

The Acadia Athenæum.

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THE

Acadia Athenæum.

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ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

THE progress and character of Acadia has been constantly inspiring her sons to fresh efforts. To-day, students crowd to her halls in greater numbers than ever. These are attracted by the good all round education given. Special attention is directed to moral and intellectual education under the best influences. Taking moral education as basal, the necessity for developing man in all his parts is admitted. A sound mind demands a sound body. College students are more likely to neglect physical than mental exercise and they are as apt to err in the one as the other. True, our surroundings and physical constitution impel us to take physical exercise but it cannot be denied that environment and mental constitution train us to use our minds. If it be pointed out how good physical training young men get in private walks and exercise on the campus, it might also be shown how good mental discipline is got in private study and meeting fellow students. Thus, the necessity for providing good physical

development and discipline depends on reasons as strong as those for intellectual education. In other words, this says we need at Acadia a thoroughly equipped gymnasium.

This is no new idea. For quite a time we had a small gymnasium, but two years ago it passed peacefully away from a poor inefficient existence. Several attempts have been made to develop a plan for a new gymnasium and have failed for want of organization. The Governors were laying out efforts to develop the efficiency of the college. Within the past few years two new chairs have been founded and there is urgent need of two more. The Governors with but little means, plainly had enough on their hands. The grand effort for a gymnasium must come from the students themselves. Their temper was plainly shown when it was debated in the Athenæum society whether a library or gymnasium was more beneficial to a college student. Several speakers pointed out that where the best results had been obtained in systems of education careful physical training was a part of the course. Even before this, the seniors had determined to do all in their power to make the gymnasium an actual fact before another college year. They resolved to subscribe largely, mature plans and secure the hearty co-operation of the governors and students of the college and academy. A plan for a building 35x70, a statement of what the class would do and what they expected the other students would raise was laid before the governors. They appointed an active committee with full power to take the matter in hand. Since this, it appears that the students by classes have resolved to raise about six hundred dollars. The matter has been well discussed and the necessity of a large and first-class building under the full control of the faculty and governors, the best gymnasium arrangement and apparatus, and a thoroughly competent instructor fully apprehended.

Other colleges already present the attraction of a good gymnasium to intending students, and Acadia

cannot afford to be backward in this respect. The students, have already laid the foundation for success in the undertaking. They are naturally anxious to see the whole cost of the building and apparatus subscribed this year and thus not tax the energies of the governors. If every graduate would send a few dollars to the gymnasium fund or if every friend of the college would not neglect to forward the amount he is quite willing to give to so worthy an object, the result would be accomplished, the building which is to complete the quadrangle on the hill would be free of debt and Acadia would keep equal step with the best of the Maritime colleges in this as in other respects.

THE work in the institutions is moving along steadily but surely. In the college nothing very striking has transpired of late, every one moves along peaceably and quietly trying to make the very best of their time knowing that a college course is something to be enjoyed only once in a life time. This is true at least of the average man as he comes here only to fit himself that he may be better able to overcome the rough places to be encountered in daily life. He is not *flush* by any means, consequently his expenditure is limited. We are sorry the same cannot be said of the academy. A few nights ago three or four of the boys thought to take charge and literally run matters in the boarding house. But he it said to the honour of the Principal, associate teachers and the better thinking students that they did not permit such a state of affairs to exist long in their midst. A consultation was held and it being the second offence for these law-breakers they were summarily dismissed. Let it be universally known that the teachers of the academy mean to run the school with an eye to its best interests and that without fear, favour, or affection. No two or three boys need get the idea that they are in a position to take charge of more than sixty-five law-abiding ones, together with a firm staff of teachers. Those who desire to obtain an education and are in earnest about it will find a most genial and efficient staff of instructors in our academy who are ever ready to do all in their power for those who come under their charge. But for the healthy growth and success of all, obedience to rules of decency and order must be enforced.

The Seminary is doing good work and everything moves along smoothly. According to indications at present it will be well for those expecting to attend the Seminary next year to make early application as the outlook for a full attendance is good.

WE do not believe in dunning and this year our columns have been free from it. Yet we do believe that everyone has a right to his own and would add that we just now are in need of our own. It is more pleasant and profitable for all if debts are paid when due. Apart from hoped for results, rendering bills whose contents are perfectly understood by the debtor and dunning are tasks not congenial to human nature. This, however, is the painful duty of our Secretary Treasurer. Out of sixty bills each amounting to two dollars or more mailed last Autumn, twenty responded. Again this term forty rerendered aggregating one hundred dollars encouragea three more to pay. Calculation shows it to be economical not to dun more than twenty times. Most of our subscribers are friends of the college but they should reflect that it is not taking the paper, but paying for it that is the friendly act. If the ATHENÆUM comes to you the yearly subscription is ours, therefore, please do not retain it any longer than possible but enclose the trifling amounting due us which you are only too willing to pay, and address it to the Secretary-Treasurer of ACADIA ATHENÆUM who is now especially in need of such commendable consideration.

