

# ACADIA ATHENÆVM



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**The Value of the Classics in Education.**

A hundred years ago it would have been quite unnecessary to ask the question, "What studies shall we choose as best suited for the development of that mental power, the acquiring of that knowledge, and the attainment of that culture, which is called education?" The place of honor was given to the humanities. Lately however, with the rapid advances in the field of science there has gradually come about a neglect of these humanistic studies, which may not be for the best interest of modern education.

President Schurman recently said, "The indispensable materials of a liberal education are first of all and most important of all, the humanities, and secondly the sciences of nature including mathematics as their key, to which must be added philosophy, the fundamental doctrine of both nature and man." And Lord Kelvin, the greatest physicist of recent times, is reported to have said, during a visit to Cornell a few years ago, that in his view every student of physics should previously have had a training in the humanities. This is also the opinion of the majority of scientific men, and many of the greatest scientists have been trained by these studies,—a fact which may well be taken as a proof that, if rightly taught, they are highly conducive to scientific vigor and precision of thought, while at the same time they train the moral and emotional nature as well as the intellect.

But again among the humanistic studies a choice is still necessary. Ancient and modern languages, history, economics and philosophy, form a field far too wide to be fully compassed by any one mind. All these subjects have valuable educational qualities, but the English language and literature are doubtless the most important for us. This language, however, is largely founded on Latin; and Greek and Roman

classics have been the fountain-heads of English literature. It would seem, from this dependence alone, aside from any value they may have in themselves, that all would recognize their value in a course of study for English speaking people. In spite of this however many voices have been raised in recent years decrying these studies as useless or even injurious, and asserting that much time is spent on them that might be more profitably employed on scientific studies. This may be true in part, and in some countries, as England, for instance; but the tendency to rush to the opposite extreme and abandon classics altogether, substituting a course in which science predominates, is to my mind much more to be regretted. As Tyndall, one of our greatest scientists, has said, "Man is not all intellect. If he were so, science would, I believe, be his proper nutriment. But he feels as well as thinks; he is receptive of the sublime and the beautiful as well as of the true. Indeed I believe that even the intellectual action of a complete man is consciously or unconsciously sustained by an undercurrent of the emotions. It is vain to attempt to separate the moral and emotional nature from the intellectual nature. Let a man but observe himself and he will find, if I mistake not, that in nine cases out of ten, moral or immoral considerations as the case may be, are the motive force which pushes his intellect into action." How important, then, that our subjects of study should be fitted to nourish the moral and emotional nature! Again Prof. Painter in the introduction to his *History of Education* says, "Studies that develop original powers of observation, and especially a scientific mind, devoted to nature and neglecting human history, produce a radical, not to say a revolutionizing tendency. Hence the spirit of revolution that is gaining so powerful a hold of society in most recent times." It would be well for the advocate of exclusive science to consider whither he is leading and to decide if the result is desirable before he does away with all studies which have a conservative tendency.

It is evident that true progress demands both tendencies held in equilibrium. The story of the wisdom of the race, the acceptance of the heritage of the past life of the race, is essential to save the new generation from repeating all the steps travelled on the way hitherto. This necessitates the grounding of education in a study of the humanities. And of the humanities none can give a broader, deeper and more thorough training than the Classics. Witness the men who have been

trained and developed by them. From the time of the Revival of Learning down almost to the present, Latin and Greek have been the chief subjects of study in the schools of all civilized countries. Erasmus, Grotius, Luther, Calvin, Melanchthon, are at one in their exalted and almost idolatrous estimate of the ancient languages. German and French writers have found their highest inspiration in the classics, while the vast majority of English authors have been classically educated. How much of the vigour and grace attaching to Spencer's style, or Bacon's, or Jeremy Taylor's, or Dryden's, or Addison's, or Gray's, or De Quincey's, or Tennyson's, or Macaulay's, or Thackeray's, or to that of the translators of the Bible, and the compilers of the Book of Common Prayer, is due to their being "thoroughly imbued with the very heart and spirit of ancient letters?" Milton's poems could not have been written, cannot indeed be properly understood without constant reference to classical literature. Shakespeare is said to have been an exception to this universality of classical training, but while to a pedantic scholar like Johnson he might seem to have "small Latin and less Greek?" this is at least proof that he had some knowledge of these subjects. Prof. Masson says that Shakespeare went as far as 99% of his contemporaries, and this was in an age noted for its classical enthusiasm. It is to be noted that he could not have learned Greek at all in his day except from Latin text-books.

Turning to statesmen and orators we find that classics have played as large a part in their training as in that of the masters of literature. Chatham, Burke, Pitt, Fox, Peel, Palmerston, Gladstone are a few names that may be mentioned as examples of what Classical education has produced in these fields. In fact, with very few exceptions, the great men of the past have been students of Latin and Greek. Has their greatness depended wholly on natural gifts whose lustre even a mistaken course of studies could not dim, or have these subjects a power to exercise the active faculties and awaken dormant ones? Can they develop the poetic germ, the power of expression, keenness of thoughts and observation, and all that goes to make a great author, scientist or statesman? We think it can be proved that they can and do, in proportion to the natural endowment and wisely-directed effort of the student.

That this is the opinion of many noted men may be shown by a few extracts. Sir William Hamilton, whose authority on such a point

should carry weight, declares it to have been demonstrated by experience that the study of ancient literature "if properly directed, is absolutely the best means towards a harmonious development of the faculties,—the one end of all liberal education." Mr. Gladstone, who as a classical scholar had few if any equals among the great statesmen of the Nineteenth Century, has said: "Modern European civilization from the Middle Ages downward is the compound of two great factors, the Christian religion for the spirit of man and the Greek (and in a secondary degree the Roman) discipline for his mind and intellect. St. Paul is in his own person a symbol of this great wedding. The materials of what we call classical training were prepared in order that it might become the compliment of Christianity in its application to the culture of the human being, as a being formed both for this world and the world to come." And a recent writer in the *Educational Review* says that "for keen, sharp, yet broad mental discipline the equal of Latin and Greek has never yet been found. They have no value, it is true, at the world's counter; but they can give as no other study can give the mental grasp and alertness through which money may be made, but which money can never buy."

Let us now try to resolve this training into its component parts and note the benefits derived from each. In the first place classical study gives a training in the use of our own language, particularly in the use of words, enlarging our vocabulary and rendering it more precise. About two-thirds of our English words are derived directly or indirectly from Latin; and so, as Prof. Laurie has said, "in studying Latin we are studying our own tongue in its sources and getting all the discipline and nutrition of mind which flows from the study of the history and origin of words. Latin enables us to revivify our own tongue for ourselves." The Greek contribution on the other hand, though small in quantity is of great value. It gives us about all our scientific nomenclature and many of our abstract terms. Indeed we can hardly begin to speak or think of abstract or complex ideas but immediately we begin to speak Latin or Greek slightly anglicised.

Again this study gives us a power over words by leading to a clear comprehension of their meaning. "At present," says Mr. King, "words have absurd power because they are swallowed whole." The remedy for this lies in a study of the languages from which these words

come. In the earlier stages of classical teaching at least, every teacher will draw the attention of the pupil to derivative words in English. Thus the pupil, while increasing his vocabulary, gets a deeper insight into the meaning of words, his mental vision is enlarged, and he gains power in expression. Experience has shown that this cannot be got from roots. Again as nearly all scientific terms are borrowed from Greek, much of the difficulty of science disappears for one who has a working knowledge of this language. These technical terms have a real meaning to one who knows Greek. To the student on the other hand who knows only a few Greek roots, the terms will not be clear, for a vocabulary becomes fixed in the mind only by constant repetition, not by memorizing a few root words.

Thus in the mental stages of the classical languages the student receives a practical benefit even if he gets no further than to acquaint himself with a good vocabulary. In more advanced stages they tend to make the student an artist in words. No writer or speaker can be the conscious master of his art without making an artistic study of the words of poets like Vergil whom Tennyson, our modern Vergil, refers to as

“Lord of language more than he that sang the Works and Days.”

All the chosen coin of fancy flashing out from many a golden phase,”

And again “All the charm of all the Muses often flowing in a lonely word.”

But Latin and Greek also develop intellectual power because as formal and grammatical studies they discipline the intelligence more effectively than any other language. The study of any language in its historical forms and logical relations is one of the best possible disciplines for the intellect, because it is the study of the intellect itself, and all the processes of mind are presented for analysis in every degree of complexity. But for this purpose no language is equal to those of Greece and Rome. Indeed a thorough comprehensive knowledge of even our own grammar is not possible without a knowledge of Classics. Besides, the organic structure of Latin and Greek is more nearly perfect than that of any other language. As the principles and rules of grammar are the means by which the forms of language are made to correspond with the universal forms of thought, so the Classics by their great variety of inflections express most fully

and exactly all the various and minute modifications of thought. The distinctions between the various parts of speech, between the cases of nouns, the moods and tenses of verbs, the functions of particles, are distinctions in thought, not merely in words. Vexatious as these grammatical forms seem at first they are just the supreme excellence by which these languages train the mind, force it to be accurate, and make it see the beauty of order. They are the very best exercises for the training of observation and accuracy. And this training is not merely intellectual; it is also moral in its effects upon character. The will which is developed and strengthened by overcoming these intellectual difficulties is the same will which must overcome all the temptations which surround us, and find its way among the conflicting experiences and contradictory motives of daily life.

After the pupil has passed the elementary stages, and acquired a knowledge of inflections, the advantages of the study gradually widen. The careful comparison of the structure of languages, and the transference of ideas from one to another is a mental exercise of the highest value. It calls forth and trains the powers of analysis and synthesis, it fosters habits of patient and accurate thinking, it cultivates at the same time keenness and breadth of comprehension, and above all it brings out in strong relief the difference between words and things, between form and substance, between words and things, between form and substance, between the garb of the thought and the thought itself; and this last function is better performed by the study of Greek and Latin than by that of any modern language. There can be no better training in English than that obtained by being compelled to discriminate the meaning of synonymous English words given to the Greek and Latin words in the dictionary. By requiring writers translations in the early stages the very best kind of training in English composition may be given, because the form is regulated by the close and logical construction, of the language, and the matter is supplied as it should be at this period. Thus the pupil acquires form and style, and lays on a sure basis that greatest of accomplishments—the ability to express himself in his own English with distinctness, clearness and effect.

