

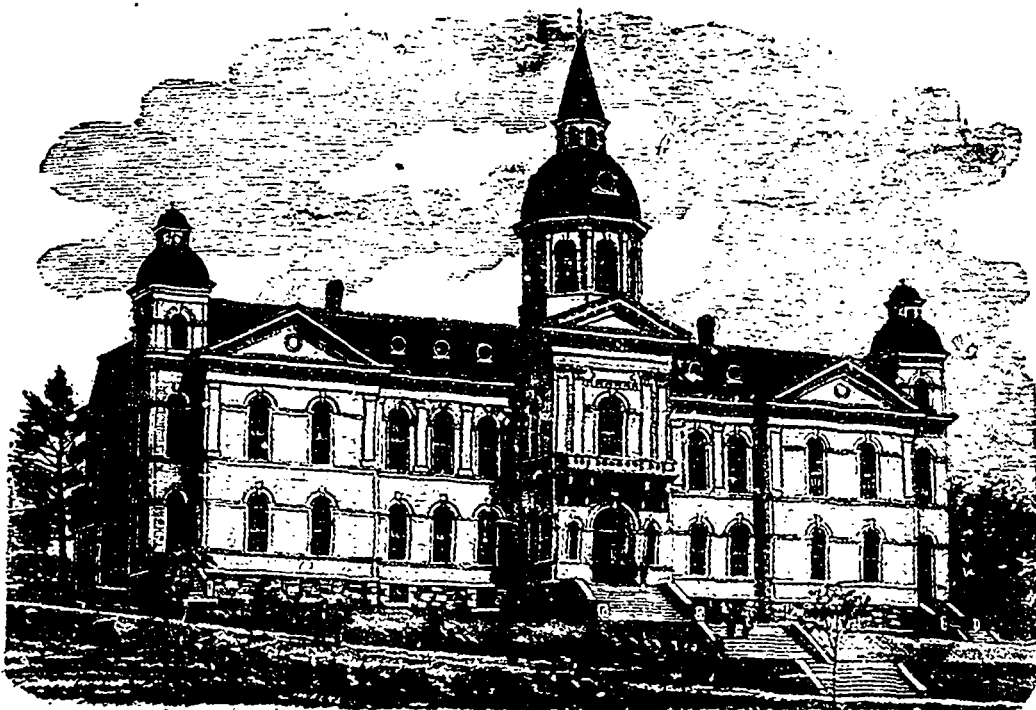
# AGADIA ATHENEUM

Prodesse quam Conspici.

VOL. XIV.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., FEBRUARY, 1888.

No. 4.



## THE UNIVERSITY OF AGADIA COLLEGE.

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# The Acadia Athenæum.

VOL. XIV.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., FEBRUARY, 1888.

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## THE Acadia Athenæum.

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### \* The Sanctum. \*

EVERY hour of hard mental toil which a student undergoes, tells in the development and strengthening of his mind. Work which he performs in any hour of the first college years has just as much to do with his education as that he may perform in the very last hour of the college course. A boy is opening a gate just as much when he opens it the first six inches as when he pushes it the last half foot. A rosebud is opening just as much when it first begins to break as when it gives its last ruffle and bursts into full bloom. When the first dawning of intelligence shines out of the infant mind, and he begins to observe and think and learn, he is being educated as truly as the diligent undergraduate in arts, and during the first four or five years of his life probably learns more and develops more rapidly than the best student in any college. So each hour of life has its own stage of development, and each stage of mental growth has its own work. Whatever else may be said for or against the present course of study at Acadia, one thing is sure:—There is a *system* about it; there is a *progress* to it, and the years are built one upon another. Bad work in the first year will make the structure shaky all the way up. It is not the one who is in the *highest class* that is educating himself the most, but the one who, whether in the senior class of the college or the preparatory

department of the academy, *most assiduously applies himself to his work and thinks for himself.*

So, then, whatever be the stage of his advancement, let every man do his work well. Build thoroughly the foundation. Lay well and solid each layer of the superstructure. Make the whole crystal palace a pure, solid gem—a diamond of the first water—from base to glinting peak. Begin now, in February, if you have not begun before. "Art is long, and time is fleeting." This college year is almost gone. The spirit of study is abroad among us. Many a student is doing his very best, now, right along. Let all the others fall in line. Let no one waste the hard earnings of an over-worked father. Let there be no idlers, no half-hearted study, no half-done work. Let no one toy away the early hours of his short life, but spend his youth and his college days in the way he will wish he had when college days live only in memory, and he is battling with the stern realities of practical life.

"I would not waste my *spring of youth*  
In idle dalliance.  
I would plant rich seeds  
To blossom in my *manhood*,  
And bear fruit when I am *old*."

NEVER did we have a gymnasium which cost us so little as that of this year. It is quite large enough for any person not a confirmed disciple of fastidiousness. It is well ventilated, healthy, open to the free air, and furnished with all the paraphernalia which this country affords. Even nature could not improve upon it. It is under the guidance of one general manager, whose infallibility, justness, and wisdom are above reproach. True, it is not without its drawbacks. Sometimes no light is furnished in the evenings, the heat very often is not sufficient to annul the discomfortableness, and is not at all regular in its supply. If those who use it could manage to close the doors after them when entering and leaving, it would save some trouble and annoyance. Twice only during their lives they do open and shut them, but even this fact will not excuse them. It is always a matter of compulsion. Hours from 12 p. m. to 12 p. m., seven days out of the week. All are honorary members. It has been very aptly styled the Universe. N. B.—Care should be taken not to injure the paint.

CÆTERIS paribus, that man is living nearest to the object of his existence, who has the most sympathy with his fellow-creatures. How many stop to ask themselves the first question propounded in the Westminster Catechism for children—"What is the chief end of man?" Whatever the answer may be, it should be sought after, and no education or educational system is complete which does not set a man digging for it as he would dig for a hidden treasure. Indeed, a man has not so much as begun to be educated unless he has begun to study this problem.

