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THE Acadia Athenæum.

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The Sanctum.

IN one respect, at least, the students of Acadia are at a disadvantage with those of our sister Canadian Colleges. We have no gymnasium. And, worst of all, no one seems anxious enough about the matter to make a move towards getting one. For some years a small building on the College grounds was devoted to such purposes, but owing to the growing demands for class-room accommodation, this building had to be fitted up for other uses. Now, the question is, who should meet the want thus created. When the importance of physical exercise to the student is taken into account and its connection with the work of the class-room rightly recognized, no college can be said to be in any sense properly equipped, which does not provide some opportunity

for gymnastics. On the other hand, no body of young men, such as a community of students, should be willing to leave a matter of such vital importance to the supervision of some other body. And further, are there not advantages in having an institution which must be so completely under the control of the students, also owned by them? Whatever opinions may be entertained about this matter, the desirability—may we not say the urgent necessity, of having such an institution must be acknowledged by every student of the College and Academy. Why not have one, then? The students at Kings went to work in real earnest; opened a subscription list and made appeals to friends of that institution, and they have been able to erect a gymnasium at a cost of \$1500. At Toronto University similar steps have been taken, and already about \$3000, obtained for the same purpose. It may not be possible for the students of Acadia to complete and equip in one year a gymnasium worthy of our grand institutions and to compare with our neighbours, but the same amount of public spirit and united determination would very soon accomplish the thing. The chairman of the Executive Committee of the Board of Governors has expressed the willingness of that body to provide a site for the building, and already one or two graduates have guaranteed liberal subscriptions. Who will lead off in this enterprise?

THE *Parsity's* proposal for an Inter-Collegiate Press Association has received from several of our contemporaries comments favorable and otherwise. It is certain that interchange of thought among those engaged in similar work is of mutual advantage. This principle would certainly hold among college editors. Whether, however, the obstacles to the successful working of such an association could be obviated readily enough to warrant its

organization, is an open question. We are willing to do our part in whatever gives promise of advancing the interests of the fraternity. We are waiting, and have been, for practical suggestions as to how the organization could be formed and carried on.

As to the news-letter from each of the colleges being forwarded to all the others for publication, we confess that a negation of its feasibility seemed to be contained in an estimate of the amount of space such correspondence would require.

THE attention of the students has been frequently called to the subject of Elocution.

The importance of the study has been emphasized, and fitting reference has been made to the character of the work done by the teacher in that department. But, in regard to the conditions under which this work is carried on, something ought to be said of the disadvantages. While it is to be regretted that so many of the students utterly neglect this subject, it is further to be regretted that so much inattention characterizes those who have already placed themselves under such training. This is, however, what will invariably happen to a subject that does not constitute a part of the College curriculum. The regular work is supposed to occupy all of the student's time, and in the majority of cases does it pretty effectually. Under such circumstances, then, what is more natural than that a subject taken merely at the option of the student, and the results of which do not affect his general class standing, should be constantly slighted—should receive irregular class attention and very little if any real study outside of the class room. Here, however, is just where the real advantage to the student is to be gained. The notes and lectures delivered in the class room will benefit him very little indeed, unless the instructions are faithfully applied in regular practice. Before flexibility of voice and plasticity of body can be obtained, the student must gain thorough mastery over himself. This result cannot be reached without much patient labor. We fear the subject will never receive a fraction of the attention its merits warrant until its importance is more strongly emphasized by the "powers that be." If the Senate recognizes the importance of this study, why should they not give it a place among the equally important subjects of Science, Literature, etc. But how do we happen to have this department in its

present condition? As a mere accident, and with no certainty of its permanency. It is to be hoped that some permanent arrangement may be made, whereby the fundamental principles of elocution will be taught in the Academy, where more attention is, or ought to be, given to reading than is possible in the College classes, and then the more advanced work carried on with the lower classes in connection with the English department.

WHAT has become of the Glee Club? The college songs no more resound through the hall. Social groups no longer gather in quiet rooms to join in the delightful refrains that for ages have enlivened the moments of dullness and refreshed the wearied brain. Last winter a few of the old pieces were heard, and occasionally a new one or so added its inspiration, but now apparently a supercilious aestheticism reigns, which anathematizes any such effort. It is true that the quartette discourses excellent song upon occasion, but its practice is, from the very necessity of the case, exclusive, and rather tends to repress than to encourage a general interest in this essential phase of college life. There is needed a meeting for general practice, open to the body of the students. A few minutes weekly in learning some of those immortal college songs would assuredly be well spent.

It cannot be denied that there is on the hill a genuine and hearty college spirit. The students form a grand unit upon what concerns themselves and Alma Mater. Has it been the experience of the past that the ring of the grand old choruses cherishes this spirit and secures at the same time a source of healthful amusement? Then let effort be made to arouse or to revivify our Glee Club already silent too long. The assertion is ventured that by no means the least pleasant and heart-stirring memories of any graduate are those associated with the snatches of old college songs heard now and again through the discord and the jangle of life.

THE College Young Men's Christian Association has been adopted by the students. In the December issue of the *ATHENÆUM* there was a brief view of its constitution and a statement of the advantages claimed for it, which will render further notice of these points unnecessary. It is expected that

in addition to the monthly missionary meeting in College Hall, there will be at least once a month a sermon delivered by the ablest preachers within the radius of attainment. This will be a feature to delight the heart of every well-wisher of the institutions. Bible classes will be arranged without delay. The various committees will at once commence work. In a word, an honest and faithful effort to secure the ends proposed by the society will not fail to be made. The unanimity with which the hearts of all turned to the Association—certain concessions having been made—is in itself an omen of good, and the judicious selection of the president and other officers is the surest guarantee of all being done that can be, and that in the wisest, most energetic, and most charitable way.

