

A. V. Dinco.

The Acadia Athenæum.

VOL. XVII.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., NOVEMBER, 1890.

NO. 1.

THE
Acadia Athenæum.

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One Copy per Year \$1.00. Postage prepaid.
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The Sanctum.

WITH this number the ACADIA ATHENÆUM commences a new volume. For sixteen years it has gone forth on its mission, and has on each occasion rewarded its promoters by bringing back much good. The editorial chair is a new experience to us, and we are possessed with feelings deeper than timidity as with the weight of responsibility placed upon our shoulders, we make our initial bow to the ATHENÆUM world; yet, backed up by no less a constituency than a literary society composed of the students of Acadia College, and having an illustrious list of predecessors whose foot-prints are yet fresh upon the sands of time, inspiration come to our aid, and lessens the feeling of responsibility. Hitherto our graduates, though honorary members of the Athenæum Society, have made but few contribu-

tions to the columns of this paper. While the ATHENÆUM is now, as it has been in the past, the organ of the undergraduates, we wish to extend to the friends of the institution and especially to the alumni, a hearty invitation to make use of our columns for the discussing of any subject pertaining to Acadia's weal, or in the interest of higher education. As of yore the ATHENÆUM will seek to voice the opinions of the students on subjects pertaining to their varied interests, and will endeavour to deal with such subjects in an impartial manner.

THE three schools at Acadia are a standing monument of Baptist generosity, and a standing demand upon that generosity. They aim to accomplish much; their needs are correspondingly great; and since they must either grow and develop or become obsolete, their useful existence depends upon increasing support.

In accordance with this the spirit of the times, our institutions are progressing. The college is well filled, upwards of one hundred and thirty students being in attendance. The freshman class will number about thirty. The idea of work is general, and the educational efficiency of the Faculty is to that extent increased. There is, too, a growing solidity in all departments; the natural result of teachers being conscientious and capable. Some changes and one addition give evidence of better organization here. The department of English and Homiletics has been assigned for one year to Rev. Wm. H. Young, a graduate of Yale University. At the expiration of that time it is hoped that a permanent instructor may be appointed. Prof. Kierstead will confine his work to Moral Philosophy and allied branches. Meetings of the Senate and Governors were called for October 28th and 29th, to elect a professor for the Alumni chair of Physics. Several persons have, we

believe, been nominated, but we cannot speak with authority in the present issue. There is certainly no small responsibility involved in the work of selection. Mark Curry's noble gift has been referred to in a previous number.

The power of self-expression is necessary to every educated man. Recognizing the fact that verbal expression is only half an equipment, the authorities have made permanent provision for training in Elocution. Mr. Shaw has been retained as instructor; and this year for the first time certificates will be granted to those completing the four years' course laid down by him. This is an important part of our work, and has a real educative value.

ACADIA SEMINARY is full to overflowing. The site for a new building has been chosen, and C. B. Whidden, Esq., has generously headed the subscription list with five hundred dollars.

The staff of teachers is nearly the same as last year. Miss Graves has been granted leave of absence on account of ill health. Her duties as principal fall upon Miss Harding, who is a thoroughly competent substitute. Miss Bessie Vaughan will assist Miss Reeves in the department of instrumental music. The graduating class is the largest in the history of the school.

THE position of Horton Academy is that of equal importance with the college. Its office is to matriculate students fitted for ordinary business life, or easily able to do well the work of a higher school. This idea is having a modelling effect upon the Academy course, which is made yearly fuller and better. Mr. F. M. Shaw, B. A., '90, takes the position of mathematical teacher left vacant by the resignation of Mr. Morse. Mr. Shaw has a grade A license, and is well fitted for the office. Up to the first of November his place was ably filled by Mr. C. R. Higgins of '91.

SUCH is the present status of Acadia and her sister schools. We students believe that they are needed, and that they are worthy of confidence. If this be a fact, why should they be handicapped by the need of practising an economy that is both uneconomical and degrading? It is for each Baptist in Maritime Canada to honestly weigh this question, and consistently act out the resulting convictions.

DURING the past vacation Chipman Hall has come in for a share of attention. Under the diligent application of hammer and brush the halls have assumed a new aspect. Traces can nowhere be found of the Sophomore rackets of "ye olden times," and even those of more recent date have vanished from sight. The halls have been painted, and the stairway has been neatly sheathed in cherry, giving a pleasing appearance. All this we hail with pleasure, but our chief delight is again to find Mr. and Mrs. Keddy at the head of affairs. May they long be spared to look after the interests of Chipman Hall.

ARE we to have a Theological Department at Acadia? This question naturally suggests itself, when we remember the doings of the last Convention, held at Yarmouth; and the subsequent action of the Governors in appointing a new Professor to take charge of the English Department.

There seems to be a feeling, deep rooted in the minds of certain members of our denomination, that the object for which this college was founded by the Fathers will not be realized, unless theological instruction occupies a prominent place in the curriculum. That is all very good, and in its proper place commendable. But under the present conditions of affairs, can we and should we support such instruction? That we *can* do this may well be questioned, when each year shows an array of figures on the wrong side of the ledger. One way is open, and that is, for those who are anxious for the change to maintain the same independent of the usual mode of support. That we *should* do this is doubtful, as the matter now stands. By persevering effort, we have an efficient Arts Course. Anything that will tend to lower its present standard cannot be tolerated. It must be progressive. The way that things are to be conducted this winter, as we understand it, we believe will not be helpful to the Arts Course, but will rather, if anything, tend to weaken. Granted, that we have an extra professor who is competent to give Biblical instruction, that two of the other professors are to take classes in different subjects, and that all the instruction given in this line, is only equivalent to the "work of one man," there is a dividing of interest. Instead of concentrated attention upon the advance-

ment of Arts, the other department claims a disproportionate share.