One of the grand objects of man's existence is to sympathise with his fellow-creatures. If he fails here, a part of his life is lost; if he lops off this branch from his moral nature, he destroys a noble and vital part of his own being. And here is included not merely that animal sympathy which in some degree at least even the most brutal must possess, nor yet merely that spasmodic sympathy which cringes at misery when it is in sight, or vividly represented; but that thoughtful, constant, aggressive sympathy which springs fresh from that perennial source which we have learned to call the human heart; that sympathy which loves to sympathise, which breaks down the rougher, melts the icier, and bursts through the sterner passions of the breast, which faces and quells storms of righteous (!) indignation; which is the sworn foe of all selfishness, scepticism, and hardness of heart; which by its very purifying presence and its ever-broadening flow acts upon and wears and washes away that filth of pride, and false conceit, and distorted, hollow self-esteem which lie at the base of every system of caste that curses our land to-day; which, springing from the overflow of a large heart and gentle spirit, goes forth to share in the grief and happiness of all, diminishing the one and augmenting the other, and which, while it abhors the evil, yet encircles and embraces the impoverished, the haggard, and even those who have sunken low to an abandoned state in the moral and social scale.

Instance a case squarely opposed to the above. A man(?) goes out into this world that is so full of pain and pleasure. With neither does he have the slightest sympathy. His hand is as cold as steel, and his heart is a mighty iceberg. Joy excites his jealousy, affection his scorn, and from suffering he turns, untouched, away. Wherever he lays down his cold hand, pleasure is dampened, grief is aggravated, pain

intensified; his presence congeals affection, and his face darkens the very sunshine that plays in the hearts of children. Even the woman to whom ostensibly he has given his heart receives only a selfish affection, and she is little more than the disappointed, devoted slave of a cold, glistening giant. Of course this is the picture of a man whom we never saw. But who would care for the faintest assimilation to his character? Who would be willing so much as to inoculate the back of his little finger with a melted drop from this monster's frozen heart? The world is cold enough now, without any more amphibious walking icebergs breaking upon us from their dens in the unpeopled North. There is little enough of happiness without any churl or one blighting blast from the mouth of a demoniac man. There is enough of suffering now, and enough of wounded spirits, without any inhuman, human trampler who loves to bleed more spirits or any careless angelic mortal who would thoughtlessly add more pain by a single biting word.

We do not advocate here by any means the annihilation of that hand of justice, without which in this upset world all social institutions would be crushed to the last fabric; nor do we urge the suppression of any truth, however cutting it may be, so long as that truth is kind and useful. But there is the highest authority for saying that however righteous and necessary our accusations may be, they should not be railing accusations. Every word of truth and truthful reproof should be, not indignantly hurled, but spoken in love. The hero of truth may be firm and stable as a rock, immovable as the base of Gibraltar, as positive as the pronouncer of the Sinaitic law, as faithful and true as flint and steel, and yet he must always be PATIENT AND GENTLE TOWARD ALL MEN.

Or take the man who is not an aggressive aggravator of human misery, or an active diminisher of human joy, but who just shuts himself up within himself, and never persecutes anybody, nor helps anybody, nor loves anybody but himself. He is not a recluse, for without some commerce with other men he cannot eat and succeed in business. He may not be uncourteous, for that would be bad policy. He may be strictly honest, for honesty pays. But he lives, eats, works, laughs, cries, all solely for himself. He injures nobody, relieves nobody, pities nobody, makes nobody happy. Of course no such monster is extant. We would not insult the reader by asking

if this hypothetical creature is acting up to the object of his existence. But if *he* lives for nothing, if *his* being is a nonentity, or at most a useless wreck, obstructing navigation on the sea of life, or only a poor, lone, sealed, ragged clam floating down the "flood of years," cheering nothing, blessing nobody on the way, missing the grand object of existence, then is not the one who assimilates *in the least* to this shrivelled monster's character, approaching a *little* toward nothingness—uselessness and destruction?

What the world needs to-day is good men with clear heads and LARGE HEARTS. And a man may take a four years' course at Acadia, and a fourteen years' course somewhere else, yet if he receive only development of mind, and not cultivation of heart, he might as well have stayed at home to hoe potatoes and chop cord-wood. For if he does not sympathise with his fellow-men, and love them, his whole life is trending in a wrong direction, and any development of mind he may attain without correction and cultivation of heart will only make him tear along at a more furious gait in that same wrong direction still. Why is it that apparently sane men will "scorn delights and live laborious days," for growth and vigor, breadth and keenness of intellect, and yet entirely neglect that which we call the heart, and out of which are the "issues of life?" We ask this question not because we cannot answer it. No one is a whole man until he is a man fitted to be among men—among men who not only think, but feel; among men who not only can be injured in body and distracted in mind, but who can also be wounded in spirit; among men who crave not only intellectual enlightenment and physical comfort, but also gladness of heart, with the sympathy and fraternal affection of their fellow-men. There is room for more of these men who are living up to this great object of their existence—men with large hearts full of true sympathy for their fellow-creatures.

THE following is a copy of a letter received by us last week:—

Messrs. Editors:—

Please remit us this week if possible, or if not, at your earliest convenience.

Very truly yours,

DUNNERS.

See the idea?

IT is with feelings of deep sorrow that we proceed to chronicle here the death of a recent fellow-student, and write one more name on the roll of Acadia's departed Alumni. It was in the spring of '84 that he graduated with honors, and last year he was with us again as a teacher in the Academy, and received in course the degree of M. A. from the College. On Friday, the twenty-seventh day of January, while we all were engaged in our studies, Frank M. Kelly passed away in peace, from his father's home in Collina, King's County, New Brunswick. We leave it for others more worthy to give an account of his life.

On Wednesday evening, the first night of this month, the students of all the institutions, with the professors and teachers, gathered in Assembly Hall to hold a memorial service. Addresses were given by Dr. Sawyer and Prof. Kierstead, full of love and eulogy for the departed, full of love and earnest lessons for the young lives before them, and a committee for this purpose read the following resolutions of condolence, which were unanimously adopted:—

*Whereas*, The earthly life of our esteemed friend and brother, Frank M. Kelly, M.A., has come to its close, and his body last Sabbath afternoon was laid in its last resting-place, while his spirit has returned unto God who gave it;

*Whereas*, He was well known to us all as a teacher, to many as a fellow-student, to some as a dear friend, and his form and face and voice all still linger fresh and welcome in our memories.

