In these days of educational influences, ignorance should be considered a crime. It may not be possible for every boy and girl to secure a college education, but it certainly is possible for any boy or girl to secure an education. Among the many agencies to-day engaged in the spread of knowledge, none is more worthy of honorable mention and hearty approval than "The Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle."

This association organized at Lake Chautauqua, in Western New York, in 1878, has to-day "Local Circles" and separate students in various parts of the United States, Dominion of Canada, Scotland, Continental Europe, South Africa, Australia, India, Japan, the Sandwich Islands, Brazil, Chili, Mexico, the Bermudas and Alaska, and issues a monthly magazine containing "serial papers on subjects of the course,"—solid literary and scientific matter, only,—to sixty thousand subscribers.

This organization aims to afford liberal education for those who have not been able in their early years to place themselves under more direct educational influences, and also to provide a thorough and profitable course of reading and study for those who may have finished with the schools. Among the latter class it is designed especially to keep up habits of regular and systematic study.

The regular course which provides for forty minutes

of study per day for four years, "aims to give a general survey of the world of literature in science, history, art and belles lettres; the world which comes within the purview of the student who prepares for and pursues the ordinary college curriculum." It takes up "the outlines of history—ancient, mediæval and modern, . . . the scope and spirit of the ancient and modern literature, and glances at the realms of physical, mental, and moral science."

Any person may become a member of the "Circle," by forwarding his or her name, accompanied by a remittance of fifty cents, the annual admission fee. In communities where a number of persons wish to take up this course of study, they are advised to organize themselves into a "Local Circle" and study together; meeting from time to time to review the work gone over. Thus the course may be made both pleasant and profitable.

Text books upon the various subjects, especially arranged under the supervision of the officers of the Society, are provided by publishers at low rates.

What doors of usefulness are thus opened up to the young people who go forth from these educational institutions from time to time. There are doubtless in all the neighbourhoods to which they will go, many young people who have not been able to enjoy such opportunities as we have here; others whose ambitions to seek an education may never have been aroused. Here are grand opportunities both for doing good and for getting good.

May many more of these "Local Circles" be organized, and the C. L. S. C. continue to bless society as it has already done.

THAT our privileges for the cultivation of the social element do not compare at all favorably with other educational institutions, needs scarcely to be remarked. Receptions used to form a much longed for break in the rigid seclusion enforced by circumstances or design upon the students. These gatherings every month or so were wont to throw a gleam of pleasure into the otherwise dull monotony of class-room and books. Anticipation of the happy night filled the previous days, cherished memories gave to the following weeks a joyous inspiration. Occasionally a social in the church attracted the village and the hill alike. But even this limited means for the forming

of friendship and acquaintance among the members of the institutions is threatened with prohibition. The veto, if not already spoken, hangs on the verge of utterance. During the dark ages such a condition may have been excusable in the most exclusive of the religious orders of that time, but will scarcely in our day be classed delightful in a community of intelligent young men and women.

On a recent Friday evening the church gave a social and a very enjoyable occasion it was. There is certainly, from the students, the heartiest thanks due to those who so kindly gave them this opportunity of enjoying a pleasant hour. We noticed, however, that the members of the Seminary were conspicuous by their absence. Were this absence of constraint, we unhesitatingly criticize the action of the authorities and denounce such policy as unwise and tyrannical.

IN DEMAND—President Sawyer has been invited to give a course of lectures at McMaster Hall, Toronto, in April.

Prof. Higgins has been appointed an examiner in Rochester Theological Seminary.

LONGFELLOW'S HYPERION.

Born of Heaven and Earth—to provide a cool retreat apart from the rush of life's thoroughfare, where, the heated sandal loosed, the weary Pilgrim may nake tarry, long or short, and rest,—such we believe to be the signification and the purpose of Hyperion.

Truly, a worthy name of a worthy object! Life, however, restless, impassioned, turbulent, has little to do with halting places.

Were it not wiser then to deck the wayside with flowers, shade with trees its foot-worn sands, breathe the healthful invigorating fragrance ever along the journey—thus to gladden the duties of every day and to help make each life its own cool retreat? Fewer, perhaps, would then sicken at noon day, fewer, in despair, quit their few days. At all events here is the "oasis," despite Time's protests let us rest a while.

Hyperion opens with the tolling of sad bells, the sun of Paul Flemming's life has set in the grave of her whom he loved; as we close its pages the last drops of the bitter draught is drained, he will taste the bitterness no more.

"No more! O how majestically mournful are those words! They sound like the roar of the wind through a forest of pine."

