

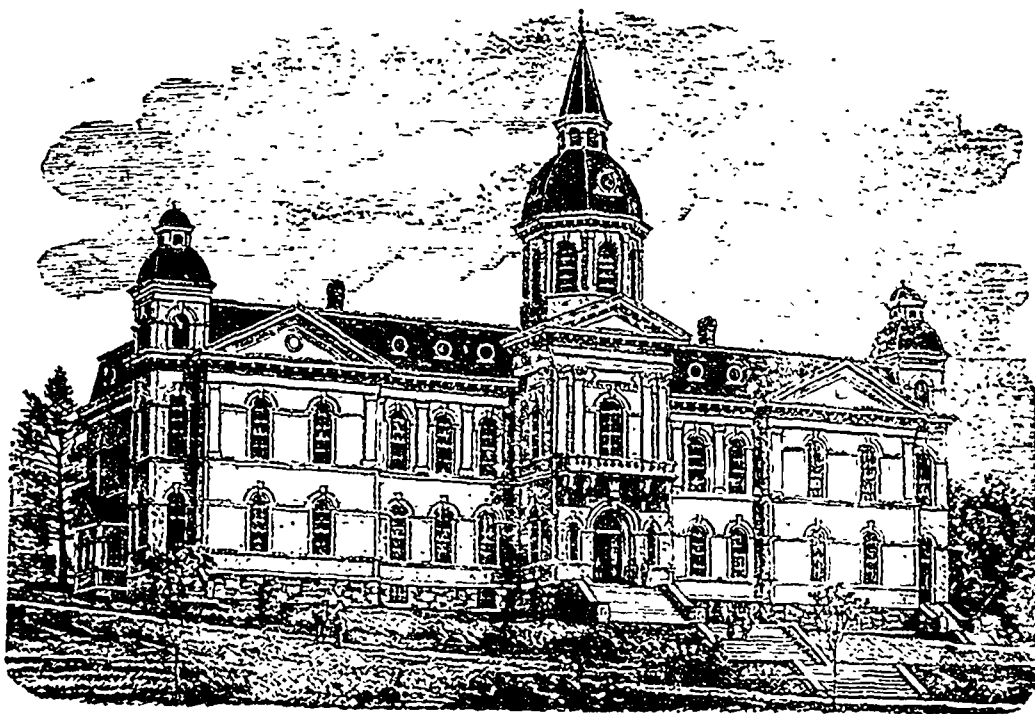
ACADIA ATHLETICUM

Prodesse quam Conspici.

VOL. XIV.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., DECEMBER, 1887.

No. 2.



THE UNIVERSITY OF ACADIA COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION.

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The Acadia Athenæum.

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WOLFVILLE, N. S., DECEMBER, 1887.

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THE Acadia Athenæum.

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Athenæum.

→* The Sanctum. *←

WE had the pleasure lately of a visit to the new building of Dalhousie College. It is a fine brick structure, and the site is one of the most suitable to be found in the city. The third story is now ready for the professors and students. The waiting room is large, the lecture rooms are cheerful, and the chemical laboratory is something of which the college need never be ashamed.

The old building was not very impressive, to say the least, and a man would always be prouder of Dalhousie when reading her calendar than when looking at her dingy representative on Grand Parade. So we could not repress a feeling of satisfaction and pleasure when beholding a nobler building more worthy of a noble institution. This University always has had good, useful friends. May they increase in numbers, loyalty and strength. We tender to her our hearty congratulations.

THREE representatives of the Board of Governors appeared before the students on Thursday morning, 24th ult., in the President's Hall. Rev. A. Cohoon, M. A., expounded the action of the governors in connection with scholarships in the endowment fund, as embodied in the resolution inserted in our local department. Rev. Dr. Saunders showed how a long time ago these scholarships were introduced imprudently and unconstitutionally in a moment of distress. The chairman of the Board called attention to the fact that if all the students should pay tuition fees, the income from this source itself would pay the salaries of two professors. At Harvard, tuition fees alone amount to more than all a man's expenses at Acadia.

We would like to add our voice to the appeal that is being made to the holders of these scholarships in the endowment fund. Remember how they were obtained. The interest on the money that purchased them would be about \$2.92 per annum. The scholarship is worth \$24.00 a year. So the holders of such scholarships, while they keep a good grip on them and keep them in use, are forcing the poor old college to pay over 40 per cent. interest on the money that their grandfather or great-uncle gave long years ago. If anybody cannot see how he has already been altogether repaid, we feel sure that a little denominational spirit, a little large-heartedness, or just a little love, would rub the balance out. One man gives six hundred dollars to the college every year and never thinks of asking her to teach his boys or nephews or cousins or grand-children for nothing. All that the holders of the endowment scholarships are asked to do is to deed them to the Board of Governors, to be used at their discretion, in all time to come, solely for the benefit of needy and meritorious students.

Here also is a chance for the students. Let every one who can do it and yet live, give up his scholarship in the endowment fund. Of course it is a hard struggle for many boys to work their own way through

college; but let us remember that it is also a hard struggle for Acadia to keep her head above water. Anyway, it does not look much like financial progress when the year 1886 had a net deficit of three hundred and thirty dollars, twenty-two cents, and '87 was one thousand, forty-five dollars and seventy-eight cents worse. Let every student who can swim two strokes, let go and strike out for himself.

IT is not physical exercise that the student needs, but *heartly* physical exercise. Did you ever see a lazy man on a hot day hoeing a tough row of potatoes, looking up at every chop to see where the end is? That is the way not to take exercise. After the football season is over, there is danger. Then many a student begins to loiter around like an old man whose work on earth is done. The world has enough inopers in it now. Let him be a man. Gaspereaux Valley is over there. Start for it; run up the hills; jump the fences; go into it until your forehead drips, and come home a new man. Every day, with exceptions which any sensible man can make, every fallow man should have some sweat on his face. No wonder that so many br'ns are sluggish, and so many become useless altogether, when the red life streams that cleanse and nourish them are not living currents, but, on account of physical lethargy, are dammed up half the time into a clotted swamp. Physical and mental exercise seem to be related to each other, somewhat as positive and negative electricity in the two insulated metallic plates of the electric condenser. Up to a certain limit the more physical work a student gets into his play hours the more mental work he can get into his study hours.

