

# Acadia Athenæum.

"PRODESSE QUAM CONSPICUI."

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## A Unique Religious Festival.

BY ANNIE MARION MACLEAN, Ph. D.

Perhaps nowhere in America can one be made to realize in all its intensity the marvellous power of the church of Rome as well as in the commercial capital of the Dominion of Canada ; it is here that one sees the greatness of the organization and the firmness of its purpose best displayed. Montreal with its population of less than half a million is more than two-thirds French which means more than two-thirds Catholic. The volatile, impressionable and often times woefully ignorant French love the observances of the church. They delight in the spectacular side of Christianity. Their *pelerinages* are sources of joy ; they will set out by hundreds to visit the shrine of some saint, and return weary but satisfied.

But of all the festivals of the year Corpus Christi is the greatest ; it is the culmination of a year's effort, the most royal celebration of the faithful. Last year the seventh of June was Corpus Christi day ; but the procession which is usually held the following Sunday was postponed till the seventeenth. The Saturday night preceding, the whole French end and the down town region was gay with bunting and banners and flags, and the trees of the forest had been made to yield their choicest branches for the decoration. Before midnight, I walked down the chief French business street, and lo ! what a sight was there. Hundreds of people were out for a gala night, and it was difficult to make much headway in the throng. Mothers were there with babies in their arms and babies dragging at their skirts ; maidens and their lovers paced the street : and foul men were there reeking with rum. For was not the festival of the blessed Lord approaching.

Overhead and on all sides were banners bearing mottoes, and as I read I wondered. Some were in Latin ; others in French. There was a certain weirdness about it all, and to the not spiritually minded funny situations appeared. The entrance to the street was crowned with the words "Gloria in Excelsis," and on the right "Jesus, Marie, Joseph" while on the left over a little restaurant, dingy and dirty and

forbidding was blazoned in letters of gold on a red back "Mensa purissima." Beyond was "Hostia Salutaris," "Froment des Elus," and "Sacre coeur de Jesus." In another block was a market, and right in front was heralded "Agneau de Dieu" and "Paiu des Anges." To their credit be it said, the deeply religious multitude did not notice these little incongruities; they saw only the grandeur of the coming *fete*.

On I went reading new mottoes or the old ones repeated, and listening to the merry-making about me. The stores were ablaze with light, and anchors and hearts of flowers were in many windows. The sights of the night filled me with a desire to see the Sunday procession and I succeeded.

At eight o'clock the next morning, I left the stillness of the city on the hill, and hastened by car to the grand old cathedral near the river. Crowds of people were already swarming the streets, and the bells in the tower were clanging. The varied tones of the fourteen great ones was like the grandest music. The big, big bell high up in the western tower was ringing with a noise that made the whole city vibrate. This is said to be the fifth largest bell in the world, and it rings only on grand occasions. The church, like the streets, was gay with bunting and flags; on one of the great towers waved the tricolor, and on the other the Union Jack in its white ground stood out against the clear blue sky.

The faithful went inside to pray while the others stood outside to watch, and the sight was worth the watching. Policemen and the French regiment were forming in lines through which the procession of holy people was to pass. I left that scene for a little to go within, and there involuntarily dropped on my knees and with bowed head tried to feel the solemnity of it all. Once I heard a noise above the notes of the organ like the wailing of a soul in Purgatory, and I looked around, but it was only the great front doors, always shut, groaning on their hinges as they opened to admit some men of high estate.

Finally the procession started, and moved along a pre-arranged line of march of about two miles through gayly decorated streets lined with thousands and thousands of human beings, a moving yet impenetrable wall on either side. For hours the people stood lining the streets and waiting for the procession to pass. Tiny children were there with their parents, and it was pitiful to see their little tired faces. One often heard such words as these lisped out: "*O maman portez-moi, portez le bebe; bebe a faim,*" and then the weary wail would die away as the already burdened mother would comfort the little thing.

I hastened through side streets and viewed the procession from all possible points, and was back at the cathedral to await the return. One of the most pleasing incidents of the march was the short service

held in front of Laval University. The great French Catholic institution had erected a temporary altar at its imposing entrance, and there the throng halted for a prayer; no other halt was made till they returned to Notre Dame. I made friends with a genial policeman who was continually calling out; "*En arriere! sil vous plat!*" to the pushing crowd, and he allowed me to stand beside him in the most advantageous position possible, and there I viewed the returning thousands who were an hour passing that point.

First came boys with long coats and blue sashes bearing the banners of their schools. Young priests walked with them muttering prayers. There were boys of all ages; wee ones who looked about in wide-eyed wonder; bigger boys who had a faint idea of what it all meant; and boys nearly grown to manhood, whose black robes and bared heads testified to their devotion. Then there were young women, hundreds of them marching two by two and bearing banners and crosses. There were the congregations of the various *paroisses*, and they were clad in black with white veils, like bridal veils, falling to their knees, and they were all chanting as they walked. These were followed by hundreds of younger girls wearing the same garb, and accompanied by sad faced sisters. Next came little girls with blue ribbons, the Sisters of Mary, and little girls with red ribbons, the sisters of the *precieux sang*. Then came pitiful small girls, almost babies, foundlings from some Home. They were sad-eyed little things who wondered why they walked, and whose only mothers were the grey robed women who walked beside them saying prayers. A band came next, and behind that was a moving line of white as far as the eye could see,—little girls in first communion robes wearily lifting their little tired feet tortured with high heeled slippers. On and on they came seemingly a never ending number, but at last appeared a line of small boys with first communion ribbons on their arms, singing the songs they loved.

One group of white robed children wearing wreaths of flowers on their little heads was a most touching sight. They were tiny creatures, and they bore a figure of the Blessed Virgin above their heads, and sang an "Ave Maria" with sweet childish voices. The weak baby tones were soon lost in the sound of following footsteps, but their faces were glad for they had given a part of themselves.

Bands and men followed, and banners were borne aloft everywhere. But the end was near, and the kaleidoscopic view would soon be over. Suddenly the multitude fell on its knees where it stood. Why? The Sacred Host, *le Dieu Vivant* was approaching. As one of the French papers expressed it the next day: "*C etait le roi des armees, c'etait l' inspirateur de l' Ancien et du Nouveau Testament a' travers les rues de Montreal.*" Scores and scores of nuns, the black

robed *religieuses* passed on telling their beads, and then came priests without number wearing white surplices; ascetic acolytes zealously reading prayers from the books they carried; neophytes with expressions of hesitating expectancy; aged fathers upon whose brows the dove of peace seemed resting; others with hands crossed on their breasts walked along with downcast eyes and muttered prayers; all these preceded the censor bearers and celebrants. And then came the group before which all knees bowed. A large canopy of yellow silk on whose top were groups of nodding plumes was borne aloft by stalwart men, and beneath this walked three priests with tonsured heads and gold embroidered vestments. Their robes were white and gold on that glad day for the prebends of the church were joyful. The chief priest supported on either side by two younger men, carried above his breast the golden sun, bearing, behind a crystal shield, the Eucharist; and at their approach thousands of men and women and children fell kneeling. No heretic stood,—down in the dust he went with the faithful. It was the supreme moment of the day and all along the way, the bearer of the processional sun passed a kneeling throng. The priest to whom it was entrusted *l' Hostie Sacree* bore it along with down-drooping eyes and prayerful lips. He felt the Presence and was in deep humility.

