

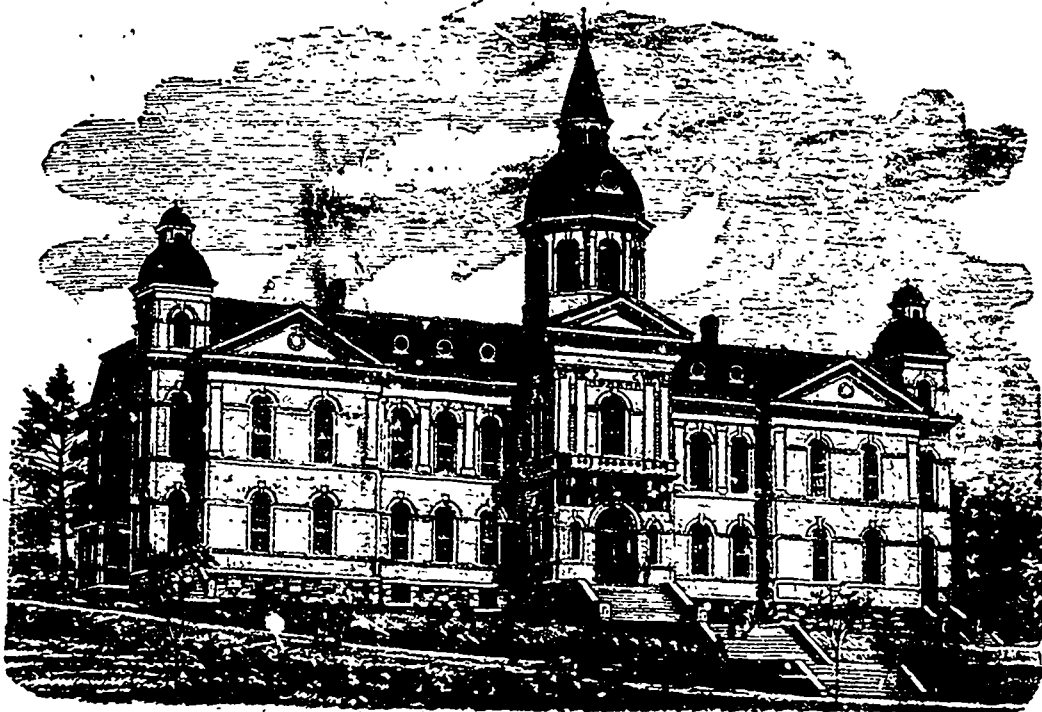
ACADIA ATHLETICUM

Prodesse quam Conspici.

VOL. XIV.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MARCH, 1888.

No. 5.



THE UNIVERSITY OF ACADIA COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION.

REV. A. W. SAWYER, D. D., *President,*

Professor of Moral Philosophy and Evidences of Christianity.

REV. E. A. CRAWLEY, D. D., *Professor Emeritus.*

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

R. V. JONES, M. A., Ph. D., *Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages.*

REV. E. M. KEIRSTEAD, M. A., *Professor of English Literature, Logic and Psychology.*

A. E. COLDWELL, M. A., *Professor of the Natural Sciences, and Curator of the Museum.*

L. E. WORTMAN, M. A., *Professor of Modern Languages and History.*



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The Acadia Athenæum.

VOL. XIV.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MARCH, 1888.

No. 5.

THE Acadia Athenæum.

Chief Editors

A. E. SHAW, '88. L. D. MORSE, '88.

Assistant Editors:

W. B. CRAWLEY, '89. L. A. PALMER, '89.
W. W. CHIPMAN, '90.

Managing Committee:

A. W. FOSTER, '89, Sec. Treas.
A. C. KEMPTON, '90. J. W. LITCH, '91.

TERMS:

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Business letters should be addressed to A. W. FOSTER, Sec. Treas.
Upon all other subjects address the Editors of the Acadia
Athenæum

→* The Sanctum. *←

THE students of Dalhousie very courteously and kindly invited a representative to be present at their annual George Munro dinner, but the impoverished state of the W. & A. R. at the time prevented any such pleasure on the part of the gentleman appointed for that purpose by our students.

The man in whose honor the dinner is annually held has been, and is, a great benefactor to Dalhousie, and the students naturally have a warm and enthusiastic regard for him. We entirely agree with them. Long may such men live. Dalhousie has good reason to thank them and feel proud of them. Speed the time when Acadia shall be in receipt of additional thousands through the large-heartedness and long-pocketness of some of her friends, when we, too, may be able to give our "George Munro" dinner, and return the courtesies extended in the past to us, and honor the name and memory of enterprise and philanthropy.

THE almost universal prevalence of colds during the fatal changes of February serve to impress upon us the necessity of morning cold water ablutions and the red-hot glow of the towel bath. In our northern, capricious climate, the precious life of mortal

man has no more deadly enemy than colds. *Every cold counts.* Each leaves as an enduring souvenir its subtle, unfriendly brand upon the system. And since it is the doctrine of all our best authorities on self-culture and hygiene that the application of cold water as the first exercise on the programme of each morning is so invaluablely wholesome, it is to be regretted that so many neglect to avail themselves of this almost unfailling, and almost only, way to render their bodies invulnerable against the winter's darting cold.

"HAZING" is out. The public are looking at it. In one University of our Dominion some of the students are laboring to justify a recent exercise of this mixture of mob law and polite literature. In another, the students themselves are making an effort to abolish the barbarous custom altogether. Whatever hazing has been done at Acadia is only a black stain upon the hands of the students who engaged in the uncivilized business. We do not invite students of other colleges to follow their ignoble example. In all that we have ever heard or read in favor of hazing, the arguments have always wanted one link, and wanting that, the whole chain falls to the ground. *Who is to do the "hazing?"* Grant that some students are green and offensive, and do not behave themselves; grant that such criminals deserve to be severely punished; yet it cannot be granted that an offender's fellow-students are the ones to do the punishing.

