

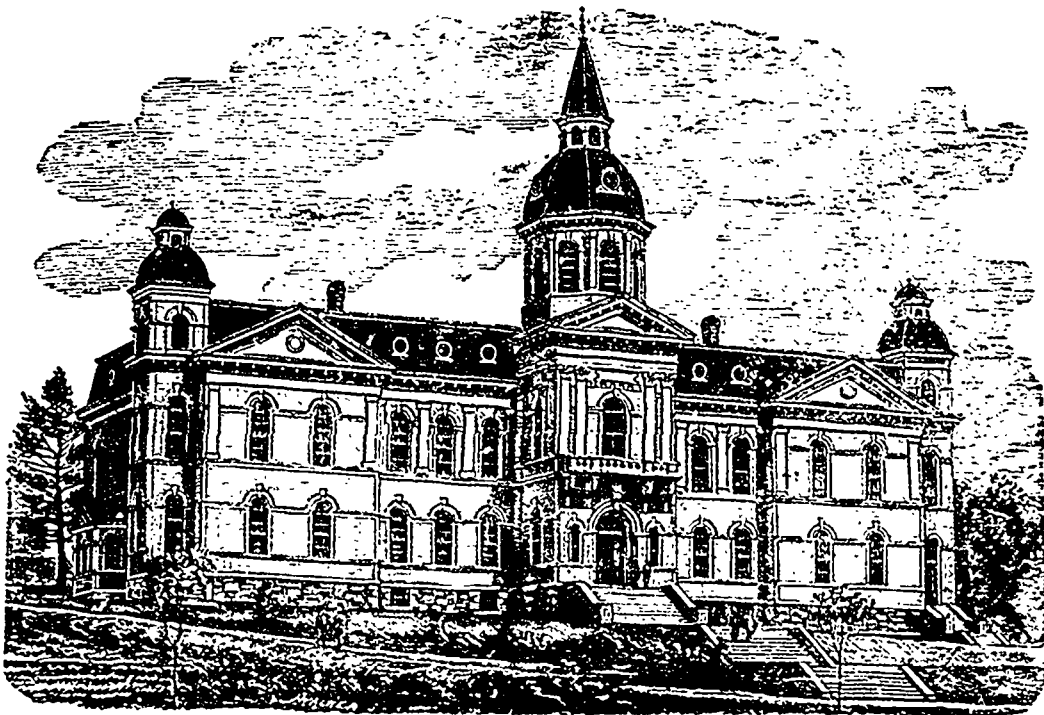
ACADIA APPELLEUM

Prodesse quam Conspici.

VOL. XIII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MARCH, 1887.

No. 5.



THE UNIVERSITY OF ACADIA COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION.

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D. F. HIGGINS, M. A., Ph. D., Professor of Mathematics.

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J. F. TUFTS, M. A., Professor of History.



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The Acadia Athenæum.

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Acadia Athenæum.

Chief Editors

E. R. MORSE, '87 I. W. PORTER, '87.

Assistant Editors:

C. L. DAVISON, '88. H. H. WICKWIRE, '88.
H. W. MCKENNA, '89.

Managing Committee:

H. L. DAY, '88, *Sec. Treas.*
J. H. COX, '89. W. W. CHIPMAN, '90.

TERMS:

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Upon all other subjects address the Editors of the Acadia
Athenæum.

→* The Sanctum. *←

THE year Eighteen Hundred and Eighty seven has been and bids fair to be characterized by events which will mark it in the centuries as one of most noticeable political change.

The revolution in English politics which has recently taken place causing a division of party without parallel in history, will no doubt take a decided position before many months pass away. Popular feeling seems to indicate that the Irish Policy on which Gladstone was defeated is waiting for a chance, in the very near future, to again lift its head, and with newly acquired strength place at the head affairs in Great Britain the greatest man the world now nurtures.

In Germany and France things have assumed a decidedly alarming character. The wonderful rapidity with which France overcame the devastation and disadvantage in which the late war placed her, and the thoroughly organized army she now controls, has caused a powerful representative voice to be raised against Bismark's call for funds. Should affairs come

to a crisis, and the result of the late election gives every indication that they will, Germany will find France a hard nut to crack.

North America, especially the Southern portion, has ushered in '87 with a series of labor strikes. The war between labor and capital is both a serious and grievous one, and both parties interested seem yearly to be more unwilling to give up the battle. The legislator who may frame a law calculated to check the evil of strikes will be as much deserving of the laurel wreath as he who abolished slavery. The violent attitude taken by some of the United States' Senators in regard to the fishery trouble, is, to say the least, amusing. The only perceptible effect of their windiness is the sharp, severe criticism indulged in rather freely by the American Press.

Canada has returned to power with a reduced majority the Government of Sir John Macdonald, who has guided the ship of state successfully or unsuccessfully, as difference of opinion may suggest, for the past eight years. The opening of Parliament which alone will give the true party strength will be looked forward to with no small amount of interest.

THE election campaign is at length over. The battle for political honors has been lost and won. Sir John Macdonald has been returned to power with a decreased majority; the true strength of which can be told only when Parliament meets for the transaction of business. The universal interest taken, and all the prevailing excitement of the late contest were truly remarkable, almost unnatural, and those who, during the heat of the battle, had other business which must be attended to, whatever their political tendencies may have been, must have hailed with delight the evening of the 22nd of February.

The growing interest in politics which the young men are taking, especially college students, must be indicative of a brilliant future for any country. The time is not far distant when a more comprehensive

course in political economy will be given in our Universities; the country calls for it; public opinion demands it. The present age is one of reality not idealism. What the world needs is men for the times, and to what extent antiquated, fossilized subjects are going to produce such men is an open question.

He must indeed be wise who will attempt to give a cause for the result of the recent election. It must be most amusing for foreigners to read the party press of Canada, and most puzzling for them to make causes and effects, as regards Canadian politics, agree.

In looking over the catalogue of political issues, it is a rather difficult matter to determine to what one or set of issues the Conservatives owe their return to office. The National Policy, which undoubtedly has been their strong point in years gone by, could not have been very materially influential in their behalf, because the Conservative papers made it publicly known that Blake had accepted the N. P. in all its parts. The only plausible cause which suggests itself is that of popular confidence of executive ability and general straightforwardness.

The great fault of the Liberal party in Canada, and perhaps their greatest source of weakness is the absence from their platform of any settled system of government. Thought is getting to be a more powerful factor in all conditions of life than emotion. The time for the excitement of the moment to rule over reason is slowly, but surely, slipping away.

