

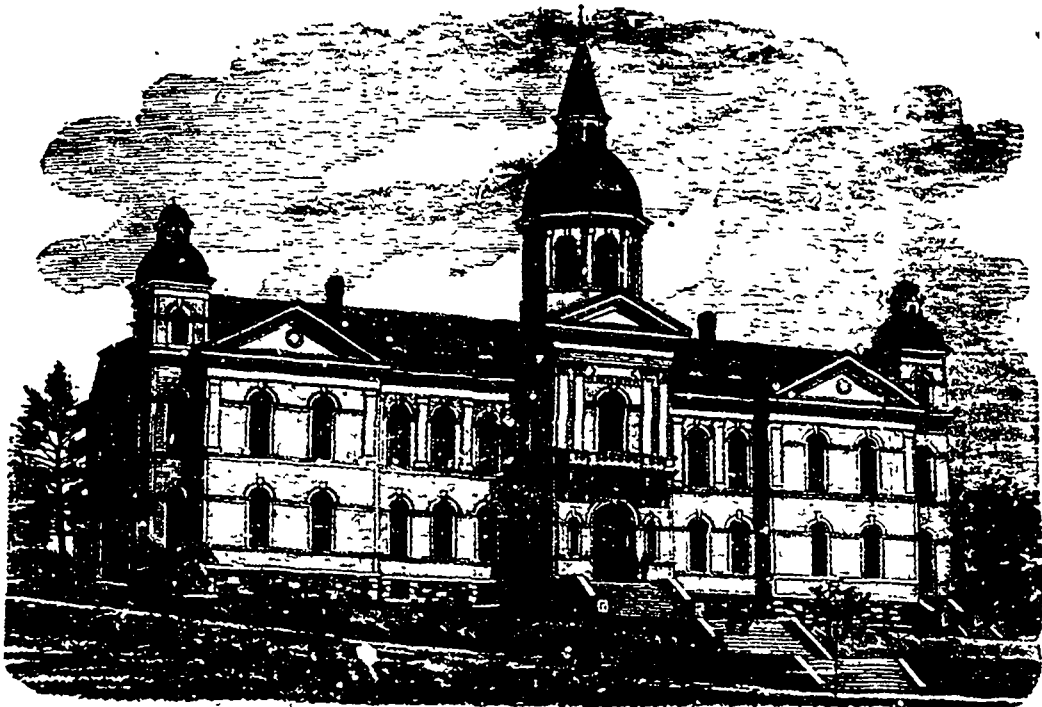
ACADIA ATHLETICUM

Prodesse quam Conspici.

Vol. XIV.

WOLFFVILLE, N. S., MAY, 1888.

No. 7.



THE UNIVERSITY OF ACADIA COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION.

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The Acadia Athenæum.

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THE
Acadia Athenæum.

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→* The Saurium. *←

“OMNES FACIUNT” is an excuse as old as Terence. Ever since the days of Heautontimorumenos, it has flourished, spread its green branches and borne abundance of fruit. And it is still alive and well, retaining all its youthful freshness and beauty. But it is the deadly Upas, contaminating, poisoning, *killing* the true independence, nobleness and strength of character in many a promising youth, “*They all do it.*” “*What if they do!*” They may all do wrong. The boy who uses this excuse ought to confess to himself either that he does not care what he does so long as he can find some excuse, or that he has not sense enough to judge for himself. It is a happy day for him when he finds out that he has a mind and a conscience and a *personality all his own*. Think of it boys. Let us be men. Let us have minds of our own. We have minds of our own. Let us use them. Let us have that decision of character, that

manliness of independence, that *stubbornness for the right*, coupled with that nobleness of soul, kindness of heart and respect for the opinions and regard for the rights of others that will constitute us men. Let no one who dares to call himself a *man* get his rule of life ready made from the actions of others. Let us copy *virtue* wherever we see it, but *abhor evil* even in an apostle or priest.

WE have long needed a College song book and got one the other day. It was sent through the courtesy of the Committee and Publishers and is called the “University of Toronto Song Book.” It is handsomely bound, contains all the most popular college songs, many old “Standbys” and some fine choruses. Indeed it is the best thing of the kind we have ever yet seen, and will no doubt have a large circulation among the different Institutions in Canada at least. Many thanks.

IT is gratifying to read in a late issue of *Messenger and Visitor* the letters from representatives of Morgan Park, Brown, Newton, Rochester, Harvard and McMaster Hall. They show what other honest men, who are competent judges, think of denominational colleges,—what they think of Acadia and what they think of the present efforts to raise a Jubilee Fund. These men are not flatterers and in their testimonies to the worth of Acadia, they mean what they say. Gratitude for such testimonies does not arise because we think the character and reputation of Acadia needs propping up but because it is pleasing to see that her worth is being so widely and generally recognized; because many of her modest supporters will see that they do not stand alone in their appreciation of the institution they are upholding, and because we welcome gladly every straightforward statement that will help the people to see Acadia as she is and hasten the accumulation of that much needed fund, without which our jubilee rejoicings will be sadly marred.

THERE is something strange about temperance sentiments. Lecturers denounce the liquor traffic, Ministers of the Gospel preach against it, temperance organizations by the hundred are established for the purpose of causing its annihilation. Parties are formed, Scott Acts passed, legislative restriction, and destruction goes on perpetually, yet with all this combination against it the trade moves along apparently about as lively as ever.

What does it show? One of two things,—either the people don't want it stopped or they are deceiving themselves and other people besides. When slavery was seen to be a curse it was stopped decisively and emphatically; when the political system of England was discovered to be rotten the Reform Bill was passed; the great movements of free trade and protection, radical as they undoubtedly are, took place without any very serious or protracted trouble at least in America. But, notwithstanding the length of time liquor has been denounced and voted down, notwithstanding its bondage is worse than slavery, notwithstanding its suppression would be no more, probably not so much of a radical change as that from protection to free trade or vice versa; notwithstanding all the hullabaloo over it, victorious it is still. It is remarkable how long imposition and monstrous imposition will sometimes be borne. Insult a great official of the United States or any other country and, unless explanations are given or reparation in some way made, blood flows, a few hundred thousand men are broken up or given holes out in the field and nothing unusual is thought of it—quite proper and quite natural; but the public, the country at large, every civilized nation in Christendom insults itself, not occasionally but hourly, not once but five hundred thousand times a year in the grossest, worst possible manner, but nothing of importance results. Certainly the time has not yet come when the full burden of the yoke is felt. When will the time come?