VERDANCY sometimes stands out so prominently that it makes itself obnoxious to the average man, who has been fortunate enough, if he ever had any, to get rid of it. When a youth makes his first appearance on the "Hill" he invariably takes it for granted that it is necessary for him to appear as smart as possible. He comes here from some second rate town, or some country village on the banks of the river whose waters lave the shores of the principal county town. He dons the most consequential air, and struts about with a knowing everything look in his countenance. When a youth arrives at the academy or to take the first year in college he feels quite fresh to say the least. He has been the smartest, or at least the second

smartest boy in the common school. He has also been the biggest boy and natural enough he has the feeling that he is going to be the smartest and biggest boy when he gets to college. Young man, don't pride yourself too much on your standing, there are a few other boys in the same class who know a little about ordinary subjects. The professors know considerable more than the collegian and it is impossible for you to sit on the topmost seat and look with a condescending gaze at the poor mortals who grope at the foot of your pedestal. Again if you are an observer of human nature you generally find that the most unassuming individual of your number is the one who is leading the class. He is not by any means fresh as he has not the time; he prefers to mind his own business and make no attempt at *showing off*. Friend be content to walk in your proper sphere knowing that all must "creep before they walk."

FOR some time past a serious question has been before the minds of those interested in Acadia, and we believe that it is not yet time to let the matter drop. We refer to the arrangements necessary for the successful prosecution of Christian work among the students.

Last year a Y. M. C. A. was organized among us and our general Christian work given over into its charge. This new departure has been attended with a fair degree of success. Good work has been done along the lines marked out by the constitution under which our society was organized. Yet at the time, and since, it was held that this organization at best afforded only a temporary settlement of the difficulty, the main problem relating to our religious future being still unsolved.

Of all the plans proposed, the establishment of an independent church on the Hill seems at present to be the only one promising satisfactory results. Last year such a plan was advocated through the columns of this paper. As time passes we feel bound to once more call attention to the scheme and to offer reasons for its early adoption.

All concerned will readily agree that a change of some sort in the present state of affairs is at least desirable. The relations existing between the village church and the students are rapidly changing, because of the great increase in the number of

students during the last fifteen years. Arrangements perfectly satisfactory when made between the church and *fifty* students, prove, and for good reasons, inadequate and unsatisfactory when the number of students have increased five-fold. For the kindness and fostering care shown by the church here in times past to the institutions, we cannot but feel deeply grateful. But the need of careful christian oversight increases proportionately as the number of students increases, while the capability of the church to do this needed work, in the very nature of the case, cannot keep pace with the growth of the institutions.

Again, the question is not one admitting of a mere sentimental settlement. The issues depending upon a right solution of the problem are too grave to be approached in any other than an impartial, thoughtful, christian-like way. We have now not to consider the *past*, but the *present*, and its effect upon an inevitable *future*. Supposing the present unsettled and unsatisfactory condition of affairs to be continued on for a few years until the students gathered here number five hundred, a state of things evidently not far distant, in what possible way could the question then be settled, except by organizing an independent church on the Hill? But to leave the matter unsettled longer, will only increase the difficulties, for dissatisfaction is a prolific breeder of troubles.

Last year we held a series of Sunday evening evangelistic meetings which were most successful and satisfactory. Nearly every student attended, and was thus brought under the right influence to promote his spiritual welfare. It was felt, however, that such meetings conflicted with the regular Sunday evening services in the church, and they were looked upon by some, though erroneously, as rival services. As a consequence, at the request of the village church, these meetings have been discontinued so far this year.

The same objections have been urged against holding our Missionary meeting on Sunday evenings and we find some difficulty on this account in getting outside men to speak to us on such occasions. Now, we find ourselves at present in a strangely anomalous position. Our Foreign Missionary Board calls for young men to go to India, and these members of the Board decline to accept an opportunity to speak to us upon that subject, because we hold our meeting

upon a particular evening of the week, not remembering that the missionary spirit at present existing among us has been created and fostered by these very meetings held upon this particular night.

We hear the Governors express hopes for the continued existence of a vigorous christian life and for the prosecution of evangelistic work among us, and then they forthwith conclude that the only meeting which has so far to any marked degree accomplished both of these desired effects at once must be discontinued, because it is held on the same evening that a meeting is held in the village, and hence has the appearance of a rival service. Such conclusions seem to us hardly fair. Supposing the institutions were two miles from the village church, would a college meeting held then on Sunday evening be objected to? Certainly not, for the village church would say they had no more right to object to such a meeting than the Amherst, Moncton or Fredericton Churches. What difference a distance of two miles can make in the principles underlying this case is beyond our power at present to conceive.

We would therefore once more urge the establishment of an independent church on the Hill, having an ordained pastor, to be paid by the yearly contributions of the students and by the Governors. This question is no mere sensation. It is a grave one and must be settled. No one man can do the pastoral work necessary for both the church here and the institutions. The establishment of an independent church on the Hill with its own pastor, deacons, chapel, &c., would mean not a rival, but a *sister* church. We both want to advance the cause of Christ. If by our present arrangements we are hindered beyond measure in carrying out this purpose, let us have a change. We wish only to place ourselves in what manifestly is the best possible position for caring for the unsaved, building up moral character, and advancing Christ's precious Kingdom generally among the numerous sons and daughters of old Acadia.

CRITICISM is one of the bug-bears that confronts most beginners in any enterprise. It should not be dreaded but rather desired. It is the best thing one can receive from a friend, the gift that should be sought with the greatest eagerness, and given with the greatest readiness. If it is

given in a kindly spirit and with the object of improving the party to whom it is given, it should be received as the greatest favor that could be conferred upon anyone. If we have faults, and who has not, we are not usually the first to detect them ourselves, but when pointed out to us by our friend we wonder why we have not seen them before. But if given in an arrogant spirit or possessing an air of conscious superiority on the part of the giver, we do not, nor have we any right to thank the friend. Instead of feelings of gratitude springing up within our breasts a feeling quite the opposite is generally found there. Friends of the ATHENÆUM having any criticism to offer with a view to improving its contributions will be sure to have the thanks of the Editors, as their object is to make the paper first-class and one of which its patrons need not be ashamed.