Thus the book may rightly be called a study in so far as it pictures the results of a great sorrow upon a nature yielding and sympathetic and administers the requisite panacea of distracting influence till the prostrate eyes are again lifted, till the step, though not again sprightly, has grown hopeful, firm.

In addition, moreover, and draping the plot fantastically, heavily but rarely gracefully appear philosophical disquisitions, moral epitomes, rhapsodies on art and nature, lengthy criticisms and breathless culminations till the structure grows top-heavy and a grievous burden to its legs. Under this cloud of garnish the story waxes oftentimes dangerously thin and is certainly "long drawn out." The incidents too apparently are indicated as so many interesting pegs upon which the super-structure of information and experience may be held up to clear view.

Cut the book in two, place the story in one division, the heavier of the much clothing in the other; title this—Leaves from a Sketch Book, that—From Dark to Dawn with Paul Flemming, and far more satisfaction would be experienced by the reader, while the reputation of Longfellow as a writer of prose would be materially heightened.

Maintaining for the time this division a word or two now for the "Sketch Book."

Longfellow as he wrote sweetly seems ever to have been a sweet thinker. Life for him could have had few discordant notes. Even his minor passages are but the shadows of an afternoon, nowhere comes down the darkness that we feel and fear. For this reason perhaps there is always wanting from his work a certain strength, depth and reach, that nowhere is more evident than in these "sketches" before us. The sweet monotone quickly grows wearisome and gladly we meet with good Jean Paul—his books, his poetry and his poodle; with Goethe, "The all sided One," "witty and wicked"; and with Hoffman—his wild eyes and unearthly fancies.

"Glimpses into Loudland" is without doubt the gem among these "sketches." Here there still is song but its burden is full of meaning, and strongly suggestive. As a "Philosophy of life" it differs widely from Browning's Ben Ezra, yet is one more adapted perhaps to the general need. There is a

sympathy and a kindness here that have, as yet, more power than trite, sharp-hewn, inspiration. Be strong, oh man, thou art eternal, ever-during as thy Builder, for of him wert thou made. Life opens wide before thee and it endeth — never. Shame not the glory of thy existence. Begin, thou hast much to learn.

We close our "Sketch Book" and seek the acquaintance of Paul Flemming.

We find him completely crushed, in the first days of of his great grief. Like the Rhine by which he wanders the current of his life pours between the wreck and ruin of former days, dark and dripping with December rain. The society of his fellows is distasteful, all nature seems sombre and sullen. Listless, aimless he sighs and drifts stranded now, and again afloat, hopeless, sick-hearted. Time and tune go on with the Winter at Heidelberg and the companionship of the social Baron and still no change—still the dreary useless groping mid the mournful memories of other days. His imaginative mind plays only and ever in a sort of penumbra. Never from his lips comes the cry of genuine anguish—never wreathes there the chastened smile cheerfull, resigned. With a sort of blind despondency he jealously hugs the shirt that is hurting him and feebly wonders why the wound never heals.

Such is Paul Flemming the idle, sentimental mourner. For his grief there is condescending pity but certainly little of respect. His one desire, apparently, is to make the most of his sad case. Everything he feels he must tell, if only to himself. Continually he is growing calm or dallying with despair—shades relatively light or dark upon the one sombre back-ground.

What now is the price of his redemption; Oh! Interlachen hast thou forgotten the form and face of Mary Ashburton or why hast thou naught for answer? Has care killed thee too good Berkely, and where are the words engraven on the wall of the little Chapel at St. Wolfgang?

In his arrangement of distracting influence Longfellow has displayed no little amount of dramatic skill. For here are, first the deep concern and self-accusation of love fresh awakened, the shock of its vain proffer, then the soothing strength of an atmosphere of charitable practicality, and last the inspiring appeal from the lips of the "little sanctuary." Change this order and Paul Flemming would have died in tears. Longfellow was however, too imagina-

tive, too much of a dreamer to be a successful story writer. His characters fail to stand out clear, separate and distinct. Even Mary Ashburton with whose delineation the author himself says he has taken no small pains, is seen only as a sort of dualistic blur. The reader can never feel that he knows her, never in the least that he loves her, wonders rather at the infatuation of Paul Flemming and finally condemns them both as a sentimental well-met pair.

'Tis true Mary Ashburton could paint and write a sketch or two, for so we are told, but were the words not before us we certainly would scarcely care to venture any such assertion.

However Paul Flemming loves her and, though he manages well his wooing is rejected. His idol is thrown down but it remains unbroken, for he loves her still, and arouses within him a pride and self-esteem. No longer will he be a cipher in sack-cloth if only to show her what he can do. How long such a feeling would have continued to excite him if left to itself we are not permitted to witness, for just here and very fortunately comes Berkely to cherish the fitful flame. Like a wise mortal Berkely says little but does much.