*And whereas*, All that we know of him combines to increase our respect for his character, and his quiet, unobtrusive life on "The Hill" as an eminent student and an exemplary Christian is remembered with esteem and gratitude;

*Therefore resolved*, That as an expression of our regard for his name, we place on record this affectionate tribute to his memory as to one whose aims for the future were unselfish and noble, whose life in our midst has had an exalting influence, and whose early removal from our side has lost us a valued friend.

*Further resolved*, That we tender to his bereaved friends, and especially to his mourning father and mother, our heartfelt sympathy, assuring them that we share in their loss and grief; telling them that we have often heard him speak here of his strong hope in Christ; joining with them in adoring the Lamb of God, who bore our brother's sins, and took away the sting of death; imploring for them that consolation which it is in our hearts, yet not in our feeble power to bestow, but which we pray they may each find abundantly in the loving heart of the Eternal God, the only Refuge, the Father of Mercies, and the God of all comfort.

*Resolved*, Also that these resolutions be published in the ACADIA ATHENÆUM, and a copy of them be forwarded at once to the parents of the deceased, and another to his brother, Rev. E. W. Kelly, missionary at Mandalay, Burmah.

Signed in behalf of the students of Acadia College,

L. D. MORSE, '88,	} Committee.
L. A. PALMER, '89,	
H. F. WARING, '90,	
W. M. SMALLMAN, '91,	

## THE INFLUENCE OF POETRY.

Perhaps there is no other subject about which so much has been written as Poetry. Many and varied are its definitions, each perhaps, although not entirely covering the ground, giving the writer's view and adding materially to the idea held before in regard to it. Too much, however, can hardly be included in a definition of a subject which appears so different to different minds; and thus in the following paragraphs, poetry will be considered in a very broad sense, including all things in nature and art, in science and books, which appeal to the imagination and to the intellect through the emotions.

Poetry is as old as man himself,—yes, older, for before man was the world stood out of the waters, and ages before the beginning of all created things God is, even from all eternity. Surely none other than a poet's hand could have constructed this world, so beautiful in all its parts, so consistent in its minutest details, combining into a whole so stupendous and grand and stable. Why do those whom we call poets delight in descriptions of nature, seen in its varied forms, sun, moon, stars, wood, tree and stream? Does the poet bring to life that which has never before existed: or do its varied forms, so nicely blending with one another, cause him to think and dream, and at last break forth in pleasing strains, only expressing what before existed in the twig and leaf, what before was heard in the roar of the thunder and in the drop of the rain, what he alone saw in the flash of the lightning and in the glare of the meteor? Is not the latter the better way to look at it? Nature speaks loudly at times, always plainly; and if, indeed, the poet is the only one hears and expresses her words in verse, it is because there is more of nature in him, and because he above all others can feel the rythmical beat of her great heart as his fancy reclines on her breast.

But what has this to do with the influence of Poetry? Much. Regarding the words right and wrong in a broader sense than we commonly employ them; calling that right which lifts a man, enobles his feelings, and directs his thoughts upward to God, and calling that wrong which has an opposite tendency, we say that Poetry has a wonderful influence for right and wrong.

A man living by the ocean's shore, day by day, watching the huge waves lifting themselves in their

power, and falling with thunderous roar, seeking to overwhelm the land, now changed to the smallest ripple, and leaving on the smooth and glittering sand only the tiniest ripple-mark; and again, gazing out o'er the placid bosom of the water, watching the sky sink into the sea, the sea lift itself to the sky, seeing the two blending in the faintest line, cannot but be filled with grand and noble thoughts. True, by constant nearness to the ocean's grandeur, he may have become so familiar with it, that it fails to cause him to think. But this, surely, seldom occurs, and the average man, having only a little of poetry in soul, must experience feelings which the great writers have always loved to express. Such feelings as these never degrade a man. They do not, they cannot. The thinking man must think and ask, Whence this arching vault of blue, these mighty winds which lash the sea into foam, and furrow it as with a plough? And striving to answer these questions, looking back of nature, he sees the power which created nature and established those laws which regulate her every motion. If there be poetry in nature, if the varied forms of the world around us, by reason of the poetry they possess, appeal so strongly to the poetic instinct of man, and thus lift his thoughts upward, is it not a wondrous power for good?

But the question may be asked: Is not this power limited? Byron communed with nature, and delighted in all her manifestations, and he was not a good man. Will it too be said by the questioner, that the contemplation of nature aroused within him those terrible passions, which made his life so miserable? His surroundings in the world, his early training, his passionate and ungovernable desires, all tended to make him what he was. But, it might with considerable truth be also stated, that if the voice of poetry in nature had awakened no answering chord in his own heart, he would have been far worse than he was. Many instances might be adduced of poets who lived and delighted in natural beauty, whose works show that their minds were not degraded, but that their moral sense was rendered stronger and keener.

It was before said that the poets only express for us what we all experience. If then by constant relation to the poetry of natural scenery and grandeur, our minds are drawn upward, surely they will be drawn in no other direction by those beautifully descriptive and expressive poems which such writers as Virgil and Cowper have given us. By reading such

poems we are influenced in almost as great a degree, as by the contemplation of the objects themselves. We cannot read Chaucer, Spenser, Tennyson, without appreciating more than ever before the beauties of nature, and thus our minds become enlarged, our feelings tenderer, and we are made in a sense at least better men and women. This turns our minds toward the statement, (so often made that it would be out of place to enlarge upon it), that poetry is a refining agent. To believe this we need only to try the experiment. Read the best and chastest works of the great poets, and remain, if you can, with your sensibilities as dull as they were before.

Let us look at the subject in another light. Poets have always taken delight in expressing the actions of real life, in what we call, a dramatic form, and the people at large have always enjoyed, not only the public representation of the plays thus produced, but also the quiet perusal of them in their homes. Thus the drama begun long, long ago with the Bacchic festivals, continuing down through Grecian history and passing into Roman, almost lost in the darkness of the Middle Ages, again renewed and brought to light in the miracle plays of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, at last in its English form at the hands of Shakespeare maturing into perfect manhood, has ever been of great power in the state.