One would think that a knowledge of provincial relations, and an understanding of provincial political attitudes previous to the late election would elucidate matters somewhat as regards the provinces taken collectively; but the more provincial feeling is studied, if we can assume that provincial acts have any significance, the more abstruse the problem appears. Nova Scotia has shown a vast amount of consistency or inconsistency, and which of the two conjectures is right, who will attempt to say? The decided answer she gave in June last on the real or imaginary burdens of Confederation has been, so far as Dominion representatives are concerned, almost entirely annulled. What the result of the Repeal agitation will be, time alone can tell. New Brunswick has never had much to say agreeable or otherwise to the powers that be; but in those portions of her where unusual excitement has been carried on, Opposition members have been elected. Prince Edward's Island, whatever may be

the cause, has thrown her whole strength with the Opposition.

In Quebec, where the blood of the Regina scaffold was supposed to be still warm, the Independent Rielites are few and far between.

There is no doubt but that the true situation received the greatest airing in Ontario; and though it resulted in a change, it is so small as to be hardly worth mentioning. It is generally admitted that Manitoba and British Columbia will support the Government.

After carefully summing up results, one is led to exclaim with the poet: "Canada thou art peculiar."

CONNECTED with every student's education there are certain matters, not perhaps considered by any of minor importance, which yet in many cases do not receive their just due of attention. The neglect of these matters at once makes itself known in conversation or in writing; and it is from these two sources, perhaps more particularly the former, that we have been forced to conclude that such a neglect exists. It is not enough that every line of study in the curriculum be complied with, nor that an extensive course of other reading be pursued. The symmetry of an education demands that the possessor should be able to express himself correctly in both speaking and writing. We do not wish to convey the idea that the students of Acadia are more distinguished for solecisms than the members of any other College; nor that the neglect referred to prevails here in a greater degree than in other places. In the majority of cases we even feel it right to say that carelessness is the cause of the error; that should the blunder be pointed out the perpetrator would readily recognize it, and quote the rule violated. Personal experience may enable us to assign the mistake to its proper source, but can never excuse it. Let the student, after leaving the institution of learning at which he may have studied, enter into conversation with almost any intelligent citizen, and let him during the course of his talk make use of two or three ungrammatical expressions, mispronounce as many words, to say nothing of what embellishments may be thrown in by way of slang, and that citizen will have a just right to claim that at least one part of the graduate's training is sadly deficient. Or on the other hand, let

him in writing to some friend make similar mistakes in spelling common words or in the use of capital letters, and the same claim may be put forward. The necessity of heeding these matters is made apparent when it is considered that from them a criterion is formed by which the general education of the person is judged. It is likewise manifest when it is remembered that carelessness in this respect has the effect to lower the significance of a college degree. Unjust though it may be, the fault will be attributed to the college as one showing her inability to fulfil her profession.

A double injury is thus the result ; since both student and college are placed under unfavorable criticism.

WHAT am I going to do when my college course is finished ? Question hard to answer, yet daily heard. The sooner it is thought out and determined upon once for all, the better will be the work done, the more satisfactory the life, and above all, the greater its ultimate success. The student who, in his four or five years of life spent in what is supposed to be preparation, has not yet "decided" as to what shall constitute his life work, in all human probability intends, either to do nothing, as such a one has likely been engaged in all along, or his father is rich. Both are equally deplorable ; for what is more sad, indeed, a greater downright positive sin, than to drag natural ability in the mire of sloth, simply because stimulated by no purpose ; or what is a more sickening spectacle than to see a young man, able bodied, endowed with excellent talents, curl himself up like a lazy cat, and calmly go to sleep on the paternal hearth rug ? It would be difficult to estimate how much good has been lost to humanity, how many lives have become mere rocking horses of progression, by simply drifting through the first few years of life. A fixed purpose means business ; a definite aim success ; and healthy business is synonymous with happiness ; honorable success one of the noblest ambitions of life. But a word more : mere choice of profession, simple conclusion as to what field of labour you intend to enter, is not an absolute guarantee of success. Without faithful application, and concentration of ability upon your particular line of action, your decision is only a mumbling delusion—a deceitful snare. The man who enters a boat with the expectation of crossing a stream, and then "goes

below," is destined to be disappointed ; unless he puts a strong hand to the oar, he is likely to remain at the starting point sometime. In these days of competition and rivalry, 't very often requires a long pull, and strong, and one till the other side is reached. Then sleep not, responsibility of failure rests largely with yourself. Choose for yourself. Be governed by the past, and trust not too much to the future ; about all we know of it, is its uncertainty. Lucky rhymes with plucky. Don't expect to electrify the world in three weeks. Failure at least implies trial, and good attempts are better than bad successes.

WE have been informed that an impression is abroad to the effect that the ACADIA ATHENÆUM has been used by its editors for political purposes. To such a charge we plead "Not Guilty." It is, and has been the aim of its managers to keep the columns of the ATHENÆUM entirely free from all matters which savour of party feeling. If we have been interpreted as seeking to benefit the interests of one side more than those of the other, we speak honestly when we say that nothing of the like was intended. The only article which could have given rise to such an opinion was the one published in the last issue of the ATHENÆUM, and entitled "Nor'-West Reminiscences." We feel sure that any person, unless his opinions be wholly biased, would be able to judge from the very circumstances connected with the article, that in its publication no political designs were prosecuted.

WILL the subscribers to the ACADIA ATHENÆUM kindly forward their amount of indebtedness upon the arrival of the bills ? By so doing considerable work on the part of the managers will be saved, and an end put to any confusion that may chance to arise.

NECESSITY OF OBSERVING THE RULES OF LOGIC IN WRITING.

WHILE all men may agree to the proposition that logical order is necessary in writing, yet it may help us to attach due importance to this fact if we consider its claims from a psychological and experimental standpoint. Those acquainted with the principles of psychology are well aware of that power of the mind by which it maintains contiguity of thought. This

capacity of the mind we might designate further, as a certain susceptibility by which it tends to reject from the numerous presentations of sensuous images, all those which have not a close relation to the primal thought. The principles which govern the action of this mental process are called the "Laws of suggestibility." One thought arising in consciousness, if attention be directed to it, tends to suggest another, which has some relation to the first, either in likeness or contrast; and so the operation goes on until we have the unity of a complete mental experience. Thus we see that the mind in a normal condition, seeks as the outcome of its own constitution, the direct, the related, the logical, the complete. All minds have not this susceptibility to the same degree. Lack of information, instability of will power, intermittent attention; these turn the current of reason from its proper channel and lead men into confusion. All men however, though they may not have the power to develop abstruse problems, have, as a general thing, the power to comprehend logical demonstrations when formulated by others. Here then in this universal and exalted attribute of mind which is the glory of the human intellect, we see the necessity, when appealing to men, of observing those rules which govern the order of thought.