Again, we think it is generally conceded, that the regular work of the B. A. Course is sufficient to engage the mind of the majority of undergraduates. To those who can do extra work, and desire to take it in that line, the provisions for Honors will be satisfactory. Three comprehensive courses are open in Biblical study: I, Historical; II, Ethical; III, Literary. As in the other Honor work, standard authors will be placed within the students' reach. But most of our ministerial students intend taking a theological training at some of the larger Institutions, and so prefer their Honors in other branches, in which they will have less opportunity for study. To those who have no ambition for Honor certificates, two or three hours a week, taken out of the regular time for study, is a matter of no small importance, and will make itself a reality at the end of the term. As a result, we see a liberal chance for an inferior lot of graduates in Arts, and consequently an inferior lot to undertake theological work. While we hail with satisfaction the Honor Course held out, we cannot see the permanent advantage of the present arrangement of affairs. If there were even one Chair established and placed under a separate Theological Department, we can see what it might mean for Acadia. A well equipped Department of not less than four chairs is what is needed. When that shall be done, no true friend of Acadia will have a word to say in opposition.

A MUCH felt want of Acadia has been at last supplied. It is a well established principle that the education of mind and muscle should go hand in hand. In the days of the old gymnasium, we had a building of small dimensions, poorly heated and ventilated, and supplied with an amount of apparatus adequately insufficient to meet the growing demands. Impressed with this fact, the Governors converted the building into a debating room for the Athenæum Society, which had previously held its meetings in the college building. This was a step in the right direction. It gave recognition to the needs of the society and dispelled the illusion of having a gymnasium, when it was in reality only a name. The deprivation with its losses, small though they

were in our case, helped the students and authorities to appreciate what an immense advantage a real, active gymnasium would be. For three years this state of affairs continued. Various solutions of the difficulty were from time to time suggested, the great question being how to raise the necessary funds. The Governors were already burdened with supplying the demands of the rapidly developing child. How was the difficulty to be overcome?

Realizing the situation the students resolved to show their attachment to Acadia in a substantial way. The senior class of '90, nobly led the way and pledged themselves for an amount which reflects credit upon them. The other classes quickly responded, and the Academy was not to be outdone in the work. Promptly the Governors fulfilled their part of the arrangement, to bear the additional cost of erection and proceed with the work. Upon more mature consideration, it was found that the careful and extensive plans submitted for their approval would have to admit of considerable expansion, involving additional expense. This extra, they readily assumed, looking to the ultimate advantages. To-day the building stands complete, and compared with others of a similar character, we think it will bear inspection. The situation is all that could be desired, standing as it does about seventy feet to the south of Chipman Hall, and adding one more to the number of large and showy structures, which adorn the Hill. In dimensions it is 82 by 42 ft. with 18 ft. posts. The general form of architecture though not elaborate, and modeled more for utility than show, is not unpleasing. There still remains an important part of the question for solution. Now when the building is complete, how are we going to use it? A large amount of apparatus is necessary, and an efficient instructor must be supplied. Where shall the funds necessary for these things be found? It will not do to leave the work only half completed. Here is a chance for some friend of Acadia to do a grand work. You could not put your money to better use. Help us equip the gymnasium in first class style. As this matter is of vital importance to every student, we know they will come forward and give their assistance. When the best plan is decided upon, which seems to be a moderate tax upon each individual, we feel confident that unanimously they will give it their hearty co-operation. By the middle of November we hope to have the gymnasium in good working order.

AN event of importance in the religious history of the Maritime Province Educational Institution marks the opening of our present College year. This event was the first annual conference of the College Y. M. C. A.'s. of the Maritime Provinces, held at Acadia, Oct. 3-5. Student delegates from Dalhousie, Mount Allison, and Prince of Wales Colleges and Pictou Academy met in Conference with the Acadia College Y. M. C. A. Messrs. J. R. Mott, International College Secretary, R. S. Miller, Junior Assistant Secretary for Japan, and E. W. Gorton, Travelling Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. for the Maritime Provinces were present and took the lead in the deliberations, thus giving the infant organization the benefit of counsel rising from mature experience in this special branch of Y. M. C. A. work.

Earnest and inspiring addresses were delivered by Dr. Sawyer and Prof. Young of Acadia, Messrs. Mott, Miller, Gorton, and others. We will note only some of the special features of the Conference.

Work for new students was a discussion of special interest. Our infant associations may gain many valuable suggestions in reference to this department of their work from the systems of other associations, where the work is more fully matured, outlines of which were presented by Messrs Mott and Mille. None could fail to be interested in Mr. Mott's very practical address on Bible Study. The system outlined aims at the practical ideal, and requires for its successful prosecution willing and consecrated workers. This address placed to the front the thought of the importance of Bible study among college students. We doubt not that the various associations represented at the Conference will be greatly benefitted by these suggestive words falling into fruitful soil.

A deep and earnest missionary spirit pervaded the conference. As indicative of this sufficient to say that while at the beginning of the Conference there were two students, from the institutions represented, pledged to foreign mission work, at its close twelve had avowed their desire to enter the foreign field. This is but the earnest of greater things that are yet to be.

Through the kindness of the Wolfville Baptist Church, the meetings of the Conference were held on Sabbath in their house. The largely attended meetings both morning and evening were addressed by Mr Mott. He spoke chiefly of young men and the fitness of the Y.M.C.A. as an organization for reaching them. These inspiring addresses seemed to be directed to each one individually and were stamped with the earnestness of consecrated christian manhood. A most impressive feature of the Conference was the closing scene when the members and delegates of the various

Associations joined hands and girdled the church while they sang the Association Hymn;—

Blest be the tie that binds.

