

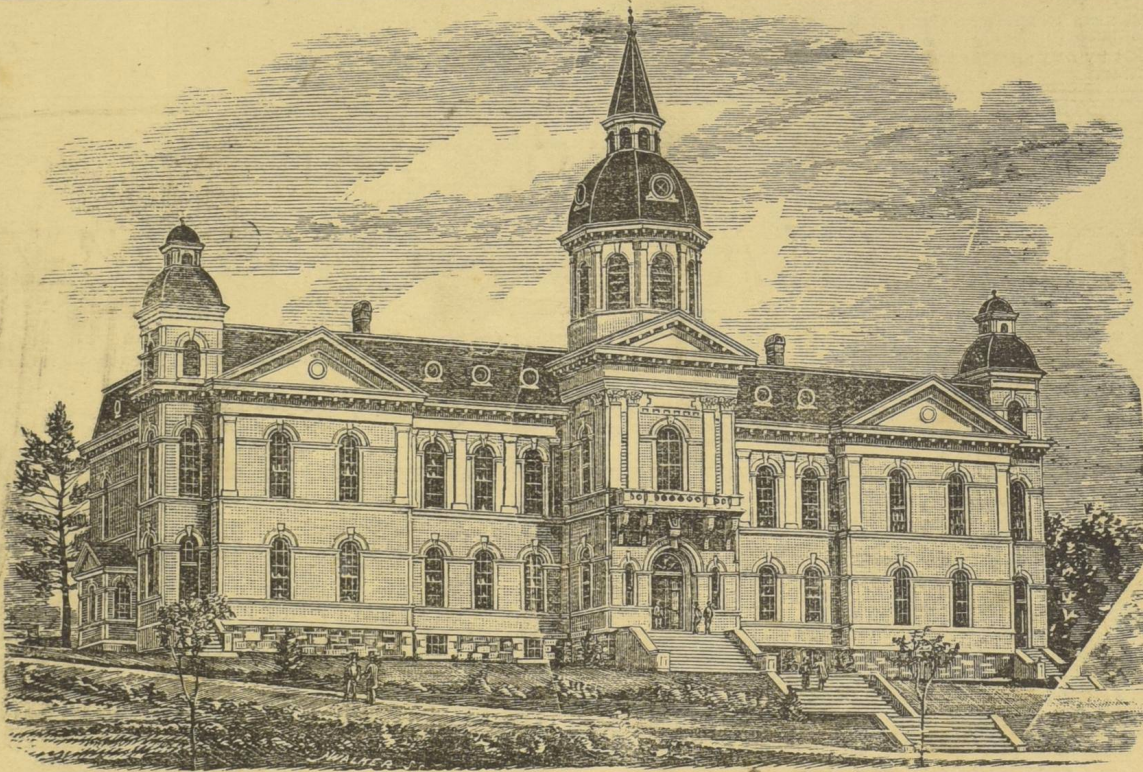
*Albert Coldwell A.M.*

# The Acadia Athenæum.

VOL. IX.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., NOVEMBER, 1882.

NO. 2.



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THE ACADIA ATHENÆUM.

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# The Acadia Athenæum.

VOL. IX.

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NO. 2.

## The Acadia Athenæum.

Published Monthly during the College Year by the  
Students of Acadia University.

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### ASSISTANT EDITORS:

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In the Echoes of the Past in the last issue, second column, fourth paragraph, occur the words "musty uncleanness," which should have been "musty cleanliness." The writer of the Echo is justly indignant that he should be made to accuse "the good old Academy" of uncleanness.

We must apologize to our readers for the delay in issuing our October number. It was not, however, the fault of the editors, or, in fact, of the printers, and we hope, now that we are in better working order, to be more punctual.

We have received from some friends in Halifax a printed copy of a poem, entitled "Ten Years," written by Rev. George Whitman, Buffalo. We are sorry, however, that its length prevents publication in our paper. In this connection we might state that we prefer that contributions in poetry be original, and that, whether original or not, they should not require more than a column of space.

THE College authorities, as well as ourselves, are often put to much inconvenience by the carelessness or ignorance of some of our exchange business managers. Papers and letters meant for us are frequently addressed "Acadia College," and of course go to the Executive Committee of the Institutions, and *vice versa*. Such confusion will be entirely avoided by addressing "ACADIA ATHENÆUM."

We regret to learn of the death of Rev. George Thomas, the eldest son of Deacon William Thomas, Canard, Cornwallis, and a graduate of Acadia in the class of 1873. He began his ministerial labors at Canso, and afterwards took the Newton Theological course. Since then he has been pastor of the Baptist church at Roslindale, Mass., until his health began to fail, when he came home. Mr. Thomas was recognized by all his acquaintances as a young man of rare christian character. We tender to the family of the bereaved our sincere sympathies.

THE character of our literary society this fall should be a matter of congratulation to all the students. The business has been attended to in such a manner as to reflect credit upon both the officers and members. We wish, however, to refer especially to the literary part of our society, for in this regard it has in the past been deficient. Thus far interesting subjects have been chosen for debate, and the discussions have been carried forward with unusual enthusiasm, but in too many cases by those not appointed to speak. It should be considered not only the duty but also the privilege of every person whose name appears as appellant or respondent to take his part, or at last to regard the bye-law and supply a substitute. There seems to be a "chronic proneness" among the majority of the members of the lower classes either to remain silent, or, when their turn comes to take part in a discussion, to stay away. We are quite safe in saying that nearly every subject of such carelessness will some day regret it. It would be difficult to find a graduate who will not



either testify to the benefits he derived from the debating society, or express sorrow at the little attention he paid to it. The move in the direction of improvement this fall is encouraging, and we hope the meetings will continue in their interest throughout the whole year. Nothing has as yet been said about a public entertainment. We fear our Seminary friends are getting too far ahead of us in this respect. No one will doubt there is talent enough in the society to entertain an audience for an hour or two, and the members should at once make a move in the matter.