However college men may stand personally related to the vital questions of which the Association is the exponent, there will doubtless be a universal rally to its support, and equal eagerness manifested by all to secure its continued prosperity. Article II, Section 2, of the Constitution reads: "Any person of good moral character, either student or member of the faculty, may become an associate member by a two-thirds vote of the members present at any meeting." This excellent provision renders the organization a field where all may meet on common ground and feel a common interest, while its evangelical position is guarded by Article 2, Section 1, which declares "that only active members shall have a right to vote and hold office." Is there not resting upon every student the obligation to do all in his power towards making the Association a success. In the United States some of the ablest men on the campus and in the class-room are active workers in this organization, which, inaugurated some five or six years ago, has already been adopted as the plan for systematic Christian work by upwards of two hundred colleges on this continent.

Fortune, it would appear, now opens for the Association a door to untold influence. The building once used for a gymnasium being, on account of its small proportions, unfit for athletic exercises, was devoted to other purposes, and as a consequence a more spacious structure was allotted to the students. But alack! the roof is a trifle leaky, and some of the most approved appliances in modern calisthenics are wholly unknown. A good deal of talk, somewhat radical in its nature, has been heard this year, but to this date no very

tangible evidences of reform appear. If the Association lead the way in the direction here intimated, where's the college man through the coming ages but will herald its praises?

There is upon the new society responsibility for the accomplishment of a great work. It has a mission to perform with interests involved the most momentous.

THE Seminary at St. Martins, though separated by the stormy Bay from Acadia, is nevertheless one with the institutions on the hill. The aim of the Seminary is precisely that of Horton Collegiate Academy. It stands in the south of New Brunswick, offering aspirants to a college education advantages of preparatory drill superior to any other school in that Province, and points her graduates with filial hands to Old Acadia. This gives an interest to everything pertaining to the Seminary. We are glad to learn its present prosperous condition. During the first term there was an average attendance of fifty, and thirty additional names were received during the Christmas vacation. This speaks well for a new school. Another year will doubtless see these numbers trebled. It is a matter of congratulation too, that the financial aspect is so bright, exceeding the most sanguine expectations of its friends. The governors were remarkably fortunate in securing for modern languages Miss Higgins, daughter of Prof. Higgins, who has devoted several years to especial study of the French and German, and taken in addition a special course under the direction of the eminent Frenchman, Prof. Rue, of Vermont Academy.

AGAIN it becomes our painful duty to pay tribute to the memory of a departed friend, and to record the death of one of Acadia's undergraduates. Bessie Allison Payzant, for two years a member of the present junior class, died at her home, in Wolfville, on Tuesday morning, 15th January.

When we separated for vacation, last June, she was apparently as well as any of her fellow-students, but when we returned, the sad news awaited us, that she was probably on her death bed. As the result of a severe cold, an abscess formed on one of her lungs, and in a few short months death accomplished its

work. Although for some weeks discouraging reports had come to us, the announcement of her death gave a severe shock to all who knew her.

On Tuesday afternoon the students assembled in the Athenæum room and adopted the following resolutions, as a token of respect to her memory :

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to call to Himself our esteemed friend and sister, Bessie A. Payzant ; and,

Whereas, During several years she was among us as a fellow-student, "the pet of her class," beloved of those who knew her ; admired and respected by all as being beautiful and good ; a lady, a woman, a true Christian ;

Therefore Resolved, That we place on record this tribute to her memory, realizing that one of whom nothing was spoken but praise ; one that we were proud to number among us ; one who helped us to be better, whose quiet influence we never shall forget ; an honorable student : a pleasant companion, has been taken away.

Further Resolved, That we tender our sincere sympathy to her relatives, whose loss and sadness we share, and especially to the sorrowing father and mother, reminding them that they mourn for one whose sufferings are past, never to return, who is now happy "where the weary are at rest."

Resolved, also, That these Resolutions appear in the ACADIA ATHENÆUM, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to the family of the deceased.

On behalf of the students of Acadia College,

A. J. KEMPTON, } Committee.
B. H. BENTLEY, }

The funeral services, which took place on Thursday afternoon, at the Baptist Church, were of a most impressive character. An appropriate discourse, full of comforting assurances to the bereaved friends, touching references to the life and character of the departed one—especially to the closing scenes of her life, which were described as a complete triumph in the Lord—and fraught with impressive lessons to all present, was delivered by the pastor, Dr. Higgins. Dr. Sawyer, in fitting words, expressed his sympathy for the mourning friends, and urged the young friends of the deceased to seek to retain the important truths that had been so faithfully presented. Rev. Mr. Rogers, Methodist, offered prayer. A most impressive part of the service was the rendering by the choir of several pieces of music which Bessie had

selected for the occasion some days before her death. The students, six of whom acted as pall-bearers, were present in college uniform, and, despite the pouring rain and muddy streets, they joined in the procession, which was headed by the "Order of Good Templars," and marched to the cemetery. The services at the grave were conducted by Prof. Kierstead, chaplain of the Temperance Order, and a number of the students sang "Shall we meet beyond the river."

SELECTED.

No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course
But what some land it has gladden'd. No star ever rose
And set without influence somewhere. Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature ?