IT does not require a very smart man to become proficient in the profession of *loafing*. Any old log can drift along the stream and strand on any projection that may lie in its way until the first full stream sweeps it beyond to another place. One place of rest is just as good for it as another, but it likes some quiet retreat. The student who spends more time in some other fellow's room than he does in his own is not much in advance of the old log. Young man, if you keep your powers of observation up to the necessary standard you cannot fail to see that success depends upon the amount of earnest perseverance with which you prosecute your studies.

IS it to be regretted or commended that Acadia permits other institutions to outstrip her in recognizing the worth of her graduates and conferring honours upon them? It is a fact that several of her men have won for themselves golden opinions from those who are considered competent judges. Three particular cases come to us at present, but we do not mean to say that the list is exhausted. Rev. Charles H. Corey, M. A., '61, received from Richmond College, Baylor University, the degree of D. D., in '81. Rev. J. E. Hopper, M. A. '70, received from Morgan Park Theological Seminary, the degree of D. D., in '82. Rev. W. B. Boggs, M. A., '74, received from Williams College, the degree of D. D., in '89. These institutions all rank high as seats of

learning and it is just cause for honest pride to know that they keep a close look-out for men of talent and make public recognition of their merit. We believe that Acadia is not blind to the fact that she has many worthy sons and it has been her practise to reserve distinction from her own men to avoid any suspicion of having taken the initiative in order to bring them into prominence. She is proud that others acknowledge true worth as then she will get her full share. Commendation from one's own household does not carry weight that the same from outsiders. To censure her for modesty in this direction would be lessening the dignity of her standing and calling for something that would lower her reputation rather than raise it. Acadia holds a foremost place among institutions of learning and, instead of retrograding, she is daily making rapid strides toward higher achievements.

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READING.

“A jollie goode booke, whereon to looke,
Is better to me than goldē.”

Amid the fleeting hours of daily life, oftentimes the questions arise—When? What? and How shall we read? and to the mind searching for culture these queries are of weighty moment. The fleeting hours! They are but a moment and they are gone, and as quickly glide away the days and months and years of student life. How may they best be improved? How may the best results be attained? To attempt to answer these questions at all fully is quite foreign to the range of the present intent; but a few thoughts may be suggested, which may serve as an aid to inquiries, at once so comprehensive and so pertinent to the well being of every student.

The time-worn objection, “I have no time to read,” oftentimes places itself as a stumbling-block in the way of many a one, perchance not so careful of the minutes as his more enterprising neighbor. Perhaps a little while, stolen from times of profitless conversation, or from seasons of hazy musings, or mayhap from times of greater indolence, might do great service in obviating this difficulty. The same objection might too be made, by him who considers the studies of his compeers not taxing enough for his own mental calibre; and who adds to his regular duties others, e'en more taxing, yet in the same line of toil. Might

not the time for empty honour be better spent in a wider range of subjects, that all the powers may be called into action? But for this course of procedure reasons might rightfully be demanded by him, whose time is thus so unceremoniously broken into, and whose judgment might seem to be seriously questioned.

The taste for good reading requires cultivation, and an education lacking this is wanting in a vital element. When better than while at school, when the education in other lines is being carried on in so great a degree, when the mind is in such a receptive condition, and when characters are being moulded for a lifetime, can this liking for true literature be instilled into the brain; and we venture to say if this be not done then—never will it.

No intelligent person to-day is unaware of the advantages of reading; so without lingering to show these advantages, without lingering to compare the well-read man with the unread, and hardly noticing the clear head, sympathetic heart, and lively fancy, of the person learned in good books, let us hasten to consider what we are to read, in order to get the most benefit therefrom.

If anything be better for being old, then a saying, which we think has been written or uttered somewhere before, might now come well in play namely—to read the Standard Authors. Of course some will think we must have a variety, we must read by the square yard, we must read anything on which we may happen to lay our hands. This might be well for those who have time to read everything; but for them whose time is somewhat limited, and who wish to make the best of it, perhaps the standard advice will be a good rule by which to guide their selection of books. By a standard work, is meant, “a work of time,” as Mr. Ruskin has it and not “a work of the hour,” or perhaps an hour's work. By a standard author is meant the writer in whose soul are stirring the master thoughts of the day, whose mind grasps the noblest questions and answers them for us, who sees down deep into the motives of men, and reads their hearts as we read them in the book he writes. An oasis in the desert is he, a beautiful garden in the wilderness, a mountain peak rising from the monotonous plain. Him all other writers imitate; and they but reflect his rays of intelligence, as the moon does those of the sun.

In their works of History and Biography, Fiction and Poetry we come into contact with the greatest

minds in the different departments of literature. What keen delight it gives and how clear everything becomes, as we pry 'nto the very streets of Rome and learn of Roman ways with Gibbon as a guide; or under the lead of Macaulay, we struggle as an Iron-side or welcome the Prince of Orange to rule on English soil. Or we take up the biography of some truly great man. We see in him the wisdom of his age, the motives that actuated him to great deeds, his true and noble heart, and the sympathetic soul that worked beneath. His virtues and gifts we inculcate as our own; and we are led to think that, after all, men did and do exist as great and good as we ourselves.