Such meetings are of special advantage to College students. In them Christian young men of various denomination meet and gather varied and helpful suggestions in regard to Christian work, as side by side they combat the powers of error. Further, the various institutions represented become by this means more intimately associated, and while generous emulation may be stimulated among them, all hostile elements are trampled in the dust. In these meetings which throughout were marked with earnestness and devotion we can see nothing but good. We look upon them as calculated to advance the religious interests not of the Colleges alone, but those of the entire Constituencies which they represent.

While we greatly regret that no delegates were able to be present from the University of New Brunswick, we are highly pleased to learn of the very flourishing state of their Y. M. C. A.

OCTOBER, 1886.

October came and ringed us, you and me;
Together were our hands, and on before
Our feet and eyes there lay a stranger sea,
So mystic as it moved us on the shore,
With sweeter voices than our ears
Had listed, or had turned the years.

We shall not, ever, paint the glistening blue,
Or any gold that fell out of the sky.
And whither are the joys that cut us through,
As fitting as the sails that left the eye?
Somewhere beyond, down-fallen dim,
Out of our vision's glorious rim?

The world was born on that October day,
Like womanhood that never was a child.
There was no past, no labor and no play;
White, blank, and broad, the future undefiled
Seemed even more than hope and love—
Into that place our feet did move.

Even like eyes that never saw, was given
The first wing-curve of passing time to ours.
The blinding greatness of a radiant heaven,
The precious burden and the way of hours
Thither bided. Children then,
Forgot we of the ways of men.

Upon the lap of Summer, Autumn lay,
All glorified and strong with waked power.
The strength crept into all our veins that day,
To pulsing life uplifted in an hour.
Creatures of dreams no more, one leap
Cast off the habiliments of sleep.

Wolfville, N. S.

J. F. HERBIN.

THE CLASS OF '90.

ANOTHER class has seized the parchment and marched out from Acadia's halls. Nineteen new-fledged bachelors have set out to make their way in the world, and are now beyond the fostering influences of their *Alma Mater*. Though her direct influences are extended over them no more, the lessons she has taught them during the years of their adoption will, we feel assured, not soon be erased from their minds. Already they have given tangible proof of their loyalty to her, and we trust that as the years roll on and their influence increases, the pulse of the class may ever throb in gratitude to Acadia.

It is hard for those who are left behind to realize that the nineteen are gone; but day by day as we come and go on our accustomed rounds we behold not their forms nor hear their familiar voices. Needless to say we miss you, '90. From our first acquaintance we have looked to you for counsel and example. Our associations we will long remember, but we will not permit the light of friendship to soften the picture as we expose the negatives in alphabetical order.

BYRON H. BENTLEY

began College life in H. C. A., from which he matriculated in '86. While at the Academy Byron obtained good standing, which he maintained throughout his entire course. "By" was a musical man, and early began to take private lessons in the village to render himself more proficient in the art. Having more than ordinary taste in that line, and an exceedingly persevering turn of mind, he probably derived more lasting benefits from this training than any of his classmates under similar circumstances. For two years Byron played a splendid game of foot-ball, when his musical studies made it necessary for him to retire. Upon the base-ball field he was considered one of the best. As business manager of this paper during his Junior year, he received just praise for the satisfactory manner in which he transacted its business. For the past summer Bentley has been in charge of the Baptist Church at Greenville, N. S. He is now attending Newton Theological Seminary, where we believe he intends taking a full course.

FREDERICK J. BRADSHAW

matriculated from Horton Academy with the class of '89. At the end of his Sophomore year he withdrew to the east, where he did valient service as a mis-

sionary and gained some valuable experience in connection with his chosen avocation. Bradshaw was a diligent student, and made a good showing in his class. As an athlete he did not excel, yet those who once met him on the football field instinctively kept out of the way when "Brad" was seen to charge. The campus seemed to inspire him with vigor, for he often donned his time-honored jersey during study hours, when difficult mathematical problems were to be solved or philosophical theories exploded; and when his efforts were crowned with success he would frequently warble a familiar tune to celebrate his triumph. Bradshaw is now pursuing a course in theology at Newton, where he still wears the "white and blue" and illuminates the dining-room with his brilliant jokes.

HARRY W. BROWN

is the only representative of Wolfville proper in the class, and as such he brings no discredit to his town. From the Academy to the end of his Junior year he was a member of the class of '88. At this time he took a B license with a good average, though he never assumed the chalk-brush. During part of the two years that intervened between his departure from '88 and his union with the immortals of '90 he was in the employ of the Bank of Nova Scotia, Canning. "Hal" was quick and clever, and used to be a champion cricketer in the days of the willow and wickets. Altogether we give him full credentials as he goes to test the value of Acadia's training at Dalhousie law school.

WALTER W. CHIPMAN

matriculated in '85, but an attack of pneumonia lengthened his stay here by a year. A "heavy man" on the foot-ball field, he was also of a distinctly literary turn of mind, with a liability to write poetry. His prose was graceful and nervous, and though his metrical compositions were somewhat abstruse, they were unquestionably poems. In his Junior year he carried off the monthly essay prize offered by the graduates of '88 to the two middle classes. Chipman was quite self-contained, and did not mix much with the boys. He indulged in solitary walks, and once had a serious falling out with a big bicycle that he used to get atop of. He was an out-and-out Acadia man and thoroughly believed in his College. He twice was on the editorial staff of this paper, and presided for a term over the Athenæum Society. Chipman is now studying medicine at the University of Edinburgh.