THERE seems to be a natural propensity in mankind by virtue of which a person loves to call attention to himself. It manifests itself very early in life. Whether the schoolboy runs into the playground in the morning, or spins his top on the pavement, he seldom neglects the advertising shout. The exact age at which this desire of public notice leaves him has never been announced. But, according to the present outlook of human nature, it would be safe to say that a boy will lose all desire to call attention to himself somewhere between his hundred and seventh and his hundred and fifteenth year.

This propensity, whatever palliating considerations may be adduced, cannot be proved anything better than an odious weakness. When indulged to any length it becomes a disgrace to the character possessing it, and intolerably boorish to those who are obliged to witness its foolish exhibitions. A man(?) has been known to set himself down in a meeting and oblige all who sit near him (no matter how much respect their sex demands) to abstract their attention from the theme of the hour to be entertained entirely by his gabbling and grimaces. In the course of the history of this world a man has been known to sit in the gallery of a Baptist meeting-house and positively force his neighbors to pay more attention to himself than to the preacher. The man who has any regard for others, and who has a grain of respect for himself, will fight this obnoxious propensity, and try with all his might to conquer it, trample it down, and root it out and fling it to the hogs.

AMONG the probabilities of the near future are religious services every Sabbath evening in Assembly Hall. They will be conducted exclusively for the students of the three institutions and will be under the direction of the Faculty, before whom a petition has already been laid with a hundred and fifty eager names. The propriety and urgency of this matter, which have been agitated for some time, have now become settled questions, and every objection seems to be founded on a misunderstanding.

It may be said that nothing should be done to separate the students from the village church. But can you separate what was never joined together? There is no vital connection between the two at all. Indeed, except by a mere geographical juxtaposition, there is no peculiar connection whatever. There is no social connection. The people of Wolfville are a social people and kindhearted. So are the students. But the boys who come here, come or *should* come, not to spend a social time, but "to get an education." They are growing old all the time, their wallets are thin and getting thinner, their lessons are long, their study hours short and they have need to hurry on. No time for much social business. Hardly is there time for the busy student to visit his cousins and aunts once in a great while if he has such friends in the place. The people of the village have generally discerned this natural and inevitable state of things, and so have made

very little disturbance in the way of temptations from study. The sensible student too, on his part, has generally, with a few pardonable exceptions, tried to resist all allurements however strong. Why? Because he knows what he is here for. So as a general thing, the man who pays attention to his business, goes through his whole course and graduates, having only a slight acquaintance with only a few people of the village. Moreover the students are not connected with the village in *any christian work*. It is true that some attempt has been made to get the band of mission workers into a concert of action with the church; but the only practical connection between the two is that of harmony. The institutions have their own bible classes, and the three schools come together in college chapel on Wednesday evening and have their own prayer meeting. No one from the church comes among the students or is expected to come to do evangelistic work. *The Church does no pastoral labor on the "Hill."* When a student is sick or in trouble his pastoral care is left entirely to professor and fellow-student. Very few of the students have even a bowing acquaintance with the village pastor and we suppose that, in so large a church and among so many students, this cannot be otherwise.

If then there is no bond between the students and the church, either in the way of regular social intercourse, pastoral labor, or christian work, and if in the nature of things a fusing of the two bodies is impossible, then what is the sense of talking about the wickedness of severing the two? The christian students of the three institutions have been, and must continue to be, practically a church by themselves.

Another objection may be raised, which at first glance looks more serious. "Your meeting on the hill," says our objector, "will be an *opposition* meeting," and that is just where he makes a mistake. An opposition meeting—except opposition to Beelzebub—is just what our meeting must not and will not be. Of course it will take the students from the evening service of the church, and they have a right to take themselves away. The church gets along without their audience and noise during the summer vacation, and all the other churches in the provinces have to do without the advantages and disadvantages of their presence all the time. But while the students themselves are all withdrawn, their service should not be, must not be an "opposition" service. It should be,

must be FOR THE "INSTITUTIONS" ONLY. From the very nature of the service nobody can be unwelcome, still nobody must be invited. As in the village church it is understood that *everybody* is invited, so to this service it must be understood that, except those for whom it is specially assigned, *nobody* is invited. Those who would leave their own meeting to come to ours, should understand clearly that we believe they ought to get up and go out and go home to their own meeting, not because we do *not* want them, but because their own church *does* want them and has a right to want them.

We speak thus strongly because we believe the church is a sacred organization, with scriptural services and scriptural ordinances, and let every man, small and great, beware of laying upon her his unholy schismatic hands. The services we propose must be so conducted that they will be "opposition" services no more than our prayer-meetings are in opposition to the village prayer-meetings, or than one bible class in S. S. is in opposition to another.

It is the conviction of every one interested, whom it has been our privilege to talk with, that the proposed services would be the very best thing for the spiritual prosperity of the institutions. No one can regularly adapt biblical truth to the wants of the students like the clerical members of our own Faculty. It is needless to say more. The earnest conviction of the whole body of students, altogether free as it is from that turbulent spirit which characterizes anarchic risings—this unanimous earnest conviction—is itself almost proof enough. The Faculty, we think, are of one mind with ourselves, and we repeat with fresh expectation that among the probabilities of the near future, are religious services every Sabbath evening in Assembly Hall.

THERE is a dangerous logic(?) abroad. It is a kind of private, unconscious science; for the owner of doctrine acquired by this process can neither explain nor understand the grounds of his own belief. The danger lies mainly on one side. The man who uses the instrument in question as his test of truth may not often call truth falsehood, but he will very often think falsehood is truth. Here the mischief lies. He will receive what is false and hug it for the truth.

This dangerous logic is the logic of consistency. In moral life consistency has proved to be "a jewel," and

in mental life it as just as necessary and just as beautiful. So beautiful is it that many are charmed by it into the reception of the grossest errors. A series of propositions may clash with all the great truths of the universe, yet if these propositions are themselves mutually consistent, there are many minds that will receive and cherish them as precious truths. A discourse may be false from beginning to end, yet if only from beginning to end its parts are all well hitched together; if it does not quarrel with itself; if all is harmonious and peaceful within; if it can live in the auditor's mind as a perfectly consistent whole, then there are those whom it will delight, and who will believe it and fight for it. Get up any theory you like; if it is conceivable, it is believable and sure to find disciples.