WE haven't said anything about "Volapuk" yet, and would not do so now if it were not for the fact that we do not know much about it which is a sufficient recommendation to expatiate upon most anything now-a-days. Between Volapuk and Spelling Reform, several of our educational journals are pretty well occupied. "Volapuk" is designed, we believe, to be a sort of universal language easy to

learn and simple in structure. Its universality we think likely will probably extend in the end to four or five ingenious philologists who will monopolize its use and advocate its claims. We do not believe any arbitrary patch up and cut down of this kind will ever become the language of nations. The English language is good enough for the English, the Frenchman is satisfied with his "parlez vous," the German loves his hideous looking words, and so with all. Nations have heretofore got along very well with what they have, and we are not retrograding. Indeed we are likely to be better in the future. If you cannot speak French or German without mature practice is it reasonable that you are going to rattle off Volapuk any more fluently? The very name is enough to paralyze a beginner. Everything has a patent apparently in this age, but a patent language is the last thing yet to hope for success.

THERE is one method of awakening an interest in Christian missions that is especially honest, scriptural and effective and so especially worthy of special attention. That is a plain, straightforward, vivid representation of the world as it is—a panorama of a Christless nation, a concrete example of heathendom, the story of a day in a heathen home, the living picture of a heathen man. Let the people see these children and men to whom they should send the gospel. How can they pity them or be interested in them whom they have never, with so much as their mind's eye seen? Just as in works of fiction the reader sympathizes with, weeps over and sometimes even loves persons who never existed at all, so, inversely, we live every day without a bit of sympathy for persons who are no fictitious creatures but real, living, breathing, suffering human beings. We pity deeply persons who never were, and do not care a tear for many, the throbbings of whose lungs and hearts are at this moment keeping painful time with our own. What makes this absurd difference? *Vivid representation.* In the one case there is vivid representation (so to speak) of *what is not*, with such a verisimilitude about it that the reader finds no difficulty in believing that this picture of life is real. He is acquainted with every character the novelist has portrayed. In the other case what *really is*, is not vividly represented. Ten men are killed on a railroad track in Illinois; we read it in three lines of blurred type in the morning paper and

are affected by it not half so much as by the sight of a little boy who stubs his toe and cries as we are passing by. To very many good christian people in our own land the heathen world is a shadowy region "with here and there a traveller" dim, away off there. How can they love these straggling shadows "away off there?" *Why should not the art of the novelist, who can give "airy nothing," such an appearance of living reality, be also used to make the real heathen appear real?* Is there not somebody who can make the nations now walking in darkness pass before our eyes that we may lift them up and look? *An unseen person must in some way be vividly represented to us before we can be very much interested in him.* Even Jehovah adapted his method of grace to this necessity of our nature and took upon himself the form of man. Something has been done in this line. Let more be done. If the spirit of missions is the spirit of christianity then all that is needed to quadruple the amount of interest in missions is to quadruple the amount of vivid representation of the heathen world just as it is. "Lift up your eyes and look" comes from a source not to be disregarded.

AS a college we are perhaps as indifferent about a regular system of out door sports as any in the Dominion. With the exception of keeping up a first class foot-ball team (and this by the way shows what can be done when once it is undertaken and interest centres in it) we are practically nowhere. We believe there has been started a base-ball club (and success attend it,) but of late years certainly nothing has been done and unless this effort is wholly unlike many previous attempts the same state of affairs is likely to continue. One hundred and fifteen students in addition to forty or fifty in the Academy and not a single club of note. Ten or fifteen years ago when the number was about half as large and the opportunities far less we had a cricket club second to few in the country; a couple of old bats and a broken wicket constitute the outfit at present and these are without even an owner—last relics of a lamented past without even a place to lay their head, they yield slowly to the elements—"the world forgetting by the world forgot."

And what is the reason of all this change? Surely we have the material; strapping big fellows, wiry little ones, muscular middle men; hard hitters, solid

kickers; good runners and high jumpers, only needing practice to develop into experts, ready to meet and clean out anything of the kind in the Provinces. And nothing to show for it. We get the preliminary all right but go no further. We buy the caps and rosin our hands, and procure bandages for our legs—and then we wear the caps to class, carry canes in our hands and kick the bandages under the bed. We organize and appoint committees, and raise funds, and get the paraphernalia; we go into the thing for a day or two with all the zeal, enthusiasm and energy which should characterize a wedding preparation, but instead of the wedding we usually have a funeral in about three weeks. This one drops out, that one goes may-flowering, another is indifferent, and another wants to run things in his way, and the balance, if there is one, gets disgusted and the club collapses. The reason then is apparently we don't care; fitfulness and fickleness kill anything.

There is no need of this; we might just as well make a success of out-door sports as in-door work. It is just as possible to have a field-day as anniversary day. We have the essentials of success only needing application. We are far from arguing a break neck gallop into sports to the exclusion of mental training, but we do hope some substantial endeavor will be made to get up a permanent interest in out-door sports outside of walking and talking.

This is our last grind on this worn out old stone; we don't do anything more to push matters in that direction than any person else but some one should start. Who is the man?

PERHAPS the most pitiable object existing upon the face of the earth to-day, is the man who has "fully completed" his education. It may be he is also the most ignorant, but that is not the question. To hear a man say that he has acquired all the knowledge he wants is enough to dishearten even the most enthusiastic educationists. There are people, lots of them,—we have had the honor of seeing them,—who will draw themselves up with all the pomposity of a narrow-headed hatter, and declare that they can't be taught anything more, or don't want to be, here at any rate "they have enough to do them." Have enough to do them. It would be superfluous to say that a statement of this kind betrays a narrow-mindedness, a maudlin deficiency in the upper regions, a self-compla-

every truly woful. Enough to do them. Enough, that is to say to scrape along through the world, get together, by scrimping and eking, a close-fisted little pile, hugging it all the while, and then get married and become citizens, free and independent citizens of a grand, glorious, enlightened and educated country.