And is not this necessity born out by experience? By what manner of writing have men been most influenced? By the brilliant display of detached, though it may be beautiful fancies, or by the concise and orderly arrangement of facts? Assuredly by the latter; for while our imaginations may be pleased with the former, our wills are aroused by the latter; while we are soothed by the one, we are stimulated by the other. So it is throughout the whole realm of literature, and if the student would examine the effect produced on himself by the study of the great authors, he would find that the degree or value of the effect, corresponds with the degree of conciseness and logical order exhibited by the writer. This is an illustration in literature, of that general law which is true both in the mental and material world, "*that convergence gives power, and divergence creates weakness.*" An argument, in order to convince, must proceed from a well defined premise, through regular and logical stages, under the guidance of a critical judgment, until we are swept into the assurance of irresistible conviction. In such an argument the lines of thought converge; one fact supports another, while all the facts point to a certain conclusion. Here the mind is satisfied because the laws of thought are not violated.

In philosophical works, essays and treatises, this logical form is quite apparent. What student of Plato has not felt the keenness of his reasoning as with a deep insight into the nature of things, he sees in the longings and yearnings of a disappointed race, an index to immortal life? What was Plato's

power? Behold the answer of the convinced Roman, "It must be so, Plato, thou reasonest ill."

Study Socrates and Aristotle, men whose great minds, exalted with a lofty hope, sought to reduce the chaos of life to sequence and order. And in their efforts to do this they exerted an influence which affects the intellectual products of this proud age. Here I think you will be convinced that the success of these men lay in their strict adherence to method. They sacrificed beauty of language to simplicity and directness, but in the end secured all three. Many fail at this point, and thinking to astonish the world, they embellish their writings with the adornments of language, and in order to make room for striking metaphors and gaudy similes, the current of thought is interfered with, becomes separate, divergent and broken, till at last it is dissipated altogether, in the vanity of high sounding words. Such writings may be called graceful, but it would be poor satisfaction to a thinking man to be complimented on his graceful style, when to secure it he must be classed among those of whom it is said, "their reasons are as two grains of wheat, hid in two bushels of chaff, you shall seek all day ere you find them; and, when you have them they are not worth the search."

Again, although the logical method is more manifest in philosophical works of value, yet other departments of literature are not exempt from its claims. No historical, biographical, poetical, theological or other work ever yet achieved a name, which neglected order, arrangement, plan or unity. Even in poetry where one would expect to find the greatest laxity in this regard, a cursory study of the best poets reveals the fact that a purpose, a plan, underlies every outburst of lofty inspiration, and dignifies, what otherwise would be deemed unaccountable vagaries of a heated imagination.

Milton's "Paradise Lost" is a notable example of a well executed purpose, which was clearly conceived in the mind of the author. Shakespeare's plays abound in decisive, clear cut reasoning. For example read the speeches of Hamlet and Macbeth. And if poetry, that licensed goddess of expression, rebukes disunity of thought and lack of design, how careful should be the aspirant to prose honors.

It is an excellent thing for a young man just entering college, who is full of hopeful ambition, to consider this, that *thought* rules the world, not words. Hence he should be careful, when he takes his pen, to pass by the temptation to indulge his flights of fancy and be content with the presentation of, it may be homely, but convincing truths. If he follows this rule he will be a power among his fellows, when his classmate who adopted the meteoric style has long been forgotten. In the pursuance of method in writing, the beginner meets many difficulties.

In the first place his previous training, or lack of training, has resulted in certain habits of inattention,

which will make it difficult for him to express himself in a direct way. Moreover there is a certain vagueness about thought which he will not fully appreciate until he attempts to clothe his cogitations in words, and it is only after years of practise that he will be able to translate with ease, the mysterious and evanescent characters of the mind into the grosser elements of language. But as language is the only means of communication between mind and mind, how important it is that each one should put himself into possession of this instrument by which he may overreach material confines and commune with the inner and higher nature of his fellow man.

Another difficulty before the young writer lies in the fact that hitherto he has been exercised more with habits of observation than reflection. His thought has been continually referred to the objective world, and sensuous impressions have received the greater part of his attention. Now when he withdraws himself from the diversions of sense and turns the eye of his mind in upon the subtle operations of spirit, their very subtlety confounds him. Accustomed to consider tangible things, he is at a loss how to secure these ephemeral products of his intellectual activity. The remedy is to retain each thought until it becomes distinct; in other words, practise the habit of connected thinking until you can remember a course of thought with the same vividness that you recall the capes of Nova Scotia.

Then, again; in attempting to follow out the idea which his theme suggests, at certain points the young author is met by numerous side issues which seem to grow naturally out of his subject, and in attempting to cover all these, his argument loses force and directness. It is impossible in the short compass of an essay to complete more than the main thought, so to insure directness we must avoid side issues.

Though the path before the young writer may be a thorny one, he must remember that his object is a glorious one and his purpose noble. Let this inspire him in his struggle with himself, until he has conquered his refractory passions and brought his untrained capabilities under the guidance of his will. Then will his writings reflect a power which will carry conviction.

From what we have said, I think it is evident, that in order to become successful writers it is necessary that we should observe the rules of reasoning, that we should be direct, concise, logical and complete. Direct, in order to reach our conclusions without multiplying words, concise that the judgment may not be burdened with too many considerations, logical that the current of thought may not be broken or weakened, and complete that the mind may rest in assured conviction of the truth.

The object of every writer should be to impart truth. But truth presented in an illogical or indirect way loses half its force and fails of its object, not

only so but by exciting disgust defeats its object, and drives men further away from the light. An abstract truth has no active effect on the mind, it is not until logical deductions are made from it and applied to human conditions, that it becomes a burning question to mankind. Seeing this let each writer strive to bring his deductions into unison with the laws of thought, and aim to present truth in such a form that it will work out glorious results, through the lives and characters of those about him.

O. H. D.

ECHOES OF THE PAST.

TO-NIGHT my thoughts are travelling back to my old college days. I have clearly in my mind the old Acadia edifice with its massive pillars and symmetrical form. How quiet and majestic it looked. It invested the "Hill" with a dignity and glory. For those that studied in it no picture of the old college is needed. It is photographed on their minds beyond the possibility of effacement. To-day Acadia's old students meet and chat about the bygone. There is something very tender and sacred about those years that hold so large a place in the life—those years that so mysteriously affect one's subsequent course. Martial says that the retrospect of no period of life ought to give pain to a good man. Even if one is not very good, one can talk with zest and enthusiasm about college scenes and life and doings. But to return. The old college is before me now. It is so easy to reproduce it. What a wealth of life and experience is bound up in it. In fact, we can say with regard to the past what Cowper said of his mother's picture:

"Time has but half succeeded in his theft.
Thyself removed, the power to soothe me left."