No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.
The spirits of just men made perfect on high,
The army of martyrs who stand by the throne
And gaze in the face that makes glorious their own,
Know this, surely, at last. Honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow,
And these worth nothing more than the hand they
make weary ;
The heart they have sadden'd, the life they leave
dreary ?
Hush ! the sevenfold heavens to the voice of the spirit
Echo : He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit.

OWEN MEREDITH.

EXCERPTS.

The roots of education are bitter, but the fruit is sweet.—*Aristotle*.

Language is to the mind what beauty is to the body.—*Aristides*.

Let no act be done without a purpose.—*Aurelius Antoninus*.

The best sort of revenge is not to be like him who did the injury.—*Ibid*.

No longer talk at all about the kind of man a good man ought to be, but be such.—*Ibid*.

HIS CHRISTMAS TIDE.

The storm came down like a fiend athirst,
Straight out of the North, and mad with snow,
With a Christmas-eve on the Fundy Bay,
Not many winters ago.

Ha! the Storm King laughed, and his breath was
chill,
As chill as death when the blood moves slow;
With his fingers of steel he smote on the air,
And his heel ploughed deep in the foam below.

In his cursed strength thus the "monster" wrought,
Till the Heaven was dead in the maddened hurl,
The brat and the twist of its pitiless shroud,
Was dead, wild-wrapped in the snow-wreath's whirl.

While below was the rush of the straining seas,
As they heaved and plunged 'neath the stinging
scourge,
And their strife waxed white in the hiss and seethe
Against the dead Heaven, a prayerless dirge.

And cold it grew as the night shut down,
The spume was swept from the sea like chaff,
In the darkness the foam-heads gathered and
gleamed,—
The breath of lost spirits the greedy seas quaff.

The winds went wild with the scud and the sleet,
How they cram'd their breasts with the bitter
freight!
Out into the night they swirled and snarled,
And the home of the sea-bird desolate.

"May the Galilee Saviour have keeping of those
Who to-night sail the Bay," the fisher-folk said,
While the children half-hushed at the snow-demon's
rage,
With a prayer for old Santa Claus clung closer in bed.

And little they guessed what the cruel waves held,
'Twixt their foam-dripping jaws, all helpless and
drear,
How the "Queen of the Sea" snow-sheeted, alone,
Fought hard for her life and her crew grown dear.

Caught fast on the Bay in the night and the storm,
Why the clutch of the blas was a grip of steel,
As it sang in the shroud and stiffened sail
And yelled as it saw the blind stagger and reel.

And the seething seas in their frenzied lust
Bore hard upon her their wet black weight,
As they caught and flung her and caught again,
And flung her wild in their cringing hate.

"'Tis Christmas-tide and our feast is spread,"
Leered the white-cowled fiends in their savage glee,—
"Perchance we'll have guests to share our board,
And we'll drink to their pride,—'The Queen of the
Sea.'"

Ah, well could they laugh, those reeking seas,
For little recked they of the loss and the pain,
As they buried her deep in their bosoms cold,
Or swept her deck with the icy rain

That clung where it fell, and heavier grew,
And folded the "Queen" in a queenly white,—
A phantom ship that the storm bath wrought,
Or a tale that is told ere the morning light.

"Could we keep deep water under our keel,"
The words came stiff from the skipper's lip
As he stood with his back to the scuttling snow
And steady the wheel 'neath his iron grip,

"We'd laugh at the storm though 'tis cold to laugh,
And hail the morn as did Mary of old."
The eddying squall shut thicker down
Where the lantern's gleam struggled out in the cold.

"But in a hole like this the chance goes hard,
For down to leeward the breakers wait,"
And he swept from his cheek the sea's white breath
With a half-muttered prayer for the "dear ones,"
sake.

Oo, on came the storm, and wilder grew,
Through the snow-swept night the "Queen" back
bore,
Her bridal trappings now gathered, now torn,
The bridegroom keeps watch 'long the hungry shore.

"'Twill not be long ere these two wed,
The Queen whom we know, and Death whom we
guess,"—
The snow-wraiths shrieked as they circled round
And wreathed in their fingers the stricken bride's
dress.

Ah, the truth came cold to the steerman's breast,
Though a braver man never scanned a deck,
With a shudder he thought of the strangling surge,
The black-mouthed rocks, the merciless wreck.

But his teeth closed hard to the sickening pain,
To the whistling sleet that stole the breath,—
A grim-featured Charon he looked, as he stood,
'Twas only a man face to face with death.

Then his voice rang out above the storm,—
"Look alive there, mates, while yet ye may,

Two hours at most the breakers call,
And perhaps ye can guess what they'll have to say.

"Bear a hand here now for the last time boys,
Well we've sailed the 'Old Queen' in the days
gone by,
And we'll sail her yet, God help her crew,
Straight on to the rocks, unchallenged to die."

Five men, with the captain, gathered round,
The lantern's beam in the blinding snow;
Five heads, storm-circled, the grey and the brown.
Five souls, life-loving, yet strong to go.

The wheel spun away from its loosened hold,
And round swung the "Queen" through the angry
night,
A gather—a pause, and away she sprang
In the freezing drift like a storm bolt white.

In the wild North's breast as a queen she rode,
All white from the keel foamed her daring track,—
Last foot-prints were they that were rudely caught
And plumed into crests by the galloping pack

Of the huge sea-wolves, that howled and strained
With jaws agape to smack their prey;
Right hard at her heels they choked and snarled,
And their breath swung hot into stinging spray.