As most of our knowledge is at first obtained directly from text books, and afterward we are left to observation and reflection, so the novel is the great text-book on human character; and in teaching this it serves its great and useful end. Our range of vision is of necessity limited, and our untaught judgment imperfect; but the master writers of fiction come in and take their places as our leaders in this line of thought. For this have written Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Hugo and Scott, and how nobly have they succeeded in their respective domains! Dickens does not keep us in enchanted fairy-land, but leading us into the ranks of men and women, he shows up their deceit and their honesty, their noble natures and their hypocrisy, good-humoured all the while, and good-humoured too must be the reader. Thackeray, satirical but warm-hearted, takes the reader everywhere; and as a friend points out the darker side of things, yet making the brighter side still brighter. What a broadening, deepening effect it has upon our being, as we live in others' lives; sympathize with them in troubled times; rejoice in their prosperity; commend their righteous deeds and deplore an unjust act. Works of fiction therefore must have their place in the modern educational system, and the true novelist must take his place among the first educationists of the land.

Connected with the novel in its purpose is the Drama. To give pleasure is in each a minor object; and to hold up to the world a faithful mirror in which it may see itself as it is, is its great end. Of course everyone, in answering the question in regard to the material of our reading, would include the mighty productions of Shakespeare and any further comment is unnecessary.

The beautiful—the sublime—the expression of the passionate soul—with these poetry deals; and as such claims an important part of the time spent amongst the gems of literature. So much has been said in regard to reading poetry that of this it may be truly said, "There is nothing new under the sun."

The ways to read books are nearly as numerous as the books themselves. To read to the greatest advantage, however, it must be done systematically; and as in all other pursuits the better the system, the more will be accomplished. The reading matter chosen—one should be civil enough to get an acquaintance with the author; and after that let him tell through his preface of what he is going to write. Then throw the whole soul into the task, and master the thoughts presented; for the great author will seldom reveal himself to the lackadaisical reader. Passages of special importance must be read and re-read, in order to be fully understood and remembered: while those of less importance may serve as resting places by the way. These suggestions are purposely meagre; but they may be of help in forming a system on which our reading may be based.

If the proper time be devoted to reading, and the best books be chosen for the purpose; if they be read faithfully and with the proper end in view, results must follow, most beneficial; and the acquired taste for high literature will give profit and pleasure, as long as the mind lives whether in the body or far removed.

PEREAU.

An orchard fronting sheer upon the sea;
Carven red cliffs o'er-brimmed with fertile fields;
White clouds ensculptured in grave mimicry
With profiles of the great, with helms and shields;
A sea that goes far off and murmurs low,
And comes again to sob upon the shore;
Tall ships white-sheeted in the sun's full glow;
Hills on the crescent verge and at our door;
A stainless atmosphere to the far blue,
And sudden fog, elusive, mystic, clear:
How crystal fair these scenes in memory's view,
Now lit afresh by shining faces dear!
E'en so anew in glories manifold
Shall kindle in sweet Heaven love's traceries old.

THEODORE H. RAND.

CLIMATE—ITS INFLUENCE UPON MAN.

Whether the father of mankind was the Adam of a poetical Eden or simply the highest development attained in the less pleasing realm of Evolution, for our present purpose it matters not. At best 'tis a matter of opinion, perhaps—taste. But in either case must we look to Nature and her laws for an explanation of that great diversity in physical and mental structure, which distinguish dwellers in different climes. Of this unlikeness the most effective and powerful component is the ever ceaseless and persistent influence of climate. The working of this power is two-fold—direct and indirect. 'Tis humidity of climate that changes regions identical in formation with the burning wastes of Sahara into the green plains of the Llanos, the home of countless herds of fleet-limbed and comely steeds. This influence may be seen in the fauna and flora of our own country and is found written upon the leaves of her forests and the rocks of her hills and valleys. Whilst the effects of this sovereign power are too well known to need more than reference, let us not forget the influence which a country in turn exerts upon its inhabitants.

In what degree is this *indirect*, this reflected influence of climate, shown in the aborigines of the New World? America bears upon her bosom many mighty, deep-rolling rivers, which in size and grandeur shame the largest streams of the Eastern Continent. Who knows not of her numerous lakes, wide and expanded, the envy of the Old World? But all these great bodies of water seeking the way to their home, the sea, are but the surplus yielded by the earth satiated with the bounty of the freighted clouds. Thus humid breezes greeted by the smiles of a tropic sky have adorned the Selvas with boundless forests and luxuriant vegetation, whilst barren table lands from the "Dark Continent" frown upon the same sky. Hence universal vegetation is the result of our oceanic climate, the distinguishing feature of our Western World.

But what of man the native of this clime, has he escaped the moulding power of his vegetal home? The shade of his sheltering forests has tinged his complexion with a copper hue, whilst that of the African has been darkened with more sombre tints by exposure to a burning sky. Ecstatic joy and

hysterical grief find no home beneath the coldness of his calm, stern dignity. Stoical, melancholy, cold, nought disturbs him but fierce jealousy and a savage love of vengeance. Wonderful are his feats of strength yet of endurance small is his share, the gift of a vegetative clime. For when the cross-bearing invaders from the East not only robbed these poor heathen of their home, but doomed them to serve and toil, these children of the forest incapable of enduring fatigue perished by thousands beneath the lash of enlightened Europe. Not so the Negro, the strong and robust native from the "land of the mid-day." Not unhappy even in bonds, he has conquered the toil which destroyed the Indian, whilst the danger of his race becoming extinct never seriously threatened him.