At twelve o'clock, they re-entered the church and the great bells rang joyously out. In the people went till it seemed as if the walls must burst; the aisles were crowded; and the double rows of galleries on the sides and end groaned under the weight of human forms. The music was grand, and the service impressive. The altar presented a sight not soon to be forgotten; it was hung with gold embroidered banners of red and blue and yellow, and

“Suddenly as if it lightened,  
An unwonted splendor brightened”

all within the chancel rail, and every point blazed with light. Electricity has done for ecclesiastical pomp what candles could never do. As one heard the “*priez pour nous*” rise from thousands of lips, he felt the power of the tie that binds them.

At half past one it was over, and I returned to the select and elegant quarter which knew naught of the great religious festival at its doors; a celebration, the equal of which could not be seen elsewhere on the American continent. Truly one-third knows not how the other two-thirds live. And yet the *Fete* was replete with interest whether viewed from the religious or from the sociological standpoint. A strong moving power was at work and the multitude responded. One saw the strength of a mighty organization in its most potent form. Popular imagination was stirred and religious fervour was at its height. One must bow respectfully before a force that could hush to silence thous-

ands who knelt as the golden sun with its precious sacrament went by; or that led vast numbers to walk bare-headed two miles or more beneath the burning rays of a blazing sun.

Call it superstition; call it lamentable ignorance if you will, but the fact remains that the greatest organization the world has ever seen controls and guides and uses,—for its own ends mayhap—a people who form no unimportant factor in Canadian life to-day, and the manifestations of whose religious life should not pass unheeded by those who would know their country and their times.

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### Biography in Education.

BY REV. H. F. WARING.

If education be more than learning facts; if it be the forming of convictions through the discovery and reception of truths; if it means growth of character, developing of the divine in man; if, in short, it means that for which "Acadia" has stood and will stand—the making not of mere scholars but of men—then one of the greatest, if not the greatest, means of education is biography.

Study of the physical sciences is good but they have to do with things. Compared not with the study of theology but with the study of things "the proper study of mankind is man." For character building more important than the study of nature is the study of human nature. It is because that in this realm literature is queen, that she is considered a greater teacher than science. President of a world-university she teaches truths through fancies and through facts. While in poetry and fiction, the literature of fancy, many truths are to be seen, the truths of history and biography, the literature of fact, speak with more authority to the heart and incite to edifying deeds. Significant are the request of the boys and girls for stories that are "truly true." The giving of the price of the theatre tickets to the city missionary who tells you of the destitution in a city alley is more educating than the enjoyment of an excellent poverty scene upon the stage. In education as in eloquence facts that embody truths are mighty. It is true that some truths (and some of them among the highest) can be taught better through the literature of fancy than through the literature of fact; yet the truth remains that, taken as a whole, the educating influence of history and biography is greater than that of fiction and poetry.

Comparing the two studies that remain in our process of elimination, we conclude that biography is better than history. Events are significant only as they tell us of heart-beats. While history has to do

with events and heart-beats, biography has to do with heart-beats and events. In history Havelock was a great soldier in India. In biography he is the christian leader of "Havelock's Saints." History shows us that "through the ages one increasing purpose runs." Biography shows me how "the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns." History makes us proud of the empire to which we belong. Biography humbles me to where it may inspire me to strenuous endeavors to make my life sublime. Religious history tells us how the races have been "feeling after God." Religious biography opens my ears to hear the heart-throbs of a psalmist; or a Job as he wrestles with such problems as the providence of God.

Let me insert here a very apt paragraph from before the christian era—the words of Plutarch, a biographer unequaled among the ancients and unsurpassed to-day: "We are not writing Histories, but Lives. Nor is it always in the most distinguished achievements that men's virtues or vices may be best discerned; but very often an action of small note, a short saying or a jest, shall distinguish a person's real character more than the greatest sieges or the most important battles. Therefore, as painters in their portraits labour the likeness in the face, and particularly about the eyes, in which the peculiar turn of mind most appears, and run over the rest with a more careless hand; so we must be permitted to strike off the features of the soul, in order to give a real likeness of these great men, and leave to others the circumstantial detail of their labours and achievements."

If well written, biography gives the pleasure of fiction in giving the information and inspiration of fact. It not only gives greater educational wealth than history but can give us easy access to the wealth of history itself. A biographical method makes the study of history as pleasurable as it is profitable. The better acquainted you are with a man the more you are interested in his surroundings and the more easily do you obtain and retain information concerning that which in any way pertains to him. My thoughts about the location of Paardeberg are very vague but I feel sure that my neighbor knows just where it is and all about the fight that makes it famous and makes us proud. It is to her the altar on which was offered up for Queen and empire her brave boy. Let the Canadian boy become acquainted with Champlain himself and he will no longer look upon him as one who helped to make Canadian history hard to learn; but, in company with the great pioneer, he will be easily able to understand the Canada of three centuries ago. A personal, i. e. a biographical, acquaintance with Washington and Lincoln makes the history of the United States a study that delights. Go around with Luther and he will tell you about the Reformation. Get acquainted with the "negro Moses" Booker T.

Washington. In his recent autobiography hear him talk about himself and you listen eagerly to every word. When he is through, to your surprise you find, that, without any effort, you have obtained a better idea of the days of reconstruction in the Southern States than you might have received by prolonged effort in the study of the history and the problems of the South since the emancipation of the slaves. For the understanding of this period the fancy-clad truths of Allen's "Reign of Law" are good, very good, but the plain, fact-clad truths of this great autobiography are better.

As a forthteller of what we ought to have, through faith in the "increasing purpose," I become a foreteller of what we shall have. Because directly and indirectly it is most conducive to ethical edification (the increasingly recognized purpose of education) I predict an increasing educational use of biography.

Let me help to fulfill the prophecy. Some one has called the "Lives of Plutarch" the "pasture of great souls." Shakespeare 'pastured' there before his Coriolanus, Anthony and Cleopatra, and Julius Caesar were given to the world. A great French philosopher and author thus acknowledged his indebtedness to the great biographer: "I no sooner cast an eye upon him than I purloin a leg or a wing." Had we their confessions we should find that the works of other great souls have been helped onward and upward by numerous contributions (not to say "lootings") from these "Lives." They not only afford excellent reading for men but boys delight in them because they are "so crammed with life." They afford excellent pastures for possible greatness. A boy should not be tethered there but since the privilege is within the means of the poorest he should in some way understand that according to his own sweet will he may go in and out and find pasture.