But strong was the "Queen" in the tempest's
strength,
For as one by one they headlong leapt,
Back-broken and gasping she hurled them down,
And on in the storm undaunted she swept.

Straight away she flew, aye, her course was straight,
For the hand that held never flinched or stirred.
The light burned dim on the lives at bay,
From the storm-matted lips broke never a word.

But they watched the chase as it sterner grew
With eyes that saw yet did not see;
Behind them, the life they had lived and loved,
Before, the dark doubt of the dread "to be."

Of baby hands stretched pleading out,—
Of maiden hands whose touch he knew,—
Of mother hands that had blessed her boy,—
Each heart fought its bitterness through and through.

Yes, hark! up the night like a wail from the dead
Comes the low dull boom of the breakers' moan,
Beneath the shrill shriek and roar of the storm
Upwells the fierce depth of its monotone.

A shiver ran round that "circle of grey,"
The pulse hung still in its icy thrall;

Dear grows the flesh, ah, dearer still,
When out of the dark comes the dread death-call.

The captain's hand sought each hand in turn,
The four hard palms of his noble crew.
No word was said, but the long close clasp
Wrung deep to each heart his strong adieu.

Then they caught his voice, 'twixt the thunderous
roar
Of the breakers' charge,—“While yet there's time
Send aloft a prayer for our souls in distress,
Some angel may hear and heave us a line.”

Louder rolled the roar of the rock-mad surf,
Closer spun the squall in a winding sheet,
Darker stooped the night to hide her sin,
Open-armed strained the "bridegroom" his treasure
to greet.

Not long to wait, with never a pause,
'Mid the yeasting foam where the rocks are fed,
One wild last plunge, a sickening crash,
Alone, in the darkness the "Queen" was wed.

One quick-drawn breath, a mountain surge
Swoops madly down the bond to seal.
No feet press now the quivering deck,
And gone at last is the hand from the wheel.

No tale tells the sea of the hearts it stills,
Of the cries hard-choked at its strangling breast,
Of the struggle and clutch of the drowning hands,
Of the ooze-pillowed head forever at rest.

* * * *

Long the skipper watched as he hugged the rocks,
All weak and spent from his fight with the foam.
Long peered and questioned the storm's blind face,
For sight or sound what the billows own.

In vain, the sea gives up no dead,
The fierce foam-shreds they stiffen and blind,
A sting in his throat, not the sting of the salt,
To the spray-swept shore he leaves them behind.

"But gone before, who knows?" came the thought,
Up the steep he strained with the sudden pain,
The ice clad limbs are stiff with cold,
In the darkness a step but to stumble again.

Wild round the worry and daze of the storm,
The gloating brawl from the graves below.
Oh, to get out of the sound of the mocking sea
That alone worth the fight, knee-deep, through the
snow.

A half-drowned man on a stranger shore,
A winter night, a storm gone mad,
Alone, adrift, hemmed fiercely round,
Gods, pity the chance that the skipper had.

Yet he struggled on in the blinding sweep
Up the howling waste of the grave-clad land.
'To the weary feet no strength was given,
Reached out through the dark no guiding hand.

"Better down like a dog than a death like this,
Though the struggle be fierce yet the sleep is warm."
Still on he fought for his wife and his child,
Still eddied round him the pitiless storm.

"Have I fetched so far but to freeze in my tracks,
Why didn't they tell me, for surely they knew?"
Fierce sought he for answer, half-wheeled in despair—
There, a loving light burned the snow-squall through.

A wicket set in death's close pall
Slipped through the smile of home and life;
Hot leaped the blood in the cold-drawn heart,
Rekindled the face blown out with the strife.

Yes, but the ways of God are not our ways,
Scarce a stone's throw before lay shelter asleep,
When the light thrust through its painted tongue
With a lie as black as hell's deep.

Did no angel stoop down the winter night
To warn the soul that had fought so well?
No, toward the light pushed hard the eager feet,
"Oh, God be thanked," from the glad lips fell.

In a hollow deep, where the cold was still,
And the light snow sifted tired down,
The light gone out, he knows not where,
As his soul will go when the light is done,

Out-worn at last with the bootless strife
The skipper grapples and gropes with the gloom,
Despair's fell kiss on the knotted brow
For the way-worn feet on earth no room;

Beats to and fro his few sands out,
Oh, the bitter drops of Adam's sin!
The eyes strained blind to catch the light,
The light that had promised to take him in.

A shivering sob breaks the straitened lips,
The one hard cry from the man's strong soul,
The strange mists gather and darken and chill,
The death-wine chokes from the black-lipped bowl.

But the loathsome draught grows strangely sweet,
The pain dies away in a warm-armed dream.
The drowsy shadows murmur and soothe.
Soft-pillow the head mid their glimmer and gleam.

He's home again in the fire's bright glow,
With a shout the "little one" clambers his knee,
Eager points him the stockings plainly hung,—
"When Santa Claus comes he surely must see."

Somehow he grows tired, spite the prattle and laugh,
And the wife's glad eyes with his home-coming
bright,—

"I guess I'll turn in, go to mother now,
Be a good 'little one,' kiss Dad good-night."

Still the storm raged on, though its work was done,
Lay the dead face still in the deepening snow,—
"His Christmas-tide" on the Fanciful's shore
Not many winters ago.

ACADIA.

BURKE'S WARREN HASTINGS AS AN ORATION.