He stands out in healthy relief with his crank notions and his common sense. His influence is as a bracing breath caught in the midst of damps and dews. Paul Flemming breaths and though he positively refuses to forget, grows strong.

Finally one bright afternoon, half curious, he enters the little chapel at St. Wolfgang, and there on the shadowed wall reads:—"Look not mournfully into the Past, it comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present, it is thine. Go forward to meet the shadowy Future without fear and with a manly heart." Tears come down and blind the eyes that read. Paul Flemming comes out from the shadow of that chapel and the shadow of his life, on his lips the words, "I will be strong." His sun is again risen. He adjusts anew life's sandals and leaves us.

What think you, reader, of the physician, his panacea and his patient?

Hyperion, bears unmistakable evidence of its author's late contact with the ancient school of German poetic lore. About its pages, clings ever the breath of a bygone sentimentalism. Even the characters themselves clearly bespeak the moth-eaten shelves from which they have been hustled, and appear awkward and out of place in this matter-of-fact day of ours. In cast the book is effeminate, though the descriptive passages are certainly fine and the imagery oftentimes striking.

Very little of the work is subjective, externals are the one claim to our attention.

The great fault is that it attempts too much. Fanciful day-dreaming is not the setting for passions that move the soul.

In a word, 'tis the work of a young man who had, as yet, hardly found his power and place.

MEMORY'S ANGELS.

When the crystal heights of silence
Are with starry splendors crowned,
And the nights stupendous shadow
Wraps the dreaming world around,
Through the purple gates of twilight,
Flushed with sunset's dying glow,
In the day's departing footsteps
Silent angels come and go!

Unforgotten deeds of kindness,
Gentle words that lighted care,
Clasping hands and cheering greetings
That have blest us unaware;
Hopes whose rainbow light of promise
From unclouded ether shed,
Arched our morning dreams with splendor,
In the spring-times that are dead.

Love that loved us with the vision
Of a nobler life than this,
Where the soul's Incarnate Ideal
Dwelt in Apotheosis;
Faiths—long cancelled—that were pledged
To the friends of other years,
Touch the sealed springs of feeling,
And unlock the fount of tears.

In the silence palpitating
With the sense of unseen things,
We can feel their phantom touches—
Hear the measured sweep of wings—
Catch the fleeting, shadowy fragrance
Of unearthly roses, shed
By the fair, unfading garlands
Wreathed about each shining head.

In our souls some sleeping sorrow
Wakes to throbbing life again;
Smouldering griefs to keener passion
Leap beneath their touch of pain;
Lost delights—unstable pleasures—
Dreams that died and made no sign—
Shadow ghosts of joy departed,
Our repining hearts divine.

Now they feed the fruitless longing
Of unsleeping memory,
For the loved yet banished faces,
We no more on earth shall see;
Or, with tender hands they lead us
Back by pleasant paths of yore,
To the lowly, grass-grown thresholds
Weary feet shall pass no more!

A RETROSPECT OF HALF A CENTURY.

More than fifty years have passed away since the young princess Victoria, became queen of the most powerful nation in the world. Her two old uncles first knelt before her, and kissed her hand, and the aged Duke of Wellington, the victor of a hundred battles, bowed his good grey head in her presence; she but a mere child received the homage of the greatest men in the world. No wonder is it then that her course has been watched with the greatest eagerness from the first, and now after the lapse of more than half a century, she still controls with steady hand the fortunes of her great people.

England's name is heard the wide world over; her language falls upon our ears wherever we may turn, in the savage islands of the far Pacific, or where African mothers croon their infants to sleep with its sound.

England is the richest nation in the world, she is the bravest, the best. She is the Queen of the Seas, the restrainer of Europe, the civilizer of the world. And yet fifty years ago she had but started on that glorious course in which to day she stands without a rival.

In those far-off days, the court of princes differed but little from the aspect of a modern tavern if we judge by the manners of those who frequented them. In both would be seen the same whole-sale debauchery, and rank prodigality, in both the same coarseness, and debasement. The highborn of the land prided themselves on the companionship of gamblers, bullies, black-legs and even the King would frequently be seen arm in arm with some noted prize-fighter or horse-jockey. At another time we read, that the King having shoved a noted statesman into a dirty pond, stood by, and shouted with laughter as the half-drowned spluttering victim attempted to crawl out. Every morning the Gentlemen of England betook themselves to the boxing saloons, and in the laudable desire of battering opposing gentlemen's faces and ribs, disposed of their time until noon; and in the evenings we hear, how in an obscure Holburn tavern, the king and train would come to listen to the tales and boisterous choruses of the fighting men, and amid cursing and drinking prolong these orgies far into the night. Such was England fifty years ago. And to whom more than to our Queen belongs the honour, of the morality and

refinement which we now see on every hand, who by her own womanly and restraining influence has set the nation an example it has not been slow to follow. It is a true as well as an old maxim as the court so the people and as the sovereign, so the court.

