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THE Acadia Athenæum.

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The Sanctum.

THE anxious inquiry of the Seniors of each year, as the reading of "Theses" is finished is, "what is the purpose of this *show any how*." The answer is still wanting. The benefits claimed for the students who prepare these papers, depend largely upon the subjects assigned. If as would appear from some of the assignments, it is to be merely a test of the students ability to produce something out of nothing, we beg to question the advantages. If, however, as is generally announced, the aim is to encourage a course of reading and investigation along certain lines, then why not consult the student's tastes somewhat in making the assignments. Within the limits necessarily set for such a paper, it is not possible to give a satisfactory treatment of any subject, and unless the exercise be interesting to the student himself, there is little probability that he will ever return to it again. On the student's part then the exercise is in too many cases a useless one.

But then if this requirement is altogether for the

writer's benefit, what is the object in having them delivered as at present. If this be for the satisfaction of the Faculty alone, who desire at this stage in the course to have some such test in regard to general scholarship, then why not confine the reading to a meeting of the faculty where there can be free, open criticism upon the subject-matter and composition.

It is a very reasonable conclusion that a paper which is supposed to contain the results of some months of careful reading, ought to be of interest and advantage to every student, but if this be the object in having them read, why is not the exercise regarded with more importance and some better arrangement made for it. In the first place, why not dispense with the regular classes, and have a full gathering of the students in one of the halls for an hour in each week. Certainly if it is expected that the student shall exhibit any pride and carefulness in the preparation and delivery of his paper, it is only natural that he should expect an audience to listen to him. Under the present arrangement, no doubt, since the time is either taken from study hours or recreation, many of the students are unable to attend. This objection should be removed and then the presence of every student required. The interest might be greatly increased by having the other departments represented.

But while too much cannot be said in regard to attendance, the matter of orderly attention is of supreme importance. No one feels greatly inspired to be greeted by a mere handful of his fellow-students, but any one would prefer a small number of attentive listeners to a room full of inattentive ones. To say the least it is uncomplimentary and rather discouraging for the one who is reading to find his voice almost drowned amid the *general hum*.

A repetition of the occurrences of a few weeks ago, would probably result in positive refusal on the part of the Seniors to present their papers. The custom ought either to be abolished or the situation made a little more comfortable for those who are expected to prepare papers. If it is to be continued, the Professors should begin the reform in both of these directions.

THE religious services on the hill have been very interesting since the opening of the college year, but during the past few weeks they have been greatly increased in interest and effect. One of the advantages proposed by the organization of the College Y. M. C. A. was additional sabbath services especially for the students. For the present it was decided to hold one Sunday evening service each month at which the pastor of one of the neighboring churches would be invited to come in and preach. As the earliest arrangements that could be made, would provide for the first Sunday in March, an agreement was made between a committee of the Faculty, appointed to arrange for the services in connection with the Day of Prayer for Colleges 28th February, and the Associational Committee, whereby a speaker should be obtained for that day, who would remain over Sunday. With the consent of the Home Mission Board, the services of Rev. I. Wallace, Gen'l Missionary were secured. Before his arrival the weekly prayer meetings had become crowded and several of the students professed conversion. At the request of the association, Mr. Wallace, commenced personal work among the students in all the departments on the hill and in the village, and meetings held every evening either in the college or at the church were continued for two weeks. A deeper work has scarcely ever been experienced in connection with the institutions. Nineteen young men from the college and academy, and eight young ladies from the seminary, have already united with the village church by baptism, and the special interest still continues.

At the close of Mr. Wallace's work on the hill, a resolution expressing the hearty appreciation of the members of the Y. M. C. A. for the zeal and earnestness with which he had labored among us, was spoken to by Prof. Keirstead and Dr. Sawyer, and unanimously adopted.

We have had during Mr. Wallace's visit a practical proof of the claims that have been made through these columns from time to time, for personal work among the students. His earnest warm hearted appeals from the desk, will not soon be forgotten by those who listened to him, both in the social meetings and from the pulpit of the village church, but very many who heard him there, were first attracted by his sympathetic words and earnest prayers as he

visited the various rooms in the boarding houses. Very few men have the tact for personal work that Mr. Wallace has, and still fewer could visit among the students with as much acceptance.

Those who were drawn into sympathy with his work, grew to love him. All respect him. He is regarded through the entire community as a most faithful worker and convincing preacher.

We are glad to know, that Mr. Wallace, contemplates settling his family in Wolfville, and should he do this, we sincerely hope that the institutions may be favored by frequent visits from him

NOTHING in the college course should take precedence of English, and in this study original composition occupies the place of prime importance. To become the ready master of a good English style may well stand the chiefest aim of every student. The most erudite without an ability for happy expression is at a disadvantage, while even a mediocre who can clothe his thought in appropriate language is quite likely to win if not deserve success. Examples are not few of the intellectual giant meeting easy discomfiture at the hands of the stripling armed only with his rhetoric. The secret of Talmage's wonderful power is in his vivid word painting and brilliant imagery. Hundreds of preachers there may be in the country with education as thorough, reading as extensive and whose presentation of truth is quite as profound as that of this king of pulpit orators, yet unpossessed of his magical utterance they must plod along making little or no impression upon their age.

Everyone who lays any claim to a liberal education ought to devote no small time to the attainment of a graceful and forcible use of his mother tongue. This obligation however rests imperative upon some in a tenfold degree. Numbers of our men see their life-work mapped out in the journalistic and legal professions, or in preaching the gospel. It would seem unnecessary to remind these of the supreme importance of a good written and spoken style. Their chief claim upon the world's attention will rest right here. No one pretends to deny or to be ignorant of this fact. Nevertheless how many float carelessly along the four years, refusing to believe that excellence in composition comes but by the genius of the moment; and this though the whole array of authors past and present

approve Pope's trite verso "True ease in writing comes from art not chance."