This strange postulate cannot be granted, and we have never heard it proved. Then if it were proved, it would remain to be proved further that the way to punish him is to subject his person to indignities. Students have a right to *frown down* evil among them, and make evil-doers *blush* by their own *noble example*, but by what constitution is a self-appointed, hot-headed, conceited portion of an incorporate body authorized to inflict corporal punishment upon one of their comrades? The Faculty of the college themselves do not claim this authority. Methinks if each student *would apply the same severe criticism to himself that he loves to apply to other mortals*, the same power of discrimination that discourses the unpardon-

able guilt of his greener comrade will also show him that even one of such ripe wisdom and advanced scholarship as My Lord himself is nevertheless somewhat unqualified for a judge, and not yet invested with the authority of an executioner.

BERLIN College is just now excited over its Oratorical Contest. How would it do to start something of the kind among the maritime province college students? We think the idea not a bad one, and do not see why it would not be quite possible. Certainly there are arguments in its favour. It would stimulate study in the department of English to an extent which has not perhaps been attained hitherto. The study of Rhetoric, however excellent it may be in itself, is not an object of special regard with many college students, but, having an object of this kind in view, zest would be added through the element of utility thereby connected. Logic would be put in direct and important use. Authors would be studied with an eye not merely to their power of pleasing, plot interest, character development, but for the cultivation of style, method, imagination, language, etc. But the greatest benefit which would grow from such a principle would be the cultivation of the art of public speaking. It would lay the foundation for larger and more extended efforts in broader capacities. No person doubts the usefulness of such early training. Indeed, it is a question whether there is a branch of college work deserving of more consideration than that of preparation in a practical way for platform work. A student is expected, after graduation, to be a kind of walking encyclopædia, master of all branches of study, versed in everything, ready to write an essay, criticize an author, navigate a ship, build a railroad, preach a sermon, expound the law, drive a horse, and black a boot. Nothing will floor him quicker than a request for a speech. He may have the knowledge, the ability, every requisite except the getting up and making it; but this, ten chances to one, he can't do decently. And why? Because he never had the practice, the experience. He feels silly, but, after all, it is very often not his fault. It is his misfortune. By commencing, on the opening of his college career, a systematic course of study, and occasional drill in the practice of speaking itself, this trouble would in a large measure be obviated. He would come out, if not a finished orator, at least no

mere novice in the art of speaking, and quite prepared to express his thoughts on any public question in which he was at all conversant. If all did not take advantage of the opportunity, many would be induced so to do, and we are inclined to think all would have a try. If no pecuniary inducements were offered by the authorities, they would probably offer no objection, providing it could be satisfactorily arranged. Expenses could be defrayed by admission fees to the contest. If an objection should be raised on the ground that an undue allowance of time would be given to this particular subject, to the neglect of other studies, it could easily be obviated by restricting competitors to such as made a certain fair per cent. in all branches. We commend the matter to the thoughts of students, the consideration of authorities, and notice of Exchanges.

WE gladly give space in this issue of the ATHENÆUM to the letter of W. F. Parker, B.A., of Halifax, an old graduate of the college, and an enthusiastic worker in Acadia's interests. Both the letter itself and the annexed circulars should be read by every person, graduate, friend, or student who wishes to see Acadia keep her place in the proud front of Canadian institutions of learning.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Editors of the "Acadia Athenæum":—

Sirs,—The following Circulars addressed, one to the membership of the Alumni Society, the other to graduates and past students who are not members, will show a portion of the work which the Society has in hand for the present year.

With a view to affording greater financial support to Acadia College at this time when money is so urgently required, the Alumni Society is making a special effort to increase its membership (and by so doing to increase its revenue) and to raise among its members a Jubilee Offering or contribution of five hundred dollars toward the salary of the Professor of the new chair of Modern Languages for the academic year 1887-88.

The collection of this \$500 will not affect the raising of the \$50,000 to be added to the Endowment Fund. The Alumni are contributing to both objects.

The gift toward the professorship is comparatively small and the Alumni are numerous. The sum will be bestowed as a distinctively Alumni offering and, it is hoped, will do much to arouse and stimulate the interest of the givers in Acadia College and the Academies, as the sons of these institutions. It is unnecessary for me to add anything to the appeals made by the circulars.

The Directors of the Society are particularly desirous of adding to the membership all of that large class of former students of the College and Academies who are not graduates of the College. Most of the graduates are members, but very many of the other class have not united with the Society, probably because they are not aware that they are eligible. The Directors are also anxious to include in the membership of the Society all "friends of the Institutions," who are eligible for membership as pointed out in the circular below. It is hoped that the circulation of the "ATHENÆUM" will reach some of these classes whom the Directors have not been able to address directly by the circulars.

I have only to add that I hope the undergraduates of the Jubilee year will not be behind the Alumni in making an organized effort to lay at the feet of *Alma Mater* a gift expressive of their gratitude and esteem for all that she has been and done during the period of her fifty years' honorable service in the cause of higher education. The students have already heard a committee of the Board of Governors on the subject of the Scholarships. Whatever the legal rights of those now enjoying the use of these Scholarships (so-called) may be, it occurs to me that the undergraduates would worthily commemorate the Jubilee year by causing all the Scholarships to be surrendered to the Governors.

Hoping I may be pardoned for suggesting this plan to a body of men so proverbially fertile of resource as the undergraduates of Acadia College,

I am, respectfully yours,

W. F. PARKER.

HALIFAX, July 7, 1887.

Dear Sir,—

At the last annual meeting the Associated Alumni of Acadia College, having learned of the intention of the Board of Governors to establish a Chair of Modern

Languages, resolved to contribute, for the academic year of 1887-88, the sum of \$500 towards the salary of the Professor of the new Chair.