WIND and tongue, as Carlyle wittily calls oratory, are perhaps, but too frequently, the chief constituents of that art at the present day. Not that we mean to infer at all from this that the world is retrograding, but it is a fact, that Demosthenes and Cicero, in the year eighteen hundred and eighty-nine, would be great oddities. Of course there are men living that are real orators, but there is more sham and mere twaddle in the world than ever before. Mere youths fill the debating clubs, eager to discuss questions which the greatest minds of the time cannot decide. Grasping politicians stump the country on mutual exposures, or any cry that may perchance catch the ears of the people.

This is not oratory. The true orator is he who, by his voice alone, overcomes opposition, ignorance or superstition—who enters the multitude's very souls with his own fervent spirit, till a thousand hearts beat as one, feel but one impulse, and know but one desire. Such a man was Edmund Burke, the greatest orator and philosopher of his day, whose greatest rhetorical effort, the impeachment of Warren Hastings, we shall now discuss.

That this oration was the masterpiece of that time that it rivals anything of its kind in the English language, are facts everywhere admitted. But an oration that continued off and on for seven years, and embraced hours at a time, is far too great for us to criticise in detail. We can only glance at the general features of the production; and by considering the author's genius in every department of oratorical art,

recognize through these the manifest beauties of the oration.

A true orator must have some great message to deliver to the people. He must have a good reputation and be of real personal merit. He must have sympathy and vividness in the most marked degree; and last, but by no means least, he must have a fervor that will at once attract the audience and sustain their interest throughout. Let us then, on this plan, examine Burke's oration against Warren Hastings.

What was this great truth, that Burke must needs proclaim? It was the tale of an oppressed people, of an outraged authority, of the most glaring acts of cruelty and crime—deeds which his own pure soul could not look at without a shudder—deeds whose only justification to us lies in the thought that had they not been committed, India to-day would not have been a part of the British Empire—deeds which are morally unpardonable, though they may be politically condoned.

A real orator must be upright and of good repute. Burke was entirely unknown to the political world until the age of thirty-five. Then entering parliament as a member for the first time, he at once showed by the vast sweep of his mighty mind, by the concise yet vivid march of his unconstrained imagination, that a new light had appeared, whose dimmest gleam would outshine the brightest of his compeers. He was learned in the sciences, in history, in law, in philosophy, and so thoroughly their master that he has been compared to Bacon. He is the man whom the hired creature of Hastings designated "that reptile Mr. Burke," and yet the same that the great Dr. Johnson called "the first man in England."

Burke's intellect was wide, ranging, comprehensive—his conception fertile yet precise, bringing before his mind thousands of thronging images, of the most beautiful forms and clothed in the most fantastic garments. He was an enthusiast. He fought for noble causes, against unrighteous oppression, for public morality. His understanding was pre-eminently fitted for investigating truth, and his body acted merely as the servant of his untameable sensibilities. He formed his opinions with all the impetuosity of a madman, and then defended them with all the coolness of a philosopher.

This was the man who stood before the bar of

Westminster, on the thirteenth of February, 1788, to plead the cause of a nation separated from himself by half the world, and to contend that the crimes of an Englishman abroad should receive the same sentence as those of an Englishman at home. He stood to impeach not Hastings alone, but every like case down through the centuries. He stood in a hall, hallowed by the strangest and most sacred associations—a hall which had witnessed the coronations of thirty kings—a hall where the murdered Charles had received his unjust sentence. He stood before all the pomp and pride of England—the judges wigged and gowned, the lords in ermine and cloth of gold, the holders of the highest offices of Church and State. He stood in the presence of royalty itself. Overhead, in the long, crowded galleries, was an audience appreciative and lovely—men, whose great minds were afterwards to enrich the whole nation—women, whose hearts and souls went out in sympathy for the cause of justice.

Burke's part was a play of masterly exposition, of stately eloquence, of living pictures. He transforms what had been to others only musty records, into flashing portraits, glowing with life and colour. He does not pick out one from a thousand thoughts. He rather tries to force them all into one mass, and first deafening the hearer by the vigour of his rhetoric, stuns him by its rapidity and continuance. Perhaps the best way to criticise this oration is to judge by its effects. What kind of an oration can we call that, where the women wept and sobbed, where those of too sympathizing minds even swooned away, where Hastings himself declared that "for half an hour he felt the most culpable of men"?

Burke saw and felt that Hastings had committed acts unjustifiable by the laws of his country. His noble feelings and natural sympathies, of themselves, directed him to impeach Hastings, perhaps, indeed, they hurried him too far. His great mind became a mere vehicle for his passions. In all Hastings's career he could see no redeeming features, no mitigating circumstances. People have even charged him with wishing to revenge some private grievance, but it is only by looking at the depth of his passions, and at the elevation of his mind, that we can even pretend to understand his actions.

Sympathy and vividness are two other essential qualities of the true orator. Burke possessed these, also, in a marked degree. He could describe India

in a way that would put to shame a person living on the spot. His mind was easily captivated with its splendor. He could picture to himself its antique architecture. He could see its feathery palm trees and all its strange tropical vegetation. He could understand all its wonderful laws of caste, and all its ancient civilization and literature. Its moving thousands of dark-hued natives; the queer costumes, the habits, the mysterious origin of the people, and the strange worship of their gods, all excited, in a mind so susceptible, the most intense interest. And, chiefly, by means of these descriptions, did Burke work so strongly upon the feelings of his hearers.