* * * * *

The question therefore forces itself upon us: Is there in the English course sufficient demands made upon the student in the way of original work. For one who has in mind the weekly essays of the Freshman and the monthly of the Sophomore year, it were scarcely possible to reply in the negative; and yet it does seem that an improvement might be made. The student upon entering college looks ahead and says: "I will not have to stand before the public till the junior year. No need of giving much attention to the essays yet. Plenty of time." Were he expected towards the close of the first year, to read a brief paper before his own class, the most careless would toil to acquit himself creditably. One essay written under such conditions, outweighs in care and time of preparation, and in consequent benefit to the student a half-score of the average weekly productions. Again, the members of the second year, are required to come before the college with school-boy declamations. The developement of this Sophomore exhibition into the presentation of original work by the members of the class, while removing the reflection which seems now to be cast upon their literary ability would at the same time afford a sure quarantee of assiduous practice in anticipation of that very event. It is for the majority of students a true though apparently a sweeping statement that an exhibition of such a nature is calculated to ensure as much training in English composition as the whole course of monthly essays. It may be too late this year to provide for the changes here suggested, but whatever determines the closer study of English can be instituted none too early.

* * * * *

Class '88 on the day of their graduation offered to the writer of the best series of essays a money prize open for competition to all but the Seniors. That class in praiseworthy action judged rightly as to the preeminence of English. Rightly also judged they that for most students the spur of a laudable ambition is in writing a potent factor to the out-put of every energy. Will not others of our old graduates take to themselves the responsibility of providing permanent prizes for original literary work in all the classes?

* * * * *

What shall be said then concerning the innovation which permits but one essay to be delivered in the

closing exercises of the Seminary graduating class? The custom has been for several members of this class to read original papers on the occasion of receiving their diplomas, a custom which no doubt afforded a healthful inspiration to the assiduous practice of the writing of English. What a stimulus in the thought that upon the last night the public were to become the judges of their literary skill. A dread incubus this to the careless—a pleasing anticipation to the toilful—but to both the very strongest work-incentive.

For some inexplicable reason or whim there was introduced last year an innovation distasteful to those immediately concerned, disappointing to a large audience which always honors the occasion, and—if it prove a permanent arrangement—blighting in its effect upon the practice of English composition in the Seminary. Of the young ladies one only was selected to read a paper. We would hope that a speedy return may be made to the old and better custom: for its beneficial effects upon the institution are two-fold—direct, in the advertisement which the exhibition itself contains of the excellent training here obtainable; indirect, as intimated above, in the increased culture it brings to the young ladies who will themselves be looked upon by the world at large as representatives of their Alma Mater.

* * * * *

In public speakers the art of writing will not atone for weak and inelegant use of extempore language. Manuscripts may serve a very good purpose in their place. That place assuredly is not before an audience. Spurgeon doesn't *read* his sermons. The successful advocates at the bar are not the men unskilled in off-hand expression. But power in this direction is acquired only at the price of frequent and persistent practice, for which in the class-meetings and the Athenæum there are provided excellent opportunities. Here there is a minimum of criticism—no one expects to see full-fledged orators. In a word, the most fitting time to commence speaking is during the student days. Let none of our young men make the mistake of supposing that the word orator is synonymous with essay-reader.

A HEALTHY enthusiasm is a good thing. It lifts its possessor from the slough of dismal monotony. To say that this is the only distinctive feature between the man of power, and others would perhaps be too much. It may however be

safely predicated that of two men equal in other regards, the one who throws a mighty earnestness into the work in hand, will be most likely to take the guerdon of success. O the inane insipidity of the mollusk existence! How stale seems every effort of a man of this unhappy disposition! A nuisance everywhere, especially is he so in the class room. How it must torment a teacher whose soul is in deepest sympathy with his subject to be compelled to notice an unappreciative indifference. But, on the other hand, is it not the teacher's place to impress upon the most sluggish heart, the importance of his subject, and this rather by the strength of his own enthusiasm than by an appeal to authority. To college men deciding as to their life-work we say: Let the unfortunates who have not this element prominent in their nature, nor can with herculean effort attain unto it, aspire neither to the pulpit nor to the professor's chair, neither to the bar nor the rostrum, to no position where to arouse, to move men in a condition of success.

IT was with mingled feelings of sorrow and amazement that tidings were received here on Tuesday evening, 19th March, of the death of Miss Helen L. Buttrick, late teacher of instrumental music in Acadia Seminary. It will be remembered that Miss Buttrick was released from her position here, for one year in order that she might seek further preparation for her chosen work. It was our pleasing duty early in the year, to report the fact that she had taken high rank in entering the academy of music at Berlin, and was there pursuing her studies under the most favorable auspices.

The facts that have reached us, concerning her sad death, are that, having been reproached by her teachers for failure in her studies, she had suddenly disappeared from her lodgings, leaving a note stating that she would not return. Several days after her disappearance her body was found in the River Spree, and the indications are that her death was the result of suicide. A letter to one of her friends in Wolfville, received since the news of her death, reports that her health was shattered, and expresses the fear that she should soon be obliged to abandon her studies. It is expected that full particulars of

this sad affair will be received in a few days, and as some more formal expression will then be given, we withhold any further reference at present.

“EVERY man has a right to himself,” is a universal principle, but is not so free in its application as many persons seem to suppose. It should always be remembered that no one individual has a right to apply the term “every man” so exclusively to himself as to lose sight of all the rest of his fellow-beings who have equal rights with him. Persons have been known either to entertain such large ideas of themselves and such extravagant notions of their own rights or else to be in such utter disregard of the rights of others, as to plank themselves in a room with any number of others, to whom, it may be, tobacco-smoke is offensive, and puff away as if the performance was affording the company the greatest possible enjoyment. Some persons there are who have a peculiar fondness for such language as usually characterizes places like the drinking-saloon, and who have so little regard for the tastes and feelings of others, that they commonly endeavour to exercise their peculiar acquirements in that direction, as fully as possible, whenever they happen to be in company where such speech is not appreciated. These individuals seem to be possessed of that false idea that it is manly and brave to trample on the feelings of others. Let the man who disapproves of such actions show resentment, and he is instantly accused of attempting to deprive his fellows of their rights. Should he withdraw from the company, as every true man most assuredly will do, he is branded as a bigot or with being fastidious.