This resolution was received by the Associated Alumni with the greatest favour for the following reasons: a Chair of Modern Languages at Acadia has been a long felt want. On account of this want, the standing and prestige of the College have severely suffered. Only a short time ago, the fact that Acadia had no such chair was hurled at us by one of our daily papers, and is being continually used by the friends and supporters of rival institutions as an argument against us. It is believed by the Associated Alumni that the alumni of our institutions of learning could, in a most effectual way, help to remove all such causes of detractive criticism, and at the same time show, in a very tangible manner, their interest in their *Alma Mater* and the education of young men of the future by helping to establish a Chair of Modern Languages. A rival institution assumes that "the law of the survival of the fittest" holds true among Maritime Colleges, and that all must, at no distant day, gravitate towards her and become absorbed by her.

But because there have been no available funds, the Governors have hesitated to establish this chair. The Associated Alumni, seeing the urgent necessity of its immediate establishment, resolved to aid the Governors in order that it might be founded at once.

Each Alumnus is under special obligations to our institutions. Not only have they been mighty factors in the progress of provincial education and Christianity but they have also conferred upon their alumni a personal benefit and advantage for which suitable returns may be made. The Alumni are numerous. The College and the Baptist Academies and Seminaries must look more and more to their Alumni for support and advancement. The earnest, determined, enthusiastic united help of all can keep our institutions in the van of Maritime Colleges. This should be the aim of every one.

The Associated Alumni calls upon each Alumnus to assist in this effort to organize, develop and utilize its latent powers and possibilities; and its Executive are confident of a generous response. You are requested to fill up, detach and return, at the earliest possible date, the accompanying blank to S. W. Cummings, Secy-Treas., 21 George Street, Halifax, N. S.

The amount required from each one has not been fixed, you are left free to say what you think is your just contribution to this very important undertaking, but you will bear in mind, in determining the amount you wish to contribute, that \$500 is the amount to be raised and that there are about 125 members in the Associated Alumni. We hope there will be a goodly number of \$10 and \$5 subscriptions.

We would suggest for obvious reasons that the whole amount should be in the hands of the Treasurer by the

end of this year, and further that every one contribute something.

Signed,

J. B. HALL, *President.*
A. J. DENTON, *Vice-President.*
S. W. CUMMINGS, *Secretary,*

Directors. { F. H. EATON,
J. E. HOPPER,
C. GOODSPEED,
A. E. COLDWELL,
E. W. SAWYER,
W. F. PARKER,
H. T. ROSS.

In view of the recent action of the Associated Alumni in voting \$500 towards the salary of the Professor of Modern Languages for one year, I agree to contribute \$..... for this purpose, and to pay the same as follows.....

Signed.....

HALIFAX, July 10th, 1887.

Dear Sir:—

The Board of Directors of the Associated Alumni of Acadia College, beg to direct your attention to the following facts:—

Acadia College and Horton Academy for a period of over fifty years have been accomplishing for the cause of higher education in the Maritime Provinces a work second to that of no other institution in the same field, and the Academy in New Brunswick beginning its labors subsequently to those of the Institutions at Horton, has during the period of its active service nobly co-operated with Horton Academy in the cause of Academic education. The graduates and former students of these Institutions are found as useful members of society the world over and are making the influence of the Institutions world-wide. In the past academic year these Institutions have surpassed all previous years in the number of their students and in general efficiency and usefulness.

In proportion to the growth and development of the Institutions the financial and general responsibilities of their constituency increase and the demands upon the sons and supporters of the Institutions were never so great as at the present time. The Associated Alumni of Acadia College constitute a most important element in such constituency. The object of this Society is the promotion of the interests of Acadia College, Horton Academy and the Union Baptist Seminary, of New Brunswick, and the advancement of higher education.

The Constitution of the Society provides that all

graduates of Acadia College and those who have studied for the period of not less than one year at Acadia College, Horton Academy or the New Brunswick Baptist Academy, and also all friends of the Institutions who are vouched for by two members as "fit and proper persons," are eligible for membership in the Society. Although under the provisions of the Constitution you are eligible for membership, you are not a member of the Society.

The accomplishment of the purposes for which the Society exists depends to a very large extent upon securing the interest and co-operation of *all the sons and friends* of these Institutions in their behalf. Such interest and co-operation can be best secured by all Alumni, former students and friends of the Institutions identifying themselves with the Society and becoming members of it. It is of the utmost importance that the membership of this Society should be largely increased *now*. The Directors are therefore now making special efforts for this purpose.

The financial work of the Society for the present year will be to donate from its funds to Acadia College fifty-dollars or more for scholarships, and five hundred dollars towards payment of the salary of the Professor of Modern Languages. The Society also has in hand other work tending to promote the best interests of the Institutions and of the cause of higher education generally.

The membership fee is but *one dollar per annum* payable in advance to the Secretary, S. W. Cummings, care of Henry, Ritchie & Weston, Barristers, Halifax, N. S.

On these facts the Directors confidently appeal to you to communicate at once to the Secretary your willingness to become a member on the above terms, to forward to the Secretary with the fee the annexed blank properly filled out, and to give the Directors your earnest sympathy and co-operation in their work.

Signed,

J. B. HALL, *President.*
A. J. DENTON, *Vice-President.*
S. W. CUMMINGS, *Secretary.*

Directors, { F. H. EATON,
J. E. HOPPER,
C. GOODSPEED,
A. E. COLDWELL,
E. W. SAWYER,
W. F. PARKER,
H. T. ROSS.

I agree to become a member of the "Associated Alumni of Acadia College," upon the terms expressed in the Constitution of the Society.

(Signed),.....

(P. O. address),.....

HOPE.

The true rank of hope among the variform principles which blend in the undercurrent of man's career, is perhaps seldom fully recognized.