THE students of Acadia College have the use of a first-class reading-room. In it may be found an excellent assortment of the leading papers and magazines, together with the usual complement of local sheets. We may safely say, however, that the majority do not make the most profitable use of their privilege, and further that too many utterly abuse it. College students have always had to a great extent the reputation of being entirely shut up in their own little world, and such a reputation is not at all undeserved. In too many cases the graduate is a "greener" man to the outside world, than the Freshman is to the college world. The cause of this is apparent. The student does not seem to realize that his education does not lie wholly in the regular college curriculum. There are many other sources of education the importance of which have not been properly impressed upon his mind, and among these the newspaper. The reading-room should not be made a mere loafing place, it should not be visited only some five or ten minutes between classes, when all is bustle and confusion. A wiser plan would be to have a certain time set apart for this purpose. The best method to follow in reading the different periodicals depends in a manner upon the individual, but there is a certain narrow-mindedness in the case of many which deserves severe rebuke. For instance, some will give their whole attention to papers of political principles which coincide with their own, to the exclusion of all others; others again will devote themselves entirely to religious periodicals; a third class to mere local news; and a fourth (and numerous are its numbers) to short stories, jokes, &c. These classes are named only as examples, and it will be found that if the student is not inclined to one of these he has another. There are certainly exceptions, but we are only

speaking of the tendencies of "the too many." If the student will only consider a judicious use of the reading-room a most important part of a liberal education, we feel assured that he will find himself amply repaid for spending a share of his time there.

### PIERIAN.

The Pierian Society of Acadia Seminary gave one of their pleasing entertainments on the evening of Friday, October 27th, to a large audience in Assembly Hall. The following is the programme presented:—

1. Processional March.....MISS HILL.
2. Piano Duet—Rondo.....Webber.  
MISSSES MACLEARN AND HOLLY.
3. Vocal Solo—The Reason Why.....Blumenthal.  
MISS BESSIE J. ROBBINS.
4. Reading—The Boys.....O. W. Holmes.  
MISS FANNIE DAVIS.
5. Vocal Solo—My Queen.....Blumenthal.  
MISS HARDING.
6. Reading—The Roll Call.....MISS DAVIS.
7. Vocal Solo—Beautiful Blue Danube.....Strauss.  
MISS BESSIE J. ROBBINS.
8. Reading—Auction Extraordinary.....MISS DAVIS.
9. Vocal Solo—What Shall I Say.....Sully  
MISS HARDING.
10. Piano Duet—Sonata.....Diabella.  
MISSSES KING AND HILL.
11. Reading—Rock of Ages.....MISS DAVIS.
12. Vocal Solo—The Kerry Dance.....Molloy.  
MISS HARDING.
13. Reading—Ride of Jenny MacNeal.....MISS DAVIS.
- 14.—Quintet—Charity.....Rossini.  
MISSSES B. J. ROBBINS, HANSON, B. T. ROBBINS,  
HARRIS AND MELVILLE.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

The high character of both the vocal and instrumental music furnished by the ladies of the Seminary is so universally recognized by those who have heard it from time to time that particular reference is hardly necessary on this occasion. The readings of Miss Davis, the teacher in elocution, formed an interesting and novel feature in the programme. Her selections were varied "from the sublime to the ridiculous," and though she is probably at her best in comedy, still all of them were particularly well-rendered and elicited the hearty applause of the audience.

The well-known object of these entertainments is to procure funds for the purchase of books for the Seminary library, and the financial results have in almost every case been very encouraging. Private contributions have also been made, and ac-



cordingly the Principal, Miss Graves, has been enabled to place at the disposal of the young ladies a library containing 444 volumes. The books are purchased under her direct supervision, and consequently comprise classes of literature admirably adapted to their intended use. The departments at present best represented in the library are History, Art, Fiction, Poetry, Biography and Essays, and in the last class alone may be mentioned such writers as Lamb, Macaulay, Emerson, Carlyle and Ruskin. But besides the writings in these departments, and of such authors, there are numbers of miscellaneous works, and an efficient complement of the different cyclopædias and dictionaries.

### ECHOES OF THE PAST.

#### No. 7.

Old boys now living who resided on the Hill during any of the years from '54 to '61 will hear multitudinous echoes near and far at the mention of the name DON. Reference has been once or twice made to him in this column already, and it is not surprising that those who have read and pondered his vigorous and stout address to the Seniors of long ago, should desire to know more fully of his history and character.

As his name implied, he was a gentleman of blood—a King Charles's Spaniel. He took residence in Room No. 5 in the east wing of the old College, his then master being now a wearer of the judicial ermine. Don's superb suit of soft and silky black and white, with tawny trimmings; his profound eyes, large and human; his noble head, and his dignified, cultured bearing on all occasions, made him welcome everywhere. When his master left the ranks of the undergraduates and passed out to use his wit and eloquence in the addresses to the learned Courts instead of to "Poor Richard" or "Donati's Comet" (for many weeks a transcendent glory in the Western sky), Don was his parting gift to the Mustapha—a right royal gift!

Whether it was because of the new master's skill in divining educational aptitudes and developing them, or because of maturing powers in the subject of this brief sketch, it is certain that Don soon thereafter entered on a career of renown, both as a philosopher and a poet. The Mustapha, doubtless, could readily supply surprising evidence in support of this statement. We are able to record, however, the interesting facts that Don habitually attended the various lectures in College, and was an example

to others of steadfast attention and decorum. The grave professors had a loving regard for him, ever failing, it was often observed, to record against his tardiness at class-roll. We are fully aware that he was a boon and blessing to students and professors alike, serving to mediate between the torpor and slowness of the former and the swift energy of the latter.

The distinguished professor of mental philosophy on hearing Don's knock for admittance to the lecture room (he was tardy on that occasion—*i. e.* Don was, the professor was *never* tardy) suddenly paused in his earnest protection to enquire of the Mustapha whether he considered "that act of knocking to be in the brain of Don as a mere antecedent to his admittance, or a *vera causa*?" Neither the Mustapha, we believe, nor any of his distinguished class-mates were able to render a satisfactory reply, but Don never had even a doubt on the subject—a state of philosophic calm to which the professor, even at this day, has hardly attained in this behoof.