The fact is, “every man” has a right to himself—a right to enjoy his own opinions—a right to entertain such thoughts and cultivate such feelings as he believes to be noble and manly, and to enjoy these opinions and feelings without interference from those who may disagree with him. No man has a right to be foul and vulgar, but if any will be thus, they should not assume the right to impose their favorite pastimes upon those to whom they are offensive. Self-restraint is an essential characteristic in the true man, and such an one will be more careful to respect the rights of others, than to give vent to his own desires.

AT SUNSET.

Eelov the world's dark forehead now,
 The sun in changeful glory sinks ;
 The young moon dips her silver prow
 In that gold wave—lo, dimly blinks
 The herald of the quiet eve !
 And through the rhythmic silence falls
 The throb of vesper hymns, that leave
 Yon distant wood which night enthalls.

And while the solemn trees at prayer,
 Chant low their mystic litanies,
 An awful majesty they wear,
 Like prophets of eternities !
 Unheedful of the clamorous world,
 Or, mindful thus of its dark stain,
 With reverent hands of peace upheld,
 In pleadings for its heavy pain.

Swift stalks devouring Darkness forth
 In giant shapes; and Twilight pale
 Yields her meek reign 'mid dying mirth,
 While heaven begins her starry tale.
 And through the tender even-song,
 The last low accents of the day
 Blend with the far-receding throng
 Of joys that passed us on the way.

LULU CURRAN.

VIRGIL'S POETRY.

The Latin language is an emblem of living death, alive in the undying works of its writers, but dead as the existing speech of a living nation. It is of the works of one, who perhaps has surpassed all others in keeping the fame of his nation bright, and its memory green, that I propose to write. Athens could truly call her poets her sons, but though in Italy there were many who sang of the glory and power of mighty Rome, they almost all were strangers to whom she could extend only her patronage and her name. Such was Virgil, the one whom all posterity considers as the greatest poet of the language, the starting point of a thought more modern than his times, of a spirit more romantic than his rivals. Virgil seemed as some stray visitant from another sphere, who watched with amazement the actions of mortals; admires here, and there weeps in pity for our human frailties; his poetry

thrills with emotion, but an emotion beyond himself. Perhaps of all his works, the *Aeneid* has best borne the test of time; although of late critics have attempted to shake it from off the high pedestal it has held so long. But before we reach this, let us glance at two of his earlier productions, which with justice challenge our attention.

The *Bucolics* first, short pastoral poems, breathing of rural life and aglow with tender and pathetic sentiments. In these Virgil blends in beautiful harmony, the humble peasant life, and the natural picturesqueness of the country; but the scene represented might appear as real in Lombardy or Sicily as in Italy. Virgil loves to contrast the hum and stir of the city, with the many rural beauties—the cool shade offered by the “spreading beech,” the vinedresser singing at his labour, the dark caves of the neighbouring hills, and the meadows watered by the pleasant streams. In the sixth *Eclogue*, one is carried along by the sensuous mysticism of the verse; where Silenus is found by two shepherds “fast buried in sleep,” who bind him tight with fragrant flowers, while Aegle “most beauteous of the Nymphs” stains his brows and temples with the juice of berries. He awakes and sings a song to the shepherds as the price of his freedom; but with the Naiad he purchases liberty only by his love. And through this song we are enabled to catch one fleeting glimpse of the new direction taken by the poet's thought; for Silenus sang of things beyond, the beginnings of all created things, the “tender universe,” the deluge, and then ranging through promiscuous fables, closes with the more elaborate legend of the wretched Pasiphae.

But space interposes here, and we turn to the *Georgics*, a work that occupied perhaps the seven best years of the poet's life. Here Virgil sings of agriculture, but though the earth is his theme, he does not hesitate to leave it behind, and soar, when he proclaims the glorious fortunes of Augustus, or breathes forth the passion of loyalty and love to whatever remains intact from the ruin of Philippi: throughout the whole poem he weaves the subtle thread of hope for better things. Virgil truly feels that the gods are good, that they have granted unto all men incomparable gifts, but the cultivation and protection of these they have left wholly to ourselves. “*Improbis labor*” conquers all things; to him who faithful tills her soil, the earth is sure to yield a plenteous increase; and the hardships of this

life are but the cruel forms of a discipline that is to train man for a nobler and better life beyond: He considers the pinnacle granted to human pleasure reached, when mortals are permitted to approach immortal gods with sacrifice and vows. He loves to dwell on passages where the husbandmen perform their festal rites upon the "rich grass," or where the storm-tossed sailors pay their vows to "Glaucus, God of the evil-boding sea, to Panopea and Melicerta, Ino's child." In the *Georgics* our interest never flags, for Virgil's hands are always full of beautiful and imaginative phrases with which to lavishly strew even the dullest passages.

But Virgil was satisfied only by a higher theme, he boasted an inspiration greater than that to sing of pastoral pursuits, or rhymes of husbandmen. Homer was the guiding star he followed, and truly he did not follow him afar off, when we compare the wonderful similarity of the *Aeneid* with the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. If Homer determined that funeral games should be instituted for Patroclus, when Anchises dies, Virgil of necessity treats him to a like honour; if the world of "Spirits" permitted Ulysses to venture in, the "Shades" must also be dissolved, and allow free passage to Aeneas; or if the beauty and allurements of Calypso detain Ulysses from his return, so must Aeneas linger at Dido's court, till the hand of fate tears them apart. Homer's characters are alive, we can almost fancy them to move and act, but Virgil's seem shrouded in a mist, which but rarely dissolves before our gaze. Virgil could well be likened to Homer as we compare the moon to the sun, the one shines but by the other's reflected light, and yet the former sheds a softness and beauty, which the latter with all its fiery glow, does not produce. Aeneas at first seems a very pigmy by the side of Achilles; Virgil does not paint his courage but his piety: and yet when action is necessary he shines with a cool courage in the midst of battle, calmly awaits the result, and conquers with ease. Throughout the *Aeneid* we see the indirect theme of the glory and power of the "House of Iulus." Virgil veils the whole poem with a dim historical glamour, and scatters on every side marks of his vast antiquarian knowledge and research.