Perhaps the readers of the ATHENÆUM would like to know what kind of literary work used to be done by the students in Old Acadia twenty-five or thirty years ago. Well, said students set a pretty high estimate on their powers. They regarded themselves as callow, if not full-fledged, geniuses; a genius, you see, was not such a *rara avis in terris* in those days. The afflatus seemed to descend without invocation. Compositions were dashed off with amazing rapidity, and you could scarcely tell whence they came and whither they tended. They were largely instantaneous creations, leaving both creator and reader alike in wonder. Neither had you any option. Write you *must*. The thoughts came forth as lava from the crater—unsolicited, immediate, victorious, superabundant. Pens flew across the paper in their eagerness to arrest, if possible, the thick-coming, outbursting thoughts. No matter what the theme was—the powers were equal to the subject, or rather it was as

in nature—the name was given as a matter of birth-right. How flexible and luminous your dry metaphysics became under the magic touch of genius! Those were the days when *Philistines* stood agape and yearned after the unattainable! Even the matter-of-fact freshman shrugged his shoulders as incipient intuitions careered within him. The shrugging, however, was no mark of aversion, but an involuntary twitch of despair. Some specimens, please, some specimens, please. Yes, you shall have them, gentle readers. Here, student-of-to-day are a few of those spontaneous, unvarnished, productions. First we shall give you a short product of inspiration called

HAPPINESS.

"The spirit of joy—I see it dancing in ragged, dirty, children, gliding queen-like across the carpeted drawing-room. In what furrow, behind what wave of the sea, will you find this halcyon bird? In what furrow will you not? This only I know, that wherever found it will not long remain. No sea so rough as not to afford it shelter, and none so calm as to induce it to rest. It flies—but only to rest elsewhere. O heavens! to think how slight a thing when we are young can make us leap for joy. A few notes of melody floating in the air, a word, or a look from one that is loved—and what a tumult of joy."

Next we give you an outburst which owes its birth to that old, yet ever new fountain of inspiration—love. What you find here is but a dulcet drop or two of a great wave of sentiment which at the time well nigh engulfed the college. Only a few unsophisticated ones were very different boys afterwards. Well do I remember what a hubbub took place at the time. One of the survivors in a moment of entrancement expressed himself thus:

"Love! Love! What exquisite forms does it assume! Men are surprised at a very early and precocious attachment like that of Dante's. We are not surprised. See how a little child will love a bird! How the child longs to caress it—to hold it lovingly in its own two hands. Simple, pure, and exquisite feeling. Dante must love something, and if Beatrice was there it must be Beatrice. The bird and the flower cannot understand our love and return it like Beatrice. There is for this reason some sense of repulse and disappointment in our love of nature. The poet who saw in the beautiful laurel a transformed nymph whom not even the god could more approach, expressed a feeling we have all experienced. There is the imprisoned Daphne in every graceful tree. How it attracts and yet repels!"

Nor were practical themes overlooked. The timely hint to the student was given. He had to wrestle then, as we do now, with Demons of his own creation. Dark clouds often curtain his spirit, and in his depression he sinks into despair and nothingness. The following was written for his deliverance:

"What student has not had the blues! This lump of clay is a sad thing. It hounds us hither and thither. This body is a slow, crabbed, old shaffer. If you crack your mental whip over him, he puts back his ears and kicks and sets back in the shafts. Go he won't. Hear now! You must coax him. Use him the best you can, and he will take a fair jog.—*Cause of the 'Blues'*—Enmity between the clay and the spirit. *Treatment*—Strive by the following means to get them to 'make up' and work together: Bolt out of doors, strike hands with the glorious blue, and pay your respects to it—pay them to the heavens and clouds—to the green fields and forests, and shout for joy that there is one room of some size in the world. Forget not 'Mud-Creek' and Minas Basin. Take the oars,

'And sitting well in order.
Smite the sounding furrows.'

Then you'll feel nerve and limb and soul leap together for very joy. That green scum won't thicken on the waters any more for a season at least. No mantle will gather over the sunbeam and cloud daylight in gloom. A clear sky, a good road and a willing team. Now crack your whip."

Again see the touch of a master's hand. What an appeal is made in behalf of literature in the following:

"It is sad for a country if her mechanical progress surpasses her literature—if she has great strength of mills and vessels and roads, and no strength of written books—sad when any country is skillful in making cottons and houses and puddings, yet has no sublime thoughts that wander thro' Eternity—has embodied none of those glorious principles which shall bloom like the bursting rose when the narrow, swift isthmus of this world shall have crumbled away—when merchandise no more shall be carried across ocean or continents, and no man shall need cloth, or boards, or bread, or gas-light. Look we'll to it, ye students, that we have salt in this land."

Students of the old days to which I refer were as "much at home" in poetry as in prose. Whatever their pen touched became at once beautiful under the nimbus of their brains. Let us close the present article with a sample of metrical composition of no mean order:

"Come rouse up boys, let us have a sail!
The drifting scud shows a favoring gale,
And Minas' bosom your yacht-keel invites.
Let's over the billows and far away,
Where the porpoise blows, and the haddock play.
A death to dull sloth! boys what do you say?
Will ye court the ocean's delights?"

Thus cried a youth to his happy classmates
When the unchecked web of the all-busy fates
Shewed the first gay threads of a holiday.
The Juniors' hands clapped in innocent glee
The hands of their hearts ('tis a figure, you see).
From Wolfville's dull shores we'll joyfully flee,
And we'll make thus a true jolly day.

The breakfast dispatched, our plans were soon laid,
And an exquisite programme was hastily made,
Not e'en creature wants were left unprovided:
But an ominous rumor soon on our ears fell,
Like the first faint sound of the 'Cademy bell
When it tolls aforesaid the cricket game's knell,
We the ill-shadowing omen decided.

Still each heart's misgivings gleam forth 'neath a frown,
The mate and the skipper volunteered to go down—
The worst or the best determined to know,—
They return with a slow and a measured step:
Of course we could go, but we're not at all set:
The day is so calm and the bay is so wet
That we guess, on the whole, we'd not better go."

THE STRONG.

Dost deem him weak that owns his strength is tried?
Nay, we may safest lean on him that grieves:
The pine has immemorially sighed,
'Th' endearing poplar's are the trembling leaves.

To feel, and bow the head, is not to fear;
To cheat with jest—that is the coward's art,
Beware the laugh that battles back the tear;
He's false to all that's traitor to his heart.

He of great deeds does grope amid the throng
Like him whose steps toward Dagon's temple bore;
There's ever something sad about the strong—
A look, a moan, like that on ocean's shore.

SELECTED.

"CRIBBING."

IN the treatment of this subject it is taken for granted that no student of "Acadia" ever "cribs." However there are three plain facts that are not without pertinent significance. First, the word does exist in our local vocabulary, second, it has by no means any obsolescent symptoms, and third, its meaning is so generally and so well understood that no definition need be given here.