It isn't of the slightest use to expostulate with such creatures before they commit the fatal error. Their feelings are usually as blunt as their faculties. So you can scarcely insult them even, and this is a last means of waking men up. They are usually pretty well hardened in their fanatical foolishness at 20, about convicted at 25, incurable at 30. If it is possible to do anything at all the process must be begun early. False impressions and early education have much to do with the matter. It is possible to educate some people into naturalized and semi-intelligent fools, make them believe the world is theirs and all the things thereof; that all people must bow as inferior to them; that all knowledge and wisdom have settled in their family; that they have a wholesale monopoly of culture, refinements, etc., etc., *ad nauseum*. Such a thing is quite possible and lamentably common.

Just a word to those who think that their education is complete, or that they have "enough to do" them." My friends, my dear erring friends, pause and think a little, if that fault is one of your accomplishments. Look first at yourselves and see if you can comprehend or explain your being, ask yourselves how you came here and what you suppose was the object in placing you here; then take a look round, beneath and above and reflect upon how much you know about it all. Scores of educated men of sixty confess to being almost ignorant of even the simplest matters; possibly even you would find yourself in the same predicament. Even when you graduate there may be things not as yet wholly understood,—how you obtained your degrees for instance. Don't stop with an idea that "casting up" constitutes all science and art. "Reading 'ritin and 'rithmetic" scholars are mostly buried now. They were excellent men in their day and generation, but it is not necessary to follow their example if they did get rich. Begin the thing all over again, throw away prejudice, never mind "our family," get to work and you may be some good yet.

THE intimation of Prince Bismarck's approaching resignation of the Chancellorship raised great consternation in Germany, because "the public knows of *nobody fit to take his place*. One ground of this perplexity, no doubt, is his peculiar policy. Nobody is able to take up and carry out his policy. Yet the ultimate source of the difficulty is the man himself, he seems (if we may coin a word) to be unsucceedable. Who is great and wise enough to succeed so great and wise a man? If you were a German youth, just now, would it not rouse your magnanimous soul to see your country stunned by such a question and completely dumbfounded? You would make up your mind at once that you would use all the power God has given you that your nation might boast at least *one* other man.

This momentary embarrassment in the Reichstag reaches across the salt stream and wakes our souls. There are lots of men in Germany and yet *they want a man*. There are lots of men in the Maritime Provinces and yet we want another *man*. Of mediocrity we have abundance. Of men with a selfish ambition for greatness we have a superabundance. (The truly good and great will not thank us to mention them here.) Surely someone will learn a new lesson from this and wake up a little wider. Let us "live while we live." That is—let us be as healthful and cheerful, as earnest, diligent and soberminded, as great and as good as it is possible for a man with a head and heart to be.

IN the spring it is hard to study. In the bleak winter when the north wind and north-west storra sweep and howl across the frozen fields of our valley, shake the window casements and bury our dingy Hall in its white drift-banks; then we are satisfied to seek refuge by the burning grate and the lamplight, there to lose ourselves in deep study. This is the most inviting place to spend an evening. And to the earnest seeker after truth this is the most inviting occupation. *But* when spring opens; when all life bursts from its hibernating quarters; when the buds creep from their winter cradles; when the flowers peep from the late cold bed of the snow and bears crawl forth from their dens; then the shaggy student wants to forsake his dungeon too. Convents and dim cloisters lose their charm. The bright light and life of the springtime cast over the dusty study a charnel-house gloom, and tempt the impatient spirit away to the brooks and the hill-side beneath the vernal sky.

But is not this a time for the student to exercise his power of will? Application to study under difficulties is one of the most supreme functions of the mind of man. The power of concentrating the attention upon a chosen theme, *in the midst of distracting turbulence and in spite of a hot and restless soul* is the seal of a successful student and one of the richest achievements in college life. That self-control and self-denial which *sacrifice pleasure and quell impulse* to the duty of the hour are manifestations of that true strength of character which every man and woman needs in order to buffet the soul-storms and heart-struggles of life. While he who lets himself drift with the rush of his passions,—leaving reason and conscience asleep,—is sure to make a wreck of life and himself turn out to be only the poor wreck of what he might have been. So then, intrusive, welcome, disturbing May, may prove the most educative month in the college year,—opening up with its verdant meadows the richest field for self-culture, giving opportunities for the development of a character, that will retain its strength and beauty long after the blossoms of spring are crumbled and brown at our feet.

Laura Bridgeman.

The 21st of December, 1887, marked the 58th. birth-day anniversary of Miss Laura Bridgeman, whose history affords one of the most remarkable and interesting instances of education, under extreme difficulties, which has ever been recorded.

She was born in a little village among the mountains in the state of New Hampshire. At the age of two years, she suffered from a severe attack of scarlet fever, which entirely deprived her of the senses of sight and hearing, and left her with but an imperfect sense of smell. When she was about six years old her home was visited by Dr. S. G. Howe, Superintendent of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, who became very much interested in her case. Perceiving that the child possessed much natural intelligence, he became convinced of the possibility of educating her, and with his characteristic determination he concluded to undertake the task of her instruction. He persuaded her parents to allow him to take her to Boston, in order that he might at once commence to give her regular instruction. Being constitutionally weak, it was at first necessary, that by a suitable course of gymnastic training her strength might be increased, and especially the muscles of her fingers developed, as it was only by means of these members that the little girl student could hope to become possessed, even of the most elementary principles of knowledge.

She was at first taught by means of signs to move her hands in various ways, in order that the muscles might become properly developed. When this had been accomplished the real work of education was begun. A pin was placed before her on the table and her fingers were placed by her teacher in the positions which represent *p-i-n*, in the manual alphabet used by deaf mutes. After this process had been repeated several hundred times, she began to connect these signs with the object, so that when a pin was given to her she would make the associated signs with her fingers, and when the signs were made by the hand of her teacher, in contact with one of her hands, she would pick up the pin.

A pen was then given to her, and a similar method was followed until an equally satisfactory result was reached. Then both articles were placed before her, and in time she learned that the complex sign composed of the three letters, contained in the word *pin*, was used as a symbol for the object, and that the complex sign comprising the three letters, in the word "pen" was used to denote that object, so that when a pin or a pen was given her she would make its symbol, or when the symbol for either article was made by her teacher she would immediately pick it up. As she thus advanced in the process of training, she seemed conscious that she had achieved something worthy of praise, and when the name of an article was spelled for her, she would take it from the table and hold it up triumphantly, while a smile of intense satisfaction would light up her beautiful face. Well might she rejoice for she had found the magic key, which was to unlock her prison house, and bring her into direct communication with the rest of mankind.