To a careless reader the *Aeneid* produces no well laid plot, but only a medley and jumble of incidents, that stand out more prominently than other parts of the poem. Now we think of the confused shouts of

the soldiers, the clash of arms, the glare surrounding the doomed city, and we know the mighty Troy has fallen; or again we recall the burning passion of Dido for Aeneas, and feel a throb of pity when he leaves her to her fate, and she dies by her own hand on the lofty funeral pyre a sacrifice to his love; then in turn of Aeneas, visit to the world of shades, the threatened dangers past, and safe exit; of Turnus' untimely death, and the fate of Nisus and Euryalus before the Rutulian camp—scenes such as these overpower the true unity of the poem.

Let Virgil wander into mystical paths and he is at home. He invests the ancient Troy, the vast empire and court of Priam with an oriental splendour and magnificence, and around Dido and her court he throws a brilliance and sumptuousness only wanting in the dignity of age. The gods of the *Aeneid* are sublime, but we can see in their speeches and actions too many passions and desires partaking of the mortal. With wonderful majesty does Neptune lift his "hoary head" on the highest surge, and survey the ruin and desolation caused by the winds; but he rates them like a parcel of school-boys, and bethinks himself that since he is on the spot, perchance he had better calm the waves. The "unrelenting hate of cruel Juno" show a persistence truly godlike; but she is in our eyes only a shrewish fault-finding wife when we see Jupiter forced to bear with her jealous and meddlesome nature. But beautifully does he describe the appeal of Venus to Jove for her beloved people; with tears suffusing her bright eyes, she kneels before him and entreats his pity for the storm-tossed Trojans: and Jupiter smiling on her with a look as when he clears the cloudsky kisses gently his daughter's lips, and promises the protection and future glory of her nation. Again when we see the gods arrayed before Troy—Neptune with his mighty trident thundering at the walls; Juno with girded sword waving on the Grecians from the ships, Minerva sitting on the highest citadels, the Thunderer himself infusing strength and courage to the Greeks—what hope for the Trojans when even the Gods fight against them! A sense of physical horror pervades perhaps too strongly whatever partakes of the supernatural. The two huge serpents twisting their sinuous folds around the high priest and his sons; the wild shrieks of the Sibyl, her convulsions, and her shuddering gasps of prophecy as she feels the near approach of the god; the serpent that glides down

from Alecto's head into the heart of Turnus; the spirit then confounds him while fighting his last battle—all excite in us a feeling of terror which is opposed to the usual calm flow of the poet's thought.

Now let us but shortly glance at the characters of those around whom the plot especially centres. Aeneas the father of his people, the pious one, the leader of the Trojans, epithets which would more easily place him before our eyes as the holy father of some monastery of the Middle Ages, than as the glorious protector of the scattered remnant of Troy, and the founder of a mighty nation. The commanding quality in Aeneas is meekness; around his every act the gods of Troy now watch with unceasing diligence. Omens control his very steps; and through these, as the dictates of Heaven revealed to him, he acts, the unquestioning instrument of the gods; at their command he puts aside every natural desire, to die fighting among the smoking ruins of Troy, or even to seek some last trace of his wandering wife Creusa. Aeneas is the chosen one, bound for an appointed land with his faithful followers, and rescued household gods. The deities precede him all the way; he can be neither stopped by pleasure, nor stayed by misfortune; neither Dido's surrendered love, nor the ocean's tossings for over thirty years can turn his purpose. Virgil so paints Dido that she far outshines Calypso or Circe. He imbues her with all the majesty and charm of an Egyptian queen; and no stings of conscience torment him when he offers her a sacrifice to Aeneas, since he remembers that her prototype Cleopatra was the paramour of the great Julius, the evil genius of Antony, and the unsuccessful enticer of Augustus. Virgil tells us that it was destiny demanded her destruction, as it also called for the death of Turnus. But we must call it a cruel destiny indeed that desired the sacrifice of the one so beautiful, and the other so brave.

Lavinia must become the bride of Aeneas; in vain does the envious Juno with all her troop of furies and demons interpose, the destinies promised by greater gods than they, by the Thunderer himself must be fulfilled. Aeneas and Lavinia must unite in themselves the rival lines of the victor and the conquered. From them the coursing blood of Troy and Latium intermingled, must animate the fabled Romulus, reputed founder of mighty Rome, and sweeping on give life to the Julian race, and finally in Augustus centre as the controller of the greatest empire in the world, the offspring of the gods, tracing his descent through Venus back to Jove himself. In addition to these characters, Virgil scatters with prodigal hand, gods, goddesses, heroes, all the storied wealth of fable, all the beautiful legends of mythology, that his great mind could introduce into the poem, and suitably dispose of. The Aeneid by its manly spirited tone, by its wonderful sweetness of thought, by its remarkable beauty of expression, by its well supported dignity, its marvellous simplicity, and the grand attainment of

the one end always in view must be placed only between the Iliad and Paradise Lost. Virgil is the link that binds the ancient with the modern; on the one side he grasps the hand of Homer, on the other that of Milton. These three represent the world's three epics of undying fame.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BERLIN, FEB. 19, 1889.

The stories of German student duels are not fables but terrible realities. In Dec. last two students of the University here met secretly in a woods, of course with seconds and doctors, and one shot the other dead.

The affair created no little excitement, as, though these duels are of frequent occurrence, they are rarely attended with fatal results. The victim was a Jew named Bluhm, of a race hated intensely by the Germans who lose no opportunity of expressing their feeling. The committer of the deed gave himself up at once and has since been sentenced to two years imprisonment.