Again in the process of translation the arrangement of the words must often be completely changed in order to keep up the true sense; and there is no surer test of the judgment and care of the artist than

the turning of idiomatic Latin and Greek into English so as to preserve as much as possible the beauty of form, without sacrificing any portion of the thought of the original. In order to make a good translation the pupil must carry himself back in thought to the age and environment of the writer, and be able to grasp the trend of his thought, and interpret it clearly and spiritually. A translator has to show that he is master of the two languages he is dealing with. The value of the practice of translating Greek and Latin into English, in getting command of a good English style can hardly be stated too strongly. And the reason is not hard to find. These languages, especially Latin, are the best instruments for the most precise and most perfect expression of thought. The Latin prose of Tacitus and Cicero, and the poetry of Virgil and Horace are like a Greek statue or an Italian cameo—exquisite not only in beauty but also in precision. The study of these masterpieces will give a habitual nobility and beauty to style. The nearest way to be true to the spirit is to be faithful to the letter, and if the narrator will only be as painstaking as Horace, the “adviser of the nine-years, pondered lay,” or hunt for his words and phrases as assiduously as Ovid did, he will be able to make his translation literal and still have it good English.

This effort to grasp the essential idea under what to a modern reader are often obscure and perplexing forms of expression is a discipline of the greatest benefit. It was the training gained in translating which gave Pitt that wonderful readiness and aptness of speech which made his rival say he himself was never at loss for a word, but Pitt was never at loss for *the word*. Senator Hoar says, “in my opinion the two most important things which a young man can do to make himself a good speaker are, first, constant and careful written translations from Latin and Greek into English, and second, practice in a good debating society.” To add still another authority, G. R. Carpenter, Prof. of Rhetoric and English Composition in Columbia University says, “that those who believe in abolishing Latin and Greek as a requirement for entrance into Colleges and scientific schools should notice the tongue-tied condition of boys entering institutions where at least one of the classical languages is not prescribed for admission. College Freshmen have sometimes more fluency of expression than solidarity of mind and thought! Freshmen in scientific schools on the contrary, frequently express themselves so crudely as

not to do justice to their sound and keen intelligence. The difference is largely due to their lack of a linguistic training that it seems at present impossible to secure in anything but a classical language."

The next step that the student takes is still more difficult. He must now apply his grammatical knowledge to the task of translating English into Greek and Latin. This is a difficult task and it is the difficulty of the task, that makes it an effective training. In Ian McLaren's Bonnie Briar Bush we see how Domsie, the Drumtochty school-master scented out the lad o' pairts, George Howe, from among the other scholars of the parish school. After telling the leaning that Domsie had to the Classics and the professions, though he was broad enough to allow a pupil who had no taste for classics the alternative of studying beetles, McLaren continues, "But it was Latin Domsie hunted for as fine gold, and when he found the smack of it in a lad he rejoiced openly. He counted it a day in his life when he knew certainly that he had hit on another scholar, and the whole school saw the identification of George Howe. For a winter Domsie had been "at point," racing George through Caesar, stalking him behind irregular verbs, bating traps with tid-bits of Vergil. During these exercises Domsie surveyed George from above his spectacles with a hope that grew every day in assurance, and came to its height over a bit of Latin prose. Domsie tasted it visibly, and read it again in the shadow of the firs at meal-time, slapping his leg twice. "He'll dae! he'll dae!" cried Domsie aloud, lading in the snuff. "George, ma mannie, tell yir father that I'm coming up Whinnie Knowe the night on a bit of business." Then the school knew that Geordie Howe was marked for College and pelted him with fir-cones in great gladness of heart." Domsie had the true teacher's instinct. To turn idiomatic English into good idiomatic Greek or Latin is no easy task. It exercises observation and reflection in their highest degree. The pupil must get at the actual sense of the English he is required to translate; he must understand the Latin and Greek idioms, and choose between synonymous words while expressing fine shades of meaning by the correct use of modes, tenses, and cases.

It is some times said that the Modern Languages are much more useful for students of this age than what are sometimes slightly referred to as the dead languages. In answer to this Mr. Thring asserts that the most prominent merit of Latin and Greek is the fact that they are *not*

spoken languages, because this renders it impossible to learn them by imitation without receiving the slightest mental training, or any education in the true sense. The structure of all modern languages is similar in character to that of English. The comparative absence of inflections, with all their niceties of distinctions, compels the pupil to dispense with that constant mental tension which the Greek and Latin languages force him to exercise. Moreover the Romance languages are founded on Latin, and cannot be thoroughly understood without it; and, from a literary standpoint many of their best works are based on the Classics, and can only be rightly appreciated in the light of these writings. It is quite true that we may get a knowledge of German without studying either Greek or Latin, but how much would we miss in reading Lessing, Schiller, or Goethe, not to say German philosophy, unless we knew the fountain head from which they drew their inspiration.

But if French and German are weak in training power on account of their familiarity and consequent failure to call out observation, what shall we say about English? Does not the same objection apply with still greater force? Much depends on the method of teaching, but experience goes to show that better results can be obtained if the pupil also learns some other language besides his own. The facility with which he reads his own language is fatal to reflection. He is quite content with the general sense of the passage, and seldom stops to weigh words or phrases, or to note the structure of the sentence provided he grasps the idea. Shades of expression and distinctions of synonymous words escape him entirely, and he often loses the whole force of the author. His reflective faculty is not exercised. It is entirely different in the study of Greek and Latin. Every word must be weighed, every phrase considered, every difference of idiom noted, and the general meaning of the passage fully comprehended. It would seem therefore that no linguistic substitute for Latin and Greek has yet been found. They are the sources of a large part of our language and literature; their study gives mental training of the highest character, and a fluency of speech and aptness in words which no other study can produce.

After what has been said it is hardly necessary to mention the objection that the time spent in classics is wasted because very few ever learn them in any proper sense, and those who do soon forget them

when they leave college. Apart from the advantages we have shown to spring from even an elementary study of these languages, does not this objection apply to all subjects not adapted to immediate use in the affairs of life? This objection, if allowed, would do away with all liberal culture. How many of our graduates will read Dryden and Addison, or even Shakespeare after they leave College? The fact that the great majority fail to pursue their studies in after life does not prove that they have been valueless. Far from it. The mental power, good taste, and judgment acquired, and the wider range of ideas which results are something that cannot be taken away.

So far we have dealt mainly with the training to be got from the husk, so to speak, of Latin and Greek, with the mental power developed in the exercise of stripping this outer covering from the kernel hidden within, and putting the thought contained into a new husk of our own. This is a necessary introduction to the larger culture to be obtained from Latin and Greek as literature. Only a small percentage of those who study the classics ever get far enough to receive much benefit from this part of the study, but for those who do this is the phase which has the most marked influence on the tone of thought and character. According to Mr. Thring education is "the transmission of life from the living, through the living, to the living." The living thoughts and feelings of men live in the language of men; and literature is nothing less than the company of those who spoke the words. The fact that the men themselves died long ago, and that their language is no longer spoken does not affect the vitality of their writings. It is just as absurd to talk of a dead language as to speak of a dead picture or a dead cathedral. "Great thoughts cannot die. They with the Sun and Moon renew their light forever, blessing those that look on them." Prof. Woodrow Wilson in his oration at the Princeton Sesquicentennial said, "This, it seems to me, is the real argument for holding every man we can to the intimate study of the ancient classics. All literature that has lasted has this claim upon us that it is not dead; but we cannot be quite so sure of any as we are of the ancient literature because none has lived so long. It is the general air of the world a man gets when he reads the classics, the thinking which depends upon no time but upon human nature, which seems full of the voices of the human spirit, quick with the power that moves ever upon the face of affairs."

The only way to study any literature is with reference to the thought, sentiment, and style it enshrines, as a work of human beings on matters of human interest. The acquisition of knowledge without ideals or inspiration is not education. What is needed in this particular age is something to keep alive the ideals. To this end the student should come in contact with the spirit of an age and people so colossal in almost all their features as those of the best days of Greece and Rome, and be inspired by the spirit of liberty, law, and republican freedom which is stamped upon so much of that age and people. If "we are a part of all that we have met" may we not control our further development by cultivating the acquaintance of all the good and great of ancient times? Tyndall once said in an address to students that it was the reading of Carlyle and Emerson that made him a scientist. They called out 'Act' and he obeyed, only choosing the direction his effort was to take. He then goes on to speak of the power of literature in showing us what we ought to do and giving us the inspiration necessary for doing it, and concludes by saying, "the circle of human nature is not complete without the arc of feeling and emotion. The lilies of the field have a value for us beyond their botanical ones—a certain lightening of the heart accompanies the declaration that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." The sound of the village bell has a value beyond its acoustical one. The setting sun when it mantles with the bloom of roses the Alpine snows, has a value beyond its optical one. Round about the intellect sweeps the horizon of the emotions from which all our noblest impulses are derived. I think it very desirable to keep this horizon open and not permit either priest or philosopher to draw down his shutters between you and it. And here the dead languages have an irresistible claim. They exalt and refine the aesthetic faculty, and must on this account be cherished by all who desire to see human culture complete."