"Cribbing" has many advantages. If a student is so pressed with social business or so surcharged with mental disposition that he cannot attend to his studies to-night, it is convenient to have some substitute for study that will enable him to pass muster. Sometimes it really saves a fellow from getting "plucked." Take for example, the student who does not like to study, or the one who is so constituted that he cannot do anything *hard*. What would he do with a course of study laid down for men who are willing to *work*, were it not for this handy art,—Graduation made easy? It does not

take much of a man to "crib." So anybody can get through college now, since the introduction of this craft. Moreover, even the successful student, who has "an eye single" for "high standing," should give special attention to this line of work, even if he studies less, for a given amount of mental energy devoted to "cribbing" will do far more towards achieving his desideratum than twice the amount spent in hard, tiresome study.

But there are no great advantages without a few co-existent disadvantages. "Cribbing" is not all blessing. It encourages a habit of careless study. If the student expects to open his book in class tomorrow, in order to refresh his memory before reciting, then in his preparation he will not get down into his work with that determination, nor hold what he brings in with such a vigorous grip, as he would if he intended to seal his book in the classroom, and recite without any aid. It has been admitted that "cribbing" saves study. It may also be admitted that it saves from learning *how to study*, and from acquiring a *love of study*. Generally the way to acquire skill in any art is to practise that art. The way to become an adept at football is to *play foot-ball*,—to throw yourself right into the game, muscle, blue veins, brains and all. Similarly the way to learn to study and *how to study* is *to study*. The way to become a good student is *to be a good student*, and the way to become a careless, shallow, faint-hearted, slipshod, dabbler student is just to be that very thing. And as the range of the citadel gun's bore determines the course of its projectile for a thousand yards after it leaves the smoking muzzle, so the character of the four years' study at college determines the general character of the graduate's studying, from the time when he leaves these halls, reverberating with anniversary cheers, until he comes to the goal of life's end. Although there are many counteracting influences, yet the inexorable law remains that the student who "cribs" is encouraging a habit of carelessness and laziness in study, and is stereotyping that shiftless character upon himself for life. It is one grand object of intellectual training to develop a mind that can think, not only logically, but patiently and intensely, that can do thorough work;—dig to the bottom, follow to the end, build high toward heaven—and not only a mind that can do these things, but one that *will* do them often, *loves* to do them, and performs the whole with the greatest facility. How your poulticed mind shrivels before an intellect of this stamp, developed by patient, manly study, and not by childish puddling over "cribs"!

Again, the tendency of "cribbing" is to slch its victim of a lawful confidence in his own powers. If he rarely prepares his class-work so well but that he must have one peep more; if he is seldom so ready for examination but that he must have somebody or something to help him, then he seldom places that

confidence in his memory and better intellectual powers of which they are worthy and which would be of great advantage to him in practical life. This painful distrust will grow upon him, if he persists in this babyish business, thriving on its own indulgence. How nervous he is if he forgets to bring his book in class, and he is afraid to trust himself in the examination-room without some collusive preparation. He so seldom flings behind him every support and strikes out to breast the tide and tempest with his single prowess that he learns to think he cannot swim at all and dares not wet his ankles unless he is hitched to bladders. Let us drop a tear. The giant intellect of man, created to launch out alone into boundless deeps and survey in the grandeur of solitude, promontories, strands and verdant shores of countless regions, bowing only, in its onward glory, reverently to Him who is the source of its mysterious strength,—degraded to an infant playing on a leeward, gentle beach—the protégé of a doting nurse, and whimpering if it but lose its hold of the apron strings! What kind of men will this sort of training turn out to run the world? Just as there are dudes who are not whole dudes without their cane and narcotic twist, and dandies, who are not whole coxcombs without their wax and scent; so there are Ph. D.'s who are not philosophers if they lose their note-books, and educated (?) men, who are not whole men and are never ready for anything that requires a learned man until they first dip their shaggy heads into some cyclopedian pool and then shower forth the pierian spray before their locks get dry. It is not insinuated that all such men are old "cribbers," but just such men they are that cribbing will produce. Grant that many counteracting agencies exist; yet the inflexible principle holds; that the *habitual self-distrust* incident to cribbing tends to fix itself upon its victim as a perpetual incubus, rendering him a pusillanimous creature, conceited it may be as a fool, but always unready and ever afraid to trust his own long self-abused and self-distrusted brain.

Worst of all, "cribbing" is *dishonest*. It may be pleaded that the examinations are unjustly severe. However this may be it does not affect the question at all. Dishonesty is dishonesty, whatever be the provocation, and a lie is a lie if you lie to save your life. It may be argued that some honest students "crib" yet this does not prove that the business is honest, but that your honest student sometimes acts dishonestly. Shameful paradox!! But time need not be wasted to prove what all admit. Cribbing is a dishonest, underhanded piece of business, and the wonder is that any student who thinks enough of himself to take a college course should so truckle to the mean corner of his nature. If a student persists in this business until he gets through college he ought to become very proficient, and be duly qualified to receive the added degree of G. C.—Good "Crib-

ber." Of necessity only a small portion of the whole time is allotted to each branch in the course, so that a graduate has not had a full four years' course in any one of them, but the assiduous "cribber" makes his honor course a concomitant of each branch, and if he does not come out a hooded adept at subtlety, a bachelor in the art of deception, and a man who will be underhanded for his own advantage, it will not be the fault of his four years of self culture.

OUR LECTURE COURSE.

On Friday evening, January 28th, the students assembled in College Hall, in their usual state of expectancy, to listen to the first lecture of '87. The speaker for the occasion, the Rev. W. E. Archibald, Ph. D. of Kentville, was received with the usual applause, after which he was introduced by the President of the Society, Mr. R. W. Ford, who announced the subject of the lecture:—"A ramble through Yellowstone Park." The Dr. prefaced his remarks by giving the location, and sketching the journey from Wolfville to the scene of the lecture, and made passing remarks on different places of interest, such as Boston, Niagara Falls, Chicago and St. Paul. Want of space prevents us from giving anything like a sketch of the lecture, we quote the following sentences:—"We all know that it is only within the past few years that the Northern Pacific R. R. was completed, and thus brought the 'land of wonders' within easy access to the travelling public. This of course does not preclude the thought of the natural park region, being known many years ago by trappers and miners. It has been well known that gold suckers reported the Yellowstone as early as the beginning of the present century, but came back with such fabulous stories that no one would believe them. No wonder people listened with suspicion to stories that depicted a fossil forest where birds and animals though petrified, were found looking as natural as if they were alive, and that petrified trees were bearing fruit in the form of rubies and diamonds, etc. . . . This so-called fossil forest is found in the region of hot silicious springs, so that trees growing there aided by capillary attraction, had absorbed this silicious water, which transformed the fibres of wood into stone. Not only so, but we learn that stone in turn becomes converted into crystalline quartz; some were colorless and sparkled like diamonds, others were colored, and thus resembled other colored stones.