If wrongs were to be righted, by means of their graphic representation in a play, showing them up to the public in all their absurdity and monstrosity, the people would be easily induced to banish them from their midst. Thus has its power been felt. Whether, however, the drama possesses the same power at the present day is a question by no means easy to answer. But if now, by the majority of right thinking men, the theatre be pronounced an evil, surely the blame will not be attached to the dramas represented, but rather to the necessary concomitants of such a representation. These accompanying circumstances *may* be immoral. If such be the case, the works of Shakespeare are still open to the student; and although he may lose the interpretation of a master like Irving, yet, the study of the works of the immortal bard are now pursued with such an interest, that he will find scholarly commentaries very plentiful, and in the personal search for beauty, when it is found, it appears far lovelier than when reflected from a mirror. Thus in the drama is poetry a power for good, for enlargement of the mind and elevation of

the whole nature of man. Impurities may be found in the drama. So are wild beasts found in the forest. It is necessary, however, to form no intimate acquaintance with either in order to determine their true character. Let him who reads solely that he may find a blemish, enjoy *that* alone. The beauties he cannot see, he will not admire. Who can follow Shakespeare, play by play, from his earliest to his latest, through sunshine and shadow, through wit and seriousness, through depth and sublimity, without having his imagination strengthened and his taste improved? Here too, we notice the refining power of the dramatic as well as descriptive poetry."

"The aim of poetry," says Blair, "is to please and to move, and therefore it is to the passions and the imagination it speaks." Poetry gliding along in smooth and rippling flow is pleasing, and here is a danger which ought to be noticed. Pope says:—

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
That to be hated needs but to be seen."

And so the poet, unintentionally or intentionally, may weave into the form of a beautiful narrative, incorporate into a drama, or even embody in a descriptive poem, statements which appearing openly, thus showing their "frightful mien," would be instantly rejected as false. The poet may thus mislead the unthinking and delighted mind of the reader and, before he is aware of it, he has received into his bosom a snake which quickly infix its poisoned fang; and although the result may not be so disastrous as to end in death, yet, even if recovery takes place, the scar is still there,—the man is not as strong as he was before. Is not poetry in this respect powerful for evil?

These are some of the instances in which power of poetry is most marked. In conclusion it would perhaps be well to note a few of the minor influences which it brings to bear upon us. The simple war songs are not much in themselves, but finding a counterpart in the heart of the soldier they strengthen and enoble his patriotism, and lead him on to acts of greatest daring. The tender, soft, and gliding verses of the poet serve as a soothing lullaby to quiet the restless surgings of the mind, torn and distracted by the problems of life and the thoughts of their solution. The immortal epics of Milton fill us with amazement, fear, pity, love, and through all these experiences it is hard to say how much better we are now that we have read them, than we were when we knew nothing of them except their names. As we cannot listen to the

measures of Nature, heard in the gentle plashing of the wavelet or the sounding moan of the ever restless sea, without having our entire being thrilled with emotions grand and noble, so we cannot listen to the lines of the great writers of every age, without in as great a degree having our minds and our very souls purified and blessed.

The influence of poetry is hard to determine, but that it has an influence no one will deny. Let us then, having our minds rightly informed, read, enjoy, and profit by our reading; but let us instantly discountenance that which our souls loath as an object polluted. Poetry in all its forms is abundant in our literature. Let each from this vast store house open to him, select what is pleasing to his taste, and seek in its study to be benefited. Let us *all* study the poetry of the world around and thus, being drawn nearer to Nature's soul, be drawn near to the mighty soul of the living Author of Nature.

#### THE OBLIGATIONS OF EDUCATED MEN TO THE CAUSE OF EDUCATION.

It is a familiar saying; "The world owes every man a living;" but it may be more truly said that every man owes the world for his living. Nature never intended that her sons should be mere parasites, receiving of her bounties and squandering them in self-gratification; but rather that they should themselves become channels of blessings to others, using her gifts only to multiply them and intensify their power for good.

And then we notice in nature that it is not always harvest-time. There is the seed-sowing and the patient waiting and toiling, as well as the time of reaping, and even when the sheaves are garnered they are not all for "bread for the eater," but the future must be provided for by reserving "seed for the sower." The increase must go on, and no consumption is honest and legitimate which does not reproduce the principle and its lawful usury.

So is it with all the blessings that come to us. We speak of them as legacies from the past, and perhaps seek to excuse ourselves from responsibility because nothing can go back to our benefactors. But the bequest was to the future—all the future and we may not retain it. The influences for good that are

received, while they bring refreshing to the recipient, should only be retained long enough to gather up new strength to themselves, that like the river which has been momentarily interrupted, they may bound forward with increased volume, ever deepening and widening until they reach the great ocean of eternity. The monks of the middle ages ignoring this principle, shut up themselves and the stores of knowledge which they had received in monasteries. By this means, no doubt, much of the literature of the earlier times, which has come down to us, was preserved through that revolutionary period, but the great masses of the people of that age were thus kept in ignorance. The learning of the world is common property and cannot rightfully be monopolized. If it had been decreed to reserve its advantages for those who were destined to be leaders among the people, we might unhesitatingly pronounce it a curse rather than a blessing. But education is free and "makes free." No community or nation can be absolutely free in the broadest use of the term until it has felt the uplifting influences of education, and on the other hand, an educated people is a free people. Every institution of learning that crowns our hills is a fortress against crime and barbarism. If then, this be the mission of education, how necessary that it should be assisted on its way. But who shall have the responsibility? We answer briefly. "None may be excused. Everyone who lives in this country, in these days, receives some measure of advantage; but certainly the greatest obligations rest upon those who have been most largely benefited." Knowledge is power, and the measure of its attainment is the measure of responsibility. But the educated man owes his influence to the cause of Education as a lawful debt. No man pays for his education. He may remunerate the man who imparts the instruction; but because of the great amount of investigation, research, toil and sacrifice at which the knowledge of the world has been accumulated, and because of the immeasurable and ever-increasing value of an education, there is a general indebtedness to the cause of education that cannot in this way be discharged. A certain percentage of the educated men, enough perhaps for all demands, may find their way into active service in the cause of education; but these alone cannot maintain her interests any more than the active soldiers on the field can keep up an efficient army. If, then, the obligations are upon the whole



rank and file of educated men, how shall they meet these obligations? First, by identifying themselves with all the interests of education. Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that many, (and they can be counted by scores and hundreds), who have themselves received the advantages of mental culture and gone forth to various callings in life, to reap the benefits of that training, manifest as little concern in the advancement of educational influences as the most illiterate. The one who does this is miserly, and in greater degree than the niggardly wretch who looks up his worldly accumulations. Educational labor which does not in some form yield a return to the cause of education, is unprofitable in the extreme.