Upon the highlands of the Incas and Aztecs all is changed. Here an oceanic climate with his heat and humidity ventures not, but in his stead reigns a sterner king whose vigorous rule has produced instructive results. Of the *direct* influence of climate the inhabitants of these highlands bear marked evidences. Among these most singular and interesting is the exceptional size of the body combined with a stature of low height. The rarity of the atmosphere upon these elevated plateaux renders an increased volume of air necessary to meet the demands made upon respiration. To accommodate this increased demand the whole respiratory apparatus enlarges and as each generation adds its mite, we finally have that abnormal development of the chest, which causes the singular appearance of the Peruvian.

But the social condition of the Aztecs and Peruvians is a still stronger evidence of climatic influence. Elsewhere the red man rises not above the condition of hunter, an unprogressive and hand-to-mouth existence. But here blind trust to the morrow has been driven hence by stern necessity, to live is to have forethought. Here are tillers of the soil, workers in gold, builders of temples and cities, and above all a systematic organization of society. Busy with brain and ready with hands they worked out a purely native civilization unmingled with even the trace of a foreign element.

'Tis the mountainous climate that has preserved and inspirited with fresh life the fiery heart of freedom. The wild fierce winds on the Gaelic hills have ever strengthened this bright flame in the fearless soul

of the highland Scott. Whilst from cragged heights the Swiss hurls a rocky welcome upon the invaders of his mountain home or with the unerring shaft of Tell drives fleet death into the hated breast of Tyranny.

What power has coloured thought and its expression with such variety in different lands? Behold our Saxon forefathers fiercely fighting in the snows and mires of a foggy land, or seeking shelter in miserable huts from falling clouds and a storm-rear sky! His thoughts are gloomy as the sombre heavens above him; his love passionless as the cold and ever-present fog. For him life is a stern reality, whilst poetic dreaming haunts him not, for what inspiration is there in a muddy earth and a murky sky? The garb that clothes it is even as the thought, and plain use only, not beauty, not ornament in its design. For more pleasing thoughts decked in the livelier colours of holiday dress seek you the clear blue sky of sunny Italy. There the elements are at peace, whilst beauty reigns from the vine-clad hills beneath to the clear, calm heaven above; there smiles passionate love, whilst the delighting and fanciful visions of the dreamy Muses are skilfully painted in words. Closely allied with these results is another evidence of climatic influence, the sound of words. Italian words are soft and mellifluous, whilst those of the German are harsh and guttural, the result of an unfavourable atmosphere aided by attempts at vocal protection.

The Evil Spirit, the Satan of many religions owes his existence to that extreme of climate from which its worshippers suffer. The Scandinavian in his struggle of life finds light and heat his friends, whilst darkness and cold are the powers which make the struggle bitter, hence Jotun, the Ice-giant, is the devil feared in Scandinavia. But from another extreme suffers the Egyptian, 'tis the intense and burning heat of summer that he dreads, so heat is his devil, and his name, Typhon. The different degrees with which worshippers enter into the spirit of their religion varies according to climate from hot fanaticism to cold ritualism.

"The whole earth is my domain," says man, "and affected neither in body nor in mind, I lord it equally in zones, hot, temperate, and cold." Behold him in his domain! We have already seen that for man's benefit too prodigal is nature of her gifts in the Torrid

clime, for bred in the midst of this abundance labour to him seems as useless as it is distasteful. Enervated by tropic heat and enfeebled by inactivity, this boastful ruler of the universe is enslaved by his own passionate nature, and becomes once more the animal man.

In the dreary frozen regions man is ever at war, fighting with grudging nature in a desperate struggle for life. If by arduous toil and consuming privation he happily is successful and wrests from her the support of his miserable existence, a sad and pitiful victor is he. His highest, his one great needful aim, is to feed his hunger-wasted body, and if perchance he succeeds, when has he time for thought or leisure for mental culture? So he too drifts into the animal man.

Happy is he that dwells in the golden mean, for here is nature neither prodigal nor miserly, but inviting man to moderate and needful exertion by a sufficiently bountiful recompense. No perpetual winter, no eternal summer to kill the soul, for the change of a temperate clime destroys this weakening monotony and invigorates man with the strengthening elixir of life. Moderate toil gives leisure and a bracing atmosphere, desire for mental improvement, hence here it is that man has reached the highest development of his powers yet attained by his race. And here may we hope that still higher in development he may attain, ever approaching in form and spirit the perfection of the Eternal.

SENIOR THESES.

The programme for the delivery of the Senior Theses in the College Chapel for four consecutive Fridays during the month of February was this year as follows:—

C. R. Minard.	Is wealth possible for all?
F. M. Shaw.	The Future of South America.
W. B. Wallace.	Giordano Bruno and His Times.
H. F. Waring.	Prince Metternich.
C. M. Woodworth.	The Sun in Modern Physics.
J. E. Eaton.	Mahommedanism Past and Present.
L. F. Eaton.	Louis Agassiz.
F. S. Messenger.	The Newspaper as an Educator.
J. B. Pascoe.	The Place of Music in a System of Education.