The fascination which Greek writers have so long exercised on the greatest minds is partly owing to their perfection of form, their sense of proportion, and their unsurpassed value as models of literary excellence. But a still higher interest belongs to them from the ideas their works contain. If the love of beauty is there, so also is the love of knowledge and the love of freedom. They show the way to mankind in the fearless search for truth. More influential still are their

moral and religious ideas. It is not without reason that the works of Homer have been called the Greek Bible. The power he exerted for centuries over the Greek mind was to be found in the ideals he set before them, and in his teaching concerning the gods and their providential care over each individual. It would not be easy to find any history or biography even in modern times in which there is so full and practical a recognition of a divine hand in the common affairs of life as in Homer; and in this fact we recognize the secret of his power over the human mind. Demosthenes also recognized the fact that moral ideas rule the world, and are alone capable of inspiring men to noble efforts in a noble cause. But it is in Socrates and Plato that we find the highest ideals the human mind has attained unaided by revelation. Their conceptions are so similar to those of Christianity that some have supposed they were acquainted with the Hebrew Scriptures. They bear witness to the reality of our moral nature; to "those truths that wake to perish never," and which in no age can be "utterly abolished or destroyed."

But besides their value in themselves the Classics are of the greatest advantage to the student of English literature, or, in fact, to the student of European literature in general. Every later poet has formed his style more or less upon Homer's model. Where the influence has been unconscious it has been none the less real. Like the Colosseum at Rome, the Iliad and the Odyssey have been a quarry from which later builders have drawn a large part of their material. If you subtract from the Aeneid, the Divine Comedy and the Paradise Lost what they directly or indirectly owe to Homer you will hardly recognize your Virgil, or Dante, or Milton. What Homer has been in the world of poetry, Plato is in the world of thought. From his Republic spring most of the great currents of modern thought. In reading almost any English author Classical references are constantly met with, necessitating a reference to notes or a classical dictionary on the part of the ordinary reader if he would understand the force of the passage, and how misleading such notes often are to one who has not gained some idea of the universe of thought from which they are borrowed!

New words met with are also almost all from classic roots, for it is our common every-day words that are of Saxon origin. A glance will often reveal the meaning to a classical student, if it is necessary

to turn to the dictionary, the root given there at once fixes the idea for one who has not met the word in his Latin or Greek authors. Prof. Gildersleeve of Johns Hopkins has well said that "until we can disentangle from the growing structure of to-day the fibres of the far-off centuries, until we can draw out from our own lives the warp of the loom of time, we cannot attain to any high culture without an adequate knowledge of that world of the ancients to which we owe so much;" and the late Prof. of Poetry at Oxford has declared that "the thorough knowledge of English literature is hopeless unless based on an equally thorough knowledge of the literature of Greece and Rome."

Again, the Classics are a history of the people, laws, and events of a time when civilization reached the highest point possible without Christianity, a point which was destined to be the highest for ages to come. It is only in and through language that we can enter upon the heritage this age has bequeathed us. Through its perusal alone can we gain possession of the hard-won victories of the past, and enjoy the companionship of its greatest and noblest men. Modern theories of education have caused more stress to be laid upon the points of contact between the ancient and the modern world. Unless Greek and Latin can throw light upon the problems touching us to-day they are not up to our standard as educative factors. These works are the only means of access to the history of the human race, and consequently are calculated to throw great light upon our future progress. They can teach us, if we will listen, how to avoid the mistakes of the past and what the consequences of certain lines of conduct will be. Tennyson recognizes this when he says :

"Chaos, Cosmos! Cosmos, Chaos! Who can tell how all will end?  
Read the world's wide annals, you, and take their wisdom for your friend."

The study of the classics also provokes constant comparison between the civilization of the past and the present in all its phases. History does the same in the rough but cannot give details. The student of the Classics has presented to him the life of antiquity not by the 20th century historian, but by the pen of the man who lived that life. "The only sane optimist is the student of the past," and there is no one so likely to have false and distorted views of life as the man who knows only his own century and language, or who has only a superficial knowledge of the remote past. Our connection with the

living past expands our intellectual and moral sympathies, and makes us members of a larger human society. Contemporary language and events are too near to have this widening effect to the same extent, and do not teach us to see things in their true perspective; they may be said to broaden our lives but not to lengthen them. This enlarging of our outlook tends to give balance of mind and to check superficial and immature judgments caused by the undue importance things are apt to assume from being close at hand. Travel among foreign peoples is regarded as the most broadening element in a liberal education; indeed it is sometimes said that to know another nation well is a liberal education in itself. To travel backward in time, to know the language, literature and intimate life of the people of remote antiquity is no less beneficial, and no so-called modern subject can fill its place.

Let us sum up in the words of a recent writer. "There is no single subject that so thoroughly combines the humanizing element with the broadest variety of training of the faculties. There is at the same time the severest discipline of the memory, a continual testing of the powers of analysis, and an unremitting demand upon the powers of judgment, not only of meaning and construction but of literary form, of taste, of thought value, and of the comparative merits of ancient and modern ideas in every phase. With this goes a requirement of accuracy and method which is second in its strictness to that of no other subject."

*Elsie McNeill, '04.*

## Dante as Poet and Prophet.

THE last half century has witnessed a remarkable awakening of interest in the study of Dante. It might be true in Macaulay's day that the majority of young people who read Italian would "as soon read a Babylonian brick as a canto of Dante," but to-day multitudes are learning Italian, to enjoy the sweetest poet who ever spoke that tongue. This increasing appreciation is due to a fundamental sympathy between the poet and the spirit of our age. We delight in minute investigation and exact scholarship; we believe in realism and in details. A poem whose mechanism is as precise as the structure of a delicate watch, and which is realistic to the last degree, cannot fail to challenge our attention. This is a time when popular rights are much vaunted, and Dante, aristocratic and disdainful though he was, a second Coriolanus, unhesitatingly ascribing the soils of Florence to the boorish plebians, was still essentially a valiant democrat. The tremendous emphasis he placed on the worth of the soul lifted the individual man above all titles and claims of blood, so that free Italy found in him its prophet. His writings have proved an armory filled with keenest weapons for the destruction of the claims of the Church to temporal dominion. To Dante, the physical is fleeting, the spiritual is the real. The seen is the stepping stone into the unseen. "They shall see His face," was to him a more significant description of Heaven than, "His servants shall serve Him." In this he does not reflect our age; but in his superb assertion of the reality and supremacy of the spiritual, in his passionate desire to know, in his conception of the strenuousness of life, and the austere rigors of the moral law, he strikes a responsive chord in many hearts.

The great Florentine felt that he was a prophet with an imperative communication from God. He spoke in the vulgar tongue that his word might come to all. Even Isaiah, after his exalted vision in the temple, had not a more urgent sense of mission than had this rugged soul as he wandered about the world experiencing and working out "his mystic, unfathomable song." He too had had a vision. In closing the *Vita Nuova* he says: "It was given unto me to behold a very wonderful vision, wherein I saw things that determined me that I would say nothing further of this most blessed one, until

such a time as I could discourse more worthily of her. And to this end I labor all I can, as she well knoweth." From our knowledge of Dante we may well believe that this was more than a beholding of the ascended Beatrice whom he had loved in the flesh. It was a vision of that which she symbolized to his mind, namely, the Divine Wisdom and its dealings with the children of men.

He too would justify the ways of God to men, and his whole after life was a training,

"So that the shadow of the blessed realm  
Stamped in my brain I can make manifest."

Dante was one of the pre-eminent poets of the world, because first of all he was a seer. "The more I think of it," says John Ruskin, "I find this conclusion more impressed upon me,—that the greatest thing a human soul ever does is to *see* something, and tell what it saw in a plain way. Hundreds of people can talk for one who can think; but thousands can think for one who can see. To see clearly is poetry, prophecy, and religion,—all in one."

No eye ever saw more clearly the heart of man and the grandeur of the moral law than this thirteenth-century poet. What he saw so vividly he could state vitally. He was a poet, because the heart of all truth has rhythm and poetry in it.

On June 9, 1290, Beatrice died, she whose mortal love had guided Dante for thirteen years, and whose immortal spirit purified his later life and revealed to him the mysteries of Paradise.

Dante is among the very few who have created the national poetry of their country. For notwithstanding the polished elegance of some earlier Italian verse, it had been confined to amorous sentiment; and it was yet to be seen that the language could sustain, for a greater length than any existing poem except the Iliad, the varied style of narration, reasoning and ornament. Of all writers he is the most unquestionably original. Virgil was his inspiring genius, as he declares himself, and as may sometimes be perceived in his diction; but his tone is so peculiar and characteristic, that few readers would be willing at first to acknowledge any resemblance.

The Divine Comedy is as true an epic as the Aeneid, and Dante is as real a classic as Virgil. His metre is as pliable and flexible to every mood of emotion; his diction as plaintive, as sonorous. Like him he can immortalize by a simple expression, a person, a place, or

a phase of nature. Dante is even truer in description than Virgil, whether he paints the snow falling in the Alps, or the homeward flight of birds, or the swelling of an angry torrent. But under this magnificent torrent there is more religion and philosophy than the Roman poet ever dreamed of.

Still more striking is the similarity between Dante and Milton. This may be said to be rather in the kindred nature of their subjects and in the parallel development of mind than in any mere external resemblance. On both, the man was greater than the poet, the souls of both were "like a star that dwelt apart." Dante delighted in music. Milton had not a keener ear for the loud uplifted angel trumpets and the immortal harps of golden wires of the seraphim and cherubim; and our English poet was proud to compare his own friendship with Henry Lawes, with that between Dante and Cassella "met in the milder shades of Purgatory." Like Milton he was trained in the strictest academical education which the age afforded; but Dante lived under a warmer sun and brighter skies, and found in the rich variety and gaiety of his early life a defence against the withering misfortunes of his later years. Milton felt too early the chill breath of Puritanism, and the serious musing on the experience of life, which saddened the verse of both poets, deepened in his case into grave and desponding melancholy. The labor which made Dante lean, made Milton blind. The middle life of each was spent in active controversy; each lent his services to the state, each felt the quarrels of his age to be the "business of posterity" and left his warnings to ring in the ears of later times. The lives of both were failures—as this world counts such. "On evil days though fallen and evil tongues," they gathered the concentrated experience of their lives into one immortal work, the quintessence of their hopes, their knowledge and their sufferings. But Dante is something more than this. Milton's voice is grown faint to us—we have passed into other modes of expression and thought. But if we had to select two names in literature who are still exercising their full influence on mankind, and whose teaching is still developing new sides to the coming generations, we should choose the names of Dante and Goethe.