CHARLES A. EATON

arrived in Wolfville one day in the autumn of '86, and enrolled his name with the class of '90. He proved himself a student who got a ready and comprehensive grasp of his studies. He also sang and played football. His mind was of a literary bent and the products of his pen graced the columns of the ATHENÆUM during the last two years of his course. From the outset, Charles entered into the spirit of the institutions and took a deep interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of the boys. He was always to the front in the literary society taking a prominent part in the debates and discussions. In the Missionary Society and Y. M. C. A. he was an earnest and zealous worker, and was chosen to represent the latter society at the College Conference held at Northfield in the summer of '89. Though naturally sociable and somewhat of a ladies' man, Charles while at Acadia never seemed able to concentrate his affections, but "loved them all." He had a high sense of honor and fearlessly stood by the principles which he espoused. Charles was the orator of his class, and at the time of graduation had several tempting invitations to accept the pastoral care of prominent churches. During the past summer he ministered to the spiritual wants of the Baptists of Quebec, and for a time supplied the pulpit of the first church at Montreal. He now resides at Newton Centre, where he is purposing a course in theology. He will be heard from again.

JOHN E. EATON

Came from Truro Academy while yet a smooth-faced boy and vigorously entered the race with the class of '90, keeping up his record as an honor student throughout the entire course. John possessed a vivid imagination rivalling that of a Haggart. He never failed to attend receptions which seems eminently conducive to the development of that particular gift with which nature had so lavishly endowed him. During his Junior year he served as assistant editor on this paper, and contributed a series of well-written and spicy articles. In his last year he had charge of another department which, owing to the mysterious departure of the oracle, had a brief yet wonderful career. Since graduation he passed a very creditable examination for an A license. After teaching for a year or two, John intends to take a post-graduate course at one of the higher American universities to fit himself for a professor's chair. He is at present in charge of the County Academy, Port Hood, C. B.

LOUIS F. EATON

having matriculated from Horton Academy in the spring of '85 entered college a few months later with the intention of taking a two years course. Completing his Sophomore work he entered business in New York, but his love for the *Alma Mater* brought him Acadiaward again in time to join the class of '90. Louis was a quick student and showed an immense capacity for work. During one of his summer vacations he took a diploma from the St. John Business College, completing the prescribed course in a shorter time than ever before made by a student in that institution. It was as an athlete, however, that Lou especially distinguished himself. In the old gymnasium days he took the lead and on the campus he developed thews and sinews of Samsonian calibre. Last year he captained the football team. The marks of battle did not discourage but rather proved an inspiration to him, for rumor hath it that on one occasion tender hands bound up his wounds. Louis is at present in Wolfville. He is soon to enter the walks of commercial life where we are sure success awaits him.

HOWARD G. HARRIS

was almost a Wolfville boy, but alighted on this planet just a little too far east to be within "town limits." Howe was well liked by all the classes, being one of the genial, off-hand kind that ignores the awful barriers between College years. As a student he did good work. Shortly before graduation he was prostrated with a dangerous illness, and his life almost despaired of. But the crisis was safely passed, and he joined his class on the platform at Anniversary in time to hear the magical "*Nobis placit, dignissimum professor, admittere*" Howard G. Harris *ad gradum Baccalaurei in Artibus.*" Howe is at present recruiting his strength, and has the study of law in view.

JOHN F. HERBIN

assumed the toga academica with the Freshmen of October, '86. He brought with him a knowledge of Spanish, the good trade of a watchmaker, and a Winchester repeater. He prepared himself for College while in business in Wolfville; and throughout his course gave strict attention to "springs of action," and "wheels within wheels." A good linguist and a leader in athletics, with a taste for music and drawing, he also had—or rather *has*, for this is not

an obituary—the gift of writing good verse; for proof of which consult back numbers of this magazine. As a student Herbin evidently cared more for his own education than for the doubtful glory of so-called “honors.” We cannot speak with authority regarding his future course; but the sibyl of the ATHENÆUM utters hexameters, and we accept the omen.

ADELLA G. JACKSON

enjoyed the distinction of being the only lady in the class, and was deservedly popular on this account as well as for her own true worth. She received her preparatory training at the Normal School, Truro, and brought to her College course much valuable experience gained in teaching. As a student Miss Jackson stood in the foremost rank, and besides devoting some of her time to teaching in the Seminary, took several honor courses. Philosophical studies had most charms for her, though she obtained a thorough mastery of other subjects which she studied. As a debater she ranked among the first. Her articles exhibited not only diligent research, but were in point of style “faultily faultless.” During the first term of her Junior year she contributed to this paper. Of her social life, outside her own class, little is known. Naturally retiring and absorbed in her work, the circle of her acquaintance was narrow; yet those who knew her best cannot say too much in her praise, while the boys of '90 reserve a large place in their remembrances of College life for their lady class-mate. Soon after graduation Miss Jackson secured a position in the State Normal School at Plymouth, N. H., where she gives instruction in English and Latin.

NORMAN A. MACNEIL

belonged to '91, but skipped into College to join '90 in the second half of their Freshman year. Norman was a solid worker, and possessed a warm heart and a strong bass voice. This sonorous quality of his made him a mainstay of our prayer-meetings; he also was a member of the Acadia quartette. Last year he was one of the chief-editors of the ATHENÆUM, and worked to keep our paper up to the high standard it aims to reach. He loved not football overpoweringly, though he would have lent much momentum if he had played. He kept a melancholy violin in his chamber, and—but we forbear. MacNeil is now pastor of the Baptist Church in Chester, N.S., where his hearty geniality will go far to make him a successful pastor.