B. H. Bertley.	The English Puritans.
H. G. Harris.	The French in Acadia.
Miss Jackson.	Butler's Analogy.
G. P. Raymond.	The Uses of Wealth.
W. W. Chipman.	Mediæval Art.
F. J. Bradshaw.	Compulsory Attendance in Public Schols.
H. W. Brown.	Mary Tudor.
C. A. Eaton.	Count Tolstoi's Social Theories.
J. F. Herbin.	Gladstone and Maccenas as Chief Ministers.
N. A. McNeill.	Are Animals Automata ?

Exchanges.

The *Seminary Bema* bears strong marks of the active powers in the institution it represents. The January number contains several articles of merit. The article on "The Voice" gives a statement of correct elocutionary principles. "Voices are restored to Nature" and developed according to natural laws. We would like to agree with the writer of "Methods of Classical Study" but are not able. He advises the student of Classics to use translations urging that the mind thus ranges over a wider field. We would suggest that on this point human nature is very weak and apt to mislead reason. For solidity, depth is as essential as breadth and we believe that each word, line and turn of thought in any good author is worthy of careful study in the original.

One of our most interesting exchanges is *Acta Victoriana*. In the January number Edward Billamy's "Looking Backward" is well reviewed. Another article deals with college education socially, religiously and as depending on reading. Under "Henry Morton Stanley," the future of Africa is touched upon and under "Modern Journalism," some broad ideas are advanced.

The jubilee number of *Queen's College Journal* is most interesting and expressive of prosperity, loyalty and good will. The progress of Queen's from a small college with two professors and eleven students in a humble cottage home to its present proud position shows the direction of a kind providence. Its recent advance has been phenomenal. "In 1859, in Arts

the University had but four professors; in 1869, she had but five; in 1879, five and one assistant; in 1889, eleven and eight assistants. In 1870, there were but 36 students in arts; in 1880, 92 and now, 230." The endowment raised during the last fifteen years is nearly half a million dollars. The jubilee fund started in 1887 alone is \$250,000 of which the undergraduates gave \$5,700. At the jubilee, expressions of good will were received from many sister colleges and meant from all. The ideals placed before the students were high. The inspiration of the occasion enlivened the energy of Queen's. President Grant was showered with tributes of praise. The feeling of loyalty and pride for our Canadian Dominion shown in the speeches was intense. The enthusiasm created by the veteran statesman Sir John A. Macdonald was especially marked. Attention was also drawn to our great but little known resources. This gathering marks an epoch of advance of which we are pleased to hear and we congratulate Queen's upon her prosperity at the beginning of her second half century.

The February number of the *Presbyterian College Journal* contains its usual large amount of reading. Among contributed articles, Herbert Spencer's "Explanation of the Origin of Religion" says Spencer attempts to bring all phenomena under the scope of the evolution hypothesis. While seeking a first cause, he comes near the idea of God but turns away to explain the evolution of religion by the ghost or ancestor theory. The homage paid departed ancestors is transformed into religious belief. This disjoint theory and ignores fact. It fails to account for personality in religion. The true view may be inferred because man is made in the image of God and religion arises because God is known. The writer of "A Nascent Literature" singles out two authors of French Canadian poetry who should be read and studied, the brilliant shiftless and misguided Octave Cremazie and M. Louis Frechette the father of French Canadian verse. Under other articles the field for work among the French and Irish Catholics of Quebec is made plainer.

With characteristic good sense the *University Monthly* has of late made efforts to preserve the history of the University. The story of the "Old Cannon" was particularly interesting. The plan for preserving the history of old graduates is a good one.

It is to get from the most reliable sources a complete outline of the life of each graduate and publish them in the *Monthly*. Such a course will tend to cherish unity and loyalty to their Alma Mater among the graduates, and is worthy of attention at Acadia.

Many good articles have appeared in the late numbers of the *Dalhousie Gazette*. The advantages of Harvard for a post-graduate has been well pointed out. Reverent mention have been made of the late esteemed Dr. Lyall, Professor of Logic and Psychology, and the importance of retaining the chair in the College. The idea that old students should feel in honor bound to pay back pecuniary aid given them by the College is just. "Advice to Students," to know something of their own country emphasizes a thought growing stronger in the minds of our countrymen. Yet, what we need is still more loyalty and knowledge of our own country.

FLUB-DUB AGAIN HEARD FROM, OR RE-ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

- 1.—The barn-yard Philosopher; if you don't believe it, hear him crow.
- 2.—Spurrdoodlum;—but no relation to the last.
- 3.—Mr. Geahdays, or the latest thing in whiskers.
- 4.—Brad the Humorist, or don't you see the joke.
- 5.—The Hoar C-Hall-dean.
- 6.—Hippocrates Acadensis; or the originator of the quinsky epidemic in Canard.
- 7.—Paste-board Jack; or half an hour's re-creation.

Marriages.

At North Sydney, Jan. 28th, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, John N. Armstrong, of North Sydney, to Jennie E. Rice, graduate of Acadia Seminary, '88.

At Stellarton, Feb. —, by Rev. D. C. Moore, Lewis Johnston, M. D., B. A., '43, to Bella Johnston, all of Stellarton.

Deaths.

Rev. Edward C. Anderson, D. D., '46, died January 29th, at Lansing, Mich.

The last office held by Dr. Anderson was the Presidency of McMinnville College, Oregon, 1881-87. He leaves two sons, one of whom is a Professor in the Iowa State University, the other a Professor in the Michigan Agricultural College.

At his residence, Halifax, February 12th, 1890, John P. Mott, Esq., aged 69.

Mr. Mott was at one time a student of Horton Collegiate Academy.