Goethe preached a new gospel to the world, the pagan virtue of self culture, a sympathy which almost passed into indifference. There is no department of modern literature or thought which does not

bear upon it the traces of the sage of Weimar. But if we rebel against this teaching, and yearn once more for the ardor of belief, the fervor of self-sacrifice, the scorn of scorn and the hate of hate which is the meed of the coward and the traitor, where shall we find them but in pages of the Florentine?

The religion of the future, if it be founded on faith, will demand that faith be reconciled with all that mind can apprehend of knowledge, or the heart experience of emotion. The saint of those days will be trained, not so much on ascetic counsels of Imitation, or in Thoughts which base man's greatness on the consciousness of his fall, as on the verse of the poet, theologian and philosopher, who stands with equal right in the conclave of the doctors, and on the slopes of Parnassus and in whom the ardor of study is one with the love of Beatrice, and both are made subservient to lift the soul from the abyss of Hell, along the terraces of Purgatory to the spheres of Paradise, till it gazes on the ineffable revelation of the existence of God himself, which can only be apprehended by the eye of faith.

What was the message this poet-prophet sought to deliver to the world? Let us use his own words in his letter dedicating the Paradise to his friend and protector Can Grande. "The aim of the whole and the individual parts is twofold, a nearer and a farther, but if we seek into the matter closely, we may say briefly that the aim of the whole and the individual parts is to bring those who are living in this life out of a state of misery, and to guide them to a state of happiness." How the soul of man, lost in the maze of life and defeated by the fierceness of its own passions, can learn its peril, escape from the stain and power of sin, and enter into perfect blessedness, this is his theme.

He sets it forth in these works which are distinctively religious, and in which he uses his own life as a type of the experience of the race; namely the *New Life*, the *Banquet* and the *Divine Comedy*.

The *Vita Nuova* or *Young Life* of Dante, contains the history of his love for Beatrice. Like the *In Memoriam* of Tennyson it follows all the varying phases of a deep and overmastering passion from its commencement to its close. He describes how he met Beatrice as a child, himself a child, how he often sought her glance, how she once greeted him in the street, how he feigned a false love to hide his true love; how he fell ill and saw in a dream the death and transfiguration of his beloved, how she died and how his health failed from sorrow,

how the tender compassion of another lady nearly won his heart from its first affection, how Beatrice appeared to him in a dream or vision and reclaimed his heart, and how at last he saw a vision which induced him to devote himself to study that he might be more fit to glorify her who gazes in the face of God forever. This simple story is interspersed with sonnets and ballads, chiefly written at the time, we might suppose, to emphasize some mood of his changing passion. After each of these in nearly every case, follows an explanation in prose, which is intended to make the thought and argument intelligible to those to whom the language of poetry was not familiar.

The *Convito* or Banquet, is the work of Dante's manhood as the *Vita Nuova* is the work of his youth. It consists, in which it has come down to us, of an introduction and three treatises, each forming an elaborate commentary in a long canzone. It was intended, if completed, to have comprised commentaries in eleven more canzoni making fourteen in all and in this shape would have formed a handbook of universal knowledge, such as Brunetto Latine and others have left us. It is perhaps the least known of Dante's Italian works; but crabbed and unattractive as it is in many parts, it is well worth reading and contains many passages of great beauty and elevation. Indeed a knowledge of it is quite indispensable to the full understanding of the *Divina Commedia*.

Then there are a number of minor poems, some of which, although bearing the poet's name are undoubtedly spurious. However, those which are genuine secure Dante a place among lyrical poets, scarcely if at all inferior to Petrarch.

The Latin Treatise, *De Monarchia*, in three books, contains the creed of Dante's Ghibellism. In it he propounds the theory that the supremacy of the emperor is derived from the supremacy of the Roman people over the world, which was given them direct from God. As the emperor is to insure their earthly happiness, so does their spiritual welfare depend upon the Pope, to whom the emperor is to do honor as to the first-born of the Father.

The Letters of Dante are among the most important materials for his biography. Also a treatise named *De Agua, et Terra*, has come down to us, which Dante tells us was delivered at Mantua in January 1320 as a solution of the question which was at that time much discussed—whether on any place in the earth's surface water is higher

than the earth. It affords us a valuable insight into Dante's studies and mode of life.

And now we come to the greatest work of his life—the Divine Commedia or Divine Comedy. By practising the three virtues Faith, Hope and Love, man becomes a partaker of the divine nature and enters into eternal blessedness; partially in this world, perfectly, according to his capacity, in the Celestial Paradise. But men miss the true way. They desire happiness. Love for the objects which *seem* good is implanted in the soul, even as zeal in the bee for making honey; yet man tastes the inferior good and is led on toward evil. This passion for the lower pleasures is no excuse; for men should bring their desires to the reason, which winnows the good from the evil, and then by the power of the will they can restrain the baser loves. They permit the reason and the will to slumber, and thus lose the way of happiness and wander into paths of misery. A fearful vision, even of hell, and the awful consequences of sin, is needed to keep back their feet from evil. The method of relief from the thrall of iniquity and the entrance into moral and spiritual joy, Dante graphically describes in the story of his own soul's experience.

Midway in the journey of life he found himself lost in a dark wood; coming to the foot of a high hill he looked upward and saw its shoulders clothed with light. Then was his fear quieted and he strove to ascend the desert slope. Almost at the beginning of the steep, three beasts attack him, a she-leopard, a lion and a she-wolf. As he falls back before them there appears to him one who "through long silence seemed hoarse." It is Virgil, who conducts him through the deeps of Hell, and up the steps of the Mount of Purgatory, where he leaves him in the Terrestrial Paradise. Here he meets Beatrice, who leads him upward through the Celestial Paradise until he sees God and the Rose of the Redeemed.

Thus Dante would teach us that men often unconsciously go astray and awake to find themselves in the tangled mazes of the world. Before them rise the shining shoulders of the Delectable Mount. This does not appear to be the mountain of salvation as is usually stated. It is a myth which

"Of trivial good at first it (the soul) tastes the savour;  
Is cheated by it, and runs after it,  
If guide or rein turn not aside its love."

The leopard of incontinence, the lion of violence, the wolf of avarice cannot be overcome. The joy and glory sought in delusive pleasures and in worldly ambitions cannot be attained. Reason, sent by the Divine Grace, leads them into a better way. It shows him the nature of sin and its awful consequences. It next guides up the steep path of purification and freedom until the soul is brought back to the stainlessness enjoyed by the first pair in Eden. Beatrice, the Divine Wisdom, ushers the soul into the celestial mysteries, lifting it from glory to glory until it touches the height of bliss in a rapturous vision of God.

The watch-word the poet gives the world is: "work out your own salvation." Such stuff as his dream was made of is permanent, and the real burden of his prophecy. His subject matter as he himself stated it, is: "Man is subjected, in so far as by the freedom of his will he deserves it, to just reward of punishment. The certainty of rewards and punishments as firmly believed by Dante, once read can never be forgotten. We may affirm that, of these verities, Dante is the greatest prophet of the Christian centuries. He would show the world that man is great. That he is an imposing figure, master of his fate, fighting against principalities and powers, yet strong enough, through divine help to climb the rugged path of purification and achieve blessedness. While the immortal works of Shakespeare are tragedies, Dante's is called a Comedy. Nor is this without reason. It had a happy ending, because he wished to teach that man can be a complete victor in life's battles. Had he chosen to draw from his own life, he could have given us one of the darkest tragedies the world has ever seen. Proud and haughty, springing from one of the princeliest of families, belonging to the aristocratic party, he is subjected to indignities which chilled his manhood and added to these—banishment with deadly threats of punishment should he ever attempt to return to his beloved city. But this, as we shall see, was not his purpose.

Two apparently antagonistic elements enter into our lives—Necessity and Freedom. The greatest tragedies of all literature have been built up upon Necessity. Dante has chosen as his corner stone, Freedom. Shakespeare is looking at this life only. Man, to him, is a puppet who tries to do his best, but is influenced and held in check by powers of mystic darkness. His Romeo "meant well." Hamlet

wills with all his soul to kill a king, but he cannot do it. Othello is blindly led on to his own undoing.

But Dante had no such theory. Although no pessimist, yet the awful prophecy seen between the lines is as clear as daylight—"The Mills of the Gods grind slowly, but—they grind exceeding small."

The blood of our forefathers courses in our veins, which together with our environment shapes our course and to a greater or less extent fixes our fate. But Dante would rise above any such fatalistic teaching, and would add—"For the free will, which if it endure fatigue in the first battles with the heavens, afterwards, if it be well-nurtured, conquers everything."

Even Tennyson utters no such stirring notes of victory as Dante. He would rather comfort the world than send it to war against sin. His watchword is "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people." Dante learned that sin is hopeless. "All hope abandon ye who enter here," is the dread motto set over the world of sighs. No one, after reading the *Inferno*, can believe that there is any pleasure in sin. Its end is not the lake of fire, but the filthy, stagnant, "icy lake of blood." But Dante's man is not to be ultimately lost. This could not be the plan of the Creator. His will is not destroyed. He must endure all the frightful tortures of the *Inferno*, and then the next step, after he has gotten out of the hopelessness of hell, is by striving and climbing, to enter the land of light and music and hope. He must submit to the purging and learn to sing even in the midst of the fire. The soul is saved by thinking. Good thoughts must drive out the bad.