On the Sunday following the duel, the body of Bluhm was interred with all Student honors. A full hour before the time appointed the streets along which the procession was to pass were lined with thousands of people all agog with excitement, and, in spite of the bad weather, exhibiting an amount of patience quite unusual among mortals upon ordinary occasions. Once a false alarm set the whole crowd running in the wrong direction, fearful of missing the sight. How they ran! men, women, and children, pell-mell, hurry-scurry, in hot haste to be in two places at the same time. Another shout, and away they went in the opposite direction just as a tall, slowly-moving Standard appeared in the distance and the procession came into view. First rode a couple of mounted Police, followed by a band of musicians, the Synagogue Choir. After these came an open carriage containing three *chargirte*—representatives of two student corporations called the "*Freienwissenschaftlichen Vereinigung*" and the *Landsmannschaft "Ghibellinia"*—holding aloft the Standard of the University. The Standard was of white, purple, and crimson silk, embroidered with letters of gold. Upon one side was the German eagle with the words *Königliche Wilhelm II*, and underneath *Berlin Universität*. The other side bore the arms of the University and the dates 1810—1888.

The standard-bearers were dressed in black plush and brocade, with white, purple, and crimson sashes over the right shoulders and tied under the left arms with gold cord and tassels. Sword-belts and long gloves of white leather showed off the rich colors to still further advantage. On their heads or rather over a portion of their heads the *Chargirte* wore the University *Mutzen*, or caps. (Take the cover of a good-sized tin blacking-box, cover it over smoothly with

colored silks, trim the edges with narrow bands of the same, and you will have a real Berlin University *Mutze*.) This carriage was followed by the hearse, beside which walked six other *Chargirte* three on each side, dressed in a similar manner but carrying their swords with points raised. Behind the hearse came walking hundreds of students, the number constantly increasing as each street added its quota of those who had been waiting for the procession. Then followed carriages containing friends of the deceased, and last of all a long row of *Chargirte*, holding aloft the different colors of their corporations and dressed in sashes and caps to correspond. There were silken flags of every color and combination of colors; a red flag with a white cross, white with a red, purple, orange, green, blue, rose-color, scarlet, and yellow, arranged in the same way or in stripes with white, and the same colors beautifully blended in the sashes of the standard bearers. One particularly handsome flag was of pale green and white, while the students who carried it wore instead of the regulation cap black velvet *toques* with long white ostrich plumes.

On moved the procession, to the slow music of the band, and on went the crowd of people after! Through mud and water, splashing, jostling, elbowing, pushing and crowding to the very gates of the cemetery, three or four miles out of the city. The funeral cortege moved into the chapel for the last rituals to be spoken, while the people waited outside in silence. Presently the doors opened again and down the winding walks floated the low sad music of a dirge for the dead. It was now almost dark and the wind colder and stronger. The western sky was still red from the sunset and the surrounding tomb-stones standing up against it seemed like white spirits of the dead come near to the warm and living.

It was hard to realize that here was about to be enacted the last scene of an act more fitting to belong to the barbarous customs of heathendom than to those of a highly civilized European nation. Slowly onward came the bright trappings, the weeping friends, the dumb black burden in the midst, and the silken banners rustling mournfully in the wind. As the casket sank into the grave the sword points dropped, and from the lips of the students broke the words of the song:

*"Ist Einer uns' rer Brüder uns geschieden,
Vom blassen Tod gefordert ab,
Dann weinen wir und wünschen Ruh' und Frieden
In uns' res Freundes stilles Grab."*

As the last words rang out clear and earnestly one of the students advanced to the edge of the grave to give the parting call to the dead comrade. "*Ruhe in Frieden!*" and as he spoke laid a wreath of flowers in the grave as a sign of affection from the *Student-Schaft*.

Others followed with like tokens until the casket was hidden from sight under flowers and wreaths. "*Trawig! Traurig!*" said the people, and moved homeward to the glowing lights and hurrying lire of the town.

BLANCHE BISHOP.

CANADIAN POETS.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, M. A.

WE have noted with interest the series of sketches — Canadian Poets, which has appeared in the late issues of the "King's College Record." The undertaking is, in every way, praiseworthy. Grouped thus, Canada's first singers make a brave showing. But the group lacks one of its brightest stars. Recognising the favoured delicacy of the "Record's" position in connection with "the foremost of Canadian poets," we beg its leave to present to our College world a brief sketch of the life and chief work of Prof. C. G. D. Roberts, M. A.:

New Brunswick claims Prof. Roberts as a son, for it was near Fredericton, in that Province, that he was born, January 10th, 1860. In birth the poet is favoured; in his veins runs the mingled blood of many literary generations. The first thirteen years of this life were passed at Westcock, in Westmoreland County, whither the family had removed shortly after his birth. The father the busy rector of a large parish, the boy passed much of his time with his mother, or out upon the windy slopes that crouch 'mid the rich and far-stretching marsh-lands of his meadow-girt home. Here the boy grew; and here grew to love nature, his great foster-mother. He attended no school, but rather followed a course of reading under his father's direction. After years bear witness favourable to such a boyhood. The Collegiate School and University of New Brunswick speak most highly of the mind thus naturally awakened, while his pen's every touch is sweet with the breath of those thirteen fresh summers. Prof. Roberts was married in 1880, and in the following year received the degree of M.A. from his Alma Mater. Four years now saw him about equally engaged in teaching and literary endeavour, when in 1885 he was called to the Chair of Modern Literature in King's College, Windsor, which position he still occupies.

Nine years ago Canada first realized that to her another singer was given. 'Twas in that year, 1880, that Prof. Roberts laid upon the world's altar his first literary effort,—"Orion and other Poems." The sheaf of his boyhood, gleaned by the wayside, Grecian in thought and style, deftly caught and bound with the native, bracing breath of his own Province by the sea! The effort was markedly well received. There was a patriotic freshness about its classic grace that won the heart of every true Canadian, and elicited from abroad the criticism that it was "the first volume of notable English Canadian song."

This brief mention of "Orion and other Poems" serves to bring our 'Maritime poet,' at the age of twenty-one, more clearly before us. Seven years elapse, when the same voice speaks again, and this time speaks "In Divers Tones." We wish now to examine with some care this happily-named "medley of song,"—the yield from more mature years,—

"Themes gathered far and near,
Thoughts from my heart that spring."