Educated men are under obligation to set forth by their lives the true worth of education. The invention is the advertisement of the inventor, the disciple is the testimonial of the teacher, and the graduate is the representative of his Alma Mater. Since then every young man who leaves Acadia or any other institution of learning becomes the standard by which the institution is judged in the particular sphere in which he moves, the obligation is upon him to make the very most of his opportunities during his course and as he goes forth into the world, to turn his intellectual attainments to the very best possible account. The student who fails to do this is a detriment to the institution. And further, he should go forth as a representative of the cause of education in general. As such, he should feel the dignity of his position and make the world feel it as well. This will not be done, if he merely seeks to display his powers by conversing upon philosophical and metaphysical subjects that are out of the reach of those about him, by trotting out upon every occasion, all the high sounding phrases he has over heard, or by appending his name to some profound classical quotation in every autograph book that comes in his way. There is something nauseating about such a display. But let him use all his attainments to their very utmost in such a way that his society and his conversation may become truly instructive and elevating. Shame to the college graduate, or even the undergraduate, who will permit himself to "murder the Queen's English" when in the society of the illiterate, simply that he may appear sociable and off-hand. In Rome one should do as Rome does, as far as accommodating himself to circumstances, but he should never sac-

rifice his individuality. If there be a demand for simplicity in manners, let it be savored with dignity and culture, that will elevate the whole circle in which he moves, and so may every educated man become himself, an institution of learning. Nor will the influence end here, for while the educated mind sheds forth its richness upon those less cultured, it will not only fashion them according to its own peculiar mould, but by thus exhibiting the true worth of education, it will arouse the desires of others to strive for the acquisition of higher education. Why is it, that in this day of learning and culture, so many of the young men and young women of the country are failing to avail themselves of the advantages offered by our educational institutions?

There was a time when poverty might have been suggested as an excuse, but no such reason can be accepted now. Men whom the world honors for their intelligence and culture may be called up by scores to contradict such an excuse. These, though they reached the schoolhouse door penniless, have by persistent endeavour and courage overcome all difficulties, and reached the goal of their ambition. Some would, no doubt, claim that they were better men for their adverse experiences, but if true worth had not been there, the thing would never have been attempted. There is little danger that a man in eager pursuit of education will be weakened by any pecuniary assistance that may be placed in his way. On the contrary, he will likely be a better man, for nothing so cripples and checks the progress of an honest student as an embarrassing financial outlook. But the fact remains that what has been accomplished may be repeated—millions may do what some have done. As so, the cause we must assign is lack of desire rather than the lack of means.

But this obligation calls for precept as well as example. There is great need of missionary spirit in connection with educational work. There are cases where men of marked talents, but who never received the advantages of education, and by their positions in society were made very sensible of their deficiencies, have earnestly resolved that those dependent upon them should receive the advantages of which they were deprived, and carried their resolution into effect; but in a majority of cases, the parents are willing that their children should grow up and be thrust out upon the world as they themselves were. Indeed, it

is not uncommon to hear many such boasting of how much success they gained without education, as if they were really better without it. It remains, then, for educated men to banish such intolerant notions from society. Further, the obligation is upon them to support educational institutions, and to increase their efficiency. Our country may well be proud of the position she holds in intellectual development, but still her institutions are far from perfection. The advantages we enjoy to-day are, however, greatly in advance of those enjoyed by the preceding generations, and this advancement came by sacrifice and labor on the part of those who lived before us; and so it becomes the present generations to pay for the use of these advantages by sending them on to the future with added strength.

We would not by any means confine the term educational institutions to the higher institutions of learning, or even to all the established schools of the country. There is a large proportion of the population of the country that will never receive higher education, and so great interest should centre in the common school work—education of the masses. And then the press and all the other educational influences should receive full sympathy and support. These institutions, and especially the latter, may be influenced by men in all positions of life, and all may be affected by them. It is a matter for regret that more literary work is not done by our educated men. With the agency of the press, men actively engaged in all the other pursuits might become reformers and educators.

Among those who are watching the interests of state in the Dominion of Canada, the desire is for increased immigration and a great population to develop the resources of the country. If knowledge is power, and it is, why not multiply the strength of the population by increasing its intelligence? Education is the surest means of reform, and the most certain guarantee of industry and advancement. When reformers and legislators and all the educated men of the country have discharged their obligations to the cause of education, then will their hopes and desires for reform and progress have been pretty fully realized.

### SOCRATES VERSUS SULLIVAN.

“It is excellent to have a giant's strength.” The world appears to be growing cramped for common people. There are plenty of them, and they don't seem to be especially needed. A great man, on the other hand, commands attention, and wins admiration anywhere, and seemingly at any time. It has ever been thus, and will probably always continue. Witness Socrates and Sullivan. The former was a wise man (in some respects) and made his mark in ages past; the latter was a mighty man and makes his mark in ages present. These marks to be sure, are somewhat different, but the results virtually the same. Socrates drank the hemlock cup; Sullivan swills brandy. This shows how much more refined we are getting. Socrates taught immortality; Sullivan is exceedingly suggestive of mortality—short, sharp, and decisive—say three rounds. Socrates sought opportunities for teaching and preaching his doctrines without a thought of personal gain; Sullivan lets people seek him, is chary of his art, and keeps a sharp eye to the finances. This circumstance is valuable as showing how far Sullivan is superior to Socrates as a business man, and may be taken as an example of the better and more systematic ideas concerning business principles, which are prevalent at this happy stage of the world's history. Socrates had enemies among all classes, high and low, but especially among the former. Sullivan, notwithstanding he has a few enemies among a certain mediocre class, is patronized by royalty, by dukes, peers of the realm, and noble lords, is entertained, feasted, patted on the shoulder, and looked up to generally. Here again is seen how vastly more appreciative people have become, especially those, who, by virtue of their many privileges for culture, their æsthetic habits and associations, their enlightenment and high, social, and political standing, which admirably qualify them to rule over and guide the masses, can enter into and sympathize with the feelings, hopes and aspirations of the noble and exalted of all nations. Socrates was so extremely rude as to appear bare-footed on the streets and public places upon all occasions. Sullivan, with that delicate high-breeding and training, so characteristic of him, will not so much as appear in public with even his hands ungloved, preferring rather to wear gloves of even the very heaviest material if needs be. Notice, if you please, the striking difference between these two men. The one, though, rather suggests the other. Socrates was born in Athens, of Greece. Sullivan was born in the Athens of America. Socrates had a flat nose; Sullivan can soon flatten one. Socrates was the wisest teacher of his time; Sullivan is the finest sluggard of his time. Socrates is looked back to as the father of philosophy; Sullivan is looked forward to as the papa of scientific sluggardism. The world