If heathen biography be such a pasture the biography of the christian church and of its bible ought to be more conducive to the development of true greatness—it ought to be more educative. "We lost the true notion of human culture" said Dr. James Martineau "when we threw away the 'Lives of the Saints.'" He gave the reason: "The soul grows godlike, not by its downward gaze at inferior nature, but by its uplifted look at thought and goodness greater than its own." If we should ask why these biographies have been thrown away we should be answered that a mere reading of them reveals much that is mythical and legends that are legion. A candid recognition of this by one aroused to the importance of religious biography impelled him to exclaim: "I have a great hankering to write the true *Acta Sanctorum*" How much these would increase the educational wealth of the world. Inspiring are some of the biographies of recent times. May they increase in number and in worth. Would that in the selected

libraries for youth the goody stories which are so untrue might be replaced not only by good literature of fancy but also by the still better factual literature in which biography is best.

Though much care needs to be exercised in it, helpful indeed is a biographical treatment of bible times—especially after the entrance of the Hebrews into Canaan. Investigations and discoveries have left us the bible where it treats of early times as still the literature of highest truths; yet, in transferring some of the books and parts of others from the literature of fact to the literature of fancy, they have lessened the biographer's biblical material for at least the earlier period of Hebrew life. They have however thrown such light upon the times in which the bible was written that the biographer is able to span great stretches of Israelitish history and religious progress by letting a few religious Sauls clasp hands above their fellows.

The New Testament is mainly biographical. The gospels are but four biographies written from four different points of view. The Acts of the apostles is their biographies: to chapter 13 especially of Peter, from chapter 13 especially of Paul. The latter wrote to the Corinthian christians "Be ye imitators of me, even as I also am of Christ." His words suggest the leading musician of an orchestra. From his instrument the other instruments are tuned but he himself with the rest is under the direction of the conductor. If Paul who made many hearts to respond to the harmony of heaven be considered the leading apostle he himself looked to Jesus Christ as the peerless leader. I write not as a preacher but as a student to students when I ask as a matter of history; what writings have influenced the world as have the New Testament biographies? He who would understand the nineteen centuries that have gone must as an honest student come in touch with the Great Teacher. I would not by any false view of inspiration interfere with the most critical investigations. I simply ask for an honest effort to find out who He we call Jesus really was; to try to walk with Him whose feet pressed the soil of Palestine, whose voice was heard upon its waters and among its hills. I ask it that there might be a better understanding of history, a better understanding of life. I have a passion to bring men in touch with Jesus of Nazareth, of Capernaum, of Jerusalem, of Calvary, because He is to me "the Way the Truth and the Life." Would you be educated? Neglect not the biographies of Jesus Christ. Follow HIM.

*St. John, N. B.*

## Ideals and Culture.

BY KERR BOYCE TUPPER, D. D., LL.D.

### AN IDEAL MODEL NECESSARY TO TRUE CULTURE.

It is but a truism to say that there can be no full development of culture on the part of anyone who spurns all models. By this expression one shall not be understood as encouraging servile imitation or artificiality, or as justifying or palliating, in the slightest degree, the hiding of one's self in the shadow of a great personage, whose virtues and vices alike receive indiscriminate and unmeasured worship. On the contrary, nothing could be more degrading, nothing more like burying the royal talent in the napkin of disgusting mimicry. Nor is countenance given to that unpractical day-dreaming which consumes the priceless time of many in the perusal of sensational and sentimental works. The popular novel of the period is as barren of examples of noble manhood and womanhood as the great African desert of roses and peonies. Better that our youth fling their vitiating and corrupting pages to the winds and feed on the coarser food of the most prosaic history if they would gain strength of mind and lasting news. Yet even history (much of it history "so-called") should be studied with proper caution. Too often the sarcastic sneer of the great Dr. Johnson is painfully correct. Like Sir Robert Walpole, he denied the utility of historical studies on the grounds, first, that they were mostly untrue; secondly, that even when correct, they furnish no examples of conduct. Life is as new and untried to every being as if the world were born but yesterday and not a single volume had issued from the brain of saint or sage. As has been well said by a popular modern essayist: Each man that embarks on the voyage of active life may be compared to a vessel of war leaving port under sealed orders. He knows not to what ports he must go, or on what seas he must sail. He arches his sails to an untried breeze. Like Coleridge's Mariner, he is "the first that ever burst into that lonely sea."

But while no particular being may be accepted by us as a proper model, as no such one possesses our nature in all its departments, environments or aims, yet may each of us secure an ideal model created by himself from his observation of various persons under different circumstances. The art process of the Italian masters will serve to explain our meaning of ideal models. The immortal sculptor of the famous Apollo Belvidere, or Venus de Medici, for instance, had never seen represented visibly in any work of marble or canvas or in the features or outlines of any living person a prototype of his matchless skill. All the realm of nature and humanity was too poor to furnish a model: and yet to work without one was an impossibility. See how a concep-

tional figure was curiously wrought. The process was elective; that is, from one person was selected an expressive eye, with brows gracefully arched; from another, a hand or arm of pleasing proportions: from a third a broad and majestic forehead, and from others still an imposing posture or an outline of winsome symmetry. From these the artist erected in his mind an ideal image, fanciful indeed, but really and unmistakably present to the mind of the author. Here very evidently, the dwarfing work of the copyist finds no place. The ideas which formed the image were the sculptor's, being the outgrowth of his unrivalled genius none the less than the statues themselves when actually fashioned into those marvelous forms which Europe and all the world have delighted to praise.

So should it be with each of us, sculptors of our own characters. We should learn the importance of fostering ideas—keeping before our minds, as a standard, the image of what, after serious, sober thought, we deemed as true embodiment of the noblest principles of life. As well may an architect attempt to construct a Blenheim or Windsor Castle or St. Paul's Cathedral, without a plan to guide the unlettered artisans who do his bidding; or a mariner with his bark endeavor to circumnavigate the globe with neither chart nor compass; as an intelligent, ambitious student of man, literature, or nature expect to succeed without an ideal of the mind setting forth in miniature the fulness and completeness of his ideal self.

And there is a truer, grander, nobler model for imitation than can ever be produced by men or created by human imagination. It is that model which stands out in beauty and glory in the life of Him whom the pen of inspiration portrays as mentally, speaking as never man spoke, and as spiritually, without sin or guile. Let us inspect that character as delineated upon the pages of Infallible Truth, itself a perfect model of perfect excellence on which the scrutinizing criticism of 1800 years has failed to find a blemish or a stain. And as we run the race set before us let us gaze ever upward to Him, until that glad time when face to face we stand before Him amid the splendid glory of eternity and see ourselves lifted up to a realization of our loftiest expectation and noblest aspirations.

Ever floats before the real,  
The bright and beautiful ideal;  
And as to guide the sculptor's hand  
The living forms of beauty stand;  
So ever stands before my soul  
A model, beautiful and whole—  
The noble Man as each should be,  
Erect in his integrity.