The world has at length grown tired of its own generality. What it wants and appreciates now is 'local colour,' something characteristic of place and people. Indeed, this is but a manifestation of its wish to become acquainted with itself. Happy then is the man who can naturally, truthfully voice the individuality of any one people, of any one environment. Through him the individual nations, be they old or young, speak and assert themselves. The more is his work peculiar to whom or what it represents, the better is it liked, the more effective does it become. A nation as an individual is ranked by its speech and appearance. Its reputation is entrusted to the hands of its 'men of letters.' Of what prime importance then that these "hands" should be sincere, faithful and equal to their country's best.

'Tis in this connection, perhaps, that the manly 'hand' of Prof. Roberts is especially deserving of a warm clasp. Canadian in deeper sense than name "In Divers Tones," is the most individual cry that has, as yet, been heard from the "child of nations." Beautiful and strong as Canada here appears, we sorrow no longer that she is "unhymned." Clad in virgin forests, and girt about with silver streams, the 'land of the Maple Leaf' here stands forth independent, womanly; nations give ear to her voice, and her breath is caught fresh and sweet 'mid the older and heavier exhalations. We cannot but feel that she appears here at her best. All honour to the man who is thus a correct singer of his own time and country!

Canada among nations is yet a child, a creature of impulse. "In Divers Tones" is almost exclusively a poetry of the heart and affections. The one is mirrored, is echoed in the other. With the naturalness, we might almost say inevitableness, of this relation in mind, 'twould be altogether unjust to place our "Acadian bard" side by side with the master singers—the product of older and more advanced climes. To do this we ask the "child" to see and think as a nation old-grown, and in so doing deservedly ensure for ourselves a measure of disappointment. The breadth and range of the elder vision would certainly eclipse that of the younger. The shows of things immediately about and around occupy in the one case, while in the other these are no longer of interest save as leading strings to the heart of things.

"In Divers Tones" lacks this keen subjective insight, as indeed it almost necessarily must. Its message ought rather to be regarded by itself, a fresh and truthful embodiment of a young nation's sentiments and surroundings. When this is remembered, we feel confident that there are few who will not peruse these "Tones" with pleasure.

Patriotism, an exceeding love for his great motherland, has stooped with impressive touch upon every page of this work of Prof. Roberts. In its arrange-

ment his first thought is to the "Father of nations," his second for *Her*. A stirring appeal is this "Canada," it quickens the blood like a burst of martial music.

"But thou my country, dream not thou!
Wake, and behold how night is done,
How on thy breast and o'er thy brow
Bursts the uprising sun."

The note is here inspiring, clear and though this is the one outbreak, ever and anon between and under, the "divers tones" we catch still its strong meaning.

Akin to this affection, though one perhaps of deeper and fuller significance, is the intense love of nature which is here everywhere manifest. The passion of his boyhood has grown and multiplied. The humblest details of rural life respond with grace and sweetness to his touch. By the cunning of the alchemo the dullest of the commonplace gets to itself the lustre and the virtue of pure gold. As instance of this truth mark the beauty of these lines from "The Potato Harvest."

"Black on the ridge against that lonely flush
A cart and stoop-necked oxen ranged beside
Some barrels: and the day-worn harvest-folk
Here emptying their baskets, jar the hush
With hollow thunders; down the dusk hill-side
Lumbers the wain; and day fades out like smoke."

Again to follow the "Birch and Padale" or to catch the summer music from "On the Creek" is certainly to feel that we too, "need no balm but this."—

"Mid task and toil, a space
To dream on nature's face!"

"Tantramar Revisited" is an Acadian word-picture of which Longfellow might well be proud. True to nature they lie here—"the broad Westmoreland marshes." "Miles on miles they extend, level and grassy and dim." An additional interest is given this picture for the reason that it is the scene of the poet's boyhood. The sanctity with which the childhood's image is retained and the contentment to rather "remember than see" lest as elsewhere he, "spy at their task even here the hands of chance and change" is almost pathetic in its truthfulness.

Place is also found in this little volume for the play of laughter and tears.

"La Belle Tromboniste" depicts with racy humour, the sudden transient intensity of a concert ball "mash."

"In the Afternoon" is a plaintive embodiment of the longing that we all, at one time or another, must feel, the longing so true to life,—to get back the "old child-heartedness." Many of us, alas too many, can also feel the truth of the last couplet,—
—"but yet, but yet. Of all 'twere sweetest to forget."

Thus far we have considered of "In Divers Tones" alone the characteristics native to the poet and his country. These same characteristics everywhere exist, only in many instances their effect is interwoven with, and shaped by large intercourse with the Classics and many of the English Masters. The combination of these two sets of influences, delicate yet well-balanced, has given "In Divers Tones" a peculiar attractiveness. The simple and fresh Canadian sentiment looks to particular advantage with the touch of 'maturity' gracefully imprinted upon it. The charm of the one and the grace of the other unite and are most finely proportioned. "Actæon," in subject and treatment, and "Off Pelorus," in richness of colour, are essentially Græcian. Yet even here 'mid the classic excellence and finish we catch the odour of Canadian woods and feel at home. The Græcian has become Canadian in the true order of things. The metamorphosis has been complete.

The whole effect of "In Divers Tones" would rather indicate Prof. Roberts as a poet after the type of Keats and Shelley. To use his own words,—"Tennyson has influenced me deeply, but most of all, my constant companion and my master, Shelley, in whom I live." The delicacy and profuseness of the imagery, and the love of colour, on every hand betray the kindred spirit. If Prof. Roberts will permit us to say it, we think also to recognize here a certain impulse from the intense Swinburne. Several of the poems bespeak this influence, particularly that strong "clean-blown" breath from the sea,—"Salt."

Prof. Roberts is undoubtedly a poet who has read well, but he is by no means a mere 'imitator.' Beneath this extraneous influence is clearly seen his own individual love for mankind and its dwelling place. His work, while thus it is fresh, original, is in no way crude; is in every way artistic.