"— heavenly Genius in thy course divin;
Hope is thy star, her light is over thine,"

says Campbell, and it does not demand a logician's skill to show that if Hope had never existed, the sap of Genius had dried up within the stalk. Hope is the first impulse of ambition—the power which bursts the trammels of sloth from latent talent. For if there were no earnest and confident expectation of success, who would attempt to overcome the difficulties which encompass our designs? Consider the discovery of electricity. Benjamin Franklin viewed the crashing, flaring tumult of a thunder storm, and wondered much what terrific force could occasion this mighty uproar; but so had his predecessors of every generation wondered. Why, then, did this same marvellous agency of electricity remain all through the progress of history unknown to man until its revelation by Franklin? Among all his forefathers in learning, was there not a single intellect capable of solving the mystery? If we affirm that there was not, we must accord to Franklin a mind more powerful than any that had wrought in the vineyards of science previous to his time. But can we admit an explanation which would class such names as Newton, Galileo, Harvey, or Kepler subordinate to the talented American colonist? Doubtless if any one of these illustrious men had grappled resolutely with the problem, the electric cable had girded our sphere long before Franklin's famous kite floated amid the turmoil of the heavens. But his enquiring mind was not satisfied simply to behold the elemental warfare, and idly wonder at the hidden power which could with equal facility consume a haystack or shiver to splinters the solid oak. His restless brain toiled to discover the origin and method of this same irresistible force. This is why facts which had so long been concealed from his mental equals, and even superiors, were finally ascertained by him. Others, amazed, indeed, and awed, by the aerial commotion, yet never conceived the faintest hope of expounding its causes. Of all the world's great thinkers who might have penetrated the secret, he alone, incited by hope, attempted and achieved that disclosure which has proved a priceless treasure to mankind.

A marine passage through the Isthmus of Suez, though universally acknowledged to be a most desirable accession to the apparatus of nautical trade, had been considered beyond hope, and consequently its construction had never been undertaken. But De Lesseps hoped to accomplish this vast work, and having carefully inspected the ground, was overjoyed to find the project by no means impracticable. Accordingly, the enterprise was soon in progress, and ere long that standing triumph of modern engineering was complete. And once again, as the liquid band mingled the waters of Occident and Orient, and rendered to their commerce a service unparalleled since the application of steam as a naval motor, hope and her offspring, resolution, had vanquished every obstacle, and vindicated the might of human intellect.

Though all the plagues of Pandora's box harass him, that man in whose spirit the pulse of hope, faint and wavering it may be, still throbs, may yet escape each peril, and triumph o'er every barrier.

It was hope, engendered by pious enthusiasm, which prompted the patriots of the Protestant Netherlands to attempt their release from the most formidable tyranny of that age, combined with all the horrors of absolute and merciless fanaticism. What with the terrible Spanish inquisition spreading its fatal tendrils all over the groaning land; what with the servitors of Spanish oppression, supreme in the national tribunals, and Spanish soldiers rioting in every home, and eager by every form of atrocity and outrage to convince the trembling populace that King Philip's sentence of death upon all Netherlanders was indeed no jest; what with all these, the outlook of freedom seemed gloomy enough. Nevertheless, hope foretold deliverance, and after nearly a century of bloody strife, the Republic of the United Netherlands was established, and deliverance was secured. Again, Frederic the Great, the dauntless Prussian warrior, in youth as timorous as an invalid maiden, was taunted by his associates as a confirmed poltroon. But hope in the craven's breast promised the mastery over this mortifying weakness, and perseverance soon banished every trace of cowardice from his temperament.

Yet hope is not useful solely as aiding the execution of human purposes, for often she bestows her highest benefits where her prospects are never attained. How many a man, happy in the hope of a prosperous issue for some long-cherished scheme, is abruptly

summoned to his place among the dead. Bright expectations, though never realized, were sufficient to cheer and illumine the whole course of his life, and death itself, while it shattered his plans, quelled the murmur of disappointment.

Thus upon hope devolves a two-fold mission--first, by supporting man through adversity and privation to ensure persistence, without which humanity would deteriorate to a condition of bestial sloth; and again, by the gladdening promise of success to lighten life's ponderous burdens, and make joyous the else gloomy sojourn on earth.

But for this sanguine emotion, human aspirations would languish, and the potent agencies of discovery and invention become extinct. The notion of propulsion by steam had never reached beyond its conception in the mind of Stevenson. Literature and the Arts would sink into disuse, and the intellect of man become the haunt of torpid despair. Life is replete with trials and disasters. Adversity is not of chance occurrence, but in some form the perpetual incubus of all our exertions. Under such conditions, the absence of hope assures the ascendancy of dismay, and the voice of dismay sounds the dirge of courage. While hope survives, her sustaining sinew prevents repining, and makes failure only an incentive to combat afresh the antagonism of circumstances. Well did the poet sing:—

"Auspicious Hope, in thy sweet garden grow
Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe."

THE SECRET.

By GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

The white stars shine;
The poplar tree
And pointed pine
Look solemnly!

Hush! The earth is dead
And the stars are lit
For funeral light. How shiveringly
The wind o'erhead
Doth mutter of it!

Yet, it seems to me,
From its lifeless eyes,
A secret has fled
To the trusted skies.

To-morrow the earth will live again,
And our hearts will throb with joy or pain.
But what is the secret?—life, or death?
It comes and goes with a single breath!
—Exchange.

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new,
You, who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you,
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done, and the tears are shed;
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover,
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
With glad days and sad days and bad days which
never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight.
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God, in his mercy, receive, forgive them,
Only the new days are our own,
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all reborn,
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly,
To face the sun and to share with the morn,
In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow, and older sinning,
And puzzles fore-casted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.
—Selected.

TWO PHASES.