Half a century ago, America and England were distinct countries, lying thousands of miles apart, and months of travel; kinsmen across the sea were strangers—friends leaving one country for the other said goodbye as if they should never meet again. Strange wild tales went from the new world to the old. This country was thought to be but a boundless forest, peopled by bands of savage Indians with whom the few white men dwelt in daily terror of their lives and scalps. To-day England and America have drawn together. The months of dreaded travel have dwindled down to days. The mighty ocean has become but a lake for a pleasant cruise. Then the jaunty little packets that left the Old Country for the New scarcely dared trust themselves to the vast Atlantic surges. Now magnificent floating palaces, relying on the gigantic force of mighty engines, hurl the great masses of dark green water over and down their sides, like playful leviathans in their natural element. The ponderous machinery throbs and beats, the huge propeller turns,—the great ship leaps forward like an arrow, and we are off for a six days trip to London.

At the beginning of this century, the stage coach was the only means of communication by land. When the Queen summoned her ministers, they had to travel behind horses, and hours and even days were spent in the journey. The stage coach was the wonder of the time, and when its arrival was heralded by the postilion's horn, the people flocked to see the prodigy. Off again it started, the fleet thorough-breds dashed along, the harness rattled, the guard shouted orders, the passengers hallooed in unison with the rhythmic beats of the horse's hoofs on the hard highway, and under all their united efforts the great distance of ten miles an hour was accomplished. At certain stopping places the coach pulled up, the streaming horses were replaced with fresh ones in the miraculous time of ninety seconds, and then the wild gallop was resumed again. To us neither space nor time are ever thought of. The great Atlantic and Pacific are as one. A vast network of iron lines cover the country—huge snorting engines, drawing load on load of human freight steam by—where one

may lie indolently back and read his paper, or even take his meals, and sleep, yet all the time hurled on by forces which mock the eagle's flight, and covering thirty, yes, even sixty miles per hour.

The modern newspaper is a sign of progress fully as great as any we have glanced at. A meagre sheet was all the people had at the beginning of the nineteenth century, but the eagerness with which even this was read, no doubt accounts for the great importance of the newspaper at the present day, and its immense circulation. To-day we read not accounts of our own provinces alone, but events happening all over the habitable globe. In this age continents are but next door neighbours, oceans merely the boundary line between their premises. A speech of Mr. Gladstone's, delivered at midnight is read in our papers on the following morning, a disturbance in India is known to us within the hour—by means of two little clicking instruments we can send a message across the Atlantic in ten minutes, or say good-day to New York in even less time. We can engage in conversation with a friend, though miles away, almost as easily as if we were talking in each other's company.

When we try to consider this age in its immensity and greatness we are overcome. We almost fancy that the days of fable have returned, and Prometheus again calls down the fire from heaven. Now the lightning of the clouds is man's servant, a ring of glowing fire encircles the earth—the ocean is its pathway—the terrible jungle and lonely desert are but handy places to plant telegraph poles, and string wires on which living thoughts may run. The heavens may be read by us as an open book, the recesses of the earth have been explored, the interior has even been attempted, commerce has clasped her golden hands around our globe.

With England settlement and civilization go hand in hand, she first plants colonies and then rears them.

Canada has taken stride after stride Westward—a Baby England with resources greater than the mother.

Mines whose vast wealth seems as some fairy tale from the "Arabian Nights"—forests whose timber might supply the world—rivers whose sands are as rich as those of the Golden Pactolus—fisheries the envy of nations—rolling fertile prairies from which a score of Manitobas can be carved—oceans, lakes, mountains—these are the attributes of a country,

which in half a century has become one of the powers of the world. Africa, the last great stronghold of ignorance and superstition has been assailed; both North and South have signalled the march of English conquest. The Suez Canal was the only link wanting in the chain of British enterprise and to-day India is but a pleasant sail from England. Burmah has thrown in her destiny with a greater nation against whom artifice or conflict were alike in vain. Hong Kong and Shanghai are English outposts to watch her interest in the China seas, where the very air breathes of fragrance and luxury, and the seas are thronged with ships from every nation on the earth—stately barques and rich Indiamen mingled in beautiful confusion with the swift canoes of the treacherous Malay and the clumsy junk of the Chinaman. A way in the untracked Pacific, under the glittering Southern Cross, new mushroom worlds have sprung up almost in a single night. Australia is but a greater Britain, Sydney and Melbourne but modern Londons.