F. S. MESSENGER

attended the Academy one year and matriculated well up in his class. As his ideas developed, his affections for the “beauties of nature” changed from place to place, until Truro held the “loveliest of them all.” The Normal School seem to have had a peculiar influence over him. As a student, Messenger was a worker, and made good show in his classes. “Mess” was fond of poetry, and one passage in particular gave him special pleasure,—“’Tis blushing summer now.” No matter what the season, his happy disposition would suit this motto to the occasion. With a good elementary education he came to college to properly prepare himself for the medical profession. At present he is attending New York University, where he intends to complete the course. We are informed that, on his way thither, he took the Cunard Line. There was some reason for this, “Mess.” A kind heart and cheerful manner will make him a welcome acquisition to the fraternity, and we heartily tender our best wishes for his success.

CLARENCE R. MINARD

is now at Clementsvale, Annapolis Co., N. S. From the class of '88 he dropped out two years, to wield the sceptre in the school room, joining '90 at the beginning of the Sophomore year. Minard was one of those persons who improve upon acquaintance, and every year his worth was held in greater respect. The work assigned him was never slighted, and his reputation as a student was unquestionably established. Clarence was a musician, and from the start held prominent place in the college choir. The sports had small attractions for him, unless we consider the attention he bestowed upon a persistent pair of side-lights, always at his disposal. Quiet, unassuming, Minard believed in being more than seeming. As a preacher he has already given evidence of the faithful work performed, and this combined with “heart power” must ensure a large measure of success in his chosen work. There are reports that soon he will have a Rev. prefixed to his name. Whether this has any further significance for Minard cannot be learned from his sojourn on the hill.

JAMES B. PASCOE

came to Acadia from Mount Allison in the winter of '88, and joined the Sophomore class. James was soon one of the boys, giving diligent attention to his work and walking in all the ways of the institution blameless. He was naturally retiring and his life on the Hill fully accorded with the advice of Polonius to his son:

“Give every man thy ear but few thy voice,
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.”

In movement he was ordinarily slow, but when placed in charge of a fifteen on the campus, he was transformed into a marvellous “quarter.” He also played

tennis, and during the latter part of his college career attended receptions, scoring points in either case. James had the honor of being the first to introduce abbreviations according to the latest and most approved system, and his memory on this account will linger long in the college halls. James has chosen medicine for a profession. He is now attending the lectures of Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, where he will give a good account of himself.

G. PERCY RAYMOND

of Hebron, N. S., came to Wolfville in September of '83. He continued his studies until the middle of the Sophomore year, when his health failed, and he was compelled to wait a year. Percy was one of our most enthusiastic missionary workers, and his name is held in the highest respect by the people whose homes he so faithfully visited and whose interests he so zealously advocated. Joining the class of '90 in '87, he satisfactorily finished his course. Before returning, however, he concluded that it was not wise for man to be alone, and so brought with him a helper. Raymond supported a nice team, and during his Senior year was much attached to a small carriage. As a Christian worker he was one of the best among the boys. He did good service as President of the Y. M. C. A. Since graduation Raymond has had watch over the Baptist Church at New Germany, N. S., where a Rev. has been accepted. A conscientious worker, a student of no mean ability, he will be a leader of which any congregation may well be proud.

F. M. SHAW

matriculated into College from Berwick School with high standing. Fred was a "plugger" from the start, and had the honor of leading his class, though closely followed by several other members. In a given time, he had the happy faculty of being able to put through more work than most "human mortals." Perfectly at home during examinations, he wrestled for grade "A" license at the end of his Junior year and came off victorious. He took four Honor Courses and was never known to murmur. Though not what might without question be called a bashful young man, Fred, like others at the beginning of his College career, had his weak point. Of receptions he was exceedingly shy, and it might safely be ventured that making love was more "fearful to him than a siege." Being a man of pluck he determined to win. How successful he was may be gained from the fact, that during his Senior year he was known to be twice late in coming home. Fred is now one of the staff of H. C. A. His successful conduct of the Great Village school proves his ability as a teacher. Not many years hence Fred intends going to Harvard to prepare himself for a Professor's chair.

WILLIAM B. WALLACE,

commonly called "Billy," evidently had a limited through ticket, for he made no stop-overs from the time he entered the Academy until he received the sheepskin from the Doctor's hands. In the athletic line the knowing ones say that he was the best half-back that ever kicked a ball at Acadia. Billy has a taking way with him that will be of no small service in his work, as a preacher of the gospel. His disposition is lively and good-natured; he looks at things from a practical standpoint, and certainly will not be commonplace. He is also a good writer, and we predict his success. He received a license to preach from the Wolfville Church, and after working under the Home Mission Board left this autumn to study theology at Rochester.

HARRY F. WARING

is now at Rochester, N. Y., absorbed in theological studies. He came to Acadia from the U. B. Seminary, St. John, and was always considered one of the most clever students of '90. Waring was known to have done considerable work beyond the limits of the college curriculum. Besides being an honor man, his outside reading was probably more extended than that of any other student in the institutions during his time. Nor were his investigations of a desultory character. His note-book was ever on hand and some remarkable stories of his absent-mindedness have been already placed on record. Waring was also oblivious to the fluctuating conventionalities of society. He made few advances and was much alone. Receptions had no charms for him, and Acadia has never graduated another who knew less of the social life of Wolfville than he. Waring was the wrestler of his class and though he floored many, like Banguo's ghost would not down at anybody bidding. As a preacher he was much appreciated.