*Philadelphia, Feb. 22, 1901.*

### Wanted—A Teacher.

“There is a general complaint that there has been a distinct loss in the teaching power of our colleges and universities, that too much emphasis is given to mere erudition on the part of an occupant of a college chair; that not enough care is taken to secure men who have the ability to impart their information and to stir their students into newness of life; that the resources of institutions are expended for experts, or authorities, or specialists, with little enquiry as to whether or no these men are also teachers; that men of extended information, accurate and recondite, but without magnetism and without personal power—men who find classwork a burden and who avoid it whenever possible—are taking the places of men of large and strong and brave and earnest life, whose strength and virtue go out daily through close contact and intimate relations with their pupils. There is some truth—enough!—in this charge: but the entire question will bear discussion.

“Given a lad of eighteen, just out of the public high school or private preparatory school, and intending to continue his education: what are the influences most desirable? Evidently they are those which will tend to give him power and dignity; to put him in the line of mastery, but first the mastery of himself, since without this fundamental victory he can do nothing worthily; to secure in him the tendency, at least, toward a life of large and generous service. Any “success” which is not determined by the possession of these characteristics, which does not make the possession and development of these characteristics absolutely necessary, is not worthy of the name. If his education is not to make him right-minded, honorable and beneficent, it will be a dead failure. What is far worse, he will be a dead failure; as far as he is concerned, life will be a dead failure.

“The strongest influence which can be brought to bear upon this lad, at this age and under these conditions, to insure him a favorable start along these lines, is that which comes from constant and unselfish and loving contact with some high types of manhood. His teachers must have ample preparation for the work intrusted to each; there must be fullness and accuracy of information; general scholarship and special equipment must go hand in hand; but back of these and beneath these and permeating these, ought to be the largest possible manhood, in the largest and best sense of that word.

“These characteristics, daily manifested, will bring the lad who is so fortunate as to be under their influence, not into a condition of slavish discipline, but rather into a voluntary and very happy conformity with all that is right and just and sane and wholesome.

“To exert such an influence, the teacher must have a mind that is

public and large, and a heart that is warm and brave and true. Time-serving, indifference, aloofness, idleness, jealousy, suspicion, unfaithfulness, selfishness, unlawful ambition, disloyalty, coldness, partiality, dishonesty—surely these characteristics are not to be tolerated because of extraordinary expert knowledge, or because a man is “smart,” or is a frequent contributor to leading magazines, or is a book-maker, or is a recognized authority in any given direction. \* \* \* \* \*

“Men who combine advanced scholarship with high character, successful experience, administrative ability, and personal power, are rare in this world. Such a union of desirable qualities makes a first-class man, and really first-class men are rather lonesome. There are not many of them to the generation—to the century, even.”

The foregoing extract from an article by James H. Canfield, of Columbia University, printed in the *Educational Review*, will be of interest to many of our readers. For the thoughts expressed are the views of our constituency, as we believe. The ideal set forth is the ideal of our College and we are glad to know that it has to a considerable degree at least, been realized. It has been said that nothing but fire kindles fire. As far as we know the history of our institution there has always been the fire of devotion in those who have taught within its halls. We are confident that the following further statements from this article could not be truthfully written of this college.

“President Francis A. Walker once said that he doubted if more than fifteen per cent. of those whom he had known as members of College and University faculties possessed in a special degree the ability to impart knowledge, and that even less were able to establish cordial and helpful relations with any large number of their students. The writer of this article has known intimately the faculties of at least four universities, during a quarter of a century given to educational endeavor: and has noted with constant and increasing anxiety the small number of graduates who, in returning to their alma mater, seek out their one-time instructors with the eagerness and warmth of feeling which mark the recognition of close and helpful and friendly relations.”

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AS YE SOW, YE REAP.

We scatter seeds with careless hand,  
And deem we ne'er shall see them more:  
Yet for a thousand years their fruit appears  
In weeds that mar the land, or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we speak,  
Into thin air may seem to fleet;  
We count them past, but they shall last:  
In the dread judgment they and we shall meet.

—JOHN KEBLE.

## Utopia.

This word with its beautiful Greek derivation is one not unfamiliar to those fortunate enough to be living in the twentieth century, when the agitation for social and industrial reform bids fair to be the characteristic of the age.

Sir Thomas More was the first in modern times to dream of a perfect state of existence, and since his day poor Utopia has been hackneyed about till there is but one portion of the inhabitants of the earth to which it has not been applied. This portion, as far as history reveals, is the girls of Acadia College. Who, pray, ever so much as dreamed of a Utopia for these, the latest product of the evolution of which society may be proud. They, alone, of the entire affiliated body, can boast of having never caused any member of the faculty to pass sleepless nights and restless days. Doubtless, it is because of these very virtues that little thought has been bestowed upon them in the past. Accordingly they have suffered in silence and their fondest aspirations have never before been presented to the public.

Probably, O Reader! you have not at this moment the remotest idea of the appropriateness of this title, which, to the girls, means a residence conducted with a view to the best interests of college girls, and a waiting-room in which one's life would not be imperilled, if as many as six wished to turn around at the same time. Having made this appalling statement it remains for us to justify it, by showing the necessity for such a building. To do this we ask, is it to be supposed that the movement in favor of the so-called higher education will continue and thus, in the future, insure a larger attendance of girls at the college? We may, I think, safely affirm this if it can be shown that the influence of a college education will tend to make the women of the twentieth century, speaking in a general way, superior to cope with life's difficulties and problems than those of any other time. At the present time it is quite widely felt that a high school or seminary education is all that is necessary or will ever be useful to the majority of girls. Anything beyond this is superfluous. Education is quite commonly considered to be a heterogeneous multitude of valuable facts stored away in one's cranium to be called out at pleasure. This view is, however, entirely erroneous. The greatest benefit of an education is, that the mind by a course of mental application along various lines becomes so trained that it prepares one to meet the exigences of life in the best possible manner, or as Browning has so beautifully put it:—

“Knowledge  
Rather consists in opening up a way  
For the eternal splendour to escape  
Than in admitting entrance to a light  
Supposed to be without.”

Which now will contribute more towards this education of the mind, which will be most profitable in after life, the course of education as found in the seminary or the college? May I venture the opinion that after six years has passed away, all the technical knowledge which will remain with most young ladies attending the seminary at the present time, will be a little smattering of French, music, and elocution; and a confused knowledge of mathematics. On the other hand as regards the college girl, though she has forgotten many facts, and some things gladly, yet the general influence of the subjects she has studied, if they be wisely chosen, and the comparatively independent manner of systematizing and arranging her life and work while at college will, I believe, not only have a broader and deeper effect upon her own life, but will enable her also to think and converse in an intelligent manner upon all questions relating to her country, in which she as a law abiding citizen has a right to take a practical interest. Now, from what has been said it must not be inferred that a seminary course and the studies pursued there are unprofitable, but that the pre-eminence which that institution has always held should be transferred to a college course for girls. To many, however, a seminary course would be most advisable; some having especial aptitude for the higher arts, and others being physically disqualified for college work.