The extent of England's colonies is hardly more wonderful than their advantageous positions. There is hardly a sea or gulf in the world, where England has not a strong-hold. There is scarcely an island however small, if formed by nature for a fortress from which the Union Jack does not proudly float. But though England's possessions are scattered broad-cast from the Tropics to the Poles yet they are bound into one great Kingdom by the common feeling of national love, and of loyalty to our Queen. And when we remember our ancient history, when we know our mighty present, when we dream of our golden future, we will raise our voices with the multitudes and shout—

“God Save The Queen.”

Incessant labor conquers everything.—*Ibid.*

Extend our fame by our deeds.—*Virgil.*

Cultivation to the mind is as necessary as food to the body.—*Cicero.*

Honors achieved far exceed those that are created.—*Solon.*

He loses character who puts himself on a level with the undeserving.—*Æsop.*

Nothing is more precious than time, and those who mispend it are the greatest of all prodigals.—*Theophrastus.*

OUR LECTURE COURSE.

The lecture delivered in College hall under the auspices of the Athenæum Society on the evening of February 20th, by Rev. L. G. McNeil of St. John, was in every way a most excellent one. His subject "Wellington and Waterloo," was treated in a very pleasing and scholarly manner. The lecture which occupied an hour and a half in delivery, abounded in happy hits and amusing recitals which called forth hearty and continued applause.

The speaker first gave a brief review of the life of Waterloo's victor and also a sketch of his antagonist's life. In introducing the "Dublin boy" he remarked that Irish pugnacity is proverbial and that Pat is generally represented as "wearing a battered beaver, flourishing a big shillalah and earnestly inviting somebody to tread on the tail of his coat." It had often been denied, he said, that Wellington was an Irishman and quoted Daniel O'Connell's witty remarks that "If a man is born in a stable that does not make him a horse;" but from the earliest records of his life we see traces of Irish blood and Irish pugnacity.

Reference was made to his educational and early military career and special attention was directed to Wellington's valuable services to the British Empire in India.

After commenting briefly upon the character of Napoleon and his aspirations to universal supremacy, the lecturer called attention to the series of wars—successes and reverses—in which this great general had played so important a part, and the consequences of which brought the British and French armies face to face on the plains of Waterloo.

At this point the lecturer indicated upon a map which had been especially prepared for use in connection with this lecture, the positions of the two armies. He compared the forces numerically and their respective officers; Napoleon's boastfulness and daring, with Wellington's calm judgement and foresight. They were heroes of a hundred fights. The former he said, was the idol of his army, the greatest military genius since the days of Hannibal. The latter had never lost a battle, had never lost a gun.

A most minute description of each engagement was presented in the most eloquent language and with an enthusiasm that thrilled the audience. The description closed with the flight of the imperial guards—an event that happened then for the first time in their history.

In summing up the results of this great battle, he remarked that it was fatal to Napoleon. The roar of the last gun was the knell of all his hopes, with him died the idea of universal empire. The chivalry of France was shattered and the French people ruined with wars came to enjoy a period of repose. For Great Britain the results were also important. It was not with her a war of vengeance. Wellington fought for international rights; but he fought for fatherland and home. This was the last thunder clap of a twenty year's war; and for seventy years almost universal peace has reigned. This period has been one of great prosperity and progress in industry, science and art.

From a visit to the scene of this great fight the lecturer was reminded more forcibly than ever before, that right is stronger than might; that nations which rise by the sword must fall by the sword; that that nation will stand which stands for truth and justice. He did not believe the day would ever come when a foreigner would "take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge," and pointing to surrounding ruins exclaim, "here was once the metropolis of a great nation." England he claimed, would stand as long as the globe stands.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Yale libraries contain over 190,000 volumes.

At Amherst four Seniors, three Juniors, two Sophomores and one Freshman compose a senate which, with the Faculty, controls the college. The students are elected by their respective class-mates.

"The skating rink ——— of pleasant memory to many a student of by-gone years, where the youths and maidens of Mount Allison glide over the glassy surface as of yore." *The Argosy*. (Please, young men, do not leave by the next train and we will try the effect of another petition to the Dons.—*Eds.*)

"Five students were recently expelled from Grove City College, for attending 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'—Shades of Josiah Heuson, what's this world come in to!"—*The Thielenian*.