On the other hand Dante is too individualistic. He does not make the soul save its life by losing it. In the Purgatory of life, we cleanse the soul by loving service to others. The ringing theme of the Paradise is, that Reason cannot search out the deep things of God; but Revelation, received by faith, will lead the trusting spirit into the heights of celestial felicity. This is the final vision of truth, and beyond this there is no other. "In that light one becomes such that it is impossible he should consent to turn himself from it to any other sight; because of the Good which the object of the will is all collected in, and outside of it that is defective which is perfect there."

But the poet-prophet has long ago gone to see the things as they are, and we have only the earnest of those future glories which he saw as in a vision.

*R. M. A. '04.*

## SONNET.

*When in the long drawn avenues of thought  
 I pause and look before me and behind,  
 And seek what rest I all too little sought,  
 Some spot secure of rest. I do not find,—  
 Retrace my steps I dare not, lest each nook  
 I late rejected should reject me now,  
 And sweetest arbors, restlessly forsook,  
 No more be prone their leafage to allow,  
 So to the untrod distance do I strain,  
 Which seemeth ever farther to extend;  
 Desiring oft, with this deep longing vain  
 The time, if so there be a settled end,  
 When I shall know it all, or else forget  
 The far too little which for more doth fret.*

P. W. D. '03.



## The Porter

**T**HERE was once a College student from Nova Scotia who became a porter at a summer hotel in Maine. Why he chose to be a porter instead of helping to educate the inhabitants of the province by selling them the superior stereoscopic views of the Underground & Undergrround, or the Kilburnt Co., we do not know. Perhaps he did not know himself; but on a fine day in June he found himself looking after the retreating steamer from the wharf of the Dark Harbor Inn.

Presently a man came up and said. "Are you the new porter? Take these valises up to the hotel, and I will be up directly and put you to work."

Then he knew that he was a student no longer, but a porter.

When he reached the house he saw that everything was in con-

fusion, and never having been a porter before, he wondered if the hotel could possibly be ready to be opened in a week. But he might have spared himself any worry. Everything at a summer hotel is run by a system. Each and every person has his special work to perform and woe unto him who neglects his part. The employees arrived on the 6.30 boat, by 7.30 they had had their breakfast and were hard at work. By night the house was in order, and the next day the guests came.

There were two classes only, at the hotel, the guests and the help. The *help* numbered about a hundred and included all kinds and conditions from the clerk to the scrub women. They were of all nationalities and breeds. First, there was the Irishman, big, hearty, generally lazy and always good natured, with a brogue as broad as his face and an appetite which knows no death.

There was the German baker, old, cranky and crabbed, who guarded his cakes and pies like a veteran and waged war on "dat tam porter" who stole his ice-cream behind his back.

There was the Italian barber who "maka no mona, beezness so poor."

There were girls of all kinds. French, Irish, Swedes, American and Blue-noses. School mistresses, shop girls, servant girls and scrub women.

There were high-school boys, college boys, even graduates of Yale, and all working together like the parts of a great machine; all different, yet all united under one control, constituting the help, the working force of the Inn.

The Porter soon found that he was in poetical language, "up against it," in respect to work. The night-watchman called him every morning at 5.30, and he got off in the evening when he could, sometimes at eight, more often at ten, and occasionally at twelve. Every alternate afternoon he had two hours liberty, (if he could get them) but if the porter's bell rang, asleep or awake; working or at leisure; jump he must and jump he did.

One good feature of his work was its variety. His regular work consisted chiefly in sweeping and washing floors, scrubbing windows, sawing wood, filling lamps, caring for the grounds, cutting grass etc. and carrying trunks, and such trunks as they were! Many of them were as large as a small cottage and there was no limit to their weight.

Besides this he was supposed to wait on the guests, answer bell and do anything they wanted from blacking their boots to opening bottles (mineral waters, of course.)

After he had been a porter about a week he wrote home that his job was a snap for anyone who liked to work eighteen hours a day, seven days in the week, for \$20 per month. Of course there were *tips* and the porter came in for his share with the rest. J. P. Morgan and Jos. Chamberlain are opposed to the tipping system, but if they had to carry trunks up three flights of stairs on a hot August day they might change their attitude. The tips varied in size and frequency. The smallest was a cent, the largest, well that depended on the person. The kind lady who called the porter by his first name and said "she was glad he was a college boy, that she could trust," had five trunks and tipped him a dime. The cross old gent whom no one could please, shelled out a green wad with never a word. It is a course of study in human nature to size up people by their tips.

Of how he was fed, we will not say, since he had lived at the "College Residence" nothing could jar him.

But since he did not work all the time, what did he do in his leisure hours? Did he do as the students in the story-book "stroll away beneath the green trees and sitting down pore over a well-worn Tacetus?" No, he did not. He strolled beneath the trees alright but instead of a classic he drew solid comfort from a pipeful of "Virginian."

Once in September there came a Sunday which made his heart rejoice. A college chum who was second-head-porter at the Muskrat House about fifteen miles away escaped for a day and came to visit him. How they wandered through the woods together and lay on the grass and kicked their heels. Then as they blew their rings of smoke in the crisp autumn air they forgot that they were poor miserable porters and became students again, telling stories of Chip Hall, of football and hockey, of Seniors and Freshmen while all the world grew beautiful around them, their souls were at peace, then, their pipes went out.

A fortnight more of work, the guests left one by one, the carpets were beaten, and the house closed for the winter. Then our porter packed his own grip and stood once more on the wharf; waiting this time for the steamer which should carry him towards his home and another year of study at old Acadia.

H. E. B. '06.

## A Sad Side of London life.

“**L**EST London be too great to fear God and honor the King,” was the alarm cry of a Tudor Monarch. London silenced the cry and continued to grow. The gregarious instinct in man is leading thousands of people to exchange the green fields of the country for the smoke of the city. The alluring needle of fortune is being sought in the haystack of city life; and all too often the search for silver and gold is rewarded only by straw and stubble.

The population of London to-day is about six million, six hundred thousand. The city grows larger as stretching out its long arms it embraces the outlying villages and they become suburbs of the throbbing pulse of human life.

The growth of the modern city, and the problems attending that growth call for the thoughtful consideration of intelligent students.

About four years ago I had an opportunity of entering in to London life as known to the multitudes who live in that densely populated section of the city commonly called the slums.

The population of the London slums numbers about a million and a half, and is increasing at the rate of sixty thousand a year. When we consider that this means a growth of more than a thousand a week the reality of modern city growth becomes evident.

One of the first things that I noticed on beginning my life among these people was an entire absence of unoccupied houses or tenements. Perhaps the greatest evil in London to-day is overcrowding. There are no “Rooms to Rent” in the low sections of the world’s metropolis. Real estate agents have hundreds of applicants for houses. Many persons live in the work house who would have a home if such a home could be found at a reasonable rent. The “property sweaters” taking advantage of these conditions have so increased the rents that tenants have given up the privacy of separate homes and taken to tenements, have left tenements for single rooms, and now also many have opened the door of their one room home and taken in lodgers. The story is told of five families who were discovered in one room, one family in each corner and one in the middle: it is said that they got on very well together until the family in the middle took a boarder. This incident has a ludicrous side, but upon investigation we find truth wrapped up in it, for there are twenty-six thousand persons in London

living six or more in a room. According to the laws of hygiene not more than twenty-five persons should live on an acre of land; in the Whitechapel district three thousand men, women and children are crowded into this space.

The overcrowded condition in which these people live is the cause of much drunkenness. It is significant to observe that where the population is thickest, grocers' stores and butchers' shops are fewest, but the public houses most numerous. Nor is this to be wondered at where home is one room, and in that room an entire family eat, sleep, live, wash and cook. Family life, that safeguard of morality is sacrificed in the one room home. It is only natural for the husband to go from such a place, often disturbed by the fretting cry of little children.

The very fact that no man of eminence has come from the slums for years speaks volumes. The minds of children brought up under such conditions cannot respond to the touch of the teacher. There are four hundred thousand people in London living in what has been called, "the soul-destroying condition of the one room house." Mazzini says that "home is the recognized place where between the Mother's kiss and the Father's caress the child's first lesson of citizenship is learned." What a mockery is this description of home life to thousands of our fellow beings! No lullabies sing these children to sleep, no nursery rhymes fall pleasantly on their ears, no fairy tales quicken their imaginations.

For several weeks I was connected with the London Medical Mission. The head physician took me under his kindly protection and gave me glimpses into the life of the very poor. Well do I remember that morning early in the month of May when I first entered the Lambeth branch of the London Medical Mission. The present quarters are situated in an ancient looking building in one of the worst parts of the city. This building was a theatre in the days of Shakespeare, with an easy access to the neighboring public house: the one time pit is now used as a Mission hall; actors of imaginary life have ceased to perform their parts on that stage, and have given place to preacher and singer of the living Gospel of the Son of God; the "Chamber of Horrors" is now fitted up as an emergency hospital where medicine is given to the sick, wounds are dressed, and sad hearts are cheered. The busiest of the busy is our good friend the doctor: he has lost a lucrative practice in the West End to lose his

life among these suffering children of God ; but he is finding fulness of life, for of all the happy men in London none enjoy life more than this doctor.

After the hospital patients had been cared for we went about among the people in their homes. How unlike a home!

“ When home is a hovel, and in it they grovel  
Forgetting that the world is fair.”

The foulness of the air baffles description. Directions for entering these places are simple : take a long breath before entering, don't begin to exhale until compelled to do so, and then make it as long and drawn out as possible. But the doctor was not to be stopped by impure air ; he cared for his patients, gave them a word of encouragement and was off. Now we find ourselves in a small room of a large tenement in which a man is suffering from an ulcer on his leg ; the wise doctor doesn't begin to preach the Gospel to the man, but kneels down before him, carefully washes and dresses the wound, and so the pain is alleviated, the simple Gospel truth is told. That doctor is an example of sanctified common sense : he helps the sick of body to the saving of their souls.