C. M. WOODWORTH

landed in Wolfville in the fall of '86. In physical build he was what is sometimes "loosely made," but in mental parts he soon gave evidence of solidity. Never before had so imperturbable a "freshie" struck Acadia. In debate he spared neither Junior nor dignified Senior. For quick insight and clear judgment, Woodworth had few equals. As an athlete he was only brought out on special occasions, but as a pedestrian, however, he had a gait and swing, which defied competition. In his class he stood well up among the best. He was awarded four Honor certificates. In the prize essay competition, during his Junior year, he received honorable mention as a writer; and as Senior Editor of this paper, he served with ability. He is now studying at Dalhousie Law School. We feel assured, that in this department he will succeed. With an ambition of no mean proportions, more than ordinary business ability, a mind of scholarly parts, and pluck to back it up, he is bound to make himself felt.

BROWNING AS A POPULAR WRITER.

"And bravely furnish'd all abroad to fling
The winged shafts of truth."

SCARCELY had Browning completed and given to the world "Asolando," before news was flashed from continent to continent that the great man was dead. He had visited Venice for the benefit of his health, where, on December 12th, he quietly passed away. His body now rests amongst England's honoured dead in Westminster Abbey, but his memory is cherished and honoured by English-speaking people the world over.

Perhaps the last statement needs to be modified a little. His works are pleasing to a class, but we cannot say he was a popular poet. There is no need of attempting to prove what is generally conceded; and so we make the statement that, though a great writer, he was not a popular writer, when by popularity we mean that which pleases the masses as well as the sage.

At about the time Browning came on the stage, there opened a new era of English poetry. Shelley and Keats were gone. It is said that both of these felt that the world in which they lived was exhausted of beauty and excitement; so Shelley, after trying to interest himself in the struggle for Grecian liberty, took to love songs and metaphysics, while Keats, at about the same time, wrote concerning Greek and Mediæval Italian subjects, as in "Endymion" and "The Eve of St. Agnes."

Then there is a lull. No really great writers, but such as Mrs. Hemans and L. E. L., who wrote pretty poems, but rather enervating in their sentiment. These latter were not calculated to stimulate the mind and to infuse vigor into the souls of the people, but,—as in old Rome, after a mighty career of conquest, her citizens abandoned themselves to luxuries—so now, after a lengthened period of literary brightness, the popular taste was somewhat after the same style.

Then, after the religious agitation at Oxford, came the new race of poets. With these, theological, political, and social affairs were important elements. Nor must we neglect to mention that of human character and its analysis. Amongst those who dealt with this last phase, in particular, we place Browning.

It is but reasonable to suppose that poems, drawn from the subjects mentioned in the last paragraph, would not catch the popular ear nearly so readily as would those of such a writer as Mrs. Hemans, or as some of the earlier poems of Tennyson, which are somewhat after the same style. Yet they were contemporaries. Considering then the topics with the period at which he was writing, join with this certain of the peculiarities mentioned afterwards, and we can account, to a certain extent, for his lack of popularity.

Born at Camberwell, London, in 1812, and having studied at London University, he began early to write. At twenty his first poem, "Pauline," was sent to the press. In it he discusses certain theological questions, not taking up such phrases as were common to all men, but what were special. Then follow "Paracelsus," "Strafford," and "Sordello." Notwithstanding able support, "Strafford" met with very moderate success. Listen to the public verdict then:—"An unintelligible rhapsody, with no meaning at all." Some said, however, that "there was meaning in it, though hard to come at, and that patient and diligent search would reveal passages of profound thought and rare beauty." Patient and diligent search! The world had not time for this, neither has it yet; so the poems of Browning have been read by comparatively few.

We cannot, in accordance with the definition of poetry, say the prime object of Browning's is to please. While keeping that in view, to a certain extent, he never sacrificed sense for sound. He seemed to have carried this to excess, and to have written in the extreme of significance. Adjectives are few, parentheses are frequent. Everything possible seems to have been done to give the greatest amount of thought in the least space. On this account he became "obscure." He never intended to be so, but we can readily account for that fact by the previous supposition.

Some would object to his choice of subjects. There are good causes too for objections here. Turn to a table of contents and notice some of them. Those that seem interesting are few. Try the majority of them and your conjectures are found to be quite correct.

How do these appear:—Pictor Ignotus, Summum Bonum, A Toccata of Galuppi's and Dis Aliter Visum, or Le Byron de nos Jours!—interesting, perhaps, to the scholars; but to a busy man of this busy world just a little too deep. He prefers to read that which will be intelligible to him without careful study.

Who has ever read "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came," and when he finished, possessed a clear conception of its meaning? Few indeed! Perhaps much study may be put upon it, and yet, without the aid of notes or hints from authorities on the subject, the student may still be in blissful ignorance.

Where Browning has chosen to write in a plain manner he has excelled. Look over such poems as "Evelyn Hope," "Hervé Riel," or "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," and in them a mighty style is joined with a vivid picture, which gives pleasure to the reader, however careless. Instinctively he draws in fancy that which the poet describes. There is the "Rider of Aix." See the steed galloping away from Ghent at moon-set—through the night—past sunrise—with

"His low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back,
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track,
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on."

He pictures again another horseman in "Through the Metidja." The measure, with its sweeping anapaests, keeps time to the pattering feet of the fleeing horse. We see him almost as distinctly as if his hurrying slight were directly past us:

"As I ride, as I ride,
Ne'er has spur my swift horse plied,
Yet his hide, streaked and pied,"

conforms admirably, in metre, with the subject in hand.

We gather something of Browning's idea from his poem "Popularity." He says:

"Stand still, true poet, that you are,
I know you, let me try and draw you."

And again,—

"My poet holds the future fast,
Accepts the coming ages' duty."

Duty! Not all pleasure then! No, he does not give us such an idea of his object, but with his great heart feeling for humanity, and with all the earnestness of christian manhood, he strives to inculcate noble principles. He likens the poet to that mystic Tyrian blue,—

"Whereof one drop worked miracles."