Harvard has 1,690 students.

"All the sophomores of Lafayette College were recently suspended by the Faculty for hazing, and went to their homes."—*Boston Herald*.

EXCHANGES.

The Owl, of February, contains "Gladstone and Ingersoll," a strong article justly appreciative of the Grand Old Man, and with little patience for the blatant infidel. "Genius versus Talent," for its fine discriminations and just conclusions, deserves careful reading. The editor gives a deserved rebuke to what he aptly terms the "unseemly wrangle" between certain Universities.

The Argosy, of January, in editorials, chiefly discusses questions of local interest, which harmonizes with our conception of the office of the sanctum. An appreciative and patriotic article entitled, "New Brunswick," by W. McInerney, compels a reading. Here is a sentence with the true ring: "If you are an annexationist pause and reflect on what you are losing when your country's identity is lost in the neighbouring Republic." A faithful presentation of the impressions one has in "The First Night at Sea;" a carefully analyzed review of "The Qualities which Constitute a True Man," and a brief criticism of Longfellow's style and composition as seen in his shorter poems, complete the literary department.

The Thielensian gives a large number of editorials, brief and to the point. Its contention that the religious studies of the course should be allowed to hold their place is well grounded. "New Year's Customs" is entertaining. "The Unconquerable Spirit of Puritanism" presents us these old fathers in an unprejudiced light. In "What's the Use of All This?" Miss Julia Ackerman urges the cause of music with the enthusiasm of a special pleader. List ye "Theos" to one sentence: "If there is one class of persons who need musical culture that class certainly is the Christian ministry." We are always glad to welcome you, *Thielensian*. We trust your visits will not cease.

We were pleased to receive *Manitoba College Journal*. An editorial favoring "Examinations;" a criticism of "Robert Elsmere's Gospel;" an entertaining account of "A Year in the Mission Field," are among the more important contents.

Queen's College Journal—if for no other reason—receives our warm encomium because of one editorial which ought to be forwarded, in italics, to a certain church, in a certain *vill*, not a thousand miles away. Note its tenor: "The majority of our church students are neither bond-holders in any of the great railways nor possessors of a corner in wheat. * * * And yet * * * they ask our men to preach for them, and when the work is over, pay them with a 'Thank you.'" "The Meanderings of a Sophistical Mathematician" we advise the Sophs to read.

There is a wide difference between honest doubt, which questions because it sincerely desires to know the truth, and sneering skepticism which does not want to know, and shuts its ears against the answers to its own questions, refusing to hear them.—*S. S. Times*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

Permit me through the columns of your paper to say a few words with reference to the annual "Munro Dinner" given by the Students of Dalhousie College on Friday evening February 1st. As customary each of the Colleges of the maritime provinces were invited to send a representative, but only Mount Allison, King's and Acadia responded to the call. Notwithstanding the fact of a drizzling rain, the majority of the Dalhousie boys were able to be present and participate in the enjoyments of the evening, thus showing high esteem and respect for their benefactor in whose honor the dinner was given.

The programme, consisting of the menu and toast-list, was well arranged and very well carried out, the first part being performed in the most expeditious manner, and the latter, though somewhat long, nevertheless received its due attention amid the "feast of reason and flow of soul," so capable of awakening within us aesthetic sentiments and rendering the occasion one of pleasure and delight. I believe that the benefit accruing from such gatherings in the way of forming associations, in cultivating a more intimate relation with our maritime colleges, and in creating a closer union between students and their *Alma Mater*, cannot be too highly estimated, and I only hope that the day is not far distant when Acadia's boys will have the happy privilege of giving an annual dinner in honor of a friend distinguished for gifts no less great and deeds no less noble than those of the esteemed benefactor of Dalhousie. I wish to express my appreciation of the kindness shown me by the Dalhousie students in their efforts to make the occasion enjoyable, and I can assure you that if Acadia is again honored by an invitation, her representative will find jolly, friendly fellows, and receive a warm reception.

C. H. McINTYRE.

PERSONALS.

Rev. Dr. Hopper, M.A., '70, whose failing health caused him to seek the mild climate of the Pacific coast, is now pastor of the First Baptist Church, Sacramento, Cal.

T. S. K. Freeman, B.A., '87, studies theology at Bethany College, Virginia.

J. W. Tingley, B.A., '85, having resigned his charge at North Middleton, Mass., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Freeport, N.S. Mr. T's pen, it will be remembered, graced the columns of the *Athenæum* during the academic year of '84-5.