She soon learned many monosyllabic words, and in time became familiar with the twenty six letters, the ten digits, and all the punctuations, contained in the manual alphabet used by deaf mutes. She was next taught the ordinary alphabet, by means of types having the letters embossed upon their ends, and when she had learned to spell words by placing these side by side in a frame, she was provided with a set of types, having the letters formed upon their ends by pin points. By pressing these into stiff paper, a dotted outline of the letters was raised on the opposite side of the page, which she could feel with her fingers, and so read what she had written or what others had written for her.

Her desire to obtain knowledge now became almost a passion, and she eagerly enquired the name of every object that came within her reach. At times when she had overcome some difficulty, or acquired a knowledge of some new subject she seemed to be quite overjoyed. She was taught to write with a lead pencil, which she was able to do quite legibly by using the French writing card. This card is about as large as a sheet of common note paper, and contains a number of parallel grooves, one inch apart, and about one eighth of an inch in depth. The paper is pressed into these grooves, and the letters are made in the channels thus

formed. In this way she is able to write to her friends and can read letters that are written to her with a pin. She also learned the braille point system, which, in its various modified forms, is of more practical value to the blind than any other system ever invented. She learned to read books written in raised characters with remarkable rapidity, and in time she acquired a large vocabulary. After she had obtained the means of communicating with those about her, it was comparatively easy for her to grasp the meaning of concrete words, but it was more difficult for her to comprehend the real significance of words denoting abstract or moral qualities. To illustrate the way in which she was taught the meaning of such words, we will quote an instance related by Dr. Howe. "She knew that some girls and women of her acquaintance were very sweet and amiable in their tempers, because they treated her so kindly, and caressed her so constantly. She knew also that others were quite different in their deportment; that they avoided or repelled her, and were abrupt in their motions and gestures while in contact with her, and might be called therefore sour in their tempers. By a little skill she was made to associate in her mind, the first person with a sweet apple, the other with a sour apple, and so there was a sign for a moral quality."

In addition to her studies she was taught to sew and knit, and to do many kinds of fancy work, such as crocheting and making bead baskets, etc. A part of her time was also spent in learning to do various kinds of house-work, so that she is now capable of performing a large portion of the work, devolving upon a good house keeper

The process of educating her was long and tedious, extending over a period of twenty years, but the result attained was surely worth more than the time and labor expended. Laura, by her natural shrewdness and intense craving for knowledge, aided much in her own development, and the cultivation of her intellect, has brought to light several psychological phenomena, none of which is more worthy of note than the fact that it is possible to think without language. When she placed her hand upon the face of a play-mate who had died, and was told that her friend was dead, she inquired if a companion whose cold face she had touched, before she had acquired the use of language was also dead, thus showing that she had carried the remembrance of that circumstance in her mind for several years.

Since then it is possible for a person, without sight or hearing, or the power of speech, to learn so much, may we not conclude, that an all-wise creator has endowed each of us, with almost unlimited latent powers, that will not be developed under ordinary circumstances, but which may be cultivated when they are required

E. P. F.

WIT AND BUFFOONEY.

LIFE is sober and serious enough. Its responsibilities and its reverses conjoin to render man's earthly course one of suffering rather than enjoyment, of gloom rather than of cheer. Whatever institutions or practices are capable of diminishing the causes of the one, and adapted to increase and strengthen the other, provided their influence is in no respect injurious, and always conformable to the principles of right and equity, should be approved and supported by the benevolent. It is a gross error to imagine that mirth is necessarily hostile to piety; for merriment may and does frequently prevail among those whose morals remain sound and untainted. True wit is a most effective factor for evil or for good, according as it is directed by malicious motives, or employed for the harmless purpose of provoking laughter and amusement. Genuine humor then, properly exercised should be cherished as among the most useful forms of talent. But there is a vast deal of so-called wit extant with no claim whatever to that name, and which is rightly designated by the expressive term buffoonery. Now, it is tolerably certain that a sterile field sown thick with grain, will here and there erect a fair and fruitful stalk; but the seeds can never make the field fertile; it is probable that a pig rooting in the gold region may occasionally display the glitter of precious dust upon his snout, but this does not prove that he is a huge nugget of gold; and the man with brain as devoid of acumen as a leaden bullet, perpetually toiling and straining to be facetious, may at intervals achieve a passable jest, but is not thereby constituted a humorist. Such a subject is the chronic buffoon. His capital consists of an unmeasured stock of insolence, coupled with the conviction on his own part, that the chattering, snickering, giggling, winking, nodding, acrobatic, clownish, nonentity, is in truth a sharp fellow. He it is whom we frequently discover conning almanacs in quest of the decrepid puns and mild pleasantries which these works sometimes contain in oases mid the dismal wastes of laudatory falsehood, concerning the nostrums concocted by their philanthropic authors. It is he, who under the settled assurance of his own jocular superiority, with consequent popularity and extraordinary privileges, defies every law of common civility and considerateness, evidently regarding life as a broad field for incessant practical jokings; satisfied meanwhile that every imposition and negligence is piteously

atoned for in the distinction conferred upon the victim by his attention, and the comic method of the whole performance. This aspiring mountebank after an open air constitutional, stamps through the entry with as much clamor and as little grace as possible, blares a snatch of some boisterous song at the chamber of a sick friend, batters the door with iron fastened cow-hides, and having thus calmed the quaking nerves of the invalid, slashes along the corridor something as an intoxicated slave proprietor might be supposed to pace, whip in hand, the threshold of some delinquent Canaanite's hovel. At the dining board he is a perfect hero. He enters the apartment with the same bravado fling, sprawls into his chair as awkwardly and noisily as he is able, catches up his napkin so that it trails in the gravy, or subverts the cruet stand in the process, and proclaims his wants in a tone somewhere between the nasal appeal of an orphan lamb, and the yell of bacchanal;—and yet, all this is so funny, you know, no one could think of accusing him of discourtesy or rudeness. He of course is quite justified in seizing with a sudden grab, which works ruin among an interviewing pitcher of water and group of glasses, the viand of which he sees his neighbour about to partake, the wink and imbecile smirk immediately following, indicating that this manœuvre is only a pretty little trick, designed to entertain rather than incommode his companion. This species of wag derives prodigious delight from such exploits as tripping the bashful small boy into a creamy pool of slush and mud, ascends to the apex of glory, when he succeeds in attaching an April Fool, or some such decoration to the rear of a diffident stranger's coat, and parading him thus adorned, before a concourse of ecstatic damsels. In short, everything which persons of ordinary thoughtfulness and common sense indignantly disclaim, any practice which propriety condemns and sober reflection denounces, all these so long as they are not positively criminal, are eagerly embraced and habitually indulged in by the buffoon. But that which above everything else disgusts and exasperates his associates, is the cool presumption with which his puerile fooleries are conducted, and the condescension which he evidently thinks he exercises in designing to make them the theme of his merriment.