Illustrations are not wanting. The first is taken from the experience of a kind of natural born nominalists who never discerned any difference between words and thoughts. It has never occurred to them but that words grew on thoughts, just like maple bark on maple trees, and if you should peel off the words the thought would die. Anyway, to them, for words to fit together is just as good as the concatenation of thoughts or the causal connection of events. If words can be made to rhyme, no matter how grotesque the lines, there is an argument at once.

"Cut thistles in June, they'll grow again soon." This pastoral has become an oracle. If in any way you should spoil the rhyme, you would cast a shade of doubt upon its sacred truth. "Wind in the West, trout bite the best." That settles the question, and Alexander starts off with his alder pole. These two lines seem to be made for each other and give proof of a connection between a westerly breeze and a hungry trout that to him is perfectly satisfactory. It may be said that experience has proved the truth of this statement, and that is why he believes it. But prior to any such testing experience, and the very first time the boy hears the melodic lines, he listens to them and sees how true they are.

"Wind in the East,
"Trout bite the least"—

true as preaching.

There is a shallow system of theology extant to-day whose abettors believe it away down in their honest hearts. They think if everybody would only step in with them, light and peace would shine all around.

It is a wrested interpretation of a few lines of scripture; but it makes such a pretty, easy little system—that, though it is so distressingly out of harmony with the general tenor of scripture, it is treasured by some men with an unyielding grasp. Would it not be well for men to put away childish things? The secret of all this mischief may be this:—So many are contented with such a small conception of the world; so many are satisfied to look only on one side; so many seem loathe to hold much of what they do know in their minds at one time. Here, too, perhaps, is one explanation of the power and frequent mischief of reasoning by analogy. What our peculiar kind of conceptualist needs is not to repudiate his former love of consistency—not by any means—but he needs to be led out into a larger field—into a broader view—in order that there lifting up his eyes upon a wider, more wonderful correspondence, and listening to a grander harmony, it may dawn upon him that his old pet theories, so consistent in themselves, are very inconsistent with the great truths of the universe to which he has hitherto been shutting his eyes. When he lifts up his head, the same principle that led him into error will lead him out again.

OUR FRESH PEOPLE.

THEY are half a hundred and a motley lot. Big and little, noisy and quiet, fresh and salt; great brain capacity, and large feet extension, loved and beloved, and never love again, youths who have donned long pants and left home as somebody's darling, to wend their way through a stormy world. It is a grand moment in a man's life, when first he finds himself under a whole gown and cap. The future is hidden in uncertainty, but the present is glowing with promise, while the past is all conquered. What a prospect opens before you Freshmen! Here you are, the largest class that ever entered the Institution, fifty years after its opening, having greater advantages, larger improvements, more extensive resources than it ever possessed, and what is there to prevent your coming out the largest numerically, morally and intellectually? You see, therefore, the responsibility which rests upon you; the world is viewing you; it is saying: We look to these young men as our coming leaders, our ministers, lawyers, doctors, with the

usual per cent. of not-much-of-anythings. If here isn't inspiration, where do you find it? Don't lead us too suddenly though, you might stumble over an ugly Soph and he might kick; they do occasionally. Don't undertake to capture the town or church, or any of the public institutions by storm; it might end in a shower, or even a fizzle. Remember the place has seen people belonging to the freshman class before; not so many nor so handsome a lot, but still average mortals, who had to live and breathe the same old air and tread the same old streets. Write home to your friends that you are "sweeping things," they will feel pleased, and the world will still revolve on its axis every twenty-four hours the same as usual. Its wonderful train will still stand these sweeping changes, these maddening revolutions. Follow up the Athenæum meetings, and practise oratory. There is not the slightest necessity for you to shave your head and go under ground, like poor old Demosthenes; you can just as well make other people retire while you hold the fort. Never forget a reception, patronize them my dear boy. Of course its a little boring at first, but then you will become accustomed to it in time. The greatest of men have sometimes to submit to small affairs. Try and not forget to put your cap and gown both on whenever you appear in public; they look well, especially if new, and strangers won't be misled. Its sinful to deceive strangers, sometimes dangerous, if they carry pistols. Study well the poets; some of you might condescend to become a Shakespeare by and by, such second rates as Milton, are out of the question. If any of you think of becoming editors, study horse-racing literature and go West. Whenever you go to the library bring back at least four volumes, and five if possible—great big books, you know. About half-past eleven Saturday is the busiest time, hence the proper season to want all your books entered. By studying the Seminary time table you will learn when to call during the remainder of the week. Make as much noise and fuss as possible at the table. It gives you the air of one who has turned up his nose before, and this breeds respect, or perhaps fear; the next best thing after being a hero is to growl at the grub. "Love your neighbor as yourself," and don't steal his coal. neither his kindling wood, nor his hatchet, nor anything whatsoever that pertaineth to him; for all these things are accounted by the just as wrong in the sight of men. *Get engaged if possible; an engaged*

freshman is just lovely. Go out into society (you will probably be invited, but if not get a skating rink ticket) and study character, a knowledge of which is a great factor in a man's success. Carve your name on every convenient fence; scribble it all over the walls, climbing to the coiling if possible; always write it in full, and your P. O. address. You accomplish by this means a double good; immortality is yours, and in case anything happens to you, (accidentally) we will know where to send your fragments. Study nature, especially the fool, he's a wise kind. Be virtuous and you will be happy, honest, and you will be doomed.

NATURE, VERSUS BOOKS.

WERE we asked the question, "What is Nature?" we would doubtless point to the changing seasons, the fruitful fields, the leafy woods, the rolling seas, and the spangled heavens as parts of the great undetermined something we call Nature. But these are only the manifestations of some of the forces which she holds under her control. We see, not the hand that moves, only the objects moved. Perhaps one of the best definitions extant may be found in "Thompson's Seasons," where he addresses Nature thus:—

"Hail, Source of Being! Universal Soul
Of heaven and Earth! Essential Presence, hail!
To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts
Continual climb; who, with a master hand
Hast the great whole into perfection touched.
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether and imbibe the dew.
By Thee disposed into congenial soils
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks and swells
The juicy tide, a twining mass of tubes.
At thy command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintry winds."

The study of Nature, then, is the study of the multitudinous aspects which her forms assume and the countless methods by which her forces act.