And now, having shown to our own satisfaction, at least, that this departure of women from the established path of learning is not a mere fad, but is destined to have far-reaching effects in the future, let us return to the earth and the vicinity of Acadia College and contemplate for a moment the condition of the twenty-three girls in attendance at that institution. Some are boarding in the Seminary and some in the town. This division is especially unfortunate as otherwise "the life" would be far more pleasant and profitable. Yet the directors of the seminary have been especially kind. The college girls have hitherto occupied the west wing and have been allowed a separate table in the dining room. This has been properly appreciated by the girls and has lessened in no small degree the imperative urgency for a residence. But the college girls cannot always have the west wing. Sooner or later they must go. Soon the seminary will be needing all its space for its own pupils. Even now, although the building is not crowded "the sems" are beginning to gravitate towards the west wing. It is also rumored that after this year one of the best rooms, if not the best, in this wing is to be occupied by "sems." The end is plain. Yet there is not a more ideal spot in the Maritime Provinces to which girls may come for college education, and notwithstanding these drawbacks college life is well organized. The girls at Mount Allison are few in numbers, and although they have their own societies, they are almost

indentical with the "Ladies' College" girls. Dalhousie although before us in numbers is not in organization. They also are without a residence for college girls, and accordingly the girls are widely scattered and know little of each other. Neither is a city as desirable for a college as a small town. Acadia, as far as locality is concerned, is in every way superior to Dalhousie, and there can be no doubt that if inducements in the form of a proper residence with Y. W. C. A. and Propylæum rooms in connection were provided, Acadia would have many more girls within her classic halls.

The disadvantages arising from not having any suitable place for society meetings are very great. The "girls' waiting-room" in the College is not large enough for anything of this sort. In truth, it is difficult to say for what it is large enough. It was probably donated to Miss Marshall, the first girl who ever attended Acadia, and although it was all that one desired it can scarcely be said to meet the requirements of twenty-three. Accordingly, as this room is not suitable, one of the class-rooms is chosen, usually the chapel, because of the organ which it possesses. This room answers the purpose very well and the girls do not complain. Yet the appearance of perhaps eighteen girls in a room capable of seating over a hundred is rather weird, and has a depressing effect upon any enthusiasm which is so necessary if any society is to be successful.

All these things are known to the faculty, who lament that the present state of finances will make any changes in this direction impossible for many years. And yet we do not despair. Private bequests have in the past been made both to the seminary and ministerial portion of the college. Accordingly we feel that in these days when bequests have become so fashionable, that it is not "castle-building" to think that if the true position of the college girls was known, and the important influence which they will have upon society in the future considered, many would feel it a pleasure to assist in this matter. Its importance should especially be felt by the educated women of our country, who could by combined influence and effort easily contribute the necessary sum; and they, perhaps, would in some measure, at least, feel repaid by knowing that their names would for many years be coupled with the benefactors of their country, and would forever be immortalized in the hearts of Acadia College Girls.

A COLLEGE GIRL.

### Library Notes.

In the Notes of last month the compositor made me use the expression "fertile phrases" concerning something previously written in the Notes. What my graceless hand wrote was "futile." This adjective I feel may be rightly applied to my vapping, but I am not yet rash enough to venture to designate any of my scribbling by the term "fertile." However the compositor and proof-reader have my deepest sympathy in their attempts to decipher my scrawl, and all that I am surprised at is that they have been so uniformly successful in the contest they have waged with my cacography. S

Last month we were chatting about Haliburton's Nova Scotia, our first history. To gain a vivid conception of the changes the years have wrought since 1829, I know of no better way than to place beside "Sam Slick's" two volumes a book issued a few months ago by the Copp-Clarke Company of Toronto, Sir John Bourinot's Builders of Nova Scotia. This is not a history in the scientific sense, but rather a collection of interesting and reasonable facts in the life of Nova Scotia. d The material is somewhat loosely arranged under three main divisions, the origin of the people of Nova Scotia, the establishment of the leading religious denominations, and personal reminiscences concerning Nova Scotians who have attained eminence during the past forty years.

The substance of the book is really the accumulation of years, and in part has been given to the public before it was issued in the present volume. A part in fact, as Sir John tells us in his preparatory note, was given before the students of our own College. The whole, however, was gathered together and presented before the Royal Society of Canada in the form of a paper. Contemporaneously with the publication of this paper in the Transactions of the Royal Society it appeared as a separate volume, and it is in this form that it lies on our table. Sir John's own contribution has been heightened in value and interest by the numerous engravings with which the work is embellished and by the wealth of material that has been gathered (from many sources) with the appendices. The printer too has done his work well, and the book-binder has crowned the whole with a binding both elegant and artistic. As we said before a merely cursory comparison of Haliburton's Nova Scotia and Bourinot's Builders of Nova Scotia is enough to tell the story of the advance made during the past.

But Sir John's book is valuable not merely as an indicator of the country's advancement. It is both interesting and valuable in itself. It is not a history; it is more. It is vital with the life of the author; it has the generous glow and warmth that throbbed through the veins of these men, staunch and true, who lived their unselfish lives and did

their noble deeds here in Nova Scotia—lives and deeds that have made Nova Scotia what it is to-day. It is indeed fortunate that one so intimately connected with so many of the eminent Nova Scotians of the past half century has been disposed to preserve and perpetuate in some adequate way the experiences of a life that has been peculiarly rich in ennobling associations. Candor and fairmindedness are evident on every page. Sir John's official position, no doubt, has strengthened in him an innate sense of what is just and right and has saved him from what so often detracts from the worth of historical writing—one-sidedness and partizanship. The author's references to the Baptists and to their educational work are appreciative and perhaps are quite as extensive as the limits of the work warrant.

Among the many portraits the most interesting to us are those of Judge Haliburton ("Sam Slick"), J. W. Johnstone, Joseph Howe, Dr. Crawley, Sir J. W. Dawson, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir John Thompson. We may be a little folk, but our men are the peers of any. These seven men alone might during their generation render brilliant the life of a country far greater and more important than is our small province. Who can rightly estimate the full worth of the influences that have emanated from these few great men!

As one turns over the pages of the Builders and comes face to face with the features and words of those who have been most prominently connected with the formation and shaping of the character of our provincial life, that life and what it implies comes to have a new meaning, and one's estimate of the province and of its place among the lands of the earth is consciously and decidedly increased. Certainly it is not a good thing for one to be conceited; and yet, on the other hand, it is quite possible that one may have an opinion of one's self or of one's country so exceedingly humble as to produce deplorable weakness in purpose and action. For one to know one's capabilities and to recognize one's consequent responsibilities is not conceit; and it is not a thing to be despised, but rather a matter to be commended, that one has a proper sense of the real worth of one's own country and a just pride in the achievements of its sons and daughters. A land, after all has been said and done, is very largely what its people make it. It will be a happy day for Nova Scotia when all her sons and daughters shall have enough love for their native land to sacrifice something of possible attainment in other lands for the sake of building up their own country in all that goes to make a country really great. Our young people complain that they have no chance at home. May it not be that if they were only contented to work as hard in the home-land as they do abroad, to endure such hardships in Nova Scotia as they do in foreign lands, they might succeed, not perhaps in just the same way as they

might in the United States for instance, but still succeed in attaining a fair competence and in attaining what they often miss abroad, a healthful, wholesome home-life, characterized by true-hearted simplicity and earnestness and crowned with gifts that come from refinement, education and genuine christianity. To those who thus devote their lives to the development of their native land will come in the end of days the satisfaction of knowing that their lives have been unselfishly spent in order to secure the prosperity of their own country and that they are leaving a heritage of good deeds and noble living for the benefit of those who follow them in their own land and among their own kindred.