However, not to spend more time with the history or the topography of Yellowstone, let us enter wonderland and see its marvels and beauties for ourselves. As we enter, for the first time, do we realise how insignificant is the Central, of New York, or the Mount Royal, of Montreal. Each of those parks we

expect to find outlined with fences, but here is a park so large as to make it altogether impossible to be outlined by other than imaginary lines running over snow-capped mountain ranges, dazzling in the blazing sun.

The lecturer then gave a general description of the size and interior of the park. He says:—"The first object of attraction to be seen on entering the park is the mammoth hot springs. Knowing this, our party intentionally waited until the break of day before entering, so that with the opening of the day there might be the opening up of the beauties and marvels of wonder-land. In this we were not disappointed. For with the brightness of the morning lustre those great steaming springs, like a frozen cascade, burst upon our vision in all their glory."

After describing various objects of interest, the lecturer closed his remarks with somewhat, of a surprise to his audience; but not, however, without redeeming his promise made at the opening—that the lecture should possess at least one desirable quality—namely, brevity.

THE SELF-MADE MAN.

In all the stores of ancient fable and mediæval myth there is nothing better calculated to inspire the imaginative mind with awe than the real, live, bodily appearance of one of our modern self-made men. Whenever you find it necessary to approach him you become suddenly and painfully aware that *you* are not a self-made man. You begin to grow small; he begins to grow large; and soon you become thoroughly impressed that you are in the presence of one of nature's prodigies. The term "self-made man" has come to have a somewhat definite and restricted application. Usage has made it almost synonymous with 'one who has from humble beginnings amassed great wealth.' This may result from the fact that it is much easier, by independent effort, to acquire distinction in this line, than to achieve fame in more distinctly intellectual pursuits. But, believing that "the real dignity of a man lies not in what he has, but what he is," we choose to give the term its broader meaning and to include under it especially those who by personal industry have entered the shadowy regions of the unknown and brought forth precious burdens of truth.

The sound of this subject will certainly jar upon the ears of some, and rubbing up their rusty school-day memories they will promptly exclaim:

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough-hew them how we will."

This may be so; we have little desire to quarrel with our critics, and less to condemn Shakespeare. Yet when we see a youth with a definite plan for his

life's campaign after a few years descending to old age with his hopes realized, we feel inclined to accept as fact 'that a man may be what he wills to be.' But for any one to assert that he is what he is, simply as the result of his own independent effort, is as absurd as assuming. Why, he cannot turn round on his heel but he grinds off shoe-leather that it took the wisdom of ages to discover how to prepare successfully. In whatever channel of industry we turn our energies we receive our tools and materials ready made from our predecessors. Our advantages over our venerable forefather Adam are something considerable. The dependance of the present with its civilization, arts and refinements, upon the monuments of past ages, is complete. The most that one can now hope to do is to improve a little on his legacy. Our self-made man in this light appears as a very ordinary mortal. He is merely one who, starting in more or less unfavorable circumstances, has outstripped his fellows in taking advantage of the opportunities that the past, present, and future have conspired to place at his feet.

A miner may seek long for gold if it be not ready made for him in the quartz. So man may struggle long for success if the germs of it do not lie in his own constitution. The youth who strives to improve on himself may find his raw material green, rough, and knotty, but if he find it also sound and solid, he may expect great things. Much may be done with indifferent material; but for the grandest results, not only the most skilled artisan, but the best material must be forthcoming. The works of Phidias could only have been produced from the finest marble. One essential then of a self-made man is:

"Mens sana in corpore sano."

A strong, active body, and a healthy, throbbing mind are of first importance. The system then, intellectual and physical, is in harmony with itself, and so best prepared for aggressive work.

In an analysis of a self-made man, you will also find indomitable energy and unflinching courage. He does not give up the siege of Tyre because a mile or two of mole must be built. He does not call his empire lost because the waters of the Mediterranean bathed the shores of his island exile home. He does not despair because after months of weary toil he finds a slight error in his mathematical computations. Difficulties operate on him like fresh scent on the hounds. He hurls defiance at all opposition, and says a stout "I will" when everything about him chants dolefully "you cannot." Pluck with him is at a premium. When you see a driver get ahead of his horse and try to pull him along by the bits, you do not expect to see much work done. So when a man's soul is so small, or so discouraged that he has to be coaxed to try, we may turn elsewhere for our rising stars.

Another prominent feature of a self-made man is

his self-dependence. He always consults himself about what course to pursue, whether he does any one else or not. He is an independent thinker, a phase of character never more noticeable than at present when the tendency is so largely to depend upon and borrow from our neighbors. So many things have become current as facts and have been ranked as necessary knowledge, that one is almost unwittingly decoyed into spending his time entirely in finding out what other people know, instead of making researches for himself. A young man comes to college, completes a prescribed course, becomes possessor of a small fraction of the wisdom contained in his text-books, and goes away to grind this out in very small parts to an expectant people. It is not surprising that often the most noted development of genius is seen outside of our Universities, where the mind is untrammelled, not having been betrayed into enervating dependance upon others. Mere routine, machine work will crowd the grandest intellect into the slough of despair, and cast the most promising genius into the throes of death. A person needs a higher object than merely to crib what he can from books and tutors and then peddle this out second-handed. On this point John Stuart Blackie says:—"The original and proper sources of knowledge are not books, but life, experience, personal thinking, feeling and acting. . . . True knowledge grows from a living root in the thinking soul; and, whatever it may appropriate from without, it takes by living assimilation into a living organism. . . . Beware of reading by the mere method of *cram*. *Cram* is a mere mechanical operation of which a reasoning animal should be ashamed." Due regard should be given to the opinions of others, but it is necessary that a person should assert his own manhood and never drown his personality in that of another.

Another characteristic must be mentioned, one that in a weak man is always nauseous, but, in a strong man, often wins admiration. He must be self-confident, believe thoroughly in himself. When this feature is lonely in its greatness it will cause conduct to be a sad burlesque on humanity; but when leagued with great personal powers it is an element of success. It carried Cleon safely through his attempt at Sphacteria, only to perish before Olynthus; but it brought Hannibal through a thousand difficulties, even to the walls of Rome. He who believes he can succeed has gone a long way toward the desired result.