Fervor is yet another characteristic of a great orator. But, at times, Burke's eloquence over-reaches itself. He forgets all propriety, all decency. He cannot imagine anything as too excessive in speech, neither his prodigious descriptions, nor his blood curdling images. He hurls apostrophes, jests, curses, in one breath. He declaims, laments, rejoices all at the same moment. None of the orators of that day had taste. In Burke it is only the continued force, the sustained fire of his arguments, the depth, the warmth of his emotions, that makes us forget his vulgarities, and see only his beauties.

The whole trial lasted seven long years, and, although Hastings was acquitted, although Mr. Burke failed before the eyes of men, yet he succeeded in the real object of his noble mind. He conclusively proved that the arm of justice, fearful with a thousand punishments, could stretch across almost boundless seas to avenge the wrongs of oppressed and injured nations.

Whatever be our opinions as to Hasting's guilt or innocence, we still must tender to Mr. Burke our appreciation of his chivalrous and magnanimous spirit, which forced him for so many years, to plead the cause of a nation whose country he had never seen; whose language he had never heard, and from whose people he could expect no recompense, either by gratitude, applause, or reward.

OUR LECTURE COURSE.

Although to a large degree dependant upon the generosity of the Literary men of our own Province, the Athenæum Society is to be congratulated upon the high character of the lectures thus far provided.

The unpleasant weather and consequent disagreeable condition of the roads promised a small audience, but the remembrance of a former visit from Professor Roberts, of King's College, Windsor, N. S., gave him a house well filled with attentive listeners on Friday evening, 18th ult., to hear his "Echo's of Old Acadia."

Though dealing with facts of history, the lecturer, who had visited the scenes of the several romantic incidents upon which he discoursed, succeeded admirably in giving to each its own peculiar setting, and presenting "these several actions, as yet warm with passion, their color, their detail."

The first echo was from the harbor of Port Royal, wherein De Mont set a colony in 1605. It was seventy years before that the drama had opened upon the Acadian stage. It began when Cartier discovered Cape Escuminac on the gulf shore of N. B. The speaker here presented a pleasing picture of scenery at the mouth of Miramichi,—rich woods of pine and cedar, elm and ash, birch and willow, the delight of the sailors. Where the woods receded a little from the shore, strawberries, blackberries, and wild peas appeared in abundance. The air swarmed with flocks of pigeon and other game, and the streams were thick with fish. Passing north, a call was made at *Baie des Chaleurs*, where some days were spent in indolent exploration, and then he passed on to discover the St. Lawrence.

Three quarters of a century later, Acadian story makes a real beginning at the mouth of the St. Croix. The Islands along the coast were described as a handful of jewels. A colony was planted on a small Island within the mouth of the river. Here the lecturer gave a vivid description of the happy summer days spent in erecting buildings, and in agriculture, and then of the changed scene as autumn, with its withering frosts and chilling winds came upon them, and the sufferings endured during the terrible winter that followed.

The next description was of the "French Gardens, Sable Island,"—"a land of sand, and ruin, and gold." The quotation almost literally true. The Island composed of ruin and sand, and no lack of costly merchandize washed up upon its shores. The Island has been given the name, "The Charnel House of North America." Nevertheless this place of horrors has a strange fascination for those who visit it—voluntarily. Tho' full of dead men's bones, the

Island is kind to its dead. The clean unresting currents roll them and wash them; the clean sands swathe and cover them away. The "Isle of Sable," a deposit of the drift of meeting currents. It is the nucleus of the densest fogs, the vortex of the wildest storms of the North Atlantic. It is moving eastward before the prevailing winds, and rapidly decreasing in size. The name of "French Gardens," applied to a sheltered spot in the Island, was traced to the first settlers—a band of prisoners landed there in 1598 by *Marquis de la Roche*, who had been made viceroy of Canada and Acadia. In minutest detail the story of their sufferings and subsequent release was rehearsed.

A brief account was given of the "Order of a Good Time," an institution organized by Champlain, at Port Royal, and afterwards celebrated by the "Merry Marc Lescarbot." Interesting accounts were also given of the attack of Charnisay upon Fort La Tour, at the mouth of the St. John River,—the heroism of La Tour's wife in its defence, her final defeat and death.

The description of a feud, said to have taken place between an old Puritan settler on the Oromocto and a young loyalist intruder, afforded much merriment. A comparison of a Christmas celebration at Port Royal, 276 years ago, with a similar event among the Acadians, at Madawaska, in these modern times, closed a most interesting lecture.

In all these descriptions the speaker exercised a power of painting scenes with a clearness, and in language that compelled attention. We hope he may favor us again.

The thanks of the Literary Society were tendered letco the turer by the President.

ENTE TAINED.

It having become known to the students of the college that Prof. Tufts intended shortly to leave Wolfville, for a time at least, and he having expressed a willingness to give the students the benefit of a paper which he had previously read before a meeting of the Faculty, the members of the various college classes gathered in the President's hall on Thursday evening, 17th ult., and for an hour listened with deepest interest to the delivery of a paper on "Trusts and Combines." The flattering remarks of the mover and seconder of a vote of thanks, which was heartily

and unanimously carried, attested both to the appreciation by the students of the discussion of this deeply interesting subject, and also to the popularity of the speaker.

At the close of this meeting Prof. Tufts was invited to meet the senior class, in the dining room at Chipman Hall, where an energetic committee were prepared to satisfy the wants of the inner man.