Such a character is always supported by a swarm of imitators, who probably in course of time, develop his enviable art in themselves. Yet highly as he estimates his rank in popular favor, the liberty which he assumes, and that contempt for individual rights,

manifested by him towards the persons and effects of others, and which he bases upon this estimate, though often endured, are rarely enjoyed by the subjects of such mirthful abuse and soon incur for the aggressor a larger share of odium than friendship or admiration.

The genuine humorist on the other hand is a person very different from the individual we have just been considering. It must be conceded that in most instances he aims, like the latter, to secure applause, as well as to amuse; but it is easy to ascertain wherein the distinction between them lies. The one yearns vehemently for notoriety and laudation longing above everything else to be accounted an expert satirist, and yet lacks the simplest essentials to success in this capacity; his brain is turbid, his perceptions obtuse, and his notions of the ludicrous limited to grotesque demeanor and boorish disregard of all social and conventional forms. When indeed such forms are extremely exacting and absurd in their very nature, to burlesque and ridicule them may be both diverting and beneficial; but persistent and methodical mockery of every principle of order and comfort, must ever evoke scorn and aversion, among people of refined taste and judgement. Such is the conduct of the swaggering empty head in question. A true wit on the contrary is swift and accurate in thought, acute in discernment, and while possessing the keenest sense of the comic, and prompt apprehension of anything laughable, is yet duly attentive to the claims of politeness, and scrupulously avoids the semblance of braggadocio and coarseness. He is careful not to obtrude his witticisms indiscriminately, and his sallies when he makes them are guarded by a shrewd observance of circumstances, and a discreet comparison of their influence for or against the effectiveness of his venture. He never blunts the sting of a satire by levelling it against an individual in no respect exposed to attack. He presumes no peculiar privileges beyond the verbal exercises of his gift, or a practical joke sufficiently good to compensate for the annoyance and temporary resentment of the sufferer, for he is sensible of the folly of sacrificing friendship and goodwill for the sake of some paltry trick. Proficiency in sarcasm and expertness at retort, depend upon natural genius; and genius, when not marred by malignity, or corrupted by misuse, claims cordial esteem and sincere respect. Persons so endowed are possessed of a potent weapon of self defence, and a prompt means of succoring friends who may be subjected to injustice, or become involved

in the endless embarrassments of social life. Consequently such men are highly valued, and attain ere long to more or less celebrity, while the illfated buffoon, as soon as people have ceased wondering at his insane gambols, and have desisted from cursing his presumptuous impertinence, finds a berth for himself and his vagaries along with the crescentive moustache and boarding house chicken jokes, in the time-honored retreat of oblivion.

A word here to those who aspire to eminence in the profession of Twain and Billings may not be inappropriate. If you are really gifted in this department of mental activity, you have long since become conscious of the fact, and it is certainly commendable to nurture and develop the talent to its highest stage of utility. If, however, such powers have never manifested themselves, be assured they do not exist; and conceive no vain project of achieving by effort what nature alone can supply. Nothing is more exquisitely ridiculous than the spectacle of one naturally reserved, and matter of fact, endeavoring to sustain the part of a humorist. Ability has other shapes than those necessary to the conception and successful presentation of a jest, and where the latter are wanting, we are pretty safe in concluding that the deficiency is balanced by the possession of the former. It is assuredly far more reasonable and judicious to toil with sound seed where the soil is fruitful, than to hope for a harvest where neither seed nor soil are found. In this way valuable time is squandered and nothing accomplished, while the more promising mental forces dwarfed and stunted by neglect, are rendered incapable of half the efficiency to which they might have been disciplined if their culture had been attended to in season, and the dupe of his own fantasies deteriorates to a mere cipher in the universe, or worse still a negative element detracting by his brusque nonsense, insensate freaks, and apish pranks from the physical happiness of any upon whom he may choose to bestow his society, and sadly shaking their peace of mind.

Let every one beware, lest protracted forgetfulness of those principles which should be allowed to control the deportment of every one, reduce him to that deplorable condition of mental feebleness and incapacity in which like the meddling irrepressible buffoon, he becomes a standing nuisance to his friends, unprofitable to himself, and thus renders life a complete and irretrievable failure.

OUR LECTURE COURSE.

On Friday evening, April 27th, the public had the pleasure of listening to the very interesting lecture "Three weeks in London" by Rev. J. W. Manning, of Halifax. The President of the Athenæum Society, Mr. H. S. Shaw, in a few well-chosen remarks introduced the lecturer and in doing so took occasion to remark that the lack of lectures this year was not in any way due to the lecture committee.

The lecture was calculated to impart much information concerning London and was made very interesting by the pleasing interposition of amusing sketches.

"To night," said the Rev. lecturer, "I am to speak to you of three weeks spent in seeing London and as time will not allow me to give a minute description of all I saw there, I will try to describe what I consider the chief points of interest." "London is situated on both banks of River Thames, has a population of 5,000,000 and covers an area of 687 square miles. The streets are numerous, narrow and very crooked. Along these streets a living tide flows so large that it is said 60,000 people cross King William Street in the course of nine hours. Longfellow must have had some such picture as this before him when he penned:

"And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each bearing his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then."

"The parliament buildings are the first objects of interest; these buildings cover an area of eight acres, contain eleven hundred apartments and are in every respect imposing. "The principal parks in London are Hyde, Trafalgar and Albert, this last park is in many respects the finest. At each corner of the park stands an animal representing one of the four great continents. The statue of Prince Albert and Albert Hall surround this place with a halo of aesthetic light. "We spent one whole day in the Zoological Gardens and were amply repaid. Here are to be seen all kinds of animals, from the small mouse to the gigantic elephant. In the Botanic gardens grow plants, shrubs and trees of every description. Regent, Crystal and South Kensington parks should be visited as they are indeed beautiful.