Don was a regular attendant at the convocation of the College, and also at the Sunday services in the Baptist church in the village. He walked up the centre aisle of the church with great dignity, stepped with deliberation upon the dais, faced the audience, reclined upon the carpet under the communion table, and placing his noble head upon his paws (projected at full length directly in front), he shot his steadfast glance down the entire length of the broad aisle, at once commanding and furnishing an example of subdued and reverent demeanor, from the opening hymn to the benediction. That was an effective object lesson to all occupants of the galleries. At that time, and doubtless ever since, the sexton and deacons of the church brought swift expulsion from the very portals of the house upon every other dog seeking to enter, a proceeding which Don often witnessed with imperturbable gravity of outward aspect, if not with internal satisfaction. We are not aware that the College Faculty, or the Board of Governors, or the Baptist Denomination, ever accorded to another of the race the privileges accorded to Don.

That Don was graduated B.A., *cum magna laude*, was stated in a previous number, but no reason was assigned why the Faculty or the Governors have not included his name in the calendar list of the Alumni. Perhaps the new Senate of the University of Acadia, now that all matters pertaining to degrees come under its consideration and decis-



ion, will cause an enquiry to be made. There are many members of the Senate to whom Don's merits and virtues are known.

Does the reader ask: What became of Don? Ah me! Tradition says that when the Mustapha's time came to say good-bye to the dear old Hill, he affectionately committed this idol of the College to the Mogul. In 1861, however, Don was suddenly missed. All efforts of the Power to find any trace of him proved unavailing. The Mogul, taking to himself the robes of the Seer, declared that Don had gone to Europe on a "travelling scholarship." Long after, it was ascertained that without any companion in travel, he took Steamer at Halifax for Liverpool, and on his arrival at the latter place he called upon one of the graduates of Acadia, whom he had known as a resident on the Hill. The recognition was mutual, instant, and most cordial; but it proved only "a call," beyond which the writer has never been able to trace poor Don. Perhaps in his zeal for the honor of Acadia's scholarship, he was overborne in some grand contest with the German metaphysicians; perhaps in pursuing his travels he was overwhelmed by some Alpine avalanche, or perished in Vesuvius; or perhaps, O faithful Don, you roamed the wide world to find your lost master, the Mustapha!

Since that day, both on this side of the Atlantic and on that, the Mustapha, it is said, has never seen a King Charles Spaniel without feeling an impulse to search out his lost friend; and it is well known that the Mogul in recent years, turned out for personal examination and inspection all the Dons of all the Colleges of Oxford (there *are* Dons at Oxford as well as Cambridge), but alas, our Don was not among them.

In closing this sketch, it should be stated that the writings attributed to Don were abundant, especially in the field of poetry. The reader will be glad to peruse at least a poem. The following will serve as a specimen of the homely vigor and directness of his verse, and in view of the all too probable conjecture that Don's final departure from the Hill was in quest of his master, will at the same time move every reader with a pathos as tender and pure as was ever embalmed in lyric or ballad. The original bears the marks of one of the Powers as amanuensis, and is dated 1859.

[ON THE OCCASION OF A THREE DAYS' ABSENCE OF  
THE MUSTAPHA IN CORNWALLIS.]

I who late sung in mournful strain  
My master's exit from his home,

Am now again forced to complain—  
Alas, alone!

Ah, "Hard" in name and hard in heart,  
My soul is strangely sad to-day;  
How is it that we had to part,  
O say, O say!

You left me—yes you rudely tore  
Yourself far from my doggish sight;  
Ah grief! is this because I bore  
The thickest fight?

Is it because I scented out  
The robber on your mattress-bed?  
Have I my doghood for a flout  
Exchanged instead?

I've waked the morn, I've cheered the night,  
With barks incessant, loud and strong;  
I've scratched the door with all my might,  
And plied my song.

Those barks I sung: I barked that you  
Might paceful rest beneath your roof:  
I saw the prowler when he flew  
And stood aloof.

Those scratches, too, were given to raise  
You from your long, refreshing sleep:  
"Hard, rise," said I, "let not your *lays*  
Be long and deep."

Ah well! to muse upon the past  
Does ill become a dog like me;  
How long, how long, will my grief last,  
When will it flee!

I saw you on that dismal morn  
Sweep gaily o'er the new mown hay;  
The sun shone bright,—but how forlorn  
Was I that day!

I laid me down in the sweet grass  
And tried to sleep my grief away,  
I watched the insects as they passed,  
Thus sped that day

The next day came, but sleep came not,  
In vain I wagged my lusty tail;  
My heart was sore, and weak, and hot,  
My looks were pale.

\*\*\*\*\* me passed, and kindly knelt  
To favor me with his bony paw;  
I told him how my being felt—  
How void my maw.

But men like him can never know  
The proper sphere of doghood rife;  
They cannot hear the silent flow  
That stirs the life.

I spoke him thus:—"Alas," said I,  
"My master 'Hard' has ever gone;  
He uttered not a sad 'good-bye'  
To his poor 'Don.'"

"'Twas but just now I went up stairs,  
And knocked as oft I'd done before;



But no voice came, no sound of chair  
Upon the floor.

"Then peeped I through the keyhole lone,  
And gazed a long and lingering look;  
But 'Hard' with his white coat had flown,  
No stir of book."

But on this theme I cannot dwell,  
My tail moves not, I cannot bark,  
My doggish heart begins to swell,  
All life looks dark.

Ah, 'Hard,' could you but read my fate,  
And tread with me this lonely ground,  
And pat me on my lonely pate  
As time wears round.

You then would know what I can't speak,  
You then would read my doghood right,  
You'd learn how sad the tear I weep,  
Why all is night!

Make merry, 'Hard,' among your kin,  
Let festive mirth ring joyous on,  
But then, O think, how deep the sin  
To leave poor 'Don.'

### READING.

In our day of research it is the tendency to reduce all subjects to scientific treatment; to find a law for every fact; and upon each set of actions to build a theory or an art. The signal success achieved in many instances has prompted investigators to like effort in almost every department of human thought and action. In the medley of results are signs of advancement, but the field is wide. Perhaps one of the most important subjects not yet reduced to the domain of art is that of reading books. Here it is to be hoped an art is practicable; for in the ever increasing accumulation, in the very wilderness of books, such an art would be a boon to the student, but, in the meantime, there is ample room for speculation.