Books are the petrified records of the phenomena of nature and the sepulchres of the thoughts of bygone ages. In them are laid down many of the discoveries in Nature, and records of many of the events that have transpired in past ages. To them we go to obtain the rudiments of any science and the records of the phenomena of Nature. They thus aid us in our study of Nature; for without their aid we would be unable to record and arrange the multitudinous forms and phenomena of Nature. As the

thought is developed and solidified by the spoken and written symbols, so the desultory and heterogeneous mass of natural knowledge is systematized and crystallized in the text book.

In the study of any branch of science, the student must avail himself of the knowledge that others have gathered and classified for him. He finds himself, like a landsman called to navigate a ship in midocean, with the stars spread above him, the rolling ocean at his feet, and around him the forces lying by which he is to bend the elements to his will. As the landsman would refer to books to guide him—examining the chart to indicate his course and learning to observe the stars and the motions of the heavenly bodies, that he may find his position—so the student of nature must refer to books both as sources of knowledge and guides to lead him in the way of obtaining new knowledge.

But there is danger to be guarded against in the use of books, from the liability to forget that we are using mere symbols of knowledge. Our best text books but imperfectly represent the facts and forces of nature. The same author whom we quoted above has said :—

"Who can point
Like Nature? Can imagination boast
Amid her gay creations hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,
Ah, what shall language do?"

The personal observation of the facts and phenomena of Nature are of more importance to the student than all the mere book knowledge he can acquire. By going to Nature he is reading living realities, and forming habits of correct observation which will be of incalculable benefit to him in whatever sphere of action his lot may be cast. In books he meets dead forms representing living organisms and active forces. In Nature he is brought face to face with these organisms and, as it were, made partaker in their life, receiving energy and freshness from the force and beauty wrapped up in the objects which he is studying. The memory is more active. The intellectual energy required to interpret the written symbol is reserved for the memory, and thus the impression left upon the memory is more full and lasting than when knowledge is gleaned from the written page. We refer to books for a knowledge of the principles of language, while all around us flows the continuous stream of conversation whose active forces mould our methods in the expression of thoughts to a far greater extent than the principles we obtain from books. Our knowledge of mental and moral science must depend to a far greater extent on the careful observation of human character as exhibited by the men and women with whom we come in contact than on the study of text books. Even so, in the study of any

science, more lasting knowledge is obtained by the observation of nature than by memorizing immense masses of book knowledge.

But apart from the study of nature as a source of knowledge, it may become a means of combining mental and physical development. The hard mental labour required to master the subjects which we study necessitates a corresponding amount of physical exercise if we are to keep our bodies in good working order. Many of our students get all the physical exercise they require in playing football or kindred games. But some of the most ambitious students in the class room find their physical powers unequal to the contest in these trials of strength. These powers may be developed by taking long walks where they can meet Nature in her most pleasing and instructive moods. Thus a double object will be secured in the development of both mind and body, and the knowledge thus obtained will have a freshness and power about it all its own. The rocks around him will illustrate many of the truths contained in geology. The leafy forest will contain stores of information from which he may obtain a knowledge of botany. The flowing river and the bubbling brook will be graphic illustrations of the forces of Nature and the laws by which they move, while all these combined will lead him to admire the wisdom and beneficence of the great architect of the universe.

And the study of Nature may be made a source of pleasure. We remember the time when, unencumbered with care and unaccompanied with books, we spent hours all alone communing with Nature, fancying that the clouds were messengers of heaven clad in golden sunshine, or looking on the mountains and valleys and hills and glens as ocean waves solidified by some unknown power.

We would not be far astray in saying that all the great discoveries in science and art were made and copied from Nature by men who were careful observers of events in the natural world. The law of gravitation was suggested to Newton by observing an apple fall from its parent tree. The invention of the steam engine resulted from the observation of the power of steam to raise the teakettle lid, and the art of glass-making was first suggested to some travellers by observing the melted sand where they had built their fire on the seashore.

And literary men in all ages have drawn their knowledge from Nature, and turned to her as a source of inspiration. Whether we think of David viewing the spread out canopy of heaven and the countless hosts of earth, and bursting forth in lofty psalms of praise to their Creator, or Virgil writing in polished Latin from his country home at Andes, or our own poet, Cowper, composing beautiful poems amid the hills and woods of Olney; we are charmed with the sweetness, and led to admire the purity of sentiment and freshness and vigor of their literary productions.

A NEW MORNING.

Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.—EMERSON.

How rich am I, to whom the Orient sends
Such gifts as yonder fair and liberal Day,
Whose argosy o'ersails the mist-bar gray,
And now its shining length of cable spends.
Upon its decks are signal-waving friends,
Who by their every jocund token say :
"Hence, from thy spirit, put distrust away,
This bountihood thy slackened fortune mends !
We've olives from the soft gray trees of Peace,
And damask apples heaped for thee in sport
By the blithe Hours of young Aurora's court,
And myrrh thy heart in worship to release.
This freight is thine for Power's and Joy's increase ;
Oh ! be no longer doubtful—Day's in port !"

—Selected.

TENNYSON'S "ODE TO MEMORY."

It matters not how much of adverse criticism Tennyson has received in his later life, the fact still remains undisputable that taken as a whole his work could have been accomplished by none other than a master's hand. To the careless reader his poems are dull, possessing hardly anything of interest, appealing neither to the intellect nor to the imagination ; but after careful study an unprejudiced person will discover many beauties which, he feels, well repay him for all the time and attention necessary to bring them to light. Is it not thus with all Literature ? That which after a desultory reading yields pleasure, cannot be of more value than, as a specific for ennui, to enable the reader to pass away an idle hour. A truth may here and there be discovered, or a thought found, which may possess some weight ; but one soon wearies of wading through depths of sounding words and sentences merely to find commonplace ideas which might be clearly expressed upon half of a page.

On the other hand in all great literature more is meant than meets the eye. One truth is not simply stated ; but along with it, as a diamond clustered with pearls, are others of scarcely less value, almost hidden, but soon brought into life and light by the bright flash of the central gem. This is not true alone in prose where we most expect it, but in poetry we often find that, by some happy expression, the writer not only calls up before our mind's eye events in our own experience which happened long ago, but also that he fills our minds with thoughts of wondrous power and beauty. Especially is this so in the Ode to Memory.