Perhaps we can close with no better tribute to Browning than that which was given by a writer of the present century, who says:—"I believe, if I may venture to prophesy, that among the whole English-speaking people, and in proportion as they grow in thought, in spirituality, and in love of men and women, the recognition and the praise of the main body of Browning's poetry will also grow, and grow into a power, the reach of which we cannot conceive."

THE FACULTY OF WONDER.

SOME one has said "We are small creatures, the biggest of us; and our only chance of becoming great in a sort is by participation in the greatness of the universe." This we suppose to mean that if we would develop the best part of our being we must keep ever looking at passing things with clear eye and cool judgment. If something great comes before our view we naturally admire it, and what we admire we unconsciously imitate. Therefore, if we would grow into the likeness of something noble it behooves us to gaze at the good around.

Plato says that "wonder is a truly philosophic passion." It is seen in the infant, in the inquisitive boy, but not so often in the self-satisfied young man. The baby, a marvel in itself, lives in a world of fascination. Everything attracts its attention. It sees, enquires, and so develops its mind while increasing its knowledge. Now, if this wondering faculty could but go on all through life, modified as years increase by strength and judgment, would not man grow into a well-developed being? Put a piece of cloth into an atmosphere loaded with a sweet odor. After a little it will be saturated with the air and smell sweetly too. Just so, man, by being continually brought into contact with great things, cannot fail to be influenced by them, and to become in a measure like his associates.

But men do not always work as if they believed this principle. Look at the village loafers, the corner dwellers, those whose chief delight is to soundly curse the dullness of the town, and loudly berate everybody but themselves for not doing something. Whose fault is it that the town is dull? Who but themselves are the cause of its low vitality? Again, look at the College drone, who perhaps began the course with interest, but before long gave up his studious ways, and now tries to support a reputation by saying there is nothing worth his notice. Oh no! there is nothing fit to engage his mighty mind! If he chose, if it but so pleased him, he could easily outstrip the hardest working man in his class. But it is not worth while. "Cui bono?" he says, and so figures before some as a man of ability but fastidious taste. Questicable ability, queer taste that, which incites a man to remain as a water-soaked log, borne hither and thither.

Let us see if our Collegian's complaint is true. Is there nothing for even a great mind to wonder at? Browning says: "Keep but ever looking, whether with the body's eye or the mind's, and you will soon find something to look on! Has a man done wondering at women? There follow men dead and alive to wonder at. Has he done wondering at men? There's God to wonder at." Here, then, it would seem, is something to occupy the mind. Should man, by some strange chance, have tired of woman, God's most fair creation, there yet remains enough to claim his notice. History has many names immortal. Julius Cæsar, the soul of the Roman world, possessed qualities worthy of imitation. Every inch a king, he nobly died by deferring his own interests to those of the people. He ever strove to advance. He may have overreached himself, but would it not be better to perish striving than to live doing nothing? We have but to cast our eyes down the centuries to see a host of names replete with interest. Our own Alfred and Cromwell are distinctive. Both saved the nation. One was rewarded with the love and admiration of all; the other, for a time, with the curses of half his countrymen. But because in men the Almighty has

placed a lamp, whose heavenly rays point out the way of right, and with equal clearness show the wrong, men's minds have changed, and Cromwell now is held in praise, as well he should be. Then wonder at him, and, living in his atmosphere, learn *earnestness, sincerity and truth*. Wonder at Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton. Dante, in whom "ten silent centuries found a voice;" Shakespeare, the chief of poets, with his all-seeing intellect; Milton, the intellectual, the sublime, the most melodious singer e'er yet listened to by man. Read of Luther and Knox. Examine their lives and learn bravery. Be inspired by their example and become in a degree great. Look at the successful business men of to-day and learn *perseverance and integrity*. Become familiar with modern statesmen, with Gladstone and Bismarck, an unsullied name and an iron will.

But we are not forced to draw our inspiration from human sources alone. Humanity is weak even in greatness, and may contaminate as well as purify. Everything about us contains food for reflection. All that is necessary is to go *deep* enough, and to keep at it *long* enough. Look at the heavens above and the earth beneath, the dry land and the sea, all created by the Infinite and placed within the knowledge of man. Marvel at these and strive to live a life worthy the ruler of such a domain. Strange things and wonderful are written in the blue vault of heaven. The sun, the moon and the stars all speak clearly of divinity. The earth, throbbing with life, is more than a study for anyone. Both the sea and the dry land speak of power and wealth. Each teems with life—"life radiant, ecstatic, wonderful." The mountains lifting up their thunder-blasted brows point men away to higher things. The rivers rolling on toward the sea show us that we too are moving to a larger place. And everything created points with finger plain unto its maker. Then why not spend a lifetime wondering at Him whose slightest nod made marvels? wondering at Him who created out of nothing, who breathed the breath of life into the nostrils of man and formed a living soul? wondering at Him to whom eternity looked for creation, and because of whom all things now live?

It is said that "the wellspring of wisdom is as a flowing brook." Its channel is the universe, its banks the boundaries of our vision. We find it not confined to one place, but wherever we choose to look. Then what excuse is there for one who loiters through a lifetime, squandering precious days that, rightly used, would add to his possession stores of countless wealth? The excuses of the village loafer and the college drone alike are valueless. "Keep but ever looking" and you will find "more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy." An open book lies before us all. It is for each to decide whether to read and get wisdom, or to let it alone, and so pass through life cursed with the want of enthusiasm.

EXCHANGES.

The first paper we find on our table is the Centenary Number of *King's College Record*, which came to hand during the summer vacation. It is neat in mechanical get up. "Windsor as a University Town," "Our College Clubs and Societies," and a biographical sketch of THE FACULTY are of more than ordinary interest.