AN active observer of nature's operations, beholds two processes everywhere in progress,—destruction and production, creation and ruin. Each of these is accompanied with benefits and injuries, with blessings and with curses for mankind. Every one will readily concede that production is essential to subsistence and a necessary part of nature's routine. Destruction also is an helpful agency when exercised upon worthless encumbrances, or busied with the overthrow of institutions and customs prejudicial to the physical or moral status of men. But reflection convinces us that production is by no means an invariable good; while the common range of the waster, sweeps far beyond the

limits of his usefulness. The manufacture of gunpowder is a form of production very servicable to the world, but when it is conducted so extensively as to render that explosive easily accessible to every one, from the disguised highwayman to the mischievous urchin still short of his teens, few will deny that it is full time to check an industry so threatening to the security of property and life. On the other hand, to prevent further carnage, and to warn others against similar offences, it is often necessary to destroy the life of the manslayer. But, after half a lifetime spent in sincere and bitter contrition, to seize upon some obscure poisoner, whose crime had been known to few, and was now by all forgotten, and drag him to the public scaffold, would be a deed as aimless as inhuman. Such a course could subserve no general good, and is prompted by an hideous and pitiless conception of justice, alien alike to the teachings of scripture and the dictates of reason. Surely here is destruction for destruction's sake

The one great and universal demand of justice has been satisfied once for ever and for all, who will believe it. The grand purpose of humanity should now contemplate not vengeance upon the wicked, but rather his reclamation. Penalty, *save where remedial or preventive*, should have no place among the settled principles and ends of life. The renowned John Newton, whose piety and benevolence secured to him such deserved eminence among the divines of last century, had been in youth a systematic law-breaker and insatiable voluptuary. Under the severe penal code then in force, he must repeatedly have committed excesses expiable only upon the gallows. Will any one, then, dare affirm that, having abandoned his criminal practices, and become an active instrument of order and reform, he had yet no right to live, and should have thrown himself upon the courts in order to meet in full the claims of justice? The establishment and exercise of civil law is right and indispensable to the security of society; but when it decimates the adherents of peace, virtue, and integrity, simply because some of these, though now turned from their former pursuits, had once been wicked, it surely o'ersteps its legitimate province, and wars against its own design.

The world needs builders, not destroyers. If demolition must exist, let it be but the clearing of the ground whereon to set the new edifice. Let us beware, however, lest our structure prove itself but a fresh accu-

mulation of worthless and pernicious rubbish. It is not enough merely to give form and unity to our materials; we must thoughtfully examine these materials themselves, and select only such as can contribute utility and durability to the complete fabric. Rotten rafters can never shape a stanch roof. A lasting dwelling was never walled with moss, or planted upon a foundation of feathers. Ten-cent novels never made a scholar. Many a life, indeed, has been moulded upon their principles, and become as useful an element in the living world as these publications themselves. The toils of one whose life is patterned from such models, are squandered in hoarding valueless debris, of which the sooner the earth is stripped the better.

No man was ever great or famous who did not spend his life working with the implements of greatness and striving to establish its principles among the leading attributes of his being. But, on the other hand, just as vicious or worthless standards of existence must combine to degrade and brutalize the man who is guided by them; even so one who draws the materials with which he engages only from the resources of excellence and knowledge, cannot fail to present in himself the embodiment of these qualities. He is a wise builder, not only ensuring by his choice the advancement of his own welfare, but also by his example, and by his works, promoting the happiness and general good of his fellow-men.

The former makes a wreck of self, and infects with moral miasma all who approach him. He is a destroyer of the most dangerous, because the most far-reaching and incessantly active, class. The incendiary may kindle one conflagration, and with that cease his depredations. A city may be shattered by an hurricane, and the loss to the populace end with the overthrow of their habitations. But the polluter of humanity, with each accession to the black roll of blighted and corrupted lives, gains strength and relish for fresh aggression. He moves through life a perpetual curse to his fellows.

Thanks to the increasing sway of religion, with its attendant blessings of benevolence and charity; thanks to the elevating and refining influence of temperance, numbers are daily breaking away from the fastnesses of vice and crime, and joining the votarists of sobriety, industry, and justice. To recover the fallen, to cleanse the foul, and divert the miscreant from his fatal course—these aims unite in the highest and

noblest enterprise of man. To its prosecution all other pursuits and vocations should be as the tributary rills and streamlets pouring their waters forth to swell the majestic sweeping river. Let the foaming flood surge forward, carrying destruction to its rightful domain; let the renovating wave crash over the realm of profligacy and license and restore the defiled soil to its created purity. Then when every man shall have resumed allegiance to reason and moderation; when the robber shall have renounced his raids, and the plunderer ceased to pillage, when the drunkard's bowl shall be shattered in fragments to the winds, and the chambers of debauchery become laboratories of science, then shall the criminal tribunals be forsaken for want of criminals, and devastation end for lack of a spoiler.

In fact, however, it is of course impossible to effect such a regeneration among the degraded race of exiles from Eden. Yet an approach is certainly attainable. The practical measure of evil in the world is infinitude, and no human endeavor can begin to compass its extermination; but each rational creature has committed to him, a share in the grand work of balancing wrong with right, and turning evil to good. Let none slight his portion of the task, but, let each toil forward armed on the one hand with destruction for the offspring of the "Old Serpent," and bearing in the other implements for the production of all that is praiseworthy and useful till we have raised a tower, worthy the approving smile of the great ruler himself.

WOLFVILLE.

She dwells in sober length, between the river
And the ridge, which lends to Gaspereaux,
A shelter from the North-wind.

Backed hard against the hill behind, before her door,
Do lie some dyke-lands, over which in times gone past,
With vagrant zeal, the brown "Cornwallis" rolled,
Nor gave one thought to Wolfville.

But now strong bands keep out his tide, save where
"Mud Creek,"
With sinuous slime-encrusted course, doth welcome
him,

As laden deep with soil, he, twice a day,
His sticky tribute renders.

To East the Grand Pre lies, and along its outer marge,
"Long Island" stretches far his red, wave-eaten side,
And lends his woody back,—a burial-place and home-
stead—
A shelter for his children.

With Northward sweep, the "River" rushes out to
meet the "Bay"
Whose farther edge "The Cobbies" do enbrink,
And from whose nearer breast the gloomy "Home"
of Glooscap.
Towers steep its time-scarred side,

And bristling Westward in unbroken length,
A back-ground forms, above whose ragged crest,
Show tinted cloud, a shaded gray or soundless blue,
Now twinkle night-lit stars.

Within this "Northward Wall," the far-famed "Valley"
smiles,
As sloping from the West, she here doth sharply yield
Her fertile sway to tide-dominion'd flats,
Her rivers three to Minas.