is growing weaker, truly, but is getting wiser. O very much! There is great consolation in this thought; it is cheering under oft times adverse circumstances, when one thinks he is not so wise as he might be. He is so, of course, perhaps more so; it sometimes happens thus. It is to be hoped though, by all right-minded people, that the world will not keep on growing weaker and wiser for too long a period. We would suggest a middle course—the happy medium—say two tons of weakness to an oz. of wiseness. The present average is a grain of the latter to five tons of the former, but we think this rather small for all going round purposes. We are conservative people, and take no stock in radicalism.

#### EXCHANGES.

THE *Oberlin Review* is an American College paper representing some 1500 students. Thanks to its contributors, the January number contains considerable matter worth reading. The contributions look dull and uninteresting, but have some suggestions exceedingly pertinent to all interested in College work and success. A theological disciple of Henry George and Dr. McGlynn strenuously defends these gentlemen from the attacks of Mr. Chauncey Depew. He claims that these men, so far from having any tinge of anarchism, have shown the Holy Ghost to be with them, that Government is considered by them as a "Divine institution," etc., etc. There are many ways of looking at a question, and this is one of them. If, however, the logic this champion uses in his arguments is a type of what he intends to wield in his contemplated spiritual work, his future audiences have our sincere sympathies. Whatever, though, may be his faults in this direction, we must credit him with a power of mental penetration simply wonderful. Any man who can see the Holy Ghost in Henry George and his theories, possesses a keenness of discrimination or vigour of imagination which would guarantee his shining anywhere—say a lunatic asylum. The *Review's* horse poetry is not exclusively æsthetic.

THE *University Gazette* for January contains an article or two which show that papers entire fearlessness, if nothing else. The Faculty is warned that the Medical Department is degenerating into theory and speculation. To use their own expressive phrase, McGill will one day wake up and find itself vanishing into the thin air of unreality. This is confidence and perhaps truth; it shows that the students either know a good lot or the faculty too much. It may be, a little of both. At any rate there is a large grain of plausibility in the writers argument. "Professor and Student" is another matter of fact editorial. After reading a piece entitled "Between the lectures,"

we concluded that Dr. G. is not one of that class which either inspires a strong vein of fear in, or who "commands the highest respect" of the students. On the contrary it suggests to us the thought, that the Dr. is either pitifully unable to exercise control, or the students very fair representatives of lynch-law and high-toned barbarism. "Daniel Defoe" is well written. The serial, "A Country Boy," rather too much on the spread out principle; it calls to mind a bushel of grain to ten acres of ground. "Gleanings" are well gleaned.

THE last issue of the *Colby Echo* is a clean, fresh looking paper, and quite creditable as a literary work. Its editorials show a lack of something to write about, common to most College Journals. We don't altogether see why they should be confined exclusively to matters of merely university and local interest, but such is the custom. The scientific article is too abstruse for common people. "The Campus" is interesting, and Clippings show good taste. Their "waste basket" is good enough to preserve.

#### REVIEW.

SOME one lent us "Jess" a short time ago, and we read it. We have since come to the conclusion that if Rider Haggard depends for immortality upon the merits he has exhibited as a novelist in this particular work, any of us might feel perfectly justified in carving our name on the barn door, and then burn the barn. (Perhaps it would be just as well to insure it.) Mr. Haggard's claim will rot off very shortly, and we prefer cremation to the more tedious, but less disgusting action of the elements.

There are in the book two Englishmen whom we are to consider as heroes; a Dutch ranter, concerning whose claims opinion would likely be divided, some, probably, classing him as an inferior knave, and others as a sentimental poltroon. Jess herself, her sister Bessie, and a wretched Hottentot. The latter is, perhaps, a fair specimen of that class of groundlings which is rapidly becoming extinct; we can't imagine anything worse in the shape of a man, and can only hope, if the writer has portrayed them truly, that their annihilation will not be long deferred. Jess, who is represented as a masterpiece or mistress-piece of love, purity, fidelity, and innocence, commits a murder with a common howie-knife, after a vain endeavour to induce the Hottentot to do the deed, and the justification is that she is thus saving her sister from marrying a man whom she does not like. She is a born genius, with no opportunity for the display of her talents. This is rather sad. The only instance of her power given is the poem which she wrote, impromptu, under exceedingly disadvantageous circumstances, and which, by the way, is a slightly

mutilated reproduction of a poem written by an American some years ago. As a wholesale plagiarist in this, as well as in other portions of his work, some considerable acquaintance with English literature is exhibited—one redeeming feature, at least. Haggard's English gentlemen in "Jess" are also slightly inconsistent. John Neil, who typifies English nobility, honor, and manhood, wins the heart of an innocent girl, is absent from her a month, rescuing her sister and cursing fate when he finds her, has misconstrued his former feelings, becomes infatuated with No. 2, declares his passion, utterly regardless of all former protestations, sees the latter dead, and marries No. 1. He often looks out upon a peaceful English scene after this, and hopes to meet No. 2 (his beloved wife's sister) awaiting him at Heaven's gates. Grand type of nobility that, John. All Mr. Haggard's male characters are giants in their way, either men of wonderful size and strength in proportion, or smaller men of extraordinary latent powers. He never seems to have met with common mortals at all; apparently he is not on intimate terms with H. Rider Haggard. His descriptions are well enough written. Geographical details, however, are neither brilliantly lucid nor particularly edifying to readers of another hemisphere. It is just, possible, though, he writes for the Boers. He is a good specimen of a bore himself.