Many of these people do piece-work in their rooms. One afternoon I was calling with a friend who was experienced in the ways of slum life. We went in a room to see a woman who was making a brave fight for right living in the face of disheartening conditions. She was making shirtwaists for sixpence a dozen. Think of making shirtwaists at the rate of one cent each ! The days of the sweat-shop are not yet over. If the “ bargain sale ” women could see the life blood that is going into some of their “ bargains,” and look behind the price to the cause, then life would mean more to many an underpaid and overworked woman and child. This is one of the sad sights in London life.

The forces of evil are united in planning the downfall of misled men and women. But the forces of righteousness are battling nobly for a better order of things. Such institutions as the London Medical Mission, the Modern Institutional Church, “ The People's Palace,” social and university settlements are but the children of yesterday, but will uplift the oppressed city children of to-morrow.

Many College men and women are devoting their lives to the cause of city reform, and in no walk of life is there a larger or grander

scope for bringing into activity all the powers which God has given us. May the time soon come when men of wisdom and unselfishness shall solve this problem. Men, who like the Prophet of old shall say of the crowded masses in the large cities of the world, "My people shall abide in a peaceable habitation, in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places."

*F. W. P. '04.*



### The Debate with St. Francis Xavier's.

ACADIA'S first debate in the recently-formed Inter-Collegiate Debating League took place on Tuesday evening, March 25th, between representatives from our own college and St. Francis Xavier's. The question debated was, Resolved: "That Imperial Federation would benefit Canada."

Messrs. Hearn, McArthur and MacKinnon of St. Francis Xavier's defended the resolution, and Messrs. Balcom, Chittick and Porter of Acadia, attacked it.

Three quarters of an hour before the speakers for the evening appeared, the East Gallery of College Hall was filled with Acadia students who kept things lively for the good-sized and rapidly growing audience by means of college songs and all sorts and conditions of yells. The singing was heartier, and perhaps better, than for some years.

At shortly after eight o'clock the speakers came upon the platform, and were greeted with rousing cheers. After a few words of introduction from President Trotter, who was chairman for the occasion, the debate was opened by Mr. Hearn, leader for the appellants.

In a strong and very interesting speech Mr. Hearn introduced the subject of the evening and very skilfully broke the ground and opened up the question for his side. Taking up the subject as defined by the leader of the appellants, Mr. Balcom proceeded immediately to show the lines along which the respondents would argue, and raised several serious objections to the plan of "representation in the British Parliament, according to population" which had been agreed upon to be understood as a part of Imperial Federation. Mr. Balcom's points were well taken and were stated so clearly and definitely that they carried great conviction with them.

Mr. MacArthur continued the discussion for the appellants, and eloquently defended the value of the scheme for Imperial Defense which was understood as a part of the Federation plan. He showed Canada's necessity for adequate protection from foreign powers, and her present humiliating position, in which she receives from the mother country and gives nothing in return. Mr. Chittick the next speaker for the respondents demonstrated the weaknesses in the plan for defense, and showed what a poor chance Canada stood of receiving adequate defense in a parliament where her representatives would be but one, to fifty of India's, for example.

The third speaker for the appellants, Mr. MacKennon, dealt with the subject of trade, and pointed out the advantages that would accrue to Canada from the adoption of federation with Great Britain and the colonies, and the establishment of freer trade relations within the Empire. Continuing the case for the respondents, Mr. Porter showed many difficulties in the way of the proposed trade policy, and that its adoption would prove a distinct injury to Canada instead of a benefit.

Mr. Balcom in closing the debate for the respondents repeated briefly the principal defects in the Federation scheme as argued by the appellants, and showed how the various points in favor of such a scheme had been met and overcome by those on his own side, and closed with a resume of the respondents' strongest, unanswered arguments.

Mr. Hearn then closed for the appellant in an excellent speech, plausible, earnest and humorous withal. He recounted the strong parts advanced by his side, and answered many of the difficulties raised by the respondents.

Supervisor MacKay, who had been chosen judge for the evening, was then called forward and gave his decision. He said that while for carefulness of preparation and choice of language the palm would lie with St. Francis debaters, he had no hesitation in awarding the decision for strong, convincing arguments to the team representing Acadia. The decision was greeted with prolonged applause, and the meeting broke up with hearty cheers for both teams. The debaters from St. Francis were then entertained at a banquet given at the Acadia Villa Hotel by the Acadia ATHENÆUM. Some time after midnight the boys from St. Francis and the Acadia boys separated with the very best feeling on both sides. Acadia did not celebrate her victory while the defeated team remained in Wolfville.

## Editorials.

IT is quite unnecessary for us to say more than a word in regard to the debate with St. Francis Xavier's. Acadia won, which was a very fit and proper thing of course, and was also in accordance with her usual custom, to win debates in which she enters. We hope that this good custom will not be departed from in her contests with the rest of the Maritime colleges in this series of Intercollegiate Debates so happily inaugurated. It casts no little credit upon our debating society that in so short a time it was able to work up the excellent debating team it did, for, two months before the contest came off we were in the worst possible condition for a debate. Interest was not very lively at our ATHENÆUM meetings, and we were not sure that we had a single good debater in college. But as has been stated some million of times before, necessity is the mother of invention, and the date having been set, we did actually in the emergency, invent a debating team, and we have no reason to be ashamed of our product either. The second team deserve praise for the way in which they helped the chosen three prepare for the debate, for the patient, monotonous, good-natured debating, debating, debating against the first team, till it was hammered into shape and made ready for fray.

We are glad the occasion passed off so pleasantly and with such good feeling all around. We hope our relations with St. Francis will always remain as pleasant as they are now at this their beginning. We hope the debaters enjoyed their stay of a day or two with us, for we certainly enjoyed having them here. And more than that, we learned something from them. We learned how well the English language can be handled by college men when the proper care is taken. Perhaps the greatest compliment that was heard for the St. Francis men came from one of our own team who said afterwards that he quite forgot to look for any possible weaknesses in his opponent's argument, so interested was he in the speech itself and in his opponent's masterly use of language.



Once or twice in the course of a year, one has occasion to look at the Acadia Calendar. He does this not for any information con-

cerning courses or text-books to be studied, for the Calendar would be a very poor place to look for these. He probably looks from mere curiosity, or perhaps to find out how many of his classmates got "passes" during last term and how many were plucked, perhaps to see how much the gymnasium and campus tax has been increased this year, since we have our new athletic field and running track, etc.

Especially if he is taking a classical course, he will do well to put no dependence whatever upon what is found in the Calendar concerning authors to be read. There is no special inconvenience in this little peculiarity of our Calendar so long as we merely wish to find out the course for our own use, as the professors will tell us what we are to read, but when any one upon graduating wishes to send the Calendar away to another college for the purpose of showing what work he has been over, it would be convenient to have at least some of the authors he has read down in the Calendar, so that his veracity may not be questioned outright. For instance, not one of the authors prescribed for Senior and Junior Greek was read in class this year, and but one out of three of the Latin authors. When it comes to Honors in Classics, we are completely at sea. Not a single one of all the imposing array of Latin and Greek authors down on the Calendar was read, but rather more than twice as much reading as is prescribed and in totally different authors. Discrepancies on a much smaller scale can be noticed in some of the other departments. As for matriculation, let no Freshman be appalled by the two pages of formidable looking requirements, but let him be assured that if he is reasonably bright and perserving he can enter college no matter how few of the requirements he has to offer. For instance he must have a good knowledge according to the Calendar of at least two foreign languages, say French and Latin. But he may enter with absolutely no knowledge of either French or Latin and in a few weeks be tutored up to the classes, enter them, and by his Sophomore year, be making "firsts" in both subjects. We know of at least one in the Senior class who did this.

All college Calendars seem to be more or less misleading, Acadia is not so bad by half as most of them. It is often said that it requires a Harvard graduate to understand anything in a Harvard Calendar, and one who has been trying for some weeks to pick out courses that he wants in the Harvard Calendar can readily believe the statement.

Perhaps when our new Calendar, which we hear is under prepara-

tion, comes out, it will be a model for all future generations of college calendars. It promises to be fuller, more correct, and in every way more representative of the college. Why not publish a Calendar that will give prospective college students some idea of what a course and what a college we have. The modest little gray covered pamphlet which we are now issuing is far from inspiring that respect which is so necessary a quality in the sub-Freshman.



## Exchanges.

We notice an interesting article in the *Argosy* this month entitled, Quebec and Thereabouts. In the column devoted to Athletics we find a good account of the Acadia-Mt. A. game. The reporter treats our defeated team very magnanimously, and according to the boys own account of the fray, gives them all the credit they deserve. There is an excellent *Personalia* column in the *Argosy*. The Mt. A., people seem to keep a good record of their graduates. We often wonder why the *Argosy* doesn't make itself a little bigger, and introduce more literary articles and verse, especially since what they do have is so good as a rule.

In the *Dalhousie Gazette* there is an article on Dalhousians Abroad which is well worth reading. A plea for a Dramatic Club at Dalhousie is strong and well written, and moreover it is upon a timely subject. We hope the article will start some one to thinking and some one to acting, and so the articles may bear fruit in the institution of an idea at Dalhousie which we hope may spread to other Maritime colleges.

The *Xavierian* is also a welcome visitor at the Exchange Table. It always shows hard work on the part of somebody. There is more to read in it than in any other Maritime College journal, and it always seems to breath a good healthy college spirit. In this number there is a very amusing story called the Ant and the Beetle. A "Story of

Beethoven" is continued, and there is a good essay on Newman's Dream of Gerontius and Elgar's Oratorio. An able translation from the French, entitled "The Peaches" will pay any one for the time he may spend in reading it, which is more than can be said of articles in a good many college journals. A very well written story is the Last Farewell by Mr. McEwen. In fact the *Xavierian* is crowded with good reading.

One of the best stories we have read anywhere lately appears in the March number of the *Yale Lit.* It is entitled "The Barret Approach." One will remember it, and laugh over it and tell it to someone else for weeks after reading it.