To Westward, neath the evening sky, swell broken
summits,
Which here protrude and there retreat their forms,
As if they marked a conflict, vainly fought
Against aggressive lowland.

Nearer drawn, their sides are covered thick with
thrifty farms,
And orchard-bowered homes; while where the River's
turbid flood
Is iron-spanned, a grayish knot and village spire
Do mark the "Port of Williams."

In such a land, and mid such scenes as these,
Does Wolfville stand, where she hath some time
stood, nor backward draws
Though all the force which made her, and shall make,
Should raise assault together.

About her still there clings the peace of "French
Acadians,"
Unbroken by the rush and jar of "Old Earth's" sweep,
Save when a ten-horse whistle scalds the air,
And where there clangs the railway.

From East to West, from West to East, she drags her
weary length,
And seldom turns her way aside; as one whose heart
is bent
On some great purpose, but whose eyes are weak,
The land she occupieth.

The gray old "Hill" above looks down as in com-
passion,
For perhaps when he was young, she proudly held
his crest
Until some heavier freshet grasped her by the heels,
And dragged her gasping downward.

A chinese fan, its handle towards the "River," lies
the Port,
Where gentle patient shipping *may* find harbour,
inward borne
Upon the rising tide whose rhythmic flow recaptures
Yet again the oozy bed.

'Tis here coal-laden schooners furl their dirty wings,
From here the farmer drags his load of winter mud,
And here the troublous "small boy" lures the tom-cod
pale,
Here dwell the few "Mud-Creekers."

Beyond this "Creek," on either side doth stretch away
the "town"
Now studded close upon the one long-winded street,
And now in sweet retirement standing rigid back,—
Two facing jig-jag borders.

To right, with double twist a hill she over-rides,
Slow winding neath the fluttering weave of many trees,
Whose summer shade doth fleck the side-walk's narrow
course
With patches dark by contrast,

And moving still, doth meet her Eastern bound
Beneath a gilded cross, that tops the Catholic
Church;—
A site that marks the stay of many youthful feet,
For *what* of interest further?

To left, on gentle swell she clothes herself with business,
Though *thickly patched* with buildings not in "trade,"
And sadly *orn* in gashes wide by vacant lots,
Though much her looks belie it.

The narrow-waisted "Groceries" opening toward the
sun,
The Hardware's flatted roof, or "cranky" low-browed
front,
The "Dry Goods" scattered here and there about
In shapes long grown familiar,

The little *cheery* "Post" and "Bon-bon" store,
The "People's Bank," an "independent office," one or
two,
Three green-capped lanterns blinking out their kero-
sene,
Add much that else were missing.

Beyond this "buy and sell and get of gain," the town
Doth creep away us wearied past recoverance,
Her double course, thin-dressed with family smoke-
stacks,
Her motto, "Ever forward."

Behind the town, and part way up the hill,
Acadia lifts her spired top above her tears,
And marks the years that, shade-like, pass beyond her
doors.
Their B. A.'s in their pockets.

The "Alma Mater" of near six score boys,
To right, through willow-rain her *social* "Hall" she
sees,
An arrow's flight behind, her well-grown "daughter"
stands,
And still behind, her "Observ."

Some streets run now across, now up and down this
Hill,
And dwellings some are scattered here and there about,
A sort of *shivery* background for the town,
Or prey for some new freshet.

Thus art thou, "Wolfville Town," in thy completeness!
Thus morning finds thee peeping through her gold-
barred gates;
And still thou art the same 'neath evening sky,
Though perhaps a trifle sleepy.

Above thy head the "seasons" roll their wonted round,
And stamp with care each image on thy face;
Still "Change" hath touched thee with a finger light,
Perchance hath quite forgot thee.

And yet thou must grow old, as all things *dusty* must,
Thy strength will silent go as it did come;
Somemorrow's sun in vain will search the landscape'er,
To greet thy waking features.

When thus thy journey's done, and thou art gathered
hence,
And what now knows thee nevermore again shall
know,
It may with truth be written o'er thy place:—
"Old Wolfville!"
"Died unconscious."

COMMENTS.

ROMAN Catholic ecclesiastical authorities in Canada are strong in their denunciations of dancing. The "merry-go-rounder," they say, must go. It is already being dropped as an amusement by high society in some cities. The square dance is not prohibited. Righteous consistency, this—cutting off the grown bear, and allowing the cubs to live. Surely, if one is worth choking, the other should not be spared.

THE U. S. Senate, probably with a keen eye to business, have rejected the Extradition Treaty. You can always depend upon the Americans for statesmanship and pure disinterestedness when these trifling matters don't conflict with their own interests. Meanwhile, Canada has the honor to remain the most convenient dumping-ground, hence likely to receive the benefit of

these wealthy emigrants who have been successful in banking operations, trust loan companies, etc., etc. These gentlemen are hard on the American floating capital, but otherwise usually highly respectable.

Now that the election petitions are mostly exhausted throughout the country, the Government ought to be considerate enough to appeal to the county again in order to keep up the excitement. We have only had some 19 or 20 bye elections within one year, in addition to a general suspension of common sense and business, for a few weeks during the general elections, about a year ago, so things are growing tame. There is nothing like enthusiasm to make a country grow, especially a youngster like Canada.

WE have been narrowly watching the public press of Europe on the war question, for a long time. The following is the outlook at the present time, as we are able to judge. If there is war within the next six months, there will probably be some men hurt somewhere, if there is no war it will be as we have thought all along. Bismarck winked his right eye three times more than his left last week, and Russia is mobilizing as a consequence. France is preparing to make an alliance with two or three powers, or no powers at all. She will perhaps spring at the throat of Germany some time if she can retain a Government long enough to dictate the order. The Pope actually shook his head in January, and if war doesn't follow, an earthquake will likely do some damage in Italy. Russia will either make war, enter an alliance, present an armed neutrality, do all, or lie out of any, just as suits her interests. England is safe to do nothing, as long as Ireland lasts. On the whole there is a strong possibility of something or nothing within the next five hundred years.