His philosophy is all guess, his Heaven all "if," his hell, "may be." He poses as a fence-straddler between belief in the Deity, reward and punishment, and belief in nothing, and take your choice, exhibiting just enough of the former to show his desire to obtain readers from both sides, and enough of the latter to make his moral cowardice and deception the more highly worthy of condemnation. His style will do in place of a better. That ghastly romance, "She," made him notorious, and now the public are treated with his dregs. On the whole, there may be worse books, but we would not advise any protracted enquiry after them.

#### EXCERPTS.

PRESIDENT ANGELL, of Michigan University, states: "Out of 4,106 students, the parents of 502 were farmers, 171, merchants, 93, lawyers, 83, physicians, 52, manufacturers, 54, mechanics, and 51, clergymen." He estimates that as many as 45 per cent. belonged to the class who gain their living by manual toil. The sons and daughters of the rich, he says, do not form a very large percentage of the whole number.—*Copied.*

A POET sent to an editor a contribution entitled, "Why do I live?" The editor replied, "Because you sent your contribution by mail, instead of bringing it."

It is principle and precept, not an estate, that makes a man good for something.—*Aurelius Antonius.*

A HARVARD professor has made the calculation that if men were really as big as they sometimes feel, there would be room in the United States for only two professors, three lawyers, two doctors, and a reporter on a University of Pennsylvania paper.—*Colby Echo.*

THE new edition of J. R. Green's "Short History of the English People," revised by Mrs. Green, is now among the announcements of McMillan & Co., and the information is given that upward of 126,000 copies of the work have been sold since its first publication in 1874.—*Christian Union.*

To reverence and honor thy own mind will make thee contented with thyself.—*Aurelius Antonius.*

OF six young ladies whose education at Vassar cost \$10,000 each, five married one-horse lawyers, and have to give music lessons to make a living for the family. The other is still single, but leaning toward a country parson on a salary of \$320 per year.—*Colby Echo.*

This seems a large outlay to secure the qualifications of a "one-horse" music teacher.

It was lately said of a self-sufficient reformer, in words that many persons might well lay to heart:—

And so every day he gave the Almighty  
Advice which he deemed of great worth;  
And his wife took in sewing  
To keep things a-going  
While he superintended the earth.

*The Churchman.*

SOME excitement was caused the other day in Boston by the announcement that Mr. Howells was in a critical condition, but when it was remembered that it is Mr. Howells's professional duty to be so, prayer of thanks were offered up because his state was not hypercritical. Frank R. Stockton writes with a stub pen. Edgar Fawcett writes with a lead pencil and eraser. His best work is done with the eraser. Charles Egbert Craddock writes with the feather end of a quill. Robert Browning has a pet spider that does all his writing for him.—*Life.*

#### PERSONALS.

MISS MARY A. WADSWORTH lectured, with success, before a Canning audience during the holidays. Subject:—"Temperance."

J. H. JENNER, of the Class of '89, has lately been ordained at Brookfield, N. S.

WILLIAM HORACE MCKENNA, '89, after a somewhat protracted absence, is again with us. During the autumn months he was attached to Amherst as a Grade B. pedagogue.

G. P. RAYMOND is again at Acadia, having joined the Class of '90.

C. S. MARCH, '89, has bidden the "Hall" adieu, and entered business in St. John.

O. H. COGSWELL, '88 now lives in the "Village." His affairs were so organized that this move evinces a true business tact.

S. E. BIGELOW "farewelled" at the opening of the year, and is now at his home in Truro. We miss thee, Seymour.

LOCALS.

"TWENTY-NINE."

"THEY weren't out."

BELL peals,  
Steady, 'Beals,  
Noises many,  
Curseth 'Bennie.'

SCENE—Bed. Two warm and white Freshmen.  
Front Freshie.—"Guess i'll take Greek after this."  
Rear Freshie.—"What about your French" ?  
Front Freshie (savagely).—"Get over, will you, d'ye want all the bed" ?

THE officers of the Missionary Society, as elected at their last meeting, are as follows:—L. D. Morse, President; L. A. Palmer, Vice-President; J. H. Cox, Treasurer; F. M. Shaw, Secretary; Executive Committee, H. S. Shaw, C. H. McIntyre, Miss H. M. Eaton.

SCENE I.—Village House—ten determined youth in council—an "indignation meeting"—petition framed and signed—nods—winks—chuckles. "That'll bring her."

Scene II.—Landlady reads petition—thinks—decides—writes. "Can't help it, thought they liked my chicken."

Scene III.—Dining-room—the "Ten" in position—landlady's letter—smiles—chairman reads—surprise—"act accordingly"—eyes roll—general failure to appear unconcerned. "Just think what a mess we're in."

Scene IV.—Six o'clock—hungry youth descends stairs—makes enquirie—"might make you sick"—tries a laugh—fails—returns—discomfited and woe-begone boarders—silence falls—all gaze at the ceiling. *Curtain.*

We are sorry for you, 'boys,' but never forget:—'Tis better to have "struck" and lost, than never to have "struck" at all.

Tobacco, corn-cob, puffers two,  
A watery smile, a greenish hue,  
A beady eye, a shuddering 'ugh,'  
Now Sophie smokes.

He curls up his eyes, and asks for milk.

It is said that those students who remained on the Hill during the holidays lived princely, and, in the absence of the College choir, gave special attention to semi-choruses.

CLASS in Greek. Prof.—"Give a quotation from Watt's hymns, illustrating this metre."

Mr. I. (hesitatingly).—"The way was long, the wind was cold."

ONE of our most respected students received, a few days ago, a bill which read as follows:—

Mr. _____	To Book Store, Dr.	
	To Hymn Book, 85c., Doll, 25c. ....	\$1.10
	Cr.	
	By Butter, 83c. ....	.83
	To balance .....	.27

We ask no questions, but really your wants, young man, are peculiar, your resources extensive.

A LEADING journal quotes the price of coal in Minnesota at from \$9.20 to \$10.20 per ton. In Kings County, coal (!) is only \$5.50 per ton. Doubtless the coal in the West is of a better quality than ours.