C. P. Wilson, who matriculated and took one year with '91 is studying at Newton Centre.

O. H. Cogswell, B.A., '88, teaches the young idea of Digby, N.S., how to shoot.

Harry Vaughan, B.A., '87, and Samuel K. Smith, B.A., '87, are engaged in the study of medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, N. Y.

V. F. Marsters, B.A., '86, who entered Cornell University in '87, has been appointed assistant Professor in Geology. He has charge of the Paleontological Laboratory, and continues an advanced course of scientific studies.

Earnest M. Freeman, B.A., '87, has embarked in the teaching profession, and has charge of the High School, Lompoc, Cal.

Walter B. Wallace, B.A., '88, we are pleased to learn, has so far recovered from his illness as to be able again to wield the ferule at Brooklyn, Hants Co., N.S.

Rev. G. E. Good, M.A., '78, has become pastor of the Baptist Church, Lompoc, Cal.

Rev. W. H. Robinson, M.A., '81, is about to return from Riverside, Cal., to his native province.

Rev. B. H. Simpson, M.A., '88, preaches at Beaver River, Yarmouth Co., N. S.

W. B. Hutchinson, B.A., '86, on Jan. 26th, was ordained to the work of the Gospel Ministry in the historic city of Quebec.

M. R. Tuttle, B.A., '78, teaches English in the Government School, Chin Gakho, Matsumoto, Nagamo Ken, Japan.

Locals.

Sleighing?

He's thrivin.

Archie's got the measles.

Note the change in walking hours.

"Pretty miserable, I can tell you."

O gentle sleep! Hand me the reins.

"My grandfather had a step-wife."

When the mercury rises to 112° F, should the patient die, should the thermometer be adjusted?

Young mathematics.—"Throw Physics to the dogs, I'll none of it."

When called upon for a recitation in Greek, be careful that you do not commence *one hundred lines* in advance of the part pronounced. *Ills* like these are not the common lot of Freshmen, however.

The Senior who does not know that the New Testament is published in French, is respectfully recommended to the tender mercies of Acadia Missionary Society.

Prof.—"What did you get for that question, Mr. S?"

Mr. S.—"I got astray, Sir."

A Soph who heard his class-mates talk of investing in *Prometheus Bound*, was heard thus to remark,—"Well, as I am running on economical principles this year, I guess I'll get my *lex* unbound, at all events."

The wounded hero stood erect
Inside the garden gate;
'Twas late, but he was not alone,
No, that was not his fate.

He prattled earnestly and long,
No lillie was in bloom;
Beside him grew another flower,
Grew tired of her doom.

The poet saw the shadows fall
Across the window-pane;
"Pshaw," said he, "I'll step outside,
And gently draw the rein."

The opening door, the tender (?) words,
And light across the face,
Said to him, "go," and so he went
At a two-forty pace.

Le petit chapeau yet is worn,
Le jardinier, with craft,
Still swears that he will have revenge
On him who hurled the shaft.

Prof.—"The acoustic properties of some buildings are such that, when filled with people, sound is transmitted more distinctly."

Mr. D.—"Do you mean to say that people reflect sound, Professor?"

Prof.—"Well, *soft substances* do not usually possess that faculty."

Few Students can plead guilty of the charge of early rising. When the bill of fare is fixed upon the memory, and the timetable too well known, there are few incentives to change the comfortable couch for the routine of daily toil; but when the prospect of accompanying some one to the "Hill" dawns upon the mind, in an instant we are more than wide awake, and are frank to confess that we are prompted by those *tinglings* which psychologists fail to analyze or metaphysicians to define. As we sit by the window, awaiting the 8.40 bell to break the stillness of the morning; while the music of "*Douglas, Douglas, tender and true*" finds vent from the parted lips, even then let us remember that *adoleccendum recundum esse deest*.

A Soph who recently invested in a second-hand edition of the *Novum Testamentum Græcum*, hands us the following notice:

"FOUND."

"Between Mark and Timothy, of the Greek Testament which I have just purchased, one Langtry hair-pin, one lognet of flossers; also, one lock hair."

If it were not for the unimpeachable veracity of this honest Soph, we should certainly think there was some mistake. As

it is, we fail to see how a Senior could so *heartlessly* dispose of these tokens of summer picnics and moonlight strolls. But there is much yet to learn.

N. B.—No extra charges were made for the souvenirs.

Two Students get their marks as No. 3 appears on the scene :

Doctor.—“I notice a striking similarity between your marks, especially in the ancient classics.”

No. 3.—“They room together, sir.”

Doctor.—“Then, I suppose, you use the same translation.”