KINGS Co. is Scott Act, and no man can drink anything stronger than liquor with impunity or pleasure.

Isn't it about time the American newspapers began discussing possible presidential candidates for the year 2000? It is only a little space of 112 years now and the Press of that Country is so enterprising.

It is said that all Nova Scotians who have not frozen to death, in the great American blizzard country, contemplate sending on for a supply of our coal during the next season. It is proposed to engage a

moderately long and accommodating blizzard to start near some coal-dumping ground, and blow over several thousand tons. This will save freight and thus annihilate cost.

HAS Commercial Union had its day or is it merely slumbering to wake like a giant refreshed, one of those mornings? It made a pretty little newspaper squabble while it lasted, anyway.

It would be refreshing to know just what constitutes a traitor now-a-days. In those ignorant ages of old, it was pretty definitely and strictly understood and a man was hanged or pitched out of the country, when he took the oath of allegiance, and then was discovered as implicated in even underhand treasonableness of any kind. Has that blessed word "Liberty" been so extended in infamy as to allow open oath breathing and impudent advocacy of disloyalty in your own country? Verily this young Canada is growing, if such be the case.

"BEHIND THE SCENES."

TWO ENDS took a sweat—result, good.

H. W. MCKENNA, $\frac{M.D.}{2}$ in attendance.

H. L. DAY likewise essayed the damp—no go.
Do. ministered.

A. B. HOLLY retired a week.

W. B. CRAWLEY somewhat depressed—about tea-time.

SCENE I. Carnival at the "Rink."

SCENE II. Carnival at the "Hall."

H. O. HARRIS lost his hat—or rather his crown.

C. W. EATON still appears "mysterious."

L. J. LOVETT has discovered a new star—Eastern horizon.

KNAPP is about the same—some noise.

GATES still warbles—when he has time.

MR. STARRAT sings in the *Church Choir*.

ANOTHER dance at Grand Pre—"trio" danced.

"SAM" has been sick, yes, very sick.

J. V. ELLIS, M. P., is advocating annexation. Not our "Ice."

THE recent "cleansc" greatly adds to our comfort. Many thanks.

H. F. WARING absent-minded; nothing serious.

Z. T. HARLOW has had the toothache—left-hand "Cuspid," upper jaw.

PERSONALS.

REV. A. W. SAWYER, D. D. has been, for a few days, confined to the house with a severe cold.

MADAME BAUER, of the Seminary staff, is now slowly recovering from the effects of a blow, inflicted by falling ice.

F. H. EATON, B. A. '73, Prof. of Mathematics at the Normal School, paid Wolfville a flying visit last week.

W. D. DIMOCK, B. A. '67, graced the platform of the annual meeting of the "Fruit Growers' Association," held a short time since, at Wolfville.

REV. J. W. TINGLEY, '85, is now pastor of the Baptist Church, at North Middleboro, Mass. The error of December's issue we regret.

LOCALS.

"LENT."

"MEASLES."

"BEE-GONE."

EATON.

"BABY BUNTING."

"TOM, you smell awful strong of tobacco!"

If he who runs may Reid, how about the man from Gaspereaux!

At a recent convention of the *fly*, it was fully decided, that the man of ignorance, was, in this world, much happier than his educated brother;—

"Experience, thou indeed art a teacher!"

JUNIOR LYONS! it behooves thee, occasionally, to attend "Morning Prayers:—"

Signal, \times Kill.

DINING ROOM—Junior Table:—

They gather round the laden board,
They crow, they smile each other on,
Then doftly ply the "Cowhide" stern
Each other's slender shins upon.

"COAL-HEAVENS always on hand, also one *Cart*."

For full particulars address Room 41, Chipman Hall.

A YOUNG man, who, after five years' residence in Chipman Hall, will walk out at mid-day, and deliberately dump a bathtub full of water over the stair railing into a lower hall, rather than into the sink, deserves to follow the water.
Decent habits should accompany outward purification.

THREE afternoons are fair;

Walk Maud and Mr. S.

English Class, Prof. :—Mr. S. will you give the class a short analysis of Maud?

Mr. S. (absent-minded?) "Oh no, I really can't."

MRS. MARION B. BAXTER, lectured in College Hall, under the auspices of the Wolfville lodge, on the 18th. Her subject is not new—Temperance. The lecturer informed her audience before commencing, that she didn't intend to say anything now, and faithfully carry out her promise. This, perhaps, is not to be regretted; she tells old things in a new way and makes them pleasing. She has womanliness, good address, and a very fair lecture. Combining which she made a good impression. The "big W" and "bad man" theories are a little too advanced for this conservative country. If Mrs. Baxter could reconstruct her lecture slightly, trimming from it such descriptions as that coal mine blast, which coughed and sighed and made a noise, the tremendousness of which the world never heard before (only every four hours) filling up with something just a little more pertinent, it would suit many people fully as well. On the whole it would be a pleasure to pay ten cents much oftener to hear her words, and it is to be hoped, that the great question she so gracefully talked upon will be settled, as she says "right."

A FAIR-HAIRED senior trudged down to the morning meal last week, at 8.40 o'clock, and, rubbing his eyes, wanted to know why breakfast wasn't ready earlier so he could get over to prayers.

Who can guess his name? You can probably guess it the next time he starts along the corridor. It is not Belial with his clump foot and chain; but one of his young sprigs, (we hear him yelling now), who never goes along the hall without warning everybody that he himself is coming.

RECENT graduates will be glad to learn that an old problem which has long vexed and perplexed the students and professors, has at last received a highly satisfactory solution. Why is it that students, returning from their walks, and coming along the college campus up to Chipman Hall, almost invariably come up the hill by the path that bends around the south-east corner of the college building, instead of taking the *straight* path that leads across in front, when elementary geometry plainly declares that any two sides of a triangle are together greater than the third side? A big-footed freshman has fortunately been sent to the relief of our puzzled brains and has discovered that to walk along the slanting path on that side-hill runs your boots over.