A student, whose *steed* arrived behind time, offsets his account with Harper Bros. as follows:—

By loss of two recitations, @ 45 pr. ct=90/3=30c	
By loss of reputation, 32½c.....	32½c
Total.. .....	62½c

RECITAL.—Miss Minnie K. Magee's recital in College Hall, on the 23rd, was a decided success. She has vastly improved through American training since she last appeared before a Wolfville audience. Her manner is graceful, natural and pleasing. Where the piece is adapted to her style, she brings it all out. Miss Magee did not create any entrancing enthusiasm by her first piece, "Rosalind and Orlando," but this only made the others the more appreciated. "A Spelling Match" was excellently rendered and loudly encored. "A Settler's Story" was listened to with breathless attention. The frequent recalls, laughter and general interest shown, testified to Miss Magee's ability and genius.

ONE or two of our young men are showing an unusual interest in elocution—(private lessons.)

THE weather is real pleasant—in the house.

ONE of the "unwritten" rules of the Hill is, spit in every possible place, and upon every favorable opportunity. It is a manly sport.

STRAYED.—From room No. 6, one quadruped, four-legged and bare-headed; right crop of left ear, slit in the right; rather thin at period of disappearance, having fasted for several years; one leg slightly loose, and a general air of dilapidation. Was

last seen taking a desperato leap from one of the third-flat windows in a supposed fit of mental aberration. It may have taken to the woods, its original home. There was a poetic streak about it, the immortal work of Cowper "Ising of the Sofa" being especially loved. Any person having it in their possession, or having any knowledge thereof, will confer a great favor by communicating with the editors of this paper. Its guardians are willing to pay any reasonable amount of reward.

THERE are in College 5 married men, 47 engaged, 28 expecting to be in the early future, 16 hankering, 14 desperato, and some freshmen.

THE Americans are reported to have invented a gun which will fire a bullet through a ten-foot wall. This will be bad news for cats.

LEAPUM ANNUM CAVE.—"Give heed, ye mortals, lest the heart faileth."

Oh Senior! you, who soon shall no more hear Acadia's teaching, have care to thy steps, lest, in thy pride, thou art "broken up." Thy conduct, thus far, has been fair; maintain it. Remember the universal *doubleness* of the Class of '87, and hang on.

Never act *mysterious*, t'will sometime get you into trouble.

Mayflowers and cousins eschew, they're dangerous. Thy years yet are, probably, many; haste not, for to him, that, with patience, doth wait, in time doth there come a "rich blessing."

Oh Junior! thou wert ever susceptible, and now, we indeed tremble for thee. Thy heart is *mellow*, thy foot, large; conceal them. Thy "goings" remember, thy "comings" forget. Don't go a-fishing. Visit the Sem. seldom, just now it's dangerous. Never speak to a lady unless you know her. Next, Junior, write no notes, for now thou canst bite thy tongue. Saturday mornings, be prepared for callers; it looks well, and then it is much safer. When the robins sing, look out for "Spring Fever." May it, my boy, never be said that you love, but the loved one don't!

Oh, Soph! thou, indeed, art wise, even beyond thy years, still take advice, else great may be thy *s-mash*.

Be cautioned, for thy heart-strings are tender. If possible, board on the "Hill," and don't, on Sunday evenings, go for tea to the village. Smoke all you can; it keeps your thoughts engaged. Be not over-anxious about the Normal School. She can live without thee. Retire early; it soothes the nerves. May parties avoid, else you may get cast away. Keep away from "Receptions;" those hall good-nights are trying.

If you must love, love one another. Calculus is a great *dampner*; by it be dampened. Let not thy affections overcome thee, but:—

Work, "Anniversary" cometh,  
When "Olney's works" are done.

Oh, Freshie! let not thine heart entrap thee, while yet thou art young, for when thou art older, perchance thou'lt be wiser.

Many cautions at this time dost thou need, for thy attractions are manifold. Read much—Plato, Bacon, Kant—for thy

head is roomy. Take care of thine *own sister*; never mind those in the village. Put all spare time on thy "French;" t'will keep you out of temptation. Remember the hollow way of the inviter, and keep therein. Don't *buzz*. Great Scott! alienate thyself from Grand Pre, for still are there "Evangelines" living.

Shave, for the times are dusty. On Friday evenings write not "those letters;" thou art too large to be "soft." "In spiring audiences" must be nice; enjoy them, but hold thy tongue. Tumble not into New Glasgow during the holidays, for 'tis putting thy curls into the lion's mouth. Induce not thy friends to attend the Sem., for it seemeth previous. Look after thy "Cicero;" he, even now, is susceptible. Keep him as thyself, nor leave him with "black eyes." If you at present have "those tinglings," tell thy pa; he'll be equal to thy emergency. Never attempt to act the "tough," for nothing looks worse than *milk and water* trying to pass itself as *blood*. Remember thy charms, and be not coquettish. Trifle with no one's *feelings*, for you'll soon be a man. To your own self be true. Never mind anybody else.

So live that:—

When this year has rolled o'er thy head,  
And, joined with thy past, lies behind thee,  
No word of reproach can with justice  
Be said of thy conduct, Oh, Fresher!

LOCHNEAL! Lochneal! beware of the day  
When "Otis" shall meet thee in battle for Rac.

THE regular public meeting of the Acadia Missionary Society was held in Assembly Hall, on Sunday evening, 29th ult. The programme consisted of Essay, by E. R. Morse, B.A., subject, "A Glance at Confucius;" Essay, by Miss Buttrick, subject, "Ann H. Judson;" Solo, by Miss Wallace; Address, by Prof. Kierstead. Both papers were entertaining and instructive. Miss Wallace's solo was charmingly rendered and highly appreciated, and the address, characteristic of all the Rev. Professor's utterances, was full of practical and powerful truth.

A "CORNER" in music—the West corner.

Mr. H. N. SHAW, Instructor of Elocution at Acadia, made during the holidays a somewhat extensive tour through New Brunswick. Everywhere his "Readings" were warmly appreciated, and his trip in every way was a success. We quote the following from the *St. Andrew's Pilot*:—"The entertainment, consisting of readings and impersonations by Mr. H. N. Shaw, Instructor of Elocution at Acadia College, given in Stevenson Hall last Tuesday evening, was by all odds the richest literary treat had in St. Andrew's for many a day."

## MARRIAGES.

RUGGLES-RUGGLES.—At Annapolis, Dec. , by Rev. Alex. A. Watson, assisted by Rev. S. B. Dunn, Leufest Ruggles, of Nictaux, and Laura E. Ruggles, of Annapolis.

THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

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