When the once attractive table had been robbed of its charms, a college song was sung, and then the chairman, C. H. McIntyre, in behalf of the class, addressed the guest of the evening, referring to the pleasant relations that had existed between the Professor and the class, both in and out of class-room; expressing in fitting terms the high regard in which he was held by members of the class, as a teacher and as a gentleman, and wishing him abundant prosperity in the future. Prof. Tufts's reply was cordial and appreciative. The remainder of the evening was pleasantly spent in one of the student's rooms, and the result of the Professor's visit only tended to increase the number of pleasing impressions he has made upon the class of '89.

EXCHANGES.

The University Monthly of December is an excellent number. It favours the formation of the Canadian Press Association. "A talk with my Grandfather" is in conception and finish admirable.

The Adelpian for January is very interesting. "The Antithesis of Life" deserves especial mention.

Dalhousie Gazette of January appears with the usual array of strong editorials. In its role as exponent of the students' claims which we consider the most important function of a college paper the *Gazette* ranks high. A correspondent urges that elocution be made compulsory. The Y. M. C. A. is in a flourishing condition.

The Censon though small is in quality of matter surpassed by few

The King's College Record is giving a series of articles on the Canadian poets. These articles in addition to their high literary excellence cannot fail to arouse an interest in our own writers and lead to a more general study of their productions. We are under the impression that our esteemed contemporary is no annexationist.

The Chironian is always welcome especially to those among us who look to the medical profession.

THE *Queen's College Journal* is conducted in an energetic and able manner. But with all due deference we are of opinion that the editor takes a wrong view concerning the importance of mathematics. He expresses the hope that an option may soon be presented between junior mathematics and original literary work. Why not have the both of 'em?

THE *College Times*, Toronto, contains some very judicious reflections upon "Modern Languages." It advocates the meisterschaft system.

THE *Argosy* appeared in beautiful holiday costume uttering Xmas greetings.

PERSONALS.

E. H. ARMSTRONG, L. L. B., who for two years studied with the class of '88, practises his profession at Weymouth, N. S.

L. R. SHAFNER, B. A., '80, is now auditor for the Central Northern Railway, Cordova, Argentine Republic.

O. T. DANIELS, B. A., '81, has been appointed for the third time to the clerkship of the Municipal Council, Annapolis County, N. S.

CHARLES WADSWORTH DUKE, '91, was compelled to discontinue his work here, and to repair to St. John, N. B., for medical treatment. Charles expects to return again next year. Meantime, he will be missed on the "Hill" and in the village, where he is a special favourite.

REV. FRANK H. BEALS, B. A., '86, has become the pastor of the Baptist Church, Hebron, N. S.

J. T. PRESCOTT, B. A., '87, we are pleased to learn, has completely recovered from his recent illness, and again handles the dissecting-knife at the University of New York.

J. L. HALEY, '90, a few days ago, bade adieu to college life to join the busy ranks of commercial men at St. Stephen, N. B.

REV. H. E. MORROW, B. A., '71, returned missionary from Tavoy, Burmah, is taking a post-graduate course at Newton.

A. J. DENTON, B. A., '79, who was admitted to Harvard in the M. A. course with the standing and privileges of a graduate has been obliged, by ill health, to give up his studies and resort to Colorado Springs.

DR. BURNER, of Sussex, N. B., in consequence of the illness of his son, W. Brenton, '91, recently spent a few days on the "Hill." W. B., we are glad, to know is convalescent.

PROF. TUFTS, is taking a special course at Harvard.

DIED.

PAYZANT.—At Wolfville, Jan. 15th, Bessie Allison Payzant, daughter of Dr. E. N. and Carolina Payzant, aged 20 years.

Locals.

Hi!

Cert.

He still goes the rounds.

THE fashionable Logarithmic System is the Pierian, but Olney prefers the *Napierian*.

THE yell of '91 has been changed from L. R. to *Sta-r-r-r-r-r-all*.

"My starr's," exclaimed a devout Senior as he beheld two theological classmates playing chess, "What is this *terrestrial earth* coming to!"

THE *U(o)y bent* lithely o'er the chair,

And thus discussed Astronomy:

"The moon presents the same phases to the inhabitants of the earth, if there be any, as the earth exhibits to the people of the moon."

"You better put that on the slate, John," said a precocious youth to his tobacconist. *Cito maturum, cito putridum*.

STEWART.—"How many bed-slats do you want?"

STUDENT.—"I want four, sir." (Aside) "But I need two." He wanted kindling, and studied synonyms.

THE hall corridors have undergone a process of cleansing, tinting, etc., during holidays. The old landmarks being thus removed, it is no wonder that even a Senior, on his arrival from the city, should bring up one flat out of his reckoning, while his room-mate looked archly on.

That *gall* is portioned into parts,

From Caesar we infer;

How many has the boy from town,

Yes, the *philosopher*?

In class not many days ago—

One point at least he made—

"Doctor," said he, "which are you for,

Protection or for Free Trade?"

AGENT (entering the room and presenting a book).—I have here an excellent work on *Araba Pacha*. It—

STUDENT.—"Does it treat of his two brothers?"

AGENT.—"His two brothers; why, I never heard of them. Who are they?"

STUDENT.—*Araba Dad* and *Araba Aisy*.

[Exit Agent.]

WHAT but the most daring *lions*, unguided by compass, would undertake the long and arduous march to the Eastern coast of Asia Minor?

PROVERBIAL enjoyments of college life receive a charm when the weary spirit bowing low with mental toil is spurred with new vigor by *engaging* in the pleasanter duties of household management; while the dreary black gown is doffed daily and replaced by the rough and ready working coat, and the whirr of the buck-saw chimes with the notes of "*Home Sweet Home*," sung with ever strengthening emphasis.