For those who want some good stories to read, as good as you will find in almost any of the popular magazines, we recommend you to go to the Exchange table in the Reading Room and look for the following: The Enlightenment of Benson in the *Yale Lit.*; Vanitas in *Harvard Monthly* also Sam Dodge, Cruising Idyll, Coffee-Pot, a Sleep and Forgetting, all in the *Monthly*. The Second Half in the *Amherst Lit.*, and a Process of Elimination, and the Youthfulness of Phero in the *Columbia Monthly*. We would also call your attention to the Poems in the *Columbia Monthly* as well as those in the *Harvard* paper.

Exchanges for March: *Niagara Index*, *U. of O. Review*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Yale Lit.*, *Argosy*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *Brunonian*, *Queens University Journal*, *Trinity Univ. Review*, *Amherst Lit.*, *Presbyterian College Journal*, *U. N. B. Monthly*, *Columbia Monthly*, *Theolog.*, *Gleaner*, *Xavierian*, *Mecerian*, *Harvard Monthly*.

## The Month

Acadia was late in beginning preparation for the inter-collegiate debate with St. Francis Xavier's but when the nearness of the coming contest was once realised, the preliminary work of selecting the three debaters went with a snap. The first trial debate was given publicly in College Hall on Saturday evening, March 5th. The question decided on for the inter-collegiate debate was discussed. Although no decision was given, yet the Appellants had the advantage, the weakness of the Respondents indicating lack of familiarity with the subject in its details, rather than lack of strength in the general trend of their arguments.

The second trial debate was held on Wednesday evening, March 9th. On this occasion the contest was much closer, new arguments being presented by each side, and more familiarity with the subject being shown by each of the speakers.

On March 10th, the debating team was chosen as follows: A. B. Balcom '07, leader; V. L. O. Chittick '05 and G. H. Baker '04. March 12th Mr. Baker resigned, and on a second election Mr. Porter '06, was chosen as the remaining member of the team.

An account of the debate occurs elsewhere in this issue.



Now that the winter of 1904 has become a "back number," it may seem out of place to refer to Hockey, yet the closing games of the inter-class league remain to be recorded. The most interesting of these games was that between the Seniors and Juniors, the victors in this being the winners of the league. The first contest between these teams resulted in a draw, each side scoring one goal. Each team had expected victory and each was disappointed. When they again lined up to play off the draw, excitement among the spectators knew no restraint. An unfortunate accident to Jones, cover-point of the Senior team, rendering him unable to continue in the game; and the substitution of an inexperienced player, greatly handicapped the effective work of this team. The Juniors put forth their mightiest effort, and won by a score 15—2. The Senior-Soph. game was won by the former without much exertion on their part. Score 5—2. For reasons best

known to themselves, the Soph.-Freshman game did not take place; the latter claim the game by default.

A summary of the games of the league is given below :

	<i>Won</i>		<i>Lost</i>		<i>Drawn</i>
Juniors	4		0		1
Seniors	3		1		1
Academy	2		2		0
Freshmen	(1)	Default	3		0
Sophomores	0		3		0



On Thursday evening February 25th, Acadia was defeated by the Canning Hockey Team. Throughout the entire game the advantage was decidedly in favor of Canning, her men were heavier and more rapid skaters: Acadia was kept on the defence throughout the game. During the last ten minutes of the game Acadia became thoroughly aroused and played fiercely but to no purpose. When the time was called the score stood 10—3, in favor of Canning.



Acadia again met defeat on Tuesday evening March 1st. This time from the Mount Allison team at Sackville. While recognizing the superiority of the Mt. A. team, we may state in fairness to Acadia, that the strangeness of the rink proved some disadvantage to her men; otherwise the score might not have been so unevenly balanced. While Acadia showed good combination work at first her inferiority in blocking told effectively against her. Time and again Mt. A. forwards got the rubber past her defense and scored, while Acadia's aggressive work was kept in check by her opponents. Mt. A. also showed an advantage in lifting; this is something that Acadia hockeyists need to practise more. At the close of the game, Mt. A. had won by a score of 11—1, having thoroughly outplayed our team in every point of the game. A supper provided by the Mount Allison boys was greatly enjoyed by all present. Acadia's line up was as follows. Goal, Keirstead; Point, H. deWitt; C. Point, Curry; Rover, A. deWitt; Centre, MacIntye; L. Wing, Christie; R. Wing, Charlton.

One of the most successful of Seminary receptions was given by the teachers and students of that institution, to the College on Friday evening March 4th. Principal deWolfe and Miss Putnam received the guests and an efficient introducing committee soon put each one at his ease. Alumnæ Hall and adjoining rooms—especially the dining-room, which was transformed into a fairy bower—were decorated by evergreen and potted plants and presented a delightfully attractive appearance.

During the last of six topics refreshments were served. All who were present at this reception, pronounced it the best of the year.



On Sunday March 6th a service was held in College Hall in memory of the late Rev. D. W. Welton, D. D., for a number of years Professor at Acadia, and subsequently at MacMaster University. Appropriate addresses expressing the excellence and worth of the departed were delivered by Dr. Sawyer, who referred to his career both as a student and professor at Acadia; Dr. Keirstead who spoke of his twenty year's pastorate at Windsor; and Dr. Trotter who briefly traced the work of his last and best years, when a professor at MacMaster. Not only was Dr. Welton a renowned preacher and professor but he also will be remembered by his writings which show literary ability of a high order.



The Chip. Hall Skating Party; Friday evening March 11th, was one of the most enjoyable social functions of this College year. On that date, about twenty-five of the residents of the Hall, each accompanied by, a young lady, sought an evening's diversion at the Rink. Punctually at 7.45 the party met together and after spending a few moments in arranging topics the skating began. The ice was in excellent condition and the skaters seemed almost untiring. After about two hours of this delightful exercise all adjourned to the Hall for luncheon.

The long dining-tables bountifully spread looked very inviting to the skaters. But just as they were all seated, those naughty electric lights gave a mischievous wink and left them in the dark.

This being a trick which that kind of light often plays, the hosts were prepared for the emergency and had soon provided a number of lamps. The electric lights finding themselves outwitted came back and shone with renewed brilliancy.

Luncheon being over, a half-hour was spent in singing College songs. Miss Murry then favored the company with a vocal, and Miss Churchill with a piano solo. A reading by Miss Lynds was also much enjoyed.



The Vocal Recital, given by the pupils of Acadia Seminary under the direction of Miss Archer, took place on Friday evening March 18th. College Hall was comfortably filled by an appreciative audience. The programme consisting of selections by the Glee Club—a chorus of sixteen female voices,—solos and readings was very successfully completed. Each number was well received by the audience and won an enthusiastic encore.

The solos of Misses Burditt and Heales were especially well rendered. The readings of Misses Daniels and Oulton gave a very pleasing variety to the programme.



A pleasing innovation in the dull routine of college life was afforded the Juniors on the evening of Tuesday March 22nd, when they were given a "Geography party" at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Chute. Each guest, by request, *represented* or—shall we say—*mis-represented* some geographical name, by means of an outward symbol, the interpretation of which was known only to themselves. A prize was offered to the one getting a correct solution to the greatest number of these Chinese puzzles. This task although mentally arduous provided much amusement to those immediately concerned, and many startling discoveries were made. After this was completed, games, singing and—last but not least—refreshments, occupied the time and attention of all, till the familiar chorus of the class yell accompanied by that of Chip. Hall gave the signal for departing.

## HON. J. W. LONGLEY'S LECTURE.

The first lecture of the new year under the auspices of the ATHENÆUM Society, was given in College Hall on Friday evening February 26th by Hon. J. W. Longley; subject. "People I Have Met." Dr. Longley's reputation as a platform speaker and man of public affairs always secures him a large audience, this instance being no exception. In his preliminary remarks the lecturer stated that his motto for this evening was "to amuse rather than instruct." Yet he was admirably successful in doing both.

He began with a description of prominent buildings and persons in London, Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament were visited. In the latter he saw and heard some of the noted statesmen of the present time. He considered the debates here less interesting than those in our Canadian parliament. The British members hold too closely to tradition, they seem to live too much in the past. The one exception to this conservatism being the renowned Jos. Chamberlain, a great debater although not an orator.

Next the lecturer referred to a dinner he attended at Gray's Inn. Here among the guests he met such men as Lords Alverstone and Roberts. But the most prominent guest was King Edward VII—then Prince of Wales,—who was enthusiastically received by all.

But what proved particularly interesting to him, were the interviews he had with a number of the leading authors of London, the literary centre of the world. Either at the literary clubs or at their own homes, he met such writers as Zangwill, Jerome, Grant Allen, Sir Gilbert Parker—of whom Canadians are so justly proud,—and Marie Corelli, whom he especially commended for the noble work she was accomplishing. Although the victim of present scorn future generations will call her blessed.

Coming from England to America he referred briefly to Grover Cleveland, whom he visited at the White House, in company with Prof. Chas. G. D. Roberts, Tammany Hall also was presented in a more favorable aspect than we had hitherto seen it. In conclusion he referred briefly to some of Canada's distinguished men paying the highest tribute to the memory of Joseph Howe, who will be remembered by the volumes of political literature he has left as a heritage, when present day politicians are long forgotten. When Dr. Longley had finished, the audience felt that the two hours passed in

the company of such illustrious persons as had been presented by him, were profitably spent. We hope to again have the pleasure of listening to Dr. Longley.