A person reads this poem hastily and pronounces it a pretty piece. One or two expressions may please him and, in order that they may be firmly fixed upon his mind, he again reads and this time carefully. It appears different to him and thus led on he begins to weigh it word by word, soon finding that it is not thrown together at random, but in every expression each word has its appropriate place and possesses a peculiar fitness which none other could furnish.

The ode, taking the form of an apostrophe to Memory, is striking in expression at the outset ; but we are not to suppose that here the word memory possesses a limited meaning. It is not alone that power or capacity of having what was once present to the sense or understanding suggested again to the mind, but the word includes, besides this, all the thoughts and feelings by which the past is recalled. With this idea in mind, let us notice how beautifully and truthfully Tennyson speaks of the varied offices of Memory.

The memory of England's victories in the field and on the sea, the thought of the constitutional battles fought and won, of Magna Charta and all those grand old documents we prize so highly ; all these lend an additional charm to the present of our England's history. What would we be in ourselves were it not for the fact that memory of the past stimulates us also to greater exertion in the cause of truth ? Memory, in a nation's history, steals the fire of noble example and self denial which flowed forth so freely from the fountains of the past, and these, flashing and brightly gleaming alongside of the visible monuments which now attest their existence, not their death, render them glorious, beautiful and full of meaning. Is it not thus in our own lives ? True they may be short, our experience covering, perhaps, no greater space than a quarter of a century ; yet, away back in our early years, the lives of those whom we loved as fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers, now throw a holy light on the present causing us to esteem it most highly. Life being thus lit up will mean to us something more than mere existence. It will be real and earnest, full of purpose, high hope and diligent achievement.

But not alone are pleasant memories given us, Memory is impartial, and, however greatly we may dislike them, there still will arise in our minds thoughts of a painful nature. How aptly expressed :—

"Come not as thou camest of late,
Flinging the gloom of yesternight
On the white day ;"

Sorrow as a darkening shadow has fallen on us. Grief has stricken us. Yes, perhaps, too, evil has overtaken us ; and now musing before the fire how clearly and distinctively in vision after vision the past arises before us. We see them, and even though the present of our lives be bright and joyous, on the beautiful white day these visions cast a shadow, a depressing gloom, we gladly would dispel. But still is

there not sad enjoyment in thus musing and profit, too? For, if we will, we can learn from our failures in the past how we may best live in the future. Reading further:—

"Whilome thou camest with the morning mist
And with the evening cloud."

Morning and evening, the one joyous, the other calm and peaceful, the one filled with awakening life the other with the twittering lullaby of birds, the subdued lowing of kine and the bleating of sheep; both of these are objective points around which memories cluster. With the morning come the thoughts of yesterdays of past enjoyment and past sorrow. The day passes quickly away and, in the short space of twelve hours, how much there is to remember, how much we would gladly forget; how many lessons given, how few that are learned. Memory now is unusually active, as if the aspect of calm repose which everything wears only served to awaken long forgotten thoughts. And thus, as a gleaner in the eventide, does Tennyson represent her going about the field of life gathering here and there, and at last—"with the evening cloud showering thy gleaned wealth into my open breast."—The sun has set and in the growing darkness, Memory still refuses to sleep and so we can say,—

"Nor was the night thy shroud,
In sweet dreams softer than unbroken rest,
Thou leddest by the hand thine infant Hope."

Is Hope the daughter of Memory? Is one inseparable from the other? Can that which relates to the future have any connection with that which alone deals with the past? We muse over long forgotten events. We tremble concerning what the future of our lives may bring. We dread it and anxiously peer into the darkness beyond, wondering what awaits us. Storm, cloud, darkness all may be hidden behind the mystic veil which falls so very close to our eyes. We know not and so we fear. But when we remember that every experience is almost the same, that what we have experienced in the past we will be likely again to experience, (it may be intensified or diminished but still the same,) that not alone have clouds o'ershadowed us but ever has the sun burst through the darkening gloom and wrapped us in light and joyousness; then, arising with these thoughts is another, telling us that sadness will not alone make up our futures, but that joy perhaps may have preponderance. Then fear and forebodings give place to hope and, in anticipation, we enjoy the future despite the showers it may bring. Hope is the daughter of Memory.

With a poet's fancy Tennyson addresses Memory as a wandering friend and bids her hasten again to his side. A simple picture she brings to his mind; a like picture, somewhat varied in detail, she brings to all. How pleasantly and fondly we dwell upon these pictures. The old farm and all the familiar

objects, the village church, the long street, the old red school-house, our playmates intent upon their play; all these are scenes we cannot forget, we would not if we could. And when we are older, yes, old it may be, as the world regards age, having passed through all the trials of life—its battles all fought, its victories won, its defeats sustained—with what eagerness we look back to our childhood days wishing, that once more as boys, we might enjoy ourselves in all the old haunts. And if we may not in reality, yet in memory we still may hear the shouts of our old schoolmates enjoying a half holiday.

But this is not all. In our childhood our minds were like a plastic mass, ready to receive and retain impressions; and thus the slightest accident occurring has there been firmly fixed, with far less exertion than is now required for us to master the easiest lesson, so that after the interval of a day or week we may call it our own. If then the youthful part of our lives is so susceptible to impressions, how much more must be the very beginning of our conscious existence. The babe open-eyed seems with wonder to drink in all around it, and after the lapse of years, all things else forgotten, how frequently do we find the old, old man recalling distinctly all his childhood experiences, delighting to relate some of the first impressions of which he was cognizant. Did not Tennyson say truly?

"Well has thou done great artist Memory,
In setting round thy first experiment,
With royal frame-work of wrought gold."

In the gallery of the mind are hung many pictures, none so bright and joyous as that which Memory with artistic taste now brings before us, beautifully golden, calm and placid, flowing with sunshine and rich delight.

Now let us notice one more thought. In the close of the poem we find the expression:—

"My friend with thee to live alone,
Were how much better than to own
A crown, a sceptre, and a throne!"