Let us combine these elements, good natural ability, indomitable energy, unflinching courage, self-dependance and self-confidence, and by their co-operation we have what is known in our common vernacular as a self-made man. We have all met him, and all who have met him know him. His peculiar course of life has forced him constantly to assert himself, and according to the principles of our nature this has grown into a habit so strong that

he now does it unconsciously. Few of these men so successful in other things, are equal to the task of keeping themselves in the background. Yet they are not only among the most peculiar phenomena of nature, but they are among the most useful evolutions of history. To them the world is indebted for many of its greatest discoveries, most useful inventions, and deepest philosophic questionings. If they do impress one with the complacency with which they dilate upon their own achievements—better this than the idle clatter of some do-nothing. But they are so eccentric? Yes! The hard buffets of experience has knocked them a little out of shape, but like an old buckler we prize them none the less for the scars of war, or it may be that these like the frequent dints upon an old piece of plate only serve to add the charm of a certain sacredness. He is the living demonstration of what mind and muscle, under even unfavorable circumstances, can accomplish—one that any man would be pleased to own as brother—one in whom the elements are so mixed, "That nature might stand up And say to all the world 'This is a man.'"

PERSONALS.

CHAR. D. RAND, B. A., '79, is doing a successful business in Victoria, B. C. We learn he paid his friends in Nova Scotia a short visit in December. We tender congratulations for success in the past and kind wishes for future prosperity.

JOHN B. MILLS, M. A., '77, barrister, etc., Annapolis, has been elected to represent Annapolis Co. in the Dominion House of Commons.

REV. T. A. HIGGINS, D. D., pastor of the Baptist Church, Wolfville, visited Upper Canada in February.

REV. S. M. BLACK, M. A., '85, pastor of the Baptist Church, Kentville, supplied the pulpit of the Baptist Church Wolfville, and addressed the students of the College and affiliated institutions in College Hall, Feb. 13, A. M. and P. M. respectively.

G. R. RAYMOND, the class of '89, owing to ill-health, has been obliged to discontinue his studies for the present.

G. R. WHITE, '87, has received and accepted a call from the Baptist church in Jacksonville, Carleton Co., N. B. He will enter upon his duties there in June next.

LOCALS.

HURRAH!!!

ELECTION campaign.

THE Boodlers have gone.

"HEAR, HEAR!!! Proverb!!!!"

HAVE you been vaccinated yet??

A STRIKING COINCIDENCE.—The *Halifax Herald and Chronicle* agree on one point at last,—“The boodlers must go.”

It is understood that the latest “Declaration of Independence” was made recently by a blooming Freshie at the church door.

“OH! the Grits have the majority over here; but some, who do not know what they are, intend to write home to find out.”

“OH isn't he cute?” “Yes, certainly! What do you mean?” “Why that little dude of a doggie. I could just hug him.”

QUERY:—Who was it promenaded up to the altar with a young lady, after service the other evening, to ask a favor of the minister?

PROF. remarks, as a juvenile and somewhat sanctimonious-appearing Soph. begins to read a portion of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, “now we will hear from Satan.”

THE venerable and musical electors of the County of Annapolis have concluded to adopt a new musical scale. It differs from the ordinary gamut by the omission of *Ra*.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 26th, the day set apart for prayer for Colleges, was observed by a meeting held in the College in the afternoon, and in the Baptist Church in the evening.

DOCTOR:—How does a chick manage, just as soon as it is hatched, to strike a seed the first time it tries?

SENIOR:—It learns how to do that picking its way out of the shell.

It is conceded that it is necessary for a person to talk in order to say something. Do not confound the two. Sometimes talk is bearable, but remember the listener expects the talker to say something.

A SOPH., when lectured for studying Calculus, Sunday, replied,—“Surely I am doing no harm in studying Calculus, which treats of *parabolas*, since it differs little from the New Testament, which treats of *parables*.”

CONVERSATION between Mr. F. and Mr. M. :—

Mr. F.—“Were you skating with any of the ladies at the rink this afternoon?”

Mr. M.—“Only one.”

Mr. F.—“Did she *Prattle* to you?”

Mr. M.—Yah!

THE poor Soph's head is quite confused by the many aspects under which, by force of circumstances, he is obliged to consider certain terms. Prof.—“How many inches in a *metre*?” Soph. (between sneezes).—“I hardly know, sir, our Prof. of Music was a long time singing a short *metre*, and I had to walk half of a mile before I could *meet her*.”

OH, *he* couldn't do anything wrong, not *he*. That was something which never did and never could admit of a doubt. Yet *he*—the same faultless *he*—could and did sit in church and show his high appreciation of mannerly behavior, by staring at one of his brothers with each of his beaming eyes encircled by a ring made of his thumb and fore-finger, in imitation of his friend's spectacles. Wonderful trick that, and a wonderful man who performed it. Surely reverence is due him.

OVERHEARD AT LATE RECEPTION.—1st. How devoted Mr. (I mean that Junior) is! I declare he hasn't left — this evening. 2nd. Who? 1st. Don't you see the duck there with those two darling little fringe things on his face, with the tight pants and boots—little ones—te-h! 2nd. Oh, that th— one, yes, the inconstant thing! Do you remember last Junior? I believe his brain is turned again. 1st. His *what*? 2nd. Brain. 1st. Oh!!!! (Suppressed titters, Junior surveying himself complacently.)

“ALL Gaul is divided into three parts,” says Caesar. We supposed that the parts remained there, but we are inclined to believe that a certain Senior is in possession of one, if not the whole three parts. While returning to Wolfville on the train he boldly seated himself by one of the Sems. with the intention of talking to her and *all of her* friends. The friends, conscious of the embarrassing position, moved to a vacant seat, leaving the gushing Senior to talk to his companion to his heart's content (!); which he did with a noise similar to that of a saw-mill-cr-something of the sort.

THE student should continually remember that habits encompass the man, as fortifications a besieged city. How expedient, if we would occupy the sphere for which our natural endowments qualify us, that we surround ourselves with habits which will fit us to attain the greatest degree of success. The habit of punctuality, which too often is passed over as of little importance, occupies an important position in this wall, and should be made impregnable. Rule I.—Make your appearance in the Dining Hall before 8.30 A. M., or you may be obliged to go further for your plate of hash. Thus saith the Document.

QUITE recently the cry of fire called the students from their studies, and soon a motley crowd gathered around the buildings which was being consumed by the flames. Later in the evening some who were present at the conflagration were partaking of a bountiful repast of *canned peaches*, etc. The following morning one of the lecture-rooms was furnished with new settees. No insinuations intended.

THE Governors of "Acadia" have decided to build an Academy boarding-house before the opening in September, '87. Such a boarding-house as the Governors propose to build is absolutely indispensable, since the present boarding-houses afford only two-thirds the required accommodation. In order that the patronage of the friends of Acadia may not be endangered, or the students suffer from lack of accommodation, it is expedient at the present time that the friends come forward with tangible support.

THE February Meeting of "Acadia Missionary Society" was held in the Chapel on the evening of the 16th ult. Essays were read by Miss Buttrick and L. A. Palmer, respectively, entitled, "Missionary Work among the North American Indians," and "1886 and the Congo Valley." Then followed a duett by Misses Hitchius and Wallace, and a short lecture by Prof. R. V. Jones, Ph., D., tracing, in a terse and pleasing manner, the origin and early progress of the Buddhist religion. The papers were interesting and instructive. The next meeting of the Society, for which a good programme has been provided, will be held on the 16th inst.