No one will deny the value of reading, but the sphere it occupies in the economy of labor, the utility it affords, must, in a measure, be determined by the student himself. It is well early to discover a purpose in reading; for in that as in other pursuits, without a purpose, the poorest results are attained. It should not usurp the functions of thought or judgment. "Read to weigh and consider," wrote Bacon, and its proper province is that of an auxiliary. There should be a motive in reading, above mere amusement. It is a means of culture; a help by which the mind attains possession of its own powers. The student should not

read for knowledge, but rather for power; for "knowledge," says DeQuincey "which cannot be transmuted into power is mere intellectual rubbish."

One does not owe it as a duty to like Bacon or Locke. It affords a sense of relief to see Cobbett kick Milton about as he does in contrast with the plaudits of a fawning crowd. When the true conviction of one's taste comes home to him, then there is chance for improvement. Let the student be true to himself; for nothing is gained by pretending to like what he does not. He should not be guided by the supposed taste and experience of other people. The young lady was untrue to herself, who, when asked if she liked poetry, replied, "Oh yes! very much, but not half so much as I ought to like it." But the taste can be cultivated, and the student once imbued with the spirit of Shakespeare, or Milton, will not readily turn to trashy literature.

Time is the student's income, and should be used wisely and well. Let him bear always in mind the amount of time he spends upon a given subject does not count for so much as the application, nor the number of facts he accumulates in reading, as the knowledge he assimilates and makes part of his character. "Reading," says Locke, "furnishes the mind with material for knowledge; it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections; unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment." The activity and force of the mind are often impaired by spreading over too much ground. In a letter to a friend, Lessing complained that his extensive reading had hurt the spring and elasticity of his thoughts. The number of books is not a safe index of the extent of thought; for the sphere of man's intelligence is, after all, a limited one. The world pretty correctly judges who are the master-workers in the several walks of literature, and to study these the student secures possession of thoughts, which attained elsewhere, render him liable to the greater waste of mental energy. Let him keep an eye to the main chance; for in the search of truth he has the privilege of taking the shortest road, and seizing upon it wherever he finds it. Truth is not individual property. In doing this he will necessarily leave much unread, even of those books which are valuable; for he seeks the acquaintance of subjects rather than books. Lord Bacon's



wholesome advice can be pondered with profit: "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested."

The state of the mind depends largely upon the condition of the body. The author read with delight to-day may be barish and tiresome to-morrow; and the subject, which an hour ago was so obscure and confused, may now appear clear and self-evident. Thus, in some measure the mind must be humored. Though guided by general principles in reading, it is not so mechanical that it will work by cast-iron rules.

Acquaintance with the past must not be purchased at an expense of a knowledge of the present, and either course, pursued exclusively, will give the student a one sided knowledge only. And here the newspaper is an important factor in the economy of time. The living questions of the day, social, political, and scientific, often appear first in its columns. In no part of the student's course of reading is the art of skipping, the principle of selection, of more frequent use than in reading the newspaper. A person does not buy that for which he can have no earthly use; the lawyer does not buy books on medicine, and in his mental purchases should not the student also be guided by some such principle, not only in the use of periodicals, but in all his reading? He cannot dispense with the newspaper but should make it a servant. And better than the unsifted and undigested materials of knowledge, which the average periodical furnishes, is such a knowledge, for instance, of the history of France as will enable one to form a correct judgment of what any given social or political event may betoken. Much that appears in the newspaper columns is only of passing interest, and deserves to give place to weightier matters.

To the average student it is seldom a burden to forget, and the weakness is not an unmixed evil. But it is harder that the better part of what one reads should also fade from the recollection; yet each one cannot expect to be a Magliabecchi, and like him possess a memory that would serve him to let his bucket into the dark ages, and draw from thence, at the instance of the inquirer, any amount of pearls or rubbish, with author, page or date. But each one has a memory, and memories are of different orders. Then let the student seek to know the bent of his own memory, whether it be for form, or facts, or of what order, and connect his reading with those relations which the mind retains most easily. He should not forget that *intimacy*

and *attention* are most often the best antidotes for a poor memory.

The reading habit is a growth, and should be fostered by the best motives, and fed upon the best material. When elevated and chaste it serves as a barrier against inferior passions and pursuits. And in reading there is no reason why the student should not choose for his companions the great and wise, in fact, to do otherwise would be criminal; for association with them cannot fail to elevate and ennoble his own manhood. Let some of his odd hours and wasted moments be spent over the best authors, and a taste for them once formed, he will return to them with ever increasing interest and delight, and find in the eloquent words of John Quincy Adams, that "in no hour of his life will the love of letters oppress him as a burden, or fail him as a resource."

WILL LADISLAW.

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## Poetry.

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### SONGS OUT OF THE STORM.

#### I.

Earnest of golden moons to be,  
Are come the spring-tides earliest days;  
The snow-drift lessens on the lea,  
On elm and oak and chestnut tree  
There falls a tint of reddening sprays.

The skies are soft as summer skies,  
The wind has balm upon its wing,  
And thro' the mellow sunshine rise,  
Prelude to fuller harmonies,  
The first sweet notes of birds that sing.

#### II.

The May has fled since even glow,  
Cold on the Hill the north wind's breath,  
Thro' larch and maple drives the snow,  
White sky above, white earth below,  
And summer dreams are fallen in death.

No less, thro' all the snow-filled air,  
The blackbird, robin, linnet sweet,  
From elm and oak and chestnut fair,  
Their happy-hearted trust declare,  
The storm's wild psalm with carol greet.

#### III.

Oh! birds, I thank you for your song.  
God grant you store of mellow days!  
When life's cold blast is blowing strong,  
And all is shadow, ruth and wrong,  
I hear again those storm-born lays.



Oh! friend when midnight blights the noon,  
 When gladdest cheeks grow wet with tears,  
 When winter slays the joy of June,  
 To such fair faith thy heart attune,  
 Thine eyes shall greet the golden years.