And now the question arises in our mind, can an impression once made upon the mind be ever entirely effaced? Owing to sickness or any calamity that befalls mankind, frequently do we see persons that back to a certain point can remember everything; then all was darkness. But this is owing to the imperfections of our bodies. And may it not be, as a writer has said, when these imperfections are laid aside that complete consciousness will return? If so what of that sentiment with which Tennyson closes this beautiful ode? To the aged who live in the past there is in this much of truth. Memory is a friend that never leaves us; and even, if there often return the thoughts of wrongs and sufferings endured, perhaps inflicted, yet she now in this is a true friend, disclosing to us our faults as well as our virtues. The spring, the summer, the autumn, the winter, bring

each their peculiar duties. At the end of one year, looking back over the past, seeing our victories and defeats, we turn and look forward into the future with a growing determination that the coming year shall be better than the last. To the old man, whose head is thickly sprinkled with the snows of many winters come also the thoughts of the past. For him there is no spring, except the endless spring of immortality. How glorious the outlook if Memory shows him a life full of good, a life which in spite of failures, ever tended straight onward and upward! How dark the future for him who looks back over a wasted, ill-spent life which now it is too late to remedy! To the one Memory will ever be a delightful companion, to the other a tormenting and unwelcome guest. Well may we say:—

"Strengthen me, enlighten me
I faint in this obscurity!
Thou dewy dawn of Memory."

EXCHANGES.

THE *Educational Review*, which supersedes the *N. B. Journal of Education*, is the right paper, and, in the hands of the proper men, for all who wish to keep abreast of modern systems of education and literary culture. The doughty schoolmaster, with his cat-o'-nine-tails, has vanished or is recalled only in the interesting accounts of bygone struggles by the paterfamilias of '50; his place has been taken by a new class, and one that is certainly very far in advance of its predecessors. But times are moving, discoveries are made almost every day in every department. In its particular sphere the *Review* aims at the very latest and best, while, therefore, it may be read with profit by all; to those who are particularly interested in any branch of education it must become invaluable. The editorial staff are a guarantee of success for the paper and a strong inducement for subscribers to give support. Each of the Maritime Provinces has its representative, and all are men of ability and perseverance. The paper is published monthly at St. John, N. B.

WE have seen more interesting numbers of the *Dalhousie Gazette* than that for October. It has a dragging, heavy sense of hard work about it which is depressing. Perhaps this may be accounted for by reason of the financial difficulties under which the paper appears to be laboring, but a long-drawn wail is not particularly edifying to outsiders, and we hope another Cressian benefactor will soon be found who will lift it out of this slough of despondency. Prof. Seth's philosophical inaugural address is the only redeeming literary feature; the balance is a filling in of chips about a log; Old Dalhousie and New Dalhousie, finance, etc., (with a column or so of excuses), complete the burden of their song.

THE *King's College Record* is one of the luckiest papers we ever read—i.e., for its editors; an abundance of long-winded and patient correspondents about monopolize things. It is somewhat "English, you know," hence that letter which relates the story of how "my nephew" was invited to dine with the club some two hundred years ago, is excusable. Besides, it throws some light on Shakespeare, and when the reader is not absorbed by the literary genius of the author himself, he can contemplate such small stuff as the author of "Macbeth," or "Every man in his humor." In his 66 lines of editorial matter, the writer says Kingsmen have always been proud of the literary excellence of the *Record*. We venture the assertion that their pride will be still further inflated by this issue, which, like all the others, hasn't any borrowed plumage whatever except the advertisements. These are excellent articles. "A. O. P." is evidently a confirmed puffer of "black jack," and not a bad poet.

THE *University Monthly* is nearly seven years of age. We have seen more precocity exhibited at this period of life by youths, but will not complain. It is well filled with Mr. W. C. Murray.

THE *Argosy* evidently desires to be considered by the world as "fast." It has a somewhat chattering slosh style, which is a nasty cross between puerile wit and extravagant foolishness. If the class of Freshmen described so facetiously as "Novi Homines" is not a lame, tame, meek, milk-and-water set of gulls, which certainly appears from their paper, they will turn out and hoot the entire staff of editors clean through their pants for their scurrility. From the number of times "the ladies," "girls," "sen'rs," etc. are referred to, we should imagine the editors or whoever wrote the articles on the classes to be himself a very fair specimen of an exceedingly conceited, but palpably thin, masher. A contributed article, "Shakespeare and Donne'ly," is sensible and to the point. There are few, we think, who really profess to believe that Shakespeare is not really the author of the works attributed to him, but be that as it may, his *work*, his immortal self, remains, and for philosophy, poetry, and insight into human character is likely to remain unchallenged by Donne'ly or any other ingenious fault-finder.

THE *College Rambler* is about as lively and entertaining a college paper as we see. Every department undertaken is well handled, and the whole judiciously selected and carefully arranged. An editorial denounces the growing tendency of the reading world towards light, trashy literature, and thinks the only effectual remedy lies in the power of colleges to so educate public opinion as to develop a taste for something higher. College men undoubtedly have a powerful and continually-increasing influence in the reading

world, but whether they will exercise it in the direction the *Rambler* seems to imagine, is a very open question indeed. If people are to be shut off with Shakespeare, Milton and Bacon, we fear a revolution will soon manifest itself among the masses which would surprise the supporters of so straight laced a theory, for, great as these authors are, the millions don't read them, and it would take a considerable amount of college inspiration to convince them that they should read them, rather than what they prefer. The newspaper is a far greater power than the college paper or graduate, and thus it is classed as ostracised literature. Why, if the newspapers should combine and attempt it, they could boycott half the colleges in America out of existence in six months.

THE *University Gazette*, *Oberlin Review*, *Colby Echo*, *Adelphian*, *Varsity*, *Niagara Index*, and many other friends, both old and new, have been received, but space prevents our reviewing them at length.

FOOTBALL.

DALHOUSIE came up here one day last month and played part of a game of foot-ball. It had been agreed upon by the respective captains to play half-hour heats; before the end of the first however, the Dalhousie captain thought that perhaps it would be just as well to play out the second heat the usual time, 20 minutes. He probably had reasons. Acadia kicked off, and at it they went. Dalhousie played well for a few minutes; they kept the ball down towards Acadia's touch-line, and some fool might have imagined they secured a touch-down, but such was not the case. The slight advantages they did gain, were soon lost. Acadia forced the ball up towards their touch-line, and began to make things lively for them generally. The Dalhousie forwards either had no amount of endurance or they were totally unable to resist their opponents; pushed right and left, bruised, thumped and trampled upon, they seemed to lose heart and strength. McCart, an Acadia forward, got a touch-down, which was for some reason disallowed. It became from that time more apparent than ever, that it was only a matter of time to completely swamp the crowd which seemed aimlessly trying to hold Acadia's forwards till something should turn up to smash the game. The longed for opportunity arrived; Wallace brushed aside and knocked over two or three Dalhousian's opposing him, and made as square a touch-down as ever a crowd witnessed. But it was ruled out and that ended the game. While the Acadia men were consulting as to what had better be done, Captain Morrison of Dalhousie coolly informed the anxious crowd that he had decided to play no more, irrespective of any decision of Acadia. This

was certainly unusual, but we think about as wise a plan as he could pursue under the circumstances. Another 20 minutes meant utter rant, disgraceful defeat for both himself and team, and the noble men of Dalhousie marched off looking sage and sick enough. The 17 then had dinner in company with Acadia players at the Acadia Hotel, Dr. Jones presiding. Here Eaton in the interests of the team wanted to renew the fight in the afternoon, but Dalhousie declined with all possible thanks. Some music after dinner made us all feel better.