One rises from reading a book like the Builders of Nova Scotia with the feeling that already Nova Scotia has a history of no mean proportion and that it would be ignoble not to do what lies in one's power towards adding to the worthfulness of that history.

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### CORRESPONDENCE.

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To the Editor of the ATHENÆUM,

SIR:—In a recent issue a correspondent brings to our notice the matter of a change of college colors, and while we feel that the consensus of opinion would so decidedly oppose any such move as to render discussion needless, we would solicit space to give expression to a suggestion on this topic.

We think that the cases cited of smaller schools having adopted our colors proves that the combination is a good and a popular one. How can we be sure, in case of the proposed change, that some business college or high school may not adopt those which might be substituted for the present colors? Red and blue have long stood for Acadia. What has been, of course, does not necessarily remain or continue but unless some better reasons are proposed we can hardly see the benefit of changing those colors which have grown dear to the graduates who have gone out from the College. They and we have contended for the red and blue banner in the spirit which animated the "five hundred living soldiers," mentioned by an unreadable philosopher, who were "sabered into crow's meat for a piece of glazed cotton which they called their flag." Our affection for our colors will probably never lead any of us to sacrifice our well beloved selves to the menu of our swarthy ornithological friends, but for all that we have a very kindly feeling for the 'old flag.'

It matters not to us that others can appreciate our good judgment in the selection and we hardly feel like attempting the experiment of selecting a combination which would have to be either so far from

beautiful that it be shunned by all others or so awe inspiring that it would be religiously regarded as ours by divine right.

But the chief difficulty appears not in the colors, red (or garnet) and blue, but *what shades of these colors* we are to have. At present among our various symbols we have all imaginable shades of red and blue from a rich garnet with a deep blue to the hideous combination of stripes on some of the foot-ball jerseys where both colors seem to have been fused by the elements into the extremes of a miserable purple. But who shall decide?

If propositions are in order we suggest that the college office be our exchequer where the standards of measurement are kept. Let a committee of faculty and students choose the standard shades and have them kept for reference in all cases. This would give uniformity to our colors.

Such a variety of colors as is now exhibited by the various classes in this institution is not only bewildering but is becoming more ridiculous with each addition. Will not some one suggest that for a change we have the much prettier and more modest class pins?

As one of those who believe that the colors red and blue are a part of the college life past and present,

I remain yours truly

M.

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To the Editor of the ATHENÆUM,

SIR:—In your issue for March, 1901, I notice a contribution to the correspondence column in the shape of a letter regarding the college colors signed N. B. As he himself says the matter is one which calls for discussion and as his signature would have one notice the letter, he will pardon me in taking issue with him on the subject. At the risk of being dubbed “conservative” and “behind the times” I would strongly oppose any change in the colors of our college.

His principle argument for the change is that two other institutions which by his own admission, are less generally known in the Maritime Provinces than Acadia is, have colors the same as or similar to those of our *alma mater* and on that account confusion is likely to result. While there is a ghost of a point in the above argument does it not apply with equal force to the two institutions to which he refers? I am not familiar enough with the history of the University of New Brunswick to say that we had adopted our colors before they did theirs but it is not probable that they have the advantage of us in that way. Regarding the New Brunswick Normal School one feels safe in saying that our colors were chosen before theirs so that we might almost accuse them of plagiarism.

In Nova Scotia it is doubtful if one tenth of the graduates from the Provincial Normal School wear their colors after graduation and on general principles the same is probable true in New Brunswick. It is however safe to say that the majority of college graduates wear their colors for some time after graduating and it is certain that undergraduates wear their colors during the college year and through the vacation. So it is easily seen that the colors of any college are more generally worn than the colors of our Normal Schools. Why then, let me ask, should hundreds of our students, past and present, change their colors so as to avoid confusion with the few of another institution? In this case the comfort of the majority should prevail over the discomfort of the few.

N. B. is also disturbed over the fact that there is a slight haziness among some students regarding the exact shades of blue and red. But it is not likely that this question disturbs the slumbers of the students while the graduates in all probability never give it a thought. And indeed such a distinction is almost as bad as hair-splitting. It is hardly probable that the general public will examine the ribbon displayed by a college man and criticize as to the exact shadow of a shade of a color.

Regarding the beauty and artistic combination of our colors I am not competent to judge, but leave it to others whose minds are more highly cultivated in that direction. But I would grieve to see the name of Acadia College linked with some of the combinations appropriated by classes past and present. Some such combinations seem properly placed on the shirt front and neckties of colored "swells" but for a college——,

So, Mr. Editor at the risk of being thought conservative, let us ponder long and seriously before changing the colors which (as my opponent so well put it) "for two generations have been associated with the history of Acadia, the colors which have been carried to victory in so many hard-won contests of brain and brawn."

Thanking you for your valuable space I am,

Yours respectfully,

COLLEGIAN.

To the Editor of the ATHENÆUM,

SIR:—In your last issue the attention of your readers was called to the subject of college and class colours. Concerning college colours I think N. B. hit the nail pretty fairly on the head, and I agree with him that a change of colours would be a good thing. I do not wish to speak of this part of the subject particularly, but I would simply suggest that a single colour be chosen as the college colour.

It seems to me however that there is even greater need of reform in the use of class colours. With us at Acadia class colours are given entirely too much prominence, while the college colours are kept far in the background and brought to light only at rare intervals. Not only is this true here at college but it is also true when our students are scattered all over the country. If the class colours serve any useful purpose at all it must be here in Wolfville and nowhere else, so that if the student feels that he must wear his class colours let him do so only while at College, and let him wear only the College colours when somewhere else.

Further I cannot see that a single good reason can be advanced for the use of class colours, and I believe your statement that class colours "foster the class spirit in opposition to the true college spirit" to be true. The evils of class feeling need not be discussed here: the true college spirit however is a spirit which should be kept alive at any cost; yet at the present time one often hears a remark to the effect that there seems to be no college spirit among us as we used to have it. I do not say that this state of affairs has been caused solely by class colours, but if class colours have helped to this end in any degree, let us do away with them.

This can be done in a very simple way if the student body so wishes. Let each class at its next meeting vote to give up the use of class colours and the deed is accomplished.

This Mr. Editor is simply my own view of the matter, but I hope it may serve to call to the serious attention of the student body this important question.

Very respectfully yours,

W.

////////////////////  
 CHIPMUNK.