"To visit the British and South Kensington Museums is of itself well worth all the hardships in crossing the Atlantic. The British Museum contains a library of 1,000,000 books. In this repository of curiosities among other things we noticed early editions of Scriptures and Shakespere, Cleopatra's coffin, statue of Diana and some very ancient fossils. "At the wax galleries are to be seen groups of all descriptions. In one corner we see a group representing the Queen and her husband surrounded by their happy children, in another we observe Scott, Dickens and other kindred spirits looking so natural that we can almost hear them talking. Here are collected Historic

relics of all kinds. "In the Tower of London are to be seen all the crown jewels, fire-arms of all ages and the block which held the head of Anna Boleyn. "As one approaches Hampton Court he passes large and finely decorated grounds. Against the building grows a grape vine, twenty inches in diameter and covering a space of 2200 feet. The grapes off this vine are used by her Gracious Majesty. We passed in at the King's entrance and, after examining the points of interest, especially the King's dressing room furnished in William and Mary style, passed out at the Queen's entrance. Windsor Castle, beautiful for situation—like Wolfville—stands in the centre of a small park twenty miles from London and has been the residence of the sovereigns of England since the time of the Saxon Kings."

The lecturer then described to us in glowing language the beautiful Memorial Hall and gave us some "points" on underground travel. "Be sure" said the lecturer "and never travel with a lady, keep your eyes open and your 'lips' in your hand." Then followed an account of a Sunday in London. "We were led through St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey and Spurgeon's Tabernacle."

In such a short sketch as this we can scarcely hope to do the lecturer justice. To be appreciated the lecture must be heard. All who have heard it pronounce it a good lecture.

MOCK TRIAL.

On Friday evening, April 13th, an eager audience assembled in College Hall to witness the proceedings of a Mock Trial, conducted by the students. The "posters" having been pretty widely circulated, much anticipation was created to be present at such an occasion, but owing to the inclemency of the weather, and the consequent bad condition of the roads, many were prevented from coming who otherwise would have participated in its enjoyments. The audience, however, was as good as could be expected under such circumstances, and imparted much enthusiasm to the amateurs of the legal profession.

The court was constituted as follows: J. R. Hutchinson, '88, Judge; L. J. Lovitt, Proth. and Clerk of Court; C. A. Eaton, Crier; C. H. McIntyre, Sheriff. After the juries were called, and criminal business placed before the grand jury, nine petit-jurymen were empanelled to try the case about to be taken up. The jury was composed as follows: W. B. Wallace, foreman; L. D. Morse, H. S. Shaw, H. T. DeWolfe, W. H. Jenkins, C. S. Lyons, M. C. Higgins, Fred. Shaw, John McDonald.

The case for trial was that of McCullochmore vs. Muck, an action brought for assault and battery. A. E. Shaw, '88, and L. A. Palmer, '89, formed the counsel for the prosecution, while H. H. Wickwire, '88, and A. W. Foster, '89, acted as the counsel for the defence. Mr. Shaw, in opening the case, laid

before the court the circumstances of the case. In addition to the plaintiff having suffered the loss of clothes, time and labor, health, character and marriage prospects, he claimed other damages to the extent of \$10,000.00

The plaintiff was then called upon the stand. He was a man of comparatively small stature, weighing in the vicinity of 250 lbs., with marks of ill-treatment upon his face, and in a low physical status generally. He was as calm and cool as a cucumber, and by his Scotch brogue elicited much applause in the delivery of his evidence.

The next witness called was Mrs. Sabina McCullochmore, mother of the plaintiff, who also afforded much amusement by reason of her loquacity, flowing as it seemed from an almost inexhaustible fountain of gab.

Next came the medical attendant, Dr. Wintercorbin, who possessed a true professional air, and the pomp suggestive of one at whose command the earth revolves upon its axis, and upon whose shoulders the universe itself rested.

The prosecution rested their case here and the defence began. Mr. Foster made the opening address, stating the facts of the case, and promising the court that the erroneous statements advanced by the prosecution would be totally destroyed.

The defendant was then called and gave testimony. He seemed to be a man of some years, and his grey locks contrasted greatly with the dark hues of his care worn countenance. Although husky tones remain as the fatal calamity of his once musical voice, he gave a very humorous evidence.

Following him came Mr. Muck, Jr., son of the defendant. Frolicsome as a kitten, and with eyes which rolled like the fiery orbs in their spheres, he presented a spectacle both unique and ludicrous.

Last among the witnesses came Benjamin Franklin, whose drooped shoulders and bowed head would at any time command deference and respect.

The evidence having been fully examined, Mr. H. H. Wickwire then arose to address the jury on behalf of the defendant. In dealing with the nature of the evidence he evinced much skill and sharp scrutiny, while his speech was sound and logical.

Mr. A. E. Shaw then closed the case of the prosecution with a ringing speech. Using chiefly the facts in hand, he made many good points; and from his ready command of language his words were aptly chosen and well-delivered.

Shortly after, the jury handed in their verdict of damages for the plaintiff to the amount of \$5,200.

It is needless to say that all parties performed their parts well; and, while Mr. Palmer neither opened nor closed the case, he showed that he thoroughly understood his business in the cross-examination. It is to be hoped that this will not be the last of such undertakings by the students, and that we may witness the repetition of a similar event suggested by the memories of so marked an occasion.

SOPHOMORE EXHIBITION.

As a freshman a student is quiet, or, at least, a great many think that he ought to be seen rather than heard. This is nominally true of his every day life, strictly true in regard to his public life. The Sophomore has been here a year longer, and is both seen and heard, publicly and privately. For the first time were the present Sophomores heard in public on the afternoon of April 25th. The audience was small but very select. The usual number of familiar pieces were delivered in varied styles; but as the object of the exhibition is neither oratorical nor strictly elocutionary, we may safely say that the advantages resulting from the exercise were in favour of the more active participants, who are not only made familiar with some of the choicest selections in English Literature, but are also brought face to face with an audience, and thus familiarized with the idea of oratorical and rhetorical laurels to be gained in the two following years. We are not disposed to criticise because we have been there ourselves, but tediousness is and has always been the fault. To get hold of something worth reciting, it must be possessed of some considerable length, and fifteen minutes multiplied by twenty Sophomores is equal to five hours more or less. It would be better if pieces could be selected which are short, choice and interesting, that the interest may not flag, and that the students as a body may be induced to attend. It is a question if the object of the exhibition could not be better attained by the public delivery of original essays or orations, either prose or poetry. Such a departure was made in one instance this year, and we are inclined to think that the practice is commendable and worthy of imitation. Suffice it to say the exhibition was up to the usual mark, and all are looking forward to a more pleasing event that will transpire before the end of eight months.