It is useless to comment on such a (provokingly nasty) match as this. It would be a source of satisfaction to witness one square game and call it a settler; whether one will ever take place between these University teams remains to be seen.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* for November contains an edifying account of the matter. The writer was either drunk, foolish, ignorant, or so blindly prejudiced and utterly regardless of the demands of truth, as to be wholly unable to save either the team or himself from becoming an object of ridicule to all who witnessed the game. We had expected perhaps a little bias, some favoring, a farthings discreditable to themselves carefully omitted, and not a hint of a second challenge on Acadia's part, but such gross misrepresentation, such ridiculous assertions, such meaningless vamping; such contemptible tactics, such brazen impudence, such wholesale oblivion of truth, decency, honor and common sense; such mixed, muddled, puerile, twaddling bosh, prepared as we were, to some extent, surprised us. The article is a standing farce; the writer starts out with a facetiousness that would do credit to an aping, half developed clown, and ends with a remark which in its bullying conceit stands unrivalled. After relating a funny little anecdote concerning an event which happened at Hantsport, wherein some fellow in his stupid folly nearly got left behind, the ass goes on to say that they nearly frightened the Windsor citizens out of their wits by singing, "Saw my leg off," and very soon Wolfville was reached. As to frightening the people by their song, we should judge this fact as extremely probable, but, considering that Windsor is 7 miles East of Hantsport (when they all jumped on the bell cord, related as happening before this), and Hantsport 10 miles from Wolfville, the latter is preposterous. We shall not criticize the description of the game, but merely say that Brown did not have the slightest ground for claiming a touch-down; Dalhousie did not "force the ball several times across the line." Patterson did not get "another run," to be disallowed; Dalhousie did not "touch for safety," pure fabrication this; the umpires did not blow their "whistle" to bring back the ball, they didn't have one. We can understand all about your "spirits" being "clouded"; quite willing to receive this statement in good faith. We are glad to notice also that there seems to be yet a slight

glimmer of self-respect left in them when they virtually admit that, no regard being had to rules, etc., they could not play a meaner game. "Such was their experience," say they, and truly such it was. No such dead lock occurred in their games with other clubs, it is asserted; report lies then, for, in an account of one of their matches, the *Herald* distinctly stated that Dalhousie would not play further, *unless a disputed point was decided in their favour*. Report lied—of course.

Pardon us, readers, for wasting so much valuable space in answering so shameless a piece of composition; on no account will we again dirty our hands with this braggadocio.

PERSONALS.

MISS LAURA M. SAWYER, late assistant teacher of instrumental music in Acadia Seminary, is now in Boston, where she is taking a special course in the above branch.

L. J. HALEY, who completed the Sophomore work with the class of '89, obtained a first class license last summer, and now teaches the youth of Medford, Kings Co.

M. S. READ, who should have been a Sophomore this year, has played truant for a season. He obtained Grade B license last summer, and is now principal of Avondale public school.

AS WE go to press, A. E. Shaw, '88, of the ATHENÆUM staff is at his home in Avonport, Ill. It is hoped that a few days hence will see him well again and back to his work.

REV. J. W. TINGLEY, '85, has left Middleton, N. S., and has gone to Middleton, Mass., having received and accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church in that place.

REV. N. S. BENTLEY, '80, is now studying theology at Newton Centre.

LOCALS.

STALACTITE.

"THE next paper is Belcher's Almanac."

CLASS in Physiology.—Mr. W. "If one were to take a man's brains out, would he live?"

Prof. "Yes, I suppose so, we often see men in that condition."

FOOTBALL.—A game played on the 23rd inst., between fifteens from the Freshman Class and the Academy, resulted in a victory for the team of the former, by one goal and several tries.

The Sophomore-Freshman match was the event of Nov. 25th. Just before half-time, Knapp, who captained the Freshmen, retired from the field with an injured leg; and as his men did not wish to finish the game without their captain, the match was left undecided. The score for the time played, showed one try,

obtained from a long run in by Wallace, and a safety-touch, in favor of the Sophomores.

We tenderly commiserate the Dalhousie sophomore who came down so downcast from the threshold of the Seminary.

JUNIOR. "I shall now retire to my couch and wrap myself in my thoughts."

Sophomore. "You will pass rather a cold night then."

FRESHIE No. 1, (speaking in a debate.) "A doctor once told an invalid to bathe before meals and eat a small piece of bread with sugar. In three months the man was well."

Freshie No. 2. "Prove the case."

Freshie No. 1, (in astonishment.) "Prove it! try it yourself."

On Friday evening, 18th ult., the Athenæum Society was favored with an address from Rev. R. D. Ross, pastor of the village Presbyterian Church. He told some very interesting things in connection with his own college days, and then proceeded to give the students some good, solid counsel concerning the choice of their life-work. His words were wise and his manner unassuming. Honesty and love of the truth always command respect. The vote of thanks tendered to Mr. Ross was something more than a customary form.

If those who manifest such fiendish delight in howling through the corridors after the other occupants of the Hall have retired; had any regard to their own interests they would either seek to refresh their bodies by a nap, or exercise their barren minds by application to their lessons. Perhaps it would be uncharitable to question their sanity, but we recommend a medical examination.

THE Governors of the College had long meetings in the Library on the 22nd and 23rd ult. The attendance was large. Among other important actions the following resolution was passed concerning scholarships in the endowment fund:—

Resolved, "That each student shall be required to pay tuition fees or present to Committee on Scholarships, through the President of the College, satisfactory evidence, in writing, of having been accorded the use of a scholarship by some one who can furnish to said Committee satisfactory evidence that he is legally qualified to grant the same."