HANC.

Newton Centre, Spring of '81.

### HAS WOMAN HER RIGHTS?

It is foreign to our purpose to institute in this short article, an enquiry into the physical or intellectual capacities of the two sexes; much less to provoke controversy as regards the political or social relations of woman. Some people have never ceased to declaim upon the wrongs of woman—her natural equality—her political non-existence and her degrading servitude; as if at some times her sex had been conquered by man, and had ever since been under the most cruel and tyrannical subjection. Disquietudes, deep and distressing, are thus created, where peace and confidence ought to prevail; and we are made to overlook what in every great reform, is all important—the exact thing to be reformed.

We shall, perhaps, better understand the nature of the subject in hand, if we, for a moment digress and take a hasty view of the condition of woman in ancient times.

Among the Greeks, her position was anything but favorable. She could not act at all without the intervention of a guardian. She could not give testimony in any trial. She was literally "given away" in marriage; and to her husband belonged the power to dispose of her as he deemed best.

And if in the country of Demosthenes and Solon the condition of woman was such, we shall look in vain for any juster estimate of her rights in that of Cicero and Gaius. The whole fabric of Roman law, as regards females, was based upon the idea of their intellectual and physical imbecility; and if possible, they extended to her a lower respect even than that she commanded in Greece.

Thus we find in all the most enlightened countries of ancient times, the condition of woman was a degraded one; and we shall, perhaps, with no little interest, seek the cause of her advanced position in the present era. This cause we unhesitatingly aver to be the influence of Christianity. And it is not a little remarkable, that wherever the influence of Christianity has been felt, there woman has been raised to her true and lawful position, and has been

made neither the mistress nor the servant of man, but his true and only partner in the social state.

Having thus at some length premised, we wish now to point out that the advantages and legal rights enjoyed by woman in this country, are, if not superior, at any rate equal to those enjoyed by man, and that by her present agitation, she is nursing a phantom which no system of law or justice allows, and which, when it seems almost within her grasp, will, by the iron will of society and custom, be driven to a still greater length.

And just here we wish to urge that in order that her rights should be *equal*, it is not necessary that they should be *identical*. Surely she may have equal rights, and at the same time exercise them in different spheres. We shall not attempt to argue with those who claim that woman is wronged unless she is allowed to share in all occupations of men. We admit she is intellectually capable. But we would ask, is there no difference in the circumstances of the sexes? Is there no fitness in assigning some duties to one sex and some to another.

All the political rights enjoyed by man, with the exception of electing and being elected to office, are likewise the property of woman. As regards the latter, it has been decided by custom. If she were eligible to one political office, it would be because her sex does not unfit her for any; and the same code that admitted female legislators, ought, for the same reason, to admit them as sheriffs or captains of militia. The very constitution of society has of necessity allotted these employments to man.

But it may be asked, what reason is there for excluding her from casting her vote in the election of public officers? In every free, elective government, *parties* will exist amid the storms which beat without in the political world, the domestic hearth is yet the sanctuary of repose, the domestic altar still receives the offering of united hearts to the God of peace and love.

Woman at the present time is admitted to the same privileges in regard to education as those enjoyed by man. She may become a public lecturer, may practice medicine, may enter the pulpit or join in the earnest discussions of the bar;—in short the law of the land lays at her feet everything that is in any sense suitable to her sex.

Both branches of the human family are recognized not as unequals, but as equals; not as antagonists, but as friends; and in no case are any exclusive privileges granted to man except where



it is imperiously demanded by the condition of society.

We are, however, happy to know the great mass of womankind is not in sympathy with anything so unreal; but is, on the contrary, satisfied to remain enjoying the unmistakable privileges which God and justice have bestowed. TAT.

## Correspondence.

### THE COMET.

MESSRS. EDITORS,—Knowing the lively interest you always manifest in the foremost questions of the day, I shall make no apology for introducing you to my subject at once. I have no theory to present for your consideration, but a simple statement of some well observed facts, whose truth carry conviction on their face.

Considering the chaotic state of knowledge in regard to comets and cometic action—for all such knowledge is only provisional, and theories built thereon are liable to change on receipt of new data,—I feel assured you will be pleased to receive some well-defined views about our present visitor; views that will not conflict with any theory of cosmical being however antiquated, or loaded with tradition. These celestial wanderers,—for no one has as yet constructed the universe in such a manner as to render them liable to law, or make them responsible for their course of action,—have paid us occasional visits from time immemorial. And some of them, having formed our acquaintance, have become regular callers upon the solar family. In ages less stoical than ours the visits of these knight-errants have been the occasion of considerable excitement and no little superstitious dread, and we are disposed to laugh at them for believing comets to be the portents of great events or disasters. One very memorable comet appeared at the time of the Turkish invasion of Europe. It brightened as the Moslem hosts swept on in their irresistible course, and during the siege of Constantinople it filled one-half of the sky. After some deliberation the Pope, in one bull, very justly fulminated his thunders, alike, against the comet and the “unspeakable Turk.” And, now, you will pardon me for digressing to add the moral. Be careful whom you select as associates; for had the comet appeared at any other time he would have escaped the ire of the Pope, and would

not have been excommunicated, and compelled to wander, as now he does, friendless and forsaken through the “void and formless infinite.”