POETS are born, not made. The world can't afford more than two or three Shakespeares but recent efforts undoubtedly show thoughtfulness, for a strict examination of ability could only have pointed to inability. The ignited poetic *chips* soon manifest themselves in that conflagration of foolishness which tends to consume the wiser self in its alluring flame.

THE *Billingsgate* effusions which occasionally break through the barriers of good sense are rather remarkable.

MARRIAGES.

McDUGALL-FRIZZLE.—At the residence of the bride's father, on Thursday, Feb. 10th, by the Rev. John Ross, W. D. McDougall, of Whycomagh, to Hannah, eldest daughter of Robert Frizzle, of Brook Village, C. B.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

H. C. CREED, \$1.00; A. T. Kempton, \$1.00; C. P. Sutton, 50c.; T. A. Higgins, \$1.00; E. M. Saunders, \$1.00; J. Prescott, \$1.00; C. Lyons, \$1.00; L. Ruggles, \$1.00; F. Hartley, \$1.00; J. E. Eaton, \$1.00; A. E. Shaw, \$1.00; D. McQuarry, 50c.; W. C. Goucher, \$2.00; Wm. Elder, \$2.00; M. S. Reid, \$1.00; Bernard Harvey, \$1.00; M. P. King, \$3.00; X. Z. Chipman, 1.00; E. H. Sweet, \$1.00; C. W. Eaton, \$0.50; W. B. Wallace, \$0.25; T. E. Corning, \$1.00; R. D. Porter, \$4.00.—H. L. DAY, Sec.-Treas.

THE CENTURY

For 1886-87.

THE CENTURY is an illustrated monthly magazine, having a regular circulation of about two hundred thousand copies, often reaching and sometimes exceeding two hundred and twenty-five thousand. Chief among its many attractions for the coming year is a serial which has been in active preparation for sixteen years. It is a history of our own country in its most critical time, as set forth in

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THE WAR SERIES.

which has been followed with unflagging interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year.

Gettysburg will be described by Gen. Hunt (Chief of the Union Artillery), Gen. Longstreet, Gen. E. M. Law, and others; Chickamauga, by Gen. D. H. Hill; Sherman's march to the Sea, by Generals Howards and Slocum. Generals Q. A. Gillmore, Wm. F. Smith, John Gibbon, Horace Porter, and John S. Mosby will describe special battles and incidents. Stories of naval engagements, prison life, etc., etc., will appear.

NOVELS AND STORIES.

"The Hundredth Man," a novel by Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Lady or the Tiger?" etc., begins in November.

Two Novellettes by George W. Cable, stories by Mary Halleck Foote, "Uncle Remus," Julian Hawthorne, Edward Eggleston, and other prominent American authors will be printed during the year.

SPECIAL FEATURES

(with illustrations) include a series of articles on affairs in Russia and Siberia, by George Kennan author of "Tent Life in Siberia," who has just returned from a most eventful visit to Siberian prisons; papers on the Food Question, with reference to its bearing on the Labor Problem; English Cathedrals; Dr. Eggleston's Religious Life in the American Colonies; Men and Women of Queen Anne's Reign, by Mrs. Oliphant; Clairvoyance, Spiritism Astrology, etc., by the Rev J. M. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*; astronomical papers; articles throwing light on Bible history, etc.

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LAURA M. SAWYER	<i>Assistant in Instrumental Music.</i>
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C. H. DAY, B. A.	<i>Mathematics.</i>
H. N. SHAW	<i>Elocution.</i>
F. M. KELLY, B. A.....	<i>Mathematics and English.</i>

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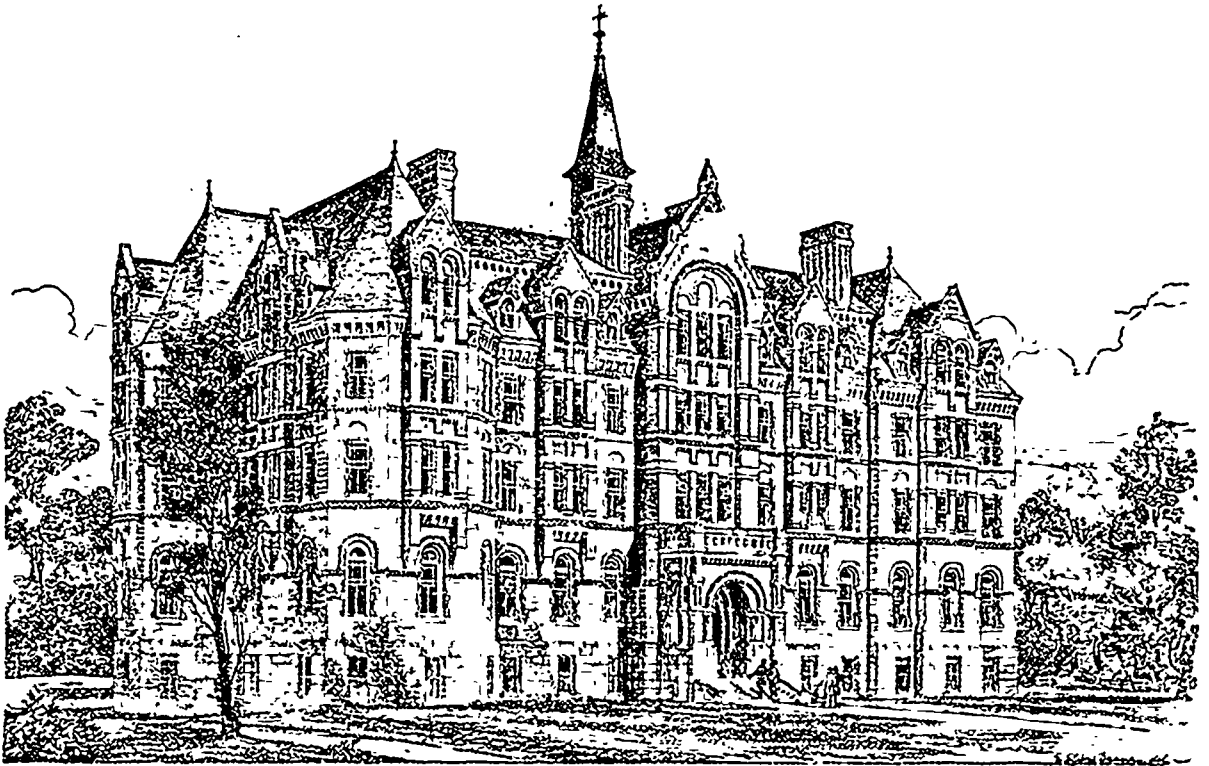
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