Come, merry little nursling of the sun,  
 Where is my chipmunk? Where the furry ball  
 Curled on the warmest hardhead in the wall?  
 Till you appear the season's not begun.  
 The glum brook waits to see you peep and run,  
 The young leaves wait those eyes, so bright and small,  
 You pierce with through the shadow, rain and all,  
 And jump at once into the summer fun,  
 Arbutus, bloodroot, spotty addertongue  
 Bright moss, and wintergreen with berries red,  
 Not one has played the laggard, all are here;  
 Spring, sniffing, walks the squirrelcup among;  
 Out with it, show that little saucy head,  
 Frisk, chipmunk, start the frolic of the year.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY in *Independent*.

# Acadia Athenæum.

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**Chapel Service.** Acadia is essentially a Christian institution. Her founders toiled and made sacrifices to establish a school in which education should be received under distinctively Christian influences, and this ideal has never been lost sight of. In the light of these facts and for the attainment of the end sought it will be readily admitted that the morning chapel service is one of the most important exercises of the day. In this service the professors and students meet together for worship, and by the act tacitly express their recognition of God as the lawful Ruler of all things. And what better beginning of the day can their be than to come into contact with the Infinite and thus be enabled to bring all knowledge into harmony with the Eternal Truth.

But there are features of our chapel service which call for remark and criticism. We believe that at present it is not as conducive to serious and helpful worship as it might well be made. There are some students of course whose callow minds are unable to grasp the significance of the service, and the presence of these is sometimes a disturbing factor. But usually these are rather to be found hanging around the halls, and even their occasional appearance in the chapel is a mystery for which no satisfactory explanation has yet been offered. But the large majority are well qualified to appreciate the service, and the matter of which we complain is the result of thoughtlessness or worse.

To be explicit, then, we believe that the value of the daily chapel exercises would be greatly enhanced if the students would assemble with less disturbance and confusion. A deeper sense of reverence and decorum is certainly desirable at the beginning of the service, and we believe can be easily realized. It is true that excuses for the confusion

and noise have been offered on the ground that the chapel is scarcely large enough to accommodate all and is likewise used for class-room and other purposes. But we are able to assemble on Wednesday evening with little or none of the disturbance which is attendant on the chapel service, and this in spite of the fact that the attendance is often larger than at chapel. These facts call for consideration. If we meet to worship God let us worship Him, and leave the noise and the talking for the halls and cloak-rooms.

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It has been definitely announced that the oratorical contest which will decide the first winner of the gold medal offered by Dr. Kerr Boyce Tupper will be held on the evening of Friday, April 19th. This bids fair to prove one of the most interesting events of the year, as the number of speakers will be comparatively large and the contest close and uncertain. Rev. W. N. Hutchins, of Canning, Rev. A. C. Chute, of Halifax, and Hon. W. T. Pipes, government leader in the Legislative Council have been asked to act as judges, but at the time of writing it is not definitely known whether they will be able to accept. This very practical expression of Dr. Tupper's interest and faith in Acadia is very gratifying and worthy of emulation. A second and even a third prize might profitably be given, since in such contests any increase in the number of rewards means always a greater proportionate increase in the interest aroused. What friend of Acadia then will make provision for this need at the earliest possible moment?

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Where is the college glee club, and what has become of the songs which we used to sing? We called them college songs, tho we learned the most of them before we ever saw the inside of the college walls. Is it possible that the old songs have become worn out, and when we want to make our presence known at public gatherings must we descend to caterwauling and barnyard music? If the old songs are worn out let us by all means have some new ones. And why can we not have some which shall belong peculiarly to ourselves? We have poets among our graduates, and embryo poets no doubt among our students. And it might be well to learn more of each song than just one verse and the chorus. Moreover if we are going to try to sing would it not be much better to have a special part of the house reserved for students and occupy that part. These thoughts have been suggested by some recent dismal attempts to enliven the tedium of waiting at various public gatherings by singing; and may be taken for what they are worth, which will impoverish nobody.

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We are pleased to call attention to some articles which appear in the ATHENÆUM this month. Miss MacLean gives us an interesting and

very readable account of a religious service in the city of Montreal. Rev. W. F. Waring's article is full of strength and vitality and should be read by every student. Dr. Tupper's contribution has one fault which we are inclined to criticise—it is too short. But we count ourselves fortunate in obtaining even this much from one who has so many calls upon his time.

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The correspondence too will be found worthy of attention. We believe that a college paper should above all things else be a reflection of the student life, and should be used for the discussion of questions relating to the college community. So it is gratifying to find that in some degree the paper is fulfilling its purpose. In regard to the subjects under discussion there is doubtless difference of opinion tho in the matter of the Acadia colors it is evident that the great majority would strongly oppose any change. In regard to the matter of class colors we would like to hear something on the other side if there is any other side. There are other subjects also which might profitably be brought to the attention of our readers, and we cordially invite all graduates as well as students, to make use of the columns of the ATHENÆUM in this way.

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### OUR EXCHANGES.

Many thanks, *Argosy*, for your kindly commendation. We prize a good word from so competent a critic as our Sackville Friend. Nor do we scruple to pay it back in like coin; not slavishly out of flattered feeling (although, of course we are prone to see merit in those who see merit in us) but because the *Argosy* is edited in a manner calculated to win praise even from such as might grudge it. The articles are short, succulent (much excellence squeezed into small quarters) and evidently selected with an eye to the value of variety. A paper on Tambourlaine the Great, a drama, by Christopher Marlowe will interest those (too few alas) who can see virtue in Elizabethan poets, other than the Bard of Avon. College topics are discussed with some freshness and flavored with a small decoction of originality. Take it all in all the *Argosy* is a credit to the students of Mount Allison.

The *College Index*, as usual, is surfeited with student compositions. But only by a small courtesy fiction can we call them good. That this kind of stuff serves a good purpose we do not for one moment question; for as the child must creep and toddle that it may in time be able to walk firmly and gracefully, so one can learn to write well only by first writing execrably. Thus, no doubt those who pen these articles are

more liberally reimbursed than such as are constrained by official necessity to read them. Still we would counsel you dear Index, with all good feeling on our part, to mix a little more gray matter in your ink. Never mind if it does clot your pen somewhat, and hinder facility of phrase. We can do with fewer words if they are better fed.

One might say of the *Harvard Monthly* that it represents admirably what may be termed the republican spirit in literary art. The same spirit which is slowly but surely substituting presidents for kings, frock-coat and beaver for diadem and royal purple, is effecting a like revolution in the one-time aristocratic domain of literary art, stripping thought of its pretentious verbal habiliments and dressing it again in a somewhat bald simplicity of monosyllabic garb. This style of composition has full play in the *Harvard Monthly*. What else indeed could we expect from the republican pen of young Jonathan? And, after all, it is the best kind of a style, for without plain simplicity of language, one is apt to forget the thought in the splendour of its trappings. Of course this thing may be, and often is overdone (short words chosen for no reason save that they are short, where longer words would fit much better,) and simplicity once it ceases to be natural is only the simplicity of a bald head. It may be that our Harvard cousins are prone at times to err thus in substituting baldness for simplicity, but not often, and if at all the imitation is so good that one hesitates to call it by its proper name.