Locals.

Propably halid.

Just so!

Puseyite.

Ah, really!

Working points.

He's out of it.

What is the number in the hymnal?

THE RULING PASSION.

PROF.—"Mr. K., can you tell me the meaning of the symbols S. P. Q. R.?"

MR. K. FERVENTLY.—"Small profits and quick returns."

The star of Ignatius Donnelly is no longer in the ascendant. Else *clouds make* his brightness to be dimly seen. The *Elegy* in a country church-yard has been discovered to be one of Oliver Goldsmith's comedies.

Yes, the freshmen were there. *Those on the introducing committee* thought they filled the *bill* completely, and could *gull us* on to think that they were approaching maturity: But observing their blissful countenances, and hearing such whisperings as "claptrap tintinuation," and "Yahmuth I love thee," we felt that even in old age they would be "still green in memory."

A SOLILOQUY.

Soft silken down that doth bestrew mine upper lip,
As oft as I thy fair proportions spy,
And vainly strive to twist thy scraggly ends.
If only thicker, how soon I would thy colour dye
And change what now is but the semblance
Of that enjoyed by men not more ambitious!

Alas! not days of patient toil, nor Minard's oft applied,
Have started thee beyond the common two week's growth.
I know that some may laugh, and even — not feel thy silken tips.

Yet, bold as old Prometheus, I shall ne'er refrain
From nursing thee, which art so weak a babe.

If thou can'st but outlast bleak winter's force,
Perhaps, when Nature shall bedeck earth's form with covert green,

Thou, too, though now by her forgot, may,
Softened by the summer's gentle rains,
And by the sun's warm *daisy* ray restored to wonted life,
Change thy *blanched* whiteness to a shade much better to be seen.

The Acadia Missionary Society held its last meeting on Feb. 16th. The programme was as follows:—Music, Double Quartette; Essay, "What has the last eighty years done for the Bible," H. Y. Corey. Essay, "The Future of Central Africa," W. M. Smallman. Music, Double Quartette; Address, Dr. Sawyer. Music, Double Quartette.

The doctor and the parson had a quarrel. The former called the latter little fresh. The parson didn't reply but dusted.

For many months he figured among "the great unwashed." Everybody rejoiced when it was known what he had resolved to do. His friends, especially, were happy in the prospect of a desired change, but freely admitted that the boy was too ambitious. "Few," they remarked, "would have attempted such a feat." He is not amphibious, and out of the wash-tub he would come, even if no chair was near on which he might climb. Thus, in the attempt, the room was flooded, and another William of the royal Norman line narrowly escaped a watery grave. 'Twas good that he survived, or of Buonaparte, it might also have been said, "He never smiled again."

SCENE.—English Class. 1st Junior, (reading from Oph. in Hamlet):—

He took me by the wrist, etc. . . . At last . . .
He raised a cry so piteous and profound
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being, etc. . . .

2nd Junior, (positively).—That is not the orthodox way of making love, is it, professor?

The practical joker yet lives. Nevertheless, many of his victims declare the points of his joke to be *felt* rather than *seen*.

The wood is long, the knight is bold.
The buck saw? That is dull and old.
Repeated visits day by day
Looked sometimes as he worked for pay,
As Jacob did in days of yore.
But seven long years are now made four.
The saw, his all absorbing joy,
Is daily weilded by that boy,
Till kindlings are made nice and fine,
Which in his arms he doth entwine
And bring them to the kitchen stove.
And that's not all, you know, by Jove.

Choir practice affecteth the heart; it doth *make clouds* to cover the blooming countenance of the sturdy Soph.; it *depriveth* him of his mind, so that he complaineth much that his room is lost; hence he often wandereth into the rooms of his neighbors.

One of the pleasant things of college life appeared on the evening of Feb. 22nd. The ladies of the Seminary held a reception in Colledge Hall.

1ST STUDENT.—"Hullo, what do you call that?" pointing to a collection of weather-beaten lumber, a frayed twine string, a piece of linen thread, a rusty piece of broom wire, that had seen some weather, and a knotted piece of cat-gut.

2ND STUDENT (archly).—"Why, that's *my violin*."

1ST STUDENT.—"Well, I'm glad, I'm very glad."

2ND STUDENT.—"Why are you so glad?"

1ST STUDENT.—"I'm glad that you were not in at the naming of things on the sixth day of creation, it prevented so much mysticism."

The latest athletic exhibition, for the benefit of the public, was given by one of a small pedestrian party. The fence was high, so were the aspirations of the performer, and though weighted with snow-shoes, it did not seem necessary that she take them off. It did not indeed.

JUNIOR.—"Can the astronomer see as fast as light can travel?—I mean, a-ah, doesn't it take time for him to see?"

PROF.—"Yes, and generally it takes longer for *some people* to see than others."

Junior blushes, and the professor explains.

Many are the means employed to rid a room of unwelcome callers. None is more effectual than that lately adopted in one of the upper rooms. A few sympathizing friends understanding the case, came to the rescue and sang a short metre doxology, after which the meeting promptly adjourned. It worked like a charm. Friends who are afflicted, try it.

An illustrious elocutionist defines larynx as "the hole that is there."

'TIS BETTER SO.—Class in Political Economy discussing increase of population.

Mr. H. (Superciliously) "Then, professor, there's no use in preserv'ing all these useless lives."