"OURS OR THEIRS."

EDITORS went maying.

THE freshmen have chosen rooms. Pearce again broods o'er the "fifty."

FARMING operations begin, in Nova Scotia, about June 7th. Would that we lived in Florida.

HE that entereth not by the door but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.

The alarm-clocks' tick, and on the post
Shines bright the little lamp,
There is no danger "lambkins" dear,
For all the grass is damp.

LOCALS.

BICYCLES.

"MAY-FLOWERS."

"THOSE conferences."

"How is your Liv-y?"

STUDENT's friend,—the oil can.

"CHANGE of the Light Brigade."

"SAY, are you using the 'Commentary?'"

THE biggest frog in the puddle just at present is the frog.

TENNIS is the rage. Not the unpleasantest part of it is fixing "those grounds."

We are glad to see so manifest an interest in farming. The price of potatoes, we understand, has risen.

JUNIORS,— "Wonder why we didn't study Browning!"
"Whatever is right," says your 'Black.'

If the last rose of summer is faded and gone, what about the May flower that hasn't come yet!

It is apparently easier to growl at the absence of a worthy lecture than attend one when it does come.

SNEAKS enjoy one advantage over men: they have a monopoly of the business.

"THE proper study of mankind is how to support a wife," so says a Local paper. Times have changed or the Editor's experience has been sad.

THE most insignificant inmate Chipman Hall has had for some years is called (!).

It is a pretty small business when a man gets to buying caudy "on tick." Better run yourself a little less "sweetly" or sell out and move south.

POOR boy,— "Please Mr., only a cent!"

GRANDee,— "No you don't, just had to pay freight on my bicycle."

ONE of the most thoughtful of our Theological Students walked up to a student who was playing something on the piano before a late dubious looking Exam., and respectfully desired him to play "Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah."

H. BERT ELLIS, B. A., '84, is showing a fine record. A few weeks since he was graduated from the College of Medicine of the University of Southern California, taking the two first prizes. Also, as "Valedictorian," he delivered the "Doctorate oration" for his class, an honour enjoyed only by the "man." Thou hast done well, Bert; go on, and may all success attend thee.

HE.—“ You know I am coaching the boys for their ‘Mock Trial!’ ”

SHE.—“ Yes, and I think they might be coached with advantage in several directions.”

Even so, fair sage, still in thy full completeness be charitable.

LAWN-TENNIS is again to the fore, and this time the courts are two. What once tried to be a rink, (open-air) now measured and scored, yields to the play of racket and ball. Though a step in the right direction, we hope the *after-tea base-ball* will not be forgotten.

THE ‘Seniors’ of ‘89 have at length ‘letted’ rooms in the old Hall. May they live to occupy (1) their choices, for the future is, at times, so uncertain. On a Friday all seems brightness, but the morrow brings the shadow. However, ‘tis the storm that clears the air.

AT least some of the Academy Students appreciated their late reception. It is understood some 14 invitations for the next five years or during the course of their natural lives, (barring accidents) have been extended, to begin June 7th. The Academy boys seem to have had experience in some quarter before coming here.

A young gentleman, the other day, was making enquiries in reference to tickets for the June concert. Though we have seen some very bad cases, never before do we remember such emphasized “thought for the morrow.” Such timely action either indicates a remarkable degree of prudence, or else it must be a case where the “early bird captures the jewel.”

“GILLIE” and “Sam” are departed, and divers others reign in their stead. No more there beams the genial face above the laden coal-box or shake the stairs beneath the heavy tread. That “whistle” by which the busy broom kept time is still, (the present “broomstress” does not whistle) not once is heard the yell for “Keys.” They have gone and in truth we miss them.

Oh May! sweet May of ‘88!
 Watch o’er Acadia’s precious “freight,”
 Remember what past “Springs” have been,—
 The “struggle” short, the “falling in—,”
 The collar-box with bouquet set,
 The “bargains” made on Chapel step;
 Remember too, that, one year older,
 The “boys” have grown a trifle bolder.

How we worked! But the inspiration! No wonder string-stretched as if by magic, stakes stuck as though pile drivers were at them lime, limed like lightning, brooms broomed and pails paled for breathing strength and looking thanks, ladies languished, at the windows. What cared they, though wind blew keen and storm threatened? Well, your labour has not been in vain. Love’s labour is not lost. The game is good too, even if it does develop even one side, it is a satisfaction to have one side developed.

CLASS SUFFERERS have been the “rage.” Rich and poor, high and low alike have worshiped at the altar.

‘Senior’ first partook with pleasure, long drawn out, doing more than justice to himself and his salt. As ‘Junior’ had a

Latin exam. sometime in the winter, and now contemplates Neptune (when he’s in) with a view to entrusting sickness or health to his many “ups and downs,” all minor matters have, of course, been neglected.

‘Soph.’ met his “menu” like a man, perhaps erred on the side of manhood, enjoyed himself thoroughly and departed content.

‘Freshie’ laboured for two solid hours ‘mid flags, turkeys, flower-pots, etc. Though his attempt came last, it was, by no means, least.

“THOSE” “those’s” are getting stale. For the sake of your country, boys, take a dip into our great “Well of English undefiled” and bring up a fresh draught.

HOOKEB,—on a mild Sabbath afternoon one steed—Mazepa. He was nickle-plated and tangent spoked, and had done his 3000 miles. As the stable was locked, and the beast carefully secured, mystery altogether enshrouds his disappearance. His owner, a mellow-voiced youth, was away at the time, but on his return started at once an *energetic* search.