A special number of the University *Monthly* is early to hand. "A Maritime Province University" from the pen of W. F. Ganong, of Harvard, is worthy of consideration. The writer proposes for our Maritime Colleges, a system similar to that adopted by many of the European Universities, viz., a uniform standard of Matriculation, Graduation, and Honors, the degrees to come from the different colleges collectively under the name of the *Maritime Province University*.

The *Monthly* evidently does not believe in the "Sun's" proposal. Stand by your University, Eds., but let not the sanctum be pervaded by the delusive thought that, should the University be abolished, the province must in consequence be brought to such a dire contingency. A little comparison—though comparisons are odious—would admit some new light.

The *Arctosy*, under its new management, is quite up to its usual high standard of excellence.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* appears in a becoming new dress. It has made some changes, by virtue of which the claims of each department can be advocated to better advantage.

We are glad to greet the *Varsity* again. It is looking well and vigorous after its extended vacation.

CELESTIAL MURMURINGS.

Ho-Hang-Ho!—or the Lochaber Hanlan.
 Perpetual Motion—or spurr-wheeled Bill.
 Kharloutm unearthed—or the joker's target restored.
 The Old Maid of Lee—or the Honorable Commoner.
 Yank T(s)ing Nahant—or the Chinese idol.
 Fred June—or the cyclodier'n specialist.
 The Wandering Jew—or the Parkdale peddler.
 Thaumaturgus of the L—or the ascetic Digby chick.

Personals.

O. O. Lyons, B. A., '89, has a lucrative position as Superintendent of the school at Ontonagon, Michigan. He intends to complete the M. A. course at Ann Arbor University this year.

Edward J. Morse, B. A., '80, has passed the Final Law Examination, recently held for this province; and A. W. Foster, '89, at the same date completed the Intermediate.

F. H. Eaton, M. A., '76, having secured leave of absence from the Normal School for one year, is pursuing a course of study in Germany.

H. A. Lovett, B. A., '86, is now in Truro, practising law in partnership with Selden W. Cummings, B. A., '85.

A. K. DeBlois, Ph. D., M. A., '88, and C. H. Day, M. A., '90 are studying in Berlin.

D. H. McQuarrie, of the class of '90, L. D. McCart, '90, and E. P. Fletcher, '89, have joined '91.

E. H. Borden, formerly of '90, is on the Hill again.

E. R. Morse, B. A., '87, who during the last two years had charge of the Mathematical Department of Horton Academy, is studying at Harvard.

Howard Barss, '75; G. J. Coulter White, '80; J. W. Brown, '86; I. W. Porter, G. A. Whitman, '87; L. D. Morse, H. S. Shaw, '88; Walter S. Black, H. T. DeWolfe, '89; C. A. Eaton, B. H. Bently, F. J. Bradshaw, '90, are now the representatives of Acadia at Newton Theological Seminary.

W. G. McFarlane, *late* of '92, is enjoying the position of city editor of the Fredericton GLEANER. William intends to lay aside the quill some day, and will probably cast in his lot with '93.

H. L. Day, B. A., '89, spent a few days in Wolfville *en route* for New York, where he is studying at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. After graduating from that institution, Mr. Day will enter upon an extended course of medical studies at London and Berlin.

J. B. Hall, Ph. D., after spending a year in Germany, has returned to his place in the Provincial Normal School. Since his return he has published a pamphlet on the German School system. He has also in course of publication a work on Pedagogical Psychology, Logic, and History of Pedagogics. Our country has few more enthusiastic educationists than Dr. Hall.

Locals.

Confiscated.

Generally always.

Glad to see you'r back.

The scowling giant and stale joke exterminator is on the war path. *Rate.*

A move in the *right* direction, would put the Freshmen and Cads in their own pews.

HARD TIMES.—It was but recently that three stalwart Juniors found it convenient to settle last year's "little Bill."

The football match between the Kentville and Acadia teams played at Wolfville on the 22nd ult., resulted in an easy victory for the latter.

WEDNESDAY, 8 P. M.

1st Bass, (stopping suddenly in the middle of first line.)—Say! the evening train is just in.

2nd Bass.—That was not the shrieking of a locomotive you heard. It was a Freshman singing to drown the choir.

Henceforth fish stories must cease to enlarge, for the *champion* one has been told. Still there are other creatures than codfish, with whom a little ballast would not be amiss.

Let the weak beware! The ravenous are abroad; with empty pockets and hungry maw, they gaze in shop windows or gather in groups to sniff the air around the charitable baker. May he treat them with kindness and charity, lest hunger drive them to deeds of desperation.

FRESHIE, (given to joking.)—Say boys, were they laughing at me or my joke?

A low down shame—That Junior's *ill*shaped mustache.

SCENE.—Mathematical class room. Student at the board explaining the functions of a variable angle.

PROF.—Now, what is the value of the line in the second quadrant?

STUDENT.—In the second quadrant the line drawn *increases* from infinity to nothing.

PROF.—That may be the case if the line is drawn towards you, sir.

The following officers have been elected by the various college societies:—

ATHENÆUM.—Pres., E. A. Read; Vice-Pres., W. T. Stackhouse; Rec. Secy., H. King; Cor. Sec., R. R. Kennedy; Treas., I. E. Bill; Ex. Com., L. D. McCart, A. A. Shaw, A. M. Wilson, C. H. Saunders, A. C. Kempton.

A. A. A. A.—1st football Capt., C. B. Freeman; 2nd do. A. A. Shaw.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY.—Pres., R. O. Morse; Vice Pres., A. F. Newcombe; Sec., A. Murray; Treasurer, J. B. Ganong.

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