A SOPH indignantly declares that if the Junior who rooms directly below persists in snoring, a bone of contention will be the immediate outcome. Shall it be called the *O-s-in-nomin-hutchins*?

A BRANCH of the College Y. M. C. A. was organized January 18th, with a membership of forty one. The officers for the present college term are: Pres. H. T. DeWolfe, Vice do., G. P. Raymond, Rec. Sec., H. Y. Corey, Cor. do., C. A. Eaton, Treasurer, W. T. Stackhouse. The President duly announced the committees as follows:—

MEMBERSHIP.—1. C. H. McIntyre,
2. N. A. McNeill,
3. J. H. MacDonald,
4. J. B. Ganong.

DEVOTIONAL.—1. L. A. Palmer,
2. B. H. Bentley,
3. Austen Kempton,
4. W. J. Rutledge.

BIBLE STUDY.—1.
2. D. H. McQuarrie,
3. E. Earnest Daly,
4.

GENERAL RELIGIOUS WORK.—1. W. H. Jenkins,
2. F. J. Bradshaw,
3. W. M. Smalleman,
4. W. T. Stackhouse.

CORRESPONDENCE.—1.
2. C. M. Woodworth,
3. H. P. Whidden,
4. C. E. Seaman.

NOMINATING.—1. Prof. Kierstead,
2.
3. F. M. Shaw.

NOTE.—The vacancies will be filled out as soon as possible from members of the classes in College and Academy, not as yet represented on the various committees.

It is reported that during the holidays, the Freshman gardener was wounded by an arrow hurled from a bow at *Shafnersbury* castle. It is to be hoped that the results will not prove fatal, else his *bliss* will fade away.

WHEN mail arrives at noon and night
Who does not think "let up, O!"
As bugle horn and gentle knock
Give way to *kid's falsetto*?

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE POMPADOUR.

Floating, flying through the ether, came a spirit from above;
Came unto the noble *Fifty*, sent by thunder-holding Jove;
Blithe he was and fair to look on, and upon his head, the hair
Like a field of corn was growing, waving in the summer air.
Spake he thus unto the *Fifty*, moved them to the inmost core,
Saying, "Look upon me, *Fifty*! See the far-famed *Pompadour*.
Go ye each unto the barber, place yourselves beneath his shears.
Trust him with your youthful ringlets, till the *Pompadour*
appears."

Straight they heard him, and with footsteps swift as arrows,
Phoebus-hurled,

Hastened they to lose their love-locks, straight and black, or
light and curled.

Then the mighty barber smiling, shook himself and glanced
around;

Soon like autumn leaves were falling flying hairs upon the
ground,

Swift he sheared them, quick he brushed them, stood on end
each polished hair,

Trimmed the edges, blew the dust off, touched them up with
tender care.

Lo, next morning, each professor stopped with eyelids open
wide,

Dropped his jaw and wondered at them, wondered at their
pompous pride,

Saw the halos round their foreheads, saw where, like a son of
Thor—

Mighty Scandinavian demon—shone the *fair light Pompadour*.
Thus the noble *Fifty* acted, thus they made their persons fair,
Smiled to see the people wonder, blushing nothing at their
stare,

Smiled to see the Sem's amazement, smiled to hear the rowdies
roar

Confident that nothing like them ever had been seen before.

But old Kronos can't be cheated, he rebuilds as he destroys,

And in many kinds of labor he his busy hands employs;

And the pompadours grew longer, and they dropped their
nodding crests,

Till in dust and hard-coal ashes, prostrate each serenely rests.

And the spirit from Olympius to the *Fifty* came again,

Whispering softly, whispering sweetly—"Hear me, O ye sons
of men,

Pomps are out in high Olympius, Juno's lost her Langtry bang,
Venus fair has doffed her bustle: daily now we hear the clang
Of the mighty Vulcan's hammer, forging chains from virgin
ore,

Chains for those who still are wearing hair cut a *la pompadour*."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

L. W. Johnstone, \$1; W. N. Wickwire, M. D., W. C. Illsley,
S. K. Smith, B. A., \$2 each. J. W. Litch, L. P. Godfrey,
\$1.50 each. Rev. W. B. Hinson, F. H. Doull, \$2 each. D. H.
McQuarrie, W. J. Rutledge, E. E. Daley, N. A. McNeill,
Rev. C. H. Haverstock, W. S. Black, T. J. Locke, L. R. Morse,
A. T. Kempton, F. S. Messenger, J. B. Oakes, M. A., L. F.
Eaton, Dr. D. McN. Parker, H. S. Ross, A. F. Baker, C. E.
Seaman, H. J. Starratt, L. D. McCart, W. J. Shields, J. H.
Secord, Prof. D. M. Welton, Ph. D., J. L. Walker, A. J.
Kempton, L. H. Morse, G. W. MacFarlane, G. R. Baker,
G. E. Whitman, B. A., L. J. Lovitt, J. H. Lovitt, J. Gardiner,
H. B. Hegg, A. Bogart, J. K. Jones, L. W. Jones, J. B.
Pascoe, W. T. Stackhouse, \$1 each. L. J. Haley, J. E. Barse,
70 cts. each. C. A. Eaton, 50 cts.; H. W. McKenna, \$1;
A. M. McLeod, \$1; G. P. Payzant, \$1; J. E. Eaton, 30 cts.;
P. R. Smith, \$1; Rev. B. F. Simpson, \$5.

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