Our present visitor is a gentleman comet; for it is upon record, and let him who denies, remember the *onus probandi* is on him, a fact sufficient to warrant the assumption of the original proposition. Like most of his class he possesses “a long hair-like-appendage, called a tail,” and doubtless like the rest he has the rare facility of carrying it, sometimes before, sometimes behind, the new theory that the so-called tail consists of distinct solid masses,—stones, rocks, and lumps of metal—flying through space, and seen by reflected sunlight under certain conditions to the contrary, notwithstanding, and if you ask for proof, I refer you to your astronomic lectures on the subject. The comet wished to woo our earth, a fact not readily proved by direct argument, but most easily established by an appeal to intuitive beliefs. Perhaps to prove that Tellus is of marriageable age is more difficult, but can be best accomplished by analogy. Every effort to extract a direct confession of her age has proved fruitless. So like a woman! Some would say she is a very young girl, a romp, whose spontaneous activity betrays itself in earthquakes and volcanoes; others that she is a weazy, phthisicky, palsied old woman, with false hair and no teeth, subject to asthma, and soon to be superannuated. But the latter class are invariably found to be pessimists, and therefore cannot be believed. The better part, truthfully place her in the position of one who has barely escaped her “teens,” not a hoyden, but held in check by a sweet natural sense of feminine grace, vivacious, bewitching, in possession of, perhaps, perennial youth, happy to dally her children on “ten thousand hills,” and spurning you would think to notice such a swell as a comet. If Tellus was so old and decrepit, ought not the same signs to be manifested in her progeny? But who will say that such signs display themselves? Man, the most perfect of her offspring, has here an unfulfilled mission, and Beaconsfield tells us, that “men with missions do not disappear until they have fulfilled them.” His improved means of locomotion, his telegraphs and electric lights are but the earnest of new discoveries and conquests in the future, and tell us plainly man’s mission on earth has but begun. Then, too, being of one family, she cannot be so very old, when Jupiter gives scarcely an indication of orderly conduct, to say nothing of any attempt to make



his vast domain a fit receptacle of animal life. Suffice to say the comet had no compunction on the score of age.

It may be of interest to know what part the moon took in this amour. She cast her influence in with the earth, but from selfish motives as she is cold, dispassionate, and unfeeling. As in such cases, it soon became whispered around, that the comet had taken a violent fancy to Tellus, and some favorable comments in prose and verse, and many harsh criticisms were indulged in. Some said he was of doubtful antecedents, others thought him vulgar, erratic and slightly out of proportion. But the comet maintained a stately reserve, and such is the power of reserve, that its possessor is respected, even though he is a fool. "The course of true love never did run smooth," and now the old gentleman, Sol, according to vulgar parlance, stepped upon the scene and offered objections. The earth, true to her maidenly instincts, was obstinate, and warmed with tremulous emotion; some thought the heat oppressive. His influence proved sufficient to prevent a union at legitimate hours, but the comet not to be baffled hung round late at night, or rather, early in the morning. The young folks regardless of personal feelings, thought the contest fine fun, and some of the fairer sex were betrayed into the indiscreet idea of rising at an early and fantastic hour, and soliciting to witness the ceremonies through a telescope. Of course such an opportunity could not have been offered them, and even had any one been found capable of using the instrument, they would have been foiled; for old Sol, not to be outdone by roguery, each morning succeeded in rising in time to forbid the bans. Finally the comet wearied by fruitless endeavor, gave up the contest, and began to retrace his steps to the great inane. A few said he would yet return to claim his own; but the greater part thought him too fickle for that, and were inclined to accept the opinion of Arago, who said, the chances of his forming an alliance with the earth, were three hundred million to one, against him. But they feared on account of his failure and grief, he might take the very improper step of rushing upon the sun; and his future career is still a matter of much conjecture.

NEMESIS.

Nov., 1882.

Ink must be getting cheap about Acadia, for some can afford to allow even their mustaches the free use of it.

## Locals.

Prof. in English—"Mr. C., what is the derivation of *none*?" Mr. C.—"One plus nothing, sir."

Prof. in Classics (Monday) to theological Soph.:—"Please take the next passage, Mr.—." Soph.:—"I would rather be excused, sir, I had another engagement for Sunday." Restlessness.

A Freshman who does not exactly understand the arrangements for his accommodation in church, is puzzled as to why the item "P. R." should appear in his bill for fees, and enquires why college students have to pay *poor rates*.

Two of our students boarding in a diphtheria-stricken house are compelled to remain there "in quarantine," at the instigation of the faculty. One of them is an editor of this paper, and it may be a suicidal act to read this issue of the ATHENÆUM.

That some of the Cads should be peculiar must be expected as a matter of course. The latest revelation among their numbers is one noted particularly for dignity. His superfluity of this quality took him home, but his father's cane brought him back—"a wiser and better boy."

Rumor states that the Sems' exercise hours would not have been changed from between four and six to between three and five, had not a certain village merchant thought that the light of the sun after five o'clock was growing too dim for the proper protection of small chromos displayed on his doorstep.

Hallowe'en saw a pillow fight engaged in promiscuously by all the boarders in the New Building, and also a sign, torn from its proper position, placed "unreachably" high in a leafless tree. The former proved particularly repulsive to the nasal organ of a certain theologian, the latter doubtless aggravating to an organ-dealer's conception of human stature.

One of the Seniors has been unfortunate in money matters. He has a second time lost a wallet containing a considerable amount of "the where-withal." The purloiner thereof had better at once return the booty, or he may suffer the humiliating experience of having holes burnt in his pockets by the unnatural heat of the stolen coin.



The *Kings Co. Advertiser* is out—and one particularly good result has followed its publication: a Freshman was led to consult his Nova Scotia geography. The *Advertiser* would have him believe that Windsor was in Kings Co., and further that that town and Wolfville constituted Kings Co., the whole of Kings Co., and nothing but Kings Co. Strange to say, the authorities differed.

The Sems have been amusing themselves with croquet this fall. This statement should have found a place in the local department of the last *ATHENÆUM*, but considering the fact that our fair neighbors have always had the privilege of playing tag, catch, and other out-door games of repute, it does not appear so unpardonable not to have mentioned the addition of the trivial game of croquet.

All students boarding in the New Building will probably sympathize with the writer of the following lines, not only in his attempt at verse, but more especially as regards the sentiment he embodies therein:—

Now give three cheers, oh three cheer all  
For the gallant steward of the boarding hall,  
He's given us lamps on every floor,  
And now our shins will be barked no more;  
But to the steward alone all the praise is not due,  
For the Faculty as well had a hand in it too.

There is evidently a sneak thief among us this term. It is not known who he is; and if he wishes to be comfortable, he had better keep the students ignorant of his identity. It may be quite possible to excuse stealing apples, and even to show that purloining kindling-wood is not inconsistent with a strictly evangelical creed; but no one certainly could be found who would attempt to defend the wretch that cuts extracts from the papers in the reading room, and sometimes even carries away the whole paper.