High and low he travelled and enquired. No one had seen Mazepa. “My horse, my horse, \$75.00 for my horse,” and naught but the echo answered the entreaty. Wild-eyed the search continued. “Where is my Mazepa?” Darkness dropped upon the scene, and still no steed. Morning followed a feverish night, when quietly round the corner stalked the much sought lost one, who it seems had been quietly reposing in the cellar. But who led him there? Many rumors are afloat, still we think

MAY is here, and the Teachers have left us. There has been a general abandoning of the ship. The freshmen in particular have been very successful in obtaining schools, and quite a number of them have resumed the pedagogical staff and air. This speaks well for the freshmen and promises well for the schools. By the way, teachers have the drop on their fellow-students in college: They complete a college term of four years in three, and support themselves in the bargain. They don’t make a bad showing either. Literary work right along must account for it. Whether they turn out better or not may be a question, but they certainly promise well. We wish them a prosperous summer of it anyway, one and all. Keep an eye to those darts which are apt to play about the young gentlemen school teacher heads and you are safe. We doubt not with your practice here you will come off more than conqueror.

AND still the Class of ‘90 grows less, one more has said good-bye to college life and gone to be elsewhere known. Though the gap is closed the Sophomores miss him, yea, miss him as one who ever came to time in “love or war.”

Though of a slender build the “some-day Dr.” was wiry, and his long arm often dashed the “heavy weights.” His voice was musical and so was his flute, and often were they heard. As a taker of live-stock he was an acknowledged expert. A wash-bowl, perched on some kindling wood, a grated cigar box, three mice—alive—dead, will long remain as reminiscences.

Of a roving disposition, (especially of late) the “old man,” nevertheless, possessed the happy faculty of always turning up when wanted.

Thus Arthur, in memory thou livest, and though Acadia will no more know thee, the "boys" of '90 will never forget the man whom they liked, and whose departure they regretted.

WELL, April, thou art gone and hast taken thy weather with thee.

Thou art gone, and we are sorry, still, "parting is such sweet sorrow."

Oh, those sunny days and balmy nights, whither have they fled! Forever their tender breathing is still, like a pleasant dream they have vanished.

Though departed, in memory ye will ever dwell, for who dare undertake to forget you! Your tender image is indelibly engraven by those soft zephyrs from the east that slyly slid through broken pane and gaping crevice. Then those days when the snow-flakes whirling came and all the land was cool, when straight down poured the sparkling, chasing rain-drops, and all without was damp; or when the loving mist tenderly gathered all beneath its wing and bade its brood to rest. Oh, those days, every one a study! (Kindergarten system.) Yes, April, thou wert never idle. Activity, variety and cussedness marked thy every turn. When the wise man sallied forth his vesture was ever built for shine and shadow, peace and war. Truly, thy cloak was one of many colours. But, what to thee of all thy chafe and fret when now thou art gone! From us thy memory can never fade. Other Aprils may come, but like others will they depart, for thou alone will reign above thy fellows.

THE public meeting of Acadia Missionary Society, which took place on the evening of April 15th, was one of marked interest. A well prepared paper was presented by W. S. Black, '89, upon "Missions in Japan," and one by W. H. Jenkins, subject: "The future of the Gospel in the light of Prophecy," was full of rich and original thoughts. Miss Wallace read, in her usual pleasing and effective manner, "Nathan Brown's Missionary Call," and Rev. S. McC. Black delivered an address upon "The Christian Life." In his introduction the speaker referred to the splendid opportunities awaiting the various members of the Society, but guaranteed the brightest and most permanent success to those who were entering the Christian service, whose motto was, "Not fame but Christ." He said, "Christ is at once the Crown and King of our race," and that our highest ambition should be to become like Him. The above quotation, which was the nucleus of the address, was elaborated and expanded in a masterly style. In connection with Christ's kingship the vision of the Revelator concerning "The New Jerusalem," which came "down from God out of Heaven," was most beautifully applied. Space forbids that we should attempt a lengthy extract, and anything less than a complete analysis will do the speaker injustice. We are sure, however, that the appreciation of the students will be expressed by another invitation to Mr. Black to address the Society in the near future.

Several selections of music, by the young ladies of the Seminary, added much to the interest of the service.

"EASTER HOLIDAYS;" or, "A Week in Canning," a story of many chapters, has been going the rounds of late. Unlike most narratives its every detail is based on fact, and verily "truth is

more interesting than fiction." The story opens in Canning, where, on a raw and drizzly night, are gathered a number of friends for the holidays. Mud is ankle-deep in the streets, chill and gloom enwrap the town. The stores thrusting out upon the river their unpainted backs, stand shivering and in silence; life there is none. This picture of utter desolation without is strongly contrasted with the light and warmth of the fireside about which are assembled "the fiends."

Then follows an amusing and somewhat lengthy description of the respective characters and relations of the "dramatis personæ." They have come, it seems, to make the most of life during their short stay of six days.

The story faithfully follows their every procedure, and abounds with striking passages. Though ever and anon the author drifts into *side issues*, still the interest is never permitted to flag. Human nature is well portrayed,—its strength, its follies and weakness. Light and shadow are about evenly balanced. Who, that has once heard, can ever forget the true yet simple pathos of that chapter, where Fever, at noonday, gathers in his harvest; and who can suppress a smile at the picture of complete despair and helplessness that attends the break of that "kingbolt!" The plot terminates quite naturally, though no one gets married, indeed its chief beauty lies in its *naturalness*. It deals with life as it finds it, in a practical business-like fashion. In a word, it is an animated narrative of the nineteenth century fairly well told.

MARRIAGES.

ON May 3rd, at Los Angeles, California, H. Bert Elles, '84, M. D., to Miss Lulu Talbot, M. D.

ON May 10th, at North Greenwich, Conn., Irving S. Balcom, '80, M. D. to Miss Annie Knapp.

PERSONALS.

H. O. HARRIS, '88, has recently taken unto himself a farm. May the "goodly acres" ever yield a liberal fold.

REV. J. O. REDDEN, '76, is, at present, stationed at Lompoc, California.

E. M. FREEMAN, '87, lives the life of a worthy pedagogue at Lompoc.

A. C. KEMPTON, '90, is no longer a child of Acadia. One fine afternoon he gathered himself and his goods together and departed. He contemplates the study of medicine.

H. BERT ELLES, B. A., '84, has lately been graduated with honours from the College of Medicine, of the University of Southern California.

REV. J. W. MANNING, '67, on Friday evening, April 27th, lectured, under the auspices of the Athenæum, before a Wolfville gathering.

W. B. CRAWLEY '89 has thrown off the restraints of college life and now fills the position of Parser on one of the Lake boats of Cape Breton. His *post office addresses* are changed.

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