A STUDENT of Acadia gives one reason why he never used tobacco:—

One day when he was a little shaver, his grandfather got him into the old topchaise and took him to "the learner," the old gentleman bought some tobacco.

Coming Home:—"Grandpa do you like tobacco?" "Eugh boy, my mouth feels shockingly when I can't get a chew."

Then the boy reasoned this way:—"Grandfather chews not to make his mouth feel better than common, but because his mouth has come to feel worse than common and he wants to make it feel as good as common if he can. Now my mouth feels as good as common all the time without any tobacco and his mouth only feels as good as common when he is chewing his tobacco. So my mouth feels just as good without tobacco as

his mouth feels when full of tobacco. It will make my mouth feel "shockin'" to learn to use tobacco and then I will have to keep on using tobacco afterwards just to keep my mouth from feeling "shockin'" any more. I guess I won't use tobacco."

THERE is one chap in Chipman Hall who would better pack up his duds and leave. His recent depredations in the tailoring line were too designing for a baby, too diabolical for a consummate fool, and too contemptible to be tolerated in our boarding-house. The sneak may rest assured that more than one of his own class-mates would be glad to see him ousted by the authorities from the institution.

"ACADIA MISS. SOCIETY" held its November meeting in Assembly Hall on the third Sabbath evening of the month. The following was the programme:—

ESSAY by C. A. Eaton, Subject, "St. Francis Xavier."
"H. S. Shaw, "Joshua Marshmen."
READING, by Miss. Wallace, "Heavenly Blossom."
ADDRESS by Rev. J. R. Hutchison.

The service was opened with reading of appropriate scripture and prayer and the above programme was interspersed with music. The exercises were good from beginning to end and all agree in pronouncing the meeting one of more than ordinary interest. Miss Wallace's reading was a touching story from Missionary life rendered in her usually attractive style. The next meeting, for which a good programme has been provided will be held on the third Sunday evening in December.

THIS is Jubilee Year indeed. The Fisk Jubilee Singers sang to a large audience on Friday, 11th Nov., and fully sustained their high reputation as artists of no common ability. For an hour and a half the large audience was delighted, encoring again and again. The thunderous crashes of bass which rolled round the hall were especially admired. Good talent is pretty well appreciated here after all, and we only wish more of it could be secured. Many thanks, respected Faculty.

PICTURE-tucking is the rage. The Seniors got into their best collars lately, and solemnly marched to the scene of action, when the following occurred just prior to the impression: Senior in front row, anxiously. "Mr. ——— can't you place my feet so they will not occupy quite so conspicuous a position?" Artist: "Don't be alarmed, Mr. ———, my utmost expectation is to be able to take *half* the body at one impression." And the Senior looked relieved.

WE have always considered the principle that every man has a right to himself an established fact; but some people seem to imagine they have the combined rights of the building at least. It may require a considerable exertion of mental ability, possibly indicate remarkable intellectual endowments, to go to bed about ten time and then get up, rooster like, some three hours before the rising bell rings and go ranging about the halls, clambering down stairs, battering in doors, etc., etc., till the rest of the building is awake. We say it may be an indication of so-and-so, yet in lunatic asylums, for

instance, the authorities are unkind enough to confine such people in straight-jackets till the outburst works off in some degree.

THE latest dodge to escape tuition fees is to substitute French for Classics, and then take the latter as an "extra." By the way, several of the students who studied French last year decided not to continue this term, but rather unexpectedly changed their minds. It was hinted by those interested (of course accidentally) that classes possibly would be held consisting of students together with the ladies of the adjoining building. The effect of a wise word dropped in time is something wonderful.

CONCERNING "Hints" the conjecture has been hazarded that if a certain man whose claims to would-be eccentricity consist in a fondness for red flannel night caps, lame attempts at French whiskers, sighs, and a general air of immovable stupidity, should withdraw his patronage from or cease to wag his oracular tongue in the presence of certain other local celebrities, there would result one of the greatest literary crisis this century has ever witnessed. In other words a respected and profound journal, which weekly graces just two feet of our reading room, would ignominiously collapse.

ONE of the most heartrending events which has ever befallen the students of this institution occurred this month: it was the death of our only remaining child. It was not a twin, but love enough was showered upon it for a quartette. Its birth gave great promise, but soon the seeds of that insidious, dreadful disease, listlessness and loss of appetite, showed themselves. The poor, gentle darling gradually fell away during the latter part of September, and October saw its wasted little form struggle for breath and its feeble hands toss restlessly in the agonies of despair. Bleak November brought a last sad relapse; a low moan escaped the drawn lips; a convulsive gasp shook the emaciated body, the hands fell to its side, the eyes fixed in their glassy stare, and the weeping, agitated crowd knew that the object of their affections, their idol, delight of their eyes, balm of their hearts, solace of their waking and dream of their sleeping hours, had wafted its flight to that land where the weary cease from troubling and the wicked do their best. We sorrowfully laid it in the cold, cold ground, strewed flowers o'er its head—flowers which will too oft be watered by our falling tears—and breathed a prayer that some day, far, far in the dim, distant, uncertain future as it may be but some day, we may clasp it in our arms again and murmur over the alabaster form, "never to part more." It was christened soon after birth the "Acadia Amateur Athletic Association," and even then, as if by intuition, a spasmodic jerk seemed to hover over its form which will never be forgotten. It is generally thought that ponderosity of cognominal appellation, facing it there in its helplessness at the very opening of childhood, gave it a mental shock from which it never entirely recovered. And still they ask, "What's in a name?" It will be remembered that our first-born, named "Glee Club," suffered an ignominious death at the cruel hands of persecutors some two years ago, and this, our second bereavement, makes our hearts bleed.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Prof. R. V. Jones, Ph.D. \$2; Rev. M. B. Shaw, B.A. \$2; S. W. Cummings, B.A., \$1; Clifford Shaw, \$1; Lewis J. Haley, \$1; Arthur Bogart, \$1; Harold Lovitt, \$1; A. Foote, \$1; Revd. A. H. McLeod, \$1; Walter Black, \$1; Revd. A. Cohoon, \$1; Miss Jackson, \$1.

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