The Acadia Foot-ball club held its first meeting this fall on Oct. 30th, when the following officers were elected for the present year:

President.....	D. S. Whitman.
Vice-President.....	H. A. Lovett.
Sec. Treasurer.....	S. L. Walker.
Managing Committee.....	{ Crandall.
	{ Eaton.
	{ Ellis.
1st Captain.....	F. S. Clinch.
2nd do .....	F. R. Haley.

The club have adopted the Rugby rules, and is in very good playing order, although an imperfect knowledge of the rules on the part of many is a serious drawback. It was decided to challenge the

Dalhousie club for a friendly game on our grounds Nov. 18th, and it is to be hoped there will be no trouble in arranging a match.

It is the prevailing opinion among the college students that a Sophomore should be able to write his love-letters without requiring the aid of one of his class-mates to aid him in punctuating them. It is no matter if he is not taking the mathematical assignments. Punctuation and mathematics have a slight relation to one another: a point in geometry and a full stop no doubt resemble one another: a dash and a straight line are the same to a certain extent, but in other regards there is no particular similarity between the two branches of knowledge. The fact that mathematics does not form a part of this Soph's course is, therefore, an insufficient reason why his letters to his lady-love should be exhibited to other persons. Such an explanation is evidently fallacious, and the correct one is anxiously awaited. Then again the same Soph. should remember the time in which he lives, and hence should not apply to a young lady that epithet which Henry VIII. made use of in regard to one of his wives. Both these points are deserving of deep consideration by the members of the Sophomore class, and "an inquisition should be set on foot."

**ACADIA ATHLETIC CLUB.**—A mass meeting of the students of the College and Academy was held on Oct. 10th for the purpose of forming an Athletic Club, and making arrangements in regard to a day of sports, provided such a step should receive the approval of the majority of the students. The matter at once took a decided form, and a committee was appointed to write out the constitution and bye-laws of the proposed club, and also to furnish a programme for the Field Day. The committee reported on the 13th, and the Acadia Athletic Club was formed with the following as officers:—

President.....	F. M. Kelly.
Vice President. . .	C. F. Baker.
Sec. Treasurer. . .	F. S. Clinch.
Field Captain.....	H. B. Ellis.

Executive Committee:—H. B. Ellis (ex officio), O. C. S. Wallace, F. R. Haley, S. W. Cummings, H. B. Hall, and Jesse Prescott.

The initiation fee was placed at the exceedingly low figure of fifteen cents, and the majority of the students had in a few days signed the constitution and bye-laws. It is to be hoped that the interest now awakened in the manly sports will continue, and that the Acadia Athletic Club will be a permanent institution.



## FIELD DAY.

The Acadia Athletic Club held its first Field Day on Saturday, Oct. 21st, the Club itself having been formed only a week before. Considering the very short time for preparation, and the novelty of the occurrence at Acadia, our athletes should be gratified at the results attained. For several days before the weather was exceedingly inauspicious and even on the morning of the day selected, doubts were entertained as to whether a postponement would not have to be made. This, however, was found unnecessary, although the campus was in a very poor condition. Owing to some delays, the programme could not be completed, and when No. 14 was reached, it was thought best to close up by the Tug of War. The following is the full programme, with the number of entries, names of those who took first and second place, and the scores when obtained, suffixed to each item (as far as contested):—

- 1.—One Hundred Yard Dash—Six entries, 1st H. B. Ellis, 11 sec.; 2nd H. R. Welton.
- 2.—Bowling at the Wickets—Nine entries, 1st T. S. Rogers; 2nd S. W. Cummings.
- 3.—Standing Broad Jump—Four entries, 1st H. B. Ellis, 11 ft.; 2nd I. W. Corey.
- 4.—Sack Race, 30 yds.—Five entries, 1st S. W. Cummings; 2nd H. R. Welton.
- 5.—Running High Jump—Six entries, 1st H. B. Ellis, 4 ft. 11 inches; 2nd S. W. Cummings.
- 6.—Putting 16 lb. shot—Three entries, 1st J. W. Tingley, 36 ft. 1 inch; 2nd I. W. Corey.
- 7.—Handicap Race, 100 yds.—Seven entries, 1st H. B. Ellis; 2nd T. S. Rogers.
- 8.—Throwing Base Ball—Five entries, 1st H. R. Welton, 304 ft. 5 in.; 2nd H. B. Ellis.
- 9.—Quarter Mile Race—Five entries, 1st A. C. Balcom, 1 min. 7½ sec.; 2nd H. R. Welton.
- 10.—Three Quick Jumps—Five entries, 1st I. W. Corey, 30 ft. 10 in.; 2nd Jesse Prescott.
- 11.—Wheel-barrow Race, 20 yds.—Five entries, 1st Prescott and Ellis; 2nd Oakes and Holman.
- 12.—Hurdle Race, 100 yds., 6 hurdles—seven entries, 1st H. B. Ellis; 2nd J. R. Holman.
- 13.—Vaulting with Pole—Three entries, 1st Jesse Prescott, 8 ft. 1 in.; 2nd I. W. Corey, 8 ft. 1 in.
- 14.—Running Long Jump.
- 15.—Putting 27 lb. Shot.
- 16.—Three-legged Race.
- 17.—Race with Wheel-barrows.
- 18.—Running Hop, Step, and Jump.
- 19.—Throwing the Light Hammer.
- 20.—Consolation Race.
- 21.—Tug of War. Teams of eighteen, chosen by the appointed captains,—I. W. Corey, and J. W. Tingley, that of the latter winning.

Professors R. V. Jones and A. E. Coldwell, and A. W. Armstrong, Principal of the Academy, acted as judges, H. H. Welton as timer.

Some of the scores are especially good, while others are hardly what might have been expected, but, in a few instances, the explanation is evident.

In the Quarter Mile Race, there were three abrupt turns; the significance of such a fact is apparent. The softness of the ground was a serious drawback in many of the sports, but particularly so in the Three Quick Jumps. In the Vaulting contest both Mr. Prescott and Mr. Corey made the exceedingly good score 8 ft. 1 in., but the judges awarded the former first place, on account of his superior execution.