Professor, (Sarcastically) "Why, certainly not! If *you* had an accident on the ball ground, and fell and put out one of your eyes, for instance, it would be best in the interest of humanity and civilization to put an end to you!"

Mr. H. (In dazed, hollow accents)—"Best for the world, perhaps!"

Class, (Enthusiastically)—"Yes! Yes!!"

Mr. H. Subsides,

Convincing style of debate.—I don't know anything about this subject, and my arguments don't amount to much *anyway*, but of course you'll vote for my side.

Prof.—"Farmers and gardeners are always fearful of frost during the moonlight nights in June. Why is that?"

Mr. K.—(With air of having made an important scientific discovery,—"Certainly not, because the moon gives off heat!")

Prof.—"There are more things in heaven and earth, Mr. K. than are dreamt of in *your* philosophy."

The Senior theses are finished. Among the many tales of diligence and inspiration, one stands wide apart from the rest. This is of him, whose subject was to treat of the modern newspaper. For three long weeks, he burned the midnight oil; for three long weeks he rubbed his forehead, and bathed in Minard's Liniment, No inspiration came. Fearful lest after all he make a mess of it, he cried, "Acadia's library aids me naught. I will arise and go to "Trurah," and with a grade C licence, I will learn something of the Press." Three weeks before had he toiled; three days now only was he absent; but with inspiration clear as noonday, he returned. Many are the tales he tells of that far country, of livery-stable teams and Baptist suppers. But through it all, his subject never was forgotten. Whene'er occasion smiled, he ran the press: and when she did not smile, he felt de-press-ed. But, wonderful to relate, he learned this fact, that Press does not always signify mental labour, but physical, perchance; and its worth may be measured not by written sheets, but by the length of a man's extended arm.

SCENE I.—Freshman with cad, coming up to Soph. with young lady.

Soph.—"By thunder, I'll talk him."

SCENE II.—Freshman receding across the room with cad following. "Go East young man."

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF SHYLOCK NOT FOUND IN SHAKESPEARE.

SCENE.—A seaport opposite Venice.

Shylock. To a horse he is leading.—

Ill favoured brute that with unsteady step
And quaking knees, hath hither me sustained.
Thy horrent hide and flank emaciate
Hath added to my purse's weight by hire.
But wherewithall shall I be of the quit.
It doth me mightily disturb, to think
Of turning the adrift, and lose the price
I paid for thee, ere I embark for Venice.

Enter A MILLER from the opposite side.

Miller. Now by my troth, methinks I am well met,
Wouldst sell that nag that tugs thy halter's end?
My comrades have departed hence for Milan,
And I am fearful I may not o'ertake them:
My future doth depend on my arrival with
My company; no later will suffice.
Will you pleasure me?

Shy.—Ay, you would buy a horse to Milan,—Well.

Mil.—I am in haste. Shall I know your answer?

Shy.—Why, look you, how you funny! I'll sell it'faith:
But ere I with your need was made acquaint,
I did bethink me how I might convey
Him hence to Venice.

Mil.— What, an' would ye prance
Him up and down the liquid streets of Venice,
While from the Rialto folk look down, well pleased
To see you ride? But name your price.
And haste: impatience waits on this delay.

Shy.—What I may do with him shall be my care.
I may him wish to ride on the Rialto;
Or if the novelty of owning horse
In Venice me repays his care, how then!
But stop; give me an hundred fifty florins.

Mil.—But thou didst buy him for an hundred florins;
And thou didst for an hundred hire him a year;
And twice an hundred in the year succeeding;
Wouldst sell to me for fifty more than cost,
A brute, whose galled back and chafed side
Bespeak a scanty care and mighty burdens borne?
His bulk so cavernous and gaunt appears,
With hide, now grown too large and many folded,
Clinging to his lean proportions, they
But mind me vultures hath their work begun
Upon his inward parts before he die.

Shy.—Ay, an' if he cost me naught, is he not worth
To thee the fifty more! If thou o'ertake
Not this thy company, but journey hence
Alone, thou wilt with robbers meet, and they
Will pluck thee of thy goods: the loser thou.
What though from being much bestrode, his back
Doth show some signs of wear. He spurrs
A pretty pace. Therefore, if thou dost wish
To purchase—well. If not,—why, also well.

The programme of the Second Musical Recital in Collego Hall on Feb. 14th, was as follows:—Chorus, "Angels of Peace." Piano Solo, Miss Eva Margeson. Reading, Miss Alice Rich. Piano Solo, Miss King. Song, Miss Coffin. Reading, Miss Halfkenny. Piano Solo, Miss Newcombe. Reading, Miss Evelyn Kierstead. Ariel Quartette, Misses Nelson, Eaton, Allen and King. Piano Solo, Miss Neily. Chorus, "To thee, O Country."

Acknowledgments.

Rockwell & Co., and Walter Brown, \$3.50 each; H. P. Vaughan, B. A., V. F. Masters, B. A., L. D. Morse, B. A., \$2 each; Miss Jackson, L. D. McCart, H. C. Harrington, Alice M. D. Fitch, B. A., R. D. Bentley, J. E. Eaton, J. L. Churchill, A. C. McLatchey, R. R. Kennedy, J. H. McDonald, E. R. Morse, B. A., C. W. Corey, B. A., J. S. Lockhart, M. D., Thos. Stackhouse, J. B. Ganong, John Moser, M. A., \$1 each; W. A. Payzant, William Wallace, and O. D. Harris, \$1.75 each; Lenfest Ruggles, \$4.00.

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