THE Feb. missionary meeting was held in Assembly Hall, on Sunday evening, 12th ult. The following partial programme was carried out:—

Essay, John Geddie and The New Hebrew Mission, by J. H. McDonald.

Essay, the Scriptural rules of giving. Does it apply to students, by F. C. Hartley.

A large programme had been provided, but on account of sickness some exercises were omitted. The essays were interesting and well delivered.

NEVER pun with a bigger person than yourself, you may get punched.

HAS the "Pierian Society" given the public its last "Pi," or what has happened?

"Hope deferred maketh the head sick."

CLASS in Astronomy (juniors):

Well, Dr., supposing by some extraordinary event, the sun should cease to shine some time, what could be done? Dr. "In that case Mr. H., the world would have to ask you to stand on stilts."

STUDENTS "Song of the shirt"—the blamed button is off.

ONE of the students found a lump in his coal the other day, and intends presenting it to the museum.

A PROVINCIAL tailor made rather a serious blunder lately. He is unmarried, and happened to be corresponding with two parties, to one he wrote inquiring about the particulars of a suit he had an order for; to the other he poured forth his feelings, then merely mixed the letters; next day he lost both suits.

THE new Academy building had its first escape last week. A lamp burst while the owners were at tea, and, as a result, a comfortable little blazo was going when they returned. A fine banjo and other valuables, together with some books were burned but further than that the building escaped injury. Be careful boys.

"VENIUM sat sapienti"—just so, dears.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remind any student who has not joined the Athenæum society, or subscribed to the College paper, that the reading room and its privileges are not open to them. We notice a few are availing themselves of others rights in this respect however. Besides breaking the rules and imposing upon good nature, gentlemen, you are showing a lamentable want of interest in the college affairs generally, and your own interests particularly. You may know all about conducting an event of this kind, and be able to speak like a Gladstone, but why not join, and show the other fellows how the business is done?

THE Harrington Concert Co's. concert "to a finish" came off in College Hall. The Co. was assisted very ably by their Wolfville pupils. The entertainment consisted of many things, musical and otherwise. A Co. which can teach fifty pupils to sing a piece backwards in five lessons, needs no further recommendation.

A HEALTHY business is being done in opera glasses and window blinds. As spring advances, opera glasses usually go up, and blinds go to. Please notice pun.

"No callers except on business."

IF there is any student in the College (or Seminary) who hasn't had his (or her) regular share of the measles or cold this winter, we shall be glad to have him (or her) call and shake hands with us.

SPIRIT OF THE PRESS.—Getting your thumbs between the door hinges.

QUES. What is the difference between a Freshman and a turnip? Ans. The one is mostly water, the other mostly Fresh.

THE Fruit Growers' Association held their closing exercises in College Hall, 19th inst., in the absence of Dr. Sawyer. Prof. Kierstead gave an address, welcoming the Association as co-laborers. The Prof. clearly showed the importance of education as the ultimate condition of success in this branch of industry, as well as all others. The several papers and addresses were listened to with much interest by the large number of ladies and gentlemen present. Quite a large number of the students were present and obtained valuable information. Even if all of them do not intend to follow the plan. A couple of songs by the College boys was a unique and pleasing part of the entertainment.

AND now the black eye, the bloody nose, the ruffled hair, the wild look, the quickening breath, the broken sleeve button, the sickly smile, the under-hand dig, the slam against the wall, the deadly scuffle, the shouts of applause, and general uproar in the hall at all hours and times proclaim the night of the gloves.

Go way "those" Candy investments, and "those" crosses, and "those" loveliest, etc., etc., etc.

DEATHS.

PORTER.—At Ohio, Yarmouth Co., Feb. 11th, Frank G. Porter, of consumption, aged 20 years.

Frank's short stay at the "Academy" is marked by many friends.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Bert Ellis, \$2; B. G. Bishop, \$1; J. K. Jones, \$1; G. P. Payzant, \$1; A. R. Tingley, \$1; J. E. Vivier, \$1; C. T. Illsley, \$1; John Moser, \$1; E. E. Locke, \$1; A. B. Holly, \$1; Byron Bentley, \$1; C. H. McIntyre, \$1; E. P. Fletcher, \$1; J. A. Kempton, \$1; LeBarron Jones, \$1; Fred Hartley, \$1; Elbert Gates, \$1; Fred Shaw, \$1; Willfred Reid, \$1; T. J. Locke, \$1; H. G. Esterbrook, \$1; W. H. London, 60 cents; F. H. Hale, 60 cents; W. E. Powell, \$1; Henry Knapp, \$1; George Baker, \$1; L. D. McCart, \$1; Leslie Lovett, \$1; Osgood Morse, \$1; J. L. Churchill, \$1; Austen Kempton, \$1; C. W. Eaton, \$1; Lewis Crosby, \$1; Henry Hogg, \$1; Miss H. L. Butterick, \$1; Austin DeBlois, B. A., \$1; John McDonald, \$1; S. H. Cain, \$1; Rev. Jos. Brown, \$2; Dr. R. C. Weldon, \$2; D. H. McQuarrie, \$1; Rev. E. M. Saunders, \$1; Geo. E. Croscup, \$1; Rev. W. H. Cline, \$1; W. F. Parker, \$1; Miss Nellie Hill, \$1; T. S. K. Freeman, \$1; W. B. Burnett, \$1; Wm. Spurr, \$1; B. Harvey, \$1; John B. Mills, M. P., \$1; Frank R. Haley, B. A., \$1; Frank Kelly, M. A., \$2; Wallace Graham, \$2; C. A. Eaton, \$1; W. N. Hutchinson, \$1; Rev. E. C. Spinney, \$1; S. W. Cummings, B. A., 10 cts.; J. A. Marple, \$1; Louis H. Morse, \$1; Henry N. Paint, M. D., \$1; Rhodes & Curry, \$2; Sherman Rogers, \$3.

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