We quote the following from Edmund Clarence Stedman:—"Of a few rising British Canadian poets, Roberts, the author of "In Divers Tones," seems to be foremost." A high tribute this, to be adjudged the foremost of one's time and race!

Deservedly given, however, 's it.

It has been decided to establish an arts department in connection with McMaster University.—*Empire*.

By a late decision of the Supreme Court on the will of the late Daniel W. Lyman, Brown University will receive an additional bequest of full \$30,000, the interest of which will accrue to needy students. Another living gentleman of Providence, whose name we are not at liberty to mention, has just given the college \$10,000.—*N. Y. Examiner*.

THE THESES.

The reading of the Theses by the Seniors about the first of March, is another land mark passed, and almost startles us by showing the rapid flight of time, and the approaching end of this college year. The subjects assigned were as interesting as usual, though a critic might notice the large proportion of historical and absence of literary subjects. The papers showed careful research and thought, and although compelled to be rather didactic, a number of them were spicy and interesting, holding the attention even of the inattentive.

The subjects were assigned as follows:

- The Future of the Congo Valley... E. M. Bill.
- The Moors in Spain W. S. Black.
- The Revenue of the Roman Emperors. H. S. Blackadar.
- Hipparchus J. H. Cox.
- Russia in Central Asia W. B. Crawley.
- St. Patrick H. T. DeWolfe.
- The Fishery Treaties. A. W. Foster
- The Moral Doctrine of Shakespeare's King Lear
- (a.) What is it? (b.) How far intended by the Author. F. C. Hartley.
- The Nile in Modern Times M. C. Higgins.
- The Testimony of Geology to Evolution W. H. Jenkins.
- The Nile in Ancient Times A. J. Kempton.
- England under Queen Ann C. S. Lyons.
- Necessary conditions for developing a sentiment of Nationality. O. O. Lyons.
- Relation between Aesthetics and Virtue C. H. McIntyre.
- The Phoenicians and the Mediterranean. H. W. McKenna.
- The case of Swinton's History in the Boston Schools. L. A. Palmer.

PERSONALS.

R. W. Ford, B. A., '87, has been compelled, through ill health, to give up his course at Harvard. He is now rusticiating among his friends in Westport, N. S.

We are indebted to J. B. Mills, M. P., B. A., '71, for the Hansards of the House of Commons, Ottawa.

L. Richmond Shafner, B. A., '86, is engaged in teaching in Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic.

A. J. Eaton, M. A., '78, is Assistant Professor of Classics, McGill University.

Hon. G. E. Foster, D. C. L., '85, has the thanks of the students for a generous supply of "Johnson's Graphic Descriptions of Canada."

W. A. C. Rouse, once a member of '89, is taking a Theological course at Newton.

I. M. Longley, B. A., '75, is still the successful and honored Principal of Guysboro' Academy.

C. L. Davidson, B. A., '88, is teaching in Brandon, Manitoba.

Frank H. Knapp, B. A., '86, since graduating in Law from the University of Michigan, has practised his profession in Madison, Dakota.

E. F. Hall, who took a year with '91, has been appointed Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., Lowell, Mass.

E. H. Sweet, B. A., '84, is pastor of the North Baptist Church, Brockton, Mass.

A. T. Kempton, J. E. Tiner, H. J. Staratt, all of '91, are down with measles. The case of W. Holloway, according to latest reports, is uncertain.

A. Lincoln Simpson, who last year bade adieu to '91, is taking a course in Civil Engineering at McGill.

The name of Foster F. Eaton, B. A., '86, stood fifteenth on the list of a class of 169, who recently passed the final examination for M. D. at the University of New York.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Judge R. L. Wetherbe, M. A. \$5.00; Rev. F. D. Crawley, \$3.00; T. E. Corning, Rev. G. E. Day, D. D., \$2.00 each; E. E. Gates, C. H. McIntyre, G. P. Raymond, W. B. Wallace, J. L. Churchill, Alice M. D. Fitch, B. A., C. J. Shand, C. M. Woodworth, J. B. Ganong, Wm. Creelman, J. B. Hall, Ph. D., Rev. I. C. Archibald, E. A. Corey, M. D., E. C. Whitman, F. H. Eaton, M. A., A. F. Newcomb, W. L. Archibald, Rev. E. H. Sweet, B. A., H. M. Lewis, H. R. Simonson, G. R. Jones, W. O. Wright, A. B., L. B. Crosby, D. F. Higgins, Ph. D., Rev. E. E. Locke, Rev. M. B. Shaw, Mrs. Blair, \$1.00 each; H. Y. Corey, C. W. Eaton, B. A., 50 cts. each.

Locals.

How?

The Two T's.

A put up job—wall paper.

Who wrote Pitt's reply to Walpole?

Browning's Emulsion.

Wanted: An ode to the "Apron Brigade."

By what sense is the "Passing of Arthur" detected?

No. 1.—I've got a job.

No. 2 (eagerly).—Have you. What is it?

No. 1.—Pun-job.

Robt. Motton, Esq., Stipendiary Magistrate, Halifax, N. S. lectured in College Hall on Friday evening, March 15th, Subj:—"Lessons learned in life."

Prof.—The leading thought in a paragraph is sometimes expressed in the margin. What do you think of that idea?

Voice.—A good one in Latin.

Query.—Is there a "Subjunctive" of the Imperative Mood? If the Germans have *mastered* such a combination, our English Grammars must not get behind the age.

It is four o'clock on Thursday afternoon. Already the gentle (!) tappings of pedestrians are heard along the stairways and corridors. Mr. B. also leaves his room, and seeing before him a class-mate in cap and gown with some half dozen books beneath his arm moving along at a desultory pace, thus addresses him: "Have you a class this afternoon?" "This afternoon!" said the astonished day-dreamer, "it is Friday morning." Consulting his watch, he finds out that there is time for another nap, and with a shout of mingled joy and surprise returns to his room to bow once more before the shrine of his beloved Morpheus.