The vacancies on the different committees of the Y. M. C. A. were filled as follows :—

Membership.	—5. R. E. Guillon.
Devotional.	—5. H. H. Saunders.
Bible Study.	—1. F. C. Hartley.
	—4. W. G. MacFarlane.
	—5. M. C. Fletcher.
General Religious Work.	—5. J. H. Davis.
Correspondence.	—1. J. H. Cox.

Christmas tide has passed, leaving many and varied tokens of sisterly and maternal affection in the wardrobe and toilet. Pretty *lille* moccasins case the noble *black-foot*; hatbands, *a-w-f*ully dainty, secure their felty shells from larceny, and stylish smoking-caps wave their tassels in the scented breath of the *huge* briar-root. Many tinted ties and ribbons adorn the *lion's* lair or circle the neck of the *wolfish* Brunswicker. Mustache cups, inscribed with tender sentiment, here and there assure aspiring cultivators that their efforts to foster invisible *c-m-b*-lems of coming manhood are not all in vain. And thus the rough and tumble of student life can never blur from memory the *fond* associations of home and family.

No more receptions! The foot came down, the hands were clapped.

Gone forever are all those evenings in the new boots and stiff collar. Cupid's bow is broken. Destiny mopes at the threshold. No more the fold will echo the huddle and scamper of the old “At Homes,” the lambs are sad, the shepherdess wields a new crook.

We are sorry for thee, dear Sen, unselfishly sorry, for there was much about the old days that was pleasant and profitable, still, beneath thy heavy-weight of straight-laced consistency there is nothing for thee but submission. Cease thy weeping and be glad that early thou hast caught the universal, sad refrain,—*O tempora! O mores!*

“The planets from Mars are determined
By means of complexion,” says *Ned*;
Then, Mars has come down with the Juniors,
Just observe the *Azir* on his head.”

A theological Sophi, before leaving for a lecture, was heard to say to his room-mate,—“Take the key to-night, Willie, you will *probably* be home before me.” He was going in for an *old timer*.

The last number of the “Summer Rest,” a journal published annually by the visitors at New London, N. H., has found its way to our table. The names of some of the distinguished guests who spend the summer at this attractive watering place, sound familiar to us.

The February meeting of Acadia Missionary Society was held in College Hall, on Sunday evening the 17th ult. The literary part of the programme was carried out as follows:—

Essay,—“Qualifications of the Foreign Missionary,”

by L. A. Palmer;

Essay,—“The Relation of Home to Foreign Missions,”

by H. Y. Corey;

Address, by Prof. R. V. Jones, Ph. D.

Excellent music was furnished by the “Acadia Quartette.”

Mr. Palmer, in referring to the Christian service, said it was the work which had employed the best souls in all ages, and exceeds any other service as much as the interests of the soul exceed those of the body. He claimed that the church or body of Christ is the only legitimate medium through which the evangelization of the world must be procured; and as the body has many members, so the work presents many phases. The Lord accomplishes His most important designs through men of *special choice* and *special training*.

Love to Christ and love to men is indispensable in any field of Christian labor. The more Christlike the disciple the lower will he stoop to save men. The successful missionary must be a philosopher, an evangelist, apt to teach, able to organize and regulate schools, able to direct and counsel the native missionaries. The temporal affairs demand executive ability. He must be a leader in the broadest sense. There are, also, increasing demands for literature. The foreign field has opened many doors of usefulness, and now demands men and women of the broadest culture.

Mr. Corey showed that most of the societies for the propagation of the gospel were financially crippled, because the great majority of the so-called christian world took little or no interest in carrying forward the Lord's work. Since we receive but little aid from wealthy men outside the pale of the church, we should endeavour to bring the youth who are likely to become the capitalists, under gospel influences. The greater number of the commercial and professional men of our cities, were once country boys. What is true of the past will also be true of the future. Our Home Missions should therefore be well sustained, so that everywhere in our own country, the youth may have all the advantages of religious training, both as regards character and disposition to give according to the gospel rule.

Dr. Jones, in a pleasing address, referred to the different conceptions of God commonly entertained by christian people, varying with the idea of the individual, gained from a personal knowledge of the Scriptures. Whatever the conception, it influences us according to the natural bias of the mind. If an idea of love, the result in a susceptible nature is the growth of loving feelings and desires. From God was sent the Son; the Son gave the Spirit; and by the Spirit we are sent as Missionaries of the cross. The existence of a Missionary Society denotes the presence of life, which proceedeth from the fountain of all life and light. The vast missionary edifice rests on God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, and from this knowledge we gain inspiration, notwithstanding peculiar individual conceptions. The foundation is sure; let us build carefully and wisely submitting all to the approval of the Great Master Builder.

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