After the Tug of War, all present collected together to see the victors get their rewards, which were found to be very neat badges, supplied by the executive committee, and finished in an artistic manner by some of the ladies. These were pinned to the coat-lapels of the winners by Misses Bessie J. and Bessie T. Robbins, of the Seminary. After the presentation was completed, the crowd dispersed with cheers for Mr. Ellis, who had succeeded in carrying off the most badges, for the ladies, the judges, and the Queen,—and thus ended Acadia's first day of sports.

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## Our Table.

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The *Kansas Review* for October contains many but not too many literary articles—all well written. The excellence of its locals and editorials is also worthy of note.

The two copies of *The Adelpian* received by us are very good in their general make up. The article, "Milton as a Poet" is fair but the subject is rather an antiquated one.

The *College Rambler* comes to us sustaining its reputation as a sparkling little journal, but its value would be increased by a greater attention on the part of its editors to the literary department.

The *Wittenberger* is always welcome as one of our best exchanges. "Life and Poetry in Words" opens up in a very neat manner an intensely interesting subject, and the rest of the paper is exceptionally good.

Our Fredericton friends have acquitted themselves very creditably in the October issue of the *University Monthly*. We are sorry, however, to notice some points in their journal which expose it to severe criticism, but one can hardly expect a college journal to take a foremost position so early in its history as the *Monthly*; but in respect to external appearance many of our exchanges could imitate it with advantage.

The three first numbers of the *Niagara Index* are as usual good. The well-known exchange man has already begun his "cutting and slashing," but does not fail to notice deserved merit. Some capital articles have already appeared in the pages of the *Index*, but perhaps the most pleasant thing that has yet found a place in its columns is a promise of a new dress. Such a move should receive the approbation of subscribers as well as exchanges.

The October number of *The Argosy* is not what we were expecting. The article on the Class of '82 is not bad, but in our opinion the subject does not deserve



nearly half the reading matter of the paper. Much of the editorial space is quite properly given to a sort of jollification over their Gilchrist scholars; but the editorial man has made a sad mistake in introducing that "*Mamie and Sadie*" affair into his department. We would strongly recommend that such a class of writing be published elsewhere, if it must appear in print.

We have also received the *College Journal* (Milton, Wisconsin), *The Varsity*, *Colby Echo*, and *Oberlin Review*.

### QUIPS AND CRANKS.

A Harvard student translates: "*Bonos corrumpunt mores congressus mali*,"—"more corruption in the congressional mail."—*Clip*.

A philosopher says: "The person who laughs is the sympathetic being." It is wonderful how many sympathizers a student at Acadia has when he falls down in the vicinity of the Sem, and nearly breaks his neck?

The students at Cornell have petitioned for a course in short-hand. There is a certain class of students in this part of the world—those who wear small cuffs—who should follow their example. Examinations are approaching, and this *multum in parvo* invention would prove of good service.

### TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir:

As a classic I rise to protest

Against clipped and imperfect quotations,

I cite but one instance, reserving the rest

For some future assaults on your patience.

'Twas said long ago by a poet of note,

"*Fas est et ab hoste doceri*,"

And the way this is mangled by writers who quote

Far exceeds mere *suppressio veri*.

By omitting the "*et*," which they do to a man,

Much harm to the meaning is wrought,

While without that enclitic the verse will not scan,

For "*ab*" before "*hoste*" is short.

"*Et*" is here no conjunctions; translated it may

Be deemed about equal to "*even*"

So I hope you'll apprise the pen-public if they

Continue to write in this slovenly way,

'Twill neither be condoned nor forgiven. —*Clip*.

The following is an interesting case of the association of ideas which we clip:—

"One of the queerest instances of the recurrence of phraseology in some point resembling that on which the mind is supposed to be engaged is that of an Anglican clergyman, who, when on his way to church on a saint's day, heard a showman inviting a crowd to inspect his collection of curious animals. At the close of each oration the keeper of the small menagerie repeated the words "Alive, alive, all alive, O!" After taking his place at the lectern, the clergyman, with this formula, so out of harmony with his surroundings, still ringing in his ears, began to read. The sentence he selected was the first in the prayer-book: "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive (Ezek. xviii, 27). As he came to the last word which chimed in with the showman's address, before he could check himself, he added the refrain, "Alive, alive, all alive!"—of course, to the utter astonishment of his congregation, who thought he had taken leave of his senses.

### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Rev. I. C. Archibald, A.B.; Rev. E. A. Crawley, D.D.; Fred Brown; B. H. Calkin; A. McPherson, (ad. \$2.00); Miss Fannie E. M. Davis; Miss Hattie Wallace.

### COLLEGE NOTES.

Vienna has 4,853 students: more than any other European university.

The average age of the graduation of United States students is 22 years.

The University of Michigan has already had 128 students apply for admission to the literary department.

Yale has the champion college baseball club in the United States, with Harvard a good second, and Princeton third.

Amherst's Freshman class numbers 81, Brown's has 90 members, while Harvard has the largest in the history of that Institution. It numbers 290.

Dalhousie College was publicly opened the first of this month. The inaugural address was delivered by Dr. Schurman, on the subject "Shakespearean Manhood."

Columbia is by far the richest college in the United States. Its available and prospective funds exceed those of Harvard by over a million dollars.

The flourishing condition of Vassar College is well worthy of note. She has 100 new students which gives her almost as large an attendance as she ever had.

The library of the late George P. Marsh, United States Minister to Italy, has been purchased at the cost of \$25,000 by Hon. Frederic Billings, for presentation to the University of Vermont.—*Clip*.

In the Matriculation Examination for London University last June, Mr. J. P. McLeod, of Dalhousie, stood next to Mr. Tweedie, the Gilchrist scholar, in the Honours Division. The fact that these two students have won second and third place among the whole number of candidates is somewhat remarkable in the history of the competition.

### Deaths.

At his father's residence, Upper Canard, Cornwallis, after a lingering illness, Rev. George W. Thomas, aged 31 years.

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