Captain Cook has sailed out of port. If the *weather* be favourable, his voyage *will* be a long one.

Spring Styles.—Striped aprons, low neck and no sleeves, have made their appearance. A team of "Practical" Sophs thus attired may be expected to appear on the Campus at an early date.

How sad the acts of wanton waste which even Seniors may commit. In the dining room recently a full goblet "nearly half milk" was accidentally upset and its precious draught spilled over the *snory* spread, while the thrifty host speechless and appalled looked blankly towards the ewer which hard by sat like Gideon's fleece, "unwatered still and dry."

What a shock it must have been to the nervous system of the Soph, who found himself familiarly addressing the instructor in Acoustics as "Fess!" Brevity is the soul of wit, but we are not so sure about abbreviations. It is to be hoped, however, that something may prompt him to add at least a prefix when he next speaks aloud the way he feels.

"At home or not at home," That is the question :
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The bore and bother of unpleasant callers,
Or rudely speak the truth, or lie politely,
And by deceit repel them.

Shades of Orpheus ! Dnst of Pan ! Christofano Morales, and all who make sweet sounds ! Thy names are no longer immortal for, by the Muses nine, the Senior who for five hours at a sitting, practices the "National Anthem" on his flute, must one day outshine you all. 'Tis true his dulcet strains do not attract the rocks and trees of Olympus, but his neighbours think it will be strange if the movables of Chipman Hall are not attracted to his door.

When a wrong has been perpetrated, those whom it may concern, whether they be actually guilty or whether their names have become associated with it through the force of circumstances, should surely be gentlemanly enough to make amends for the offence if guilty, or if innocent show their hearty disapproval. What should be said concerning those from whom better things should be expected when, with sardonic smile or cynic sneer, they endeavor to influence to wrong doing, those who would otherwise pursue the right course ? What need be said. *Res loquitur ipse.*

On Friday evening, March 22nd, the following were elected officers of the Athenæum :— President, W. S. Black ; Vice President, W. B. Wallace ; Treasurer, W. M. Smallman ; Cor. Sec'y., H. G. Estabrooks ; Rec. Sec'y., G. A. Martell ; Ex. Com., H. T. DeWolfe, O. O. Lyons, C. M. Woodworth, H. Y. Corey, H. S. Ross.

"Throw Physics to the dogs : I'll none of it !"
He said, and all unguided by the laws
Of sound, and resonance, and breathing pipes,
Entered the grewsome cave of Calculus,
To gaze and stare at brain-destroying forms,
"Conchoid of Nicodemus" and the "Witch
Of Agnesi," not Endor, who enchants,
And spell-bound holds the stricken Calculite.
But oh ! what pleasure gathers round the path
Of him who homage to Acoustics pays !
The sweet, melodious humming of the strings,
The singing wine glass, and—oh ecstasy !
The session at the organ in the church,
Transport him to a Paradiso of bliss ;
Where softest zephyrs move æolian harps,
And Phœbus, with her lyre and tuneful Pan,
Lift high the rolling chorus of their song.

The Milton of the Juniors, instead of writing poetry like his ancestor of noble name, is given to day dreams. Wake up, Charles, and go to sleep right.

On Tuesday, March 12th, a meeting of the Shareholders of the new "Hair Engraving Company" was held in Room 41, Chipman Hall. The object was to witness experiments of its

decorating abilities, plans having been suggested and various patterns devised. Funds to the amount of \$5 had been previously voted to pay expenses. All were on the tip-toe of expectation, and the greatest success was looked for. But, though the machinery was in perfect order, and everything in readiness, an unexpected back-down on the part of the "subject for decoration" caused a final halt in the proceedings, and the business was declared off. The only assigned explanation of the back-down is a change in the party's motto, from "*semper in pulvere*" to "*facies ante omnia.*"

On the evening of March 1st, Mr. H. N. Shaw, Instructor in Elocution, gave one of his pleasing recitals in College Hall. The large audience assembled at the hour of opening showed that a treat was expected, and none went away disappointed. A new feature in the entertainment was the music furnished by the "Acadia Double Quartette," led by Mr. Shaw. The excellent manner in which each member rendered his part reflected much credit on the talented performers, as well as their leader. In his reading, Mr. Shaw was quite himself, and entered fully into the spirit of both comedy and tragedy with characteristic ease. The frequent outbursts of applause, and the numerous encores, went to prove that a most enjoyable evening was spent. The "Quartette" is always in demand. Miss Sawyer's accompaniments were rendered with her usual grace and accuracy of expression. Following is the programme :—

PART I.

QUARTETTE.—	"Over the Waters Away,"	Shawalter.
READINGS.—	"Schoolmaster's Guests,"	Will Carleton.
	"The Kiss Deferred,"	Anon.
QUARTETTE.—	"Come where the Lilies Bloom,"	Thompson.
	"Country Sleighing,"	Stedman.
READINGS.—	"Miss Maloney on the Chinese Question,"	Anon.
	"Light from over the Range,"	Anon.
QUARTETTE.—	"He that Dwelleth,"	Ballard.

INTERMISSION.

PART II.

READING.—	"The Railway Chase,"	McRae.
TRIO.—	"Gently fall the Dews of Eve,"	Il Giuramento.
READING.—	"Scenes from Macbeth,"	
QUARTETTE.—	"O Hush Thee,"	Sullivan.
READINGS.—	"I Dream,"	Anon.
	"Jim Wolfe and the Cats,"	Mark Twain.

God save the Queen.

DIED.

At St. John, N. B., March 10th, STEPHEN RAND, Barrister, of the firm of Harrison & Rand. Mr. Rand matriculated at Acadia College in '68. During his two years' course here, as well as in his subsequent career at the Bar, he proved worthy of the confidence of his numerous friends.

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*Confectionery, Syrups, Canned Goods, Tobaccos, Cigars, Pipes and Smokers' Sundries.
N. B.—Goods promptly delivered by team.*

CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, LAMPS, &c,

Wolfville, Oct. 15th, 1888.