The games of the inter-class Basket Ball series for the Spring term have been played, and as all expected the Seniors have carried off the league. The interest shown in this branch of athletics, during these games has been somewhat deficient, and that for a number of reasons; one of which is the fact that Acadia was allowed no games with outside teams, hence emulation between the different players for positions on the "first team" was entirely lacking. In all, ten games were played. Although the playing of the class teams this time was, upon the whole, superior to that of last fall, yet ample room for improvement was shown, particularly in the shooting of penalty goals. Such haphazard shooting as has characterized these recent games shows the necessity of each team practising one man especially for this work. The league opened with the Senior Academy game, easily won by the former: score 20—5. The Junior Freshmen game was won by the Juniors: score 14—6. In this game the Freshmen showed much improvement over their playing before New Year's. The Senior Sophomore game was won by the former on a very narrow margin; score 13—11. The Seniors confident of victory allowed things to slide until near the close of the game, when they suddenly awakened to the fact that their laurels were in danger of being lost. An increased effort during the last ten minutes brought victory to their side. The Junior Academy game resulted in a victory for the former, score 16—5. In this game the Academy team showed that they were getting a better knowledge of Basket Ball. The story of the Senior Freshmen game is inferred from the score which stood 47—5, in favor of the Seniors. The Junior Sophomore game, one of the most closely contested of the league was won by the former, score 13—9. The Freshmen Academy game gave victory to the latter, score 13—5. The Sophomore Academy game was a keen struggle throughout, the Soph's won by a score of 11—8. The Senior Junior game, to which all looked forward with special interest, expecting a close contest, was a surprise to everyone. The Juniors did excellent work on the floor, but the "Fates" opposed their shooting. The Seniors won with a

score of 16—0. The last game of the series, that between the Sophomores and Freshmen, was well worth watching, good, effective work being done by both teams; the Sophs came off victorious, score 5—9. The relative standing of the different teams is shown by the summary here appended.

<i>Games</i>	<i>Won</i>	<i>Lost</i>
Seniors	4	0
Juniors	3	1
Sophomores	2	2
Academy	1	3
Freshmen	0	4



The At Home given by the Propylæum Society to the members of the ATHENÆUM, on Thursday evening April 7th, was an event of more than ordinary interest. By a skilful arrangement of seats College Hall presented a homelike appearance, while a modest display of decorations gave to the stage somewhat of a theatrical effect. The members of the Propylæum attired in college cap and gown, transacting the business of their society in a manner that would do credit to a State Legislature, reminded us of the poet's description of the college for women established and conducted by the Princess Ida and her associates—the only exception being that on this occasion the men were present by invitation. The programme for the evening was as follows.

Solo : (a)	Springtide,	<i>Greene</i>
(b)	Song,	<i>MacDonell</i>
	MISS MURRAY.	
Play :	"Not a man in the House." Scene I.	
Solo : (a)	Lullaby	<i>Clayton Jones</i>
(b)	Under the Rose	<i>Richard Henry Stoddard</i>
	MISS HALEY	
Trio :	Oh Lovely Night	<i>Abt.</i>
	MISSES MURRAY, CRANDALL, JOHNSON	
Piano Solo : (a)	"Not a Man in the House." Scene II.	
(b)	Venitianisches Gondellied	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
	Lied ohne Worte. No. 15.	
	MISS CURRIE	
	Synopsis, MISS MESSENGER	
	Refreshments	
College Songs		<i>Ab. Omnibus</i>

## DRAMATIS PERSONALE

Mrs. Bings, Widow,	Miss Archibald
Aunt Lucy, Sister,	Miss Sterns
Aunt Belinda,	Miss Dunham
Jessie Ray, Niece,	Miss Cogswell
Kate,—Maid,	Miss MacKinley

Space forbids our elaborating on the excellent manner in which the different numbers of this programme were presented. The Solos, the Trios,—for the audience insisted on an encore, the Synopsis, the Refreshments and the Play are all deserving of special mention so we refrain from particularizing. We trust that this innovation of Propy-læum will become an established custom in succeeding years.



The Athenæum Reception took place on the evening of Friday, April 8th. Each year this event is looked forward to with great expectations and generally these expectations are realized. From current reports we judge that this year's reception was no exception. Although laboring under disadvantages the Decoration Committee succeeded in transforming College Hall into an attractive reception room. Under the south gallery, cosy corners were curtained off and very daintily decorated. In these the class banners of the Seniors and Juniors were given quite prominent positions. On the rear wall of the room the class banners of '96, '98 and '99 were displayed to excellent advantage and formed a pleasing background to the fascinating scene. Potted plants and cut flowers gave a more pleasing aspect to the stage; Chinese lanterns gave a mild, mellow effect to the glaring electric light; while the company conversing happily in groups of two formed the prettiest part of the whole picture. The attendance was not so large as on some previous occasions, yet the Hall and Museum—not to mention the corridors—were conveniently filled. The presence of Ward's Orchestra, Halifax, discoursing sweet music at frequent intervals, greatly enhanced the enjoyment of this social event. To all who were present, this reception will be a subject for pleasant reflection.



The Second Forward Movement is, we understand, making encouraging progress. Owing to the fact that the Twentieth Century

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Missionary Fund is still occupying the field, the time has not come when the college movement can be placed before the churches, and a general canvass can be undertaken. A private canvass among individuals of means is all that is yet permitted to the college authorities. Dr. Trotter, up to the present, has confined his efforts to securing pledges for large amounts, ranging from \$500.00 to \$5000.00. While some who intend to contribute under this stage of the campaign have not yet stated finally what amounts they will give, it is morally certain that \$50,000.00 will be forthcoming in the larger sums from fifty or sixty people. As a second stage of the campaign Dr. Trotter hopes to secure a considerable sum—Fifteen or Twenty Thousand Dollars—in pledges of \$100.00 each, and to this stage he is now addressing himself. Later on when the way is clear, it is confidently expected that the balance still remaining of the \$100,000.00 needed will be secured by a general canvass of the rank and file of the church membership. The success of a scheme so large as the Second Forward Movement necessarily calls for faith, patience and resolute unyielding effort; and under the peculiar circumstances connected with the Twentieth Century Fund these qualities are likely to be put to the fullest test. There is however a settled conviction that under Dr. Trotter's leadership the denomination will meet the test right loyally, and will by Jan. 1st, 1908, be congratulating itself that this great undertaking has been crowned with success.

## Much Ado About Nothing

"You beat your pate and fancy wit will come.  
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home."—*Pope*.



Gosh man, don't talk to me!!



Wanted,—An explanation of the word "whangho."



Prof. (in Latin Class): Give an example of Gregarious Animals.

Student: The Sems.



IT WORKED ON HIS (E)MOTIONS.

Mac M-1-n: I was greatly moved at the Chip. Hall skating party.

Friend: How was that?

Mac: Somebody dropped a fire-cracker down the back of my neck.



The game of Baseball on skates had to be abandoned, but as soon as arrangements can be made, there will be a novelty in the way of a game of Basket Ball between the Second Teams of the Sem and College Faculties.



"One's appetite seems gradually to fail as Spring comes on," said the dainty fair one at the reception, as the fifth piece of cake disappeared, and the plate backed out the third time for ice cream.



Prof. (in English): "Shakespeare died on the same day he was born."

If this is the case, we may safely place him among the other great writers who died young.



Wh-1-ck ( and his partner just after the lights came on ) If we are in the way, you may have *our* chair Miss L-n-d-s.

Young lady: How did you get the black eye, Mr. W-b-t-r?

Doleful David: Winking at the Sems gave me that.

(Perhaps he will not wink at so close range next time.)



#### WAR NEWS SUMMARY

The latest unconfirmed report from the seat of war is that Admiral Alexieff is suffering from a violent headache caused by the bursting of a shell from one of the Japanese guns thereon, also that four of his whiskers have been badly damaged.



Visitor (pointing to Chip Hall): Is that the Sanitarium?

Friend: No, that's the *insanitarium*.



Mr. K-r-s-t-d is spending a few weeks among his friends at Acadia. We are informed that he intends spending the summer at Amherst in the Black-Smith business, in company with Mr. Ch-l-t-n.



The popular man among the boys now seems to be Mr. Jim Nasium.



#### THE STRENUOUS LIFE

Senior Hockey Player: What are you hitting yourself so hard with that big stick for?

Junior Hockey Player: I have had to do this ever since the Hockey Season was over for fear that the sudden relaxation might break down my constitution.



1st Co-ed (viewing the performances at the indoor meet): What wonderful feats the boys are showing to-day.

2nd Co-ed: Yes particularly those with the red stockings on.



He (discussing the last topic): Now what really interests you most at the present moment?

Tired Sem (with a mighty yawn): Bed.

The refreshments were eaten in silence.



#### THE PRESIDENT'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Standing on a piano stool, the boss of the Reta Delta Phi society, breaks forth as follows: "Sisters you are now bound together into a Brotherhood to upbuild the present fallen state of Society, and to

put beneath your feet that base rabble, the male tribe. Gird on therefore your Sunday morning faces, go forth, and frown boldly at the enemy. We shall now sing that old and familiar ballad:

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking  
What a fine world this would be,  
If all the men should be transported  
Far beyond the Northern Sea.

Reuben, Reuben, I've been thinking  
What a fine world this would be  
If all the girls were like our Carmen,  
And her Zeta Delta Phi.

For then there'd be no more receptions,  
And no more societie  
Girls would rule, and men would make for  
Realms beyond the Northern Sea.

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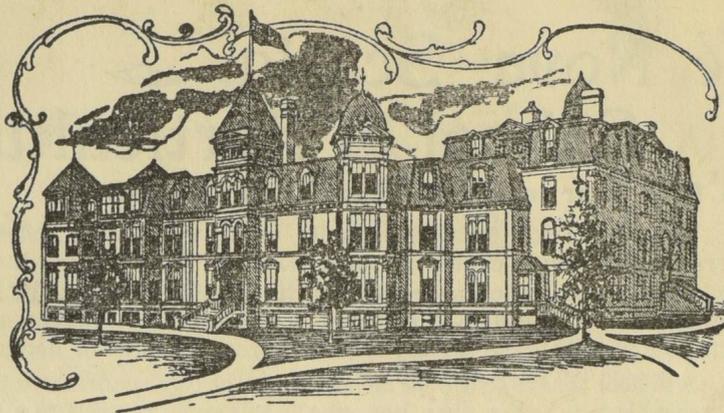
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