The name of Mr. Bradford K. Daniels (Acadia '94) appears in this number of the *Monthly*. Mr. Daniels, who is a man of letters, has been in South Africa and seen things worth recording. Master of a good style, simple but virile and picturesque, Mr. Daniels has a happy knack of using the right word (generally a monosyllable) in the right place. The pathos of his story owes nothing to hyperbole, but salient incidents are reproduced with skill and effectiveness. Perhaps it might be well to select a small sample of Mr. Daniels' prose, for the sake of such as have not been able to read the article in full. Acadia is interested in her sons:

"In the third cot to my right lay young Cooper, a regular from the "Devons." He had been shot through the temples and was quite blind. Occasionally he would ask if it were night or day, but for the most part he was silent. Once, he mistook the voice of a woman who was visiting the ward for that of his mother, and he could not be convinced of his mistake until he had passed his hand over her face again and again. When finally he was satisfied that she was a stranger, he turned his face away and would not answer a single question. That night a terrific thunderstorm broke over the plain of De Aar, and Cooper, in his half delirium, mistook the thunder for the Boer artillery. At first he cowered upon his cot in terror; then, suddenly imagining

himself in the midst of a bayonet charge, he sprang out of bed and ran shouting down the room, falling headlong over the cot of big Jim Kennedy. The orderlies took him away to a private ward, and I never heard of him again."

"Friend, thou art narrow-minded" said we some time ago and quite justly, to the *Ottawa Review*. "No, no, not we, but you are narrow-minded" responds the Exchange Man of the *Ottawa Review*. But man dear, can you say no more than a ruffled parrot with a weak vocabulary! Not that we mind a good honest drubbing, but the charge is too evidently one of mere tit for tat. Faith! They could find but meagre ammunition of their own and so were compelled to filch ball (powder they have in plenty) from the enemy—for such they seem to think us. However we shall say no more about it, but we regret that our candid criticisms should be treated so pettishly.

It is but seldom that originality and excellence are even on nodding terms in college papers. Originality is meritless; excellence is borrowed. But the *Bates Student* for February (a number by the way, much better than common) appears to have united these qualities into a tolerably nutritious compound. For example, read C. E. L.'s article on a *Scholar in Politics*, and I think you will admit that I am right. Of course the *Student* is not wholly good; there are some things which add nothing to it save in the way of bulk. But, after all one must look for wheat and chaff from the same thresher. Nor should we grumble, provided the wheat is fat and wholesome. The *Student* also contains an excellent paper on William Morris.

The *University Monthly* has clipped a poem from the London Times, entitled "The Queen is Dead." Two exquisite verses (the first and the last) run thus:

"Mother of Mothers, Queen of Queens,  
Ruler of Rulers, Lord of Lords,  
War harvests, but the Reapers glean  
A richer prize than swords.  
O Mother Queen, God's honoured guest,  
Who greatly welcomes those who bring  
Thy great credentials; Thine his rest!  
Amen. God save the King."

The art of selection is not by any means a small one. One may exhibit scholarship, as well in choosing literature, as in making it. Thus, in the case above, our friends have selected with nice judgment. We almost wish that college papers might pilfer a little more; but perhaps it would be better not to say so lest we encourage editorial indolence. Rather should we stimulate with gentle satire.

Of a truth, the *Presbyterian College Journal* is a veritable little bonanza, yielding gold of twenty carats! And yet I doubt if there are many miners who seek it. A doctor of divinity would reach for it at



W. E. Jonah, '97, has a good position as House Surgeon at the Marine Hospital, Portland, Maine.

Rev. W. J. Rutledge, '96, formerly of Woodstock, N. B. has accepted a call to the Baptist Church at Bay View, Yarmouth Co. N. S.

Bradford K. Daniels, '94, is one of Acadia's graduates who saw active service in the Transvaal as a member of the First Canadian Contingent. He is at present further pursuing his studies at Harvard University. The February number of *The Harvard Monthly* contains a highly interesting and valuable article from his pen relating his experiences while lying sick in De Aar Hospital.

The McGill Outlook of March 7th. contains the names of those entitled to wear the McGill M. or first grade badge for performance in sports since 1881. Among those numerated as entitled to this distinction is the name of W. Reginald Morse of Acadia, '97, he having won this badge of distinction for superiority in football last season, the requirements being *re* football—two or more championship matches on the Senior Team. Reg. is well remembered in football circles at Acadia as the Captain of the team of '96, and as one of the best quarter-backs that Acadia has ever had. His many friends at Acadia will be pleased to learn of this distinction gained at McGill as well as of the high record he is making in his class in the Department of Medicine.



### The Month.

Editors: S. J. CANN AND MISS MINNIE COLPITTS.

On the afternoon of March 1st, many of the students gathered in Aberdeen Rink to watch a game of hockey between "Chip Hall" and "Outsiders." The teams were very evenly matched and played good hockey. The game was fast and interesting from start to finish. The score stood 5—4. Many conjectures have been advanced as explanatory of the almost inevitable victory of "Chip Hall" over "Outsiders" in all the sports. Some attributes it to the "diet," others to the "yell"; possibly the *combination* has something to do with it.

"Chip Hall porridge, Chip Hall hash,  
Chip Hall potatoes boiled and mashed,  
Chip Hall turkey, cake and rolls,  
Chip Hall, Chip Hall, shoot in goals."

The novelty of a game of baseball on skates, between "Chip Hall" and "Outsiders," attracted a large number of students and citizens to the College Campus on March 20th. The day was fine and the ice was fairly smooth at the commencement, but the oft traversed track soon showed signs of breakage and at the close of the third inning the match was postponed to a more convenient season. "Chip Hall" were the victors.

One of the most amusing if not the most scientific games of hockey witnessed during the season was played between the 2nd. Junior and 2nd. Sophomore teams on March 12th. Score stood 7—0 in favor of '02. Shap shots of the contestants were taken and may be procured at Chip Hall for a nominal sum.

At the beginning of the hockey season a League was formed among the Juniors, lower classes, and H. C. A. The class of '02 has the honor of being champions of 1901, which was not won without some sharply contested fights. The class of '01 held the same honor last year but for some unrevealed reasons failed to enter the contest this year. Some of them at least, have engaged in pursuits less icy. It has even been hinted that it is possible for a senior to "see visious" and that there is the possibility of a good beginning having an unhappy termination. We cannot, however, credit the statement that the Seniors have a revised version of the quaint saying, "nothing ventured nothing (won) LOST."

The games were all played on Aberdeen Rink and were enjoyed by many of the students of the various institutions. In the first game H. C. A. defeated '04 with a score of 7 to 3. The game between '04 and '03 resulted after a hard struggle in a tie, 5—5. There was some sharp playing by '02 and H. C. A. especially during the first half of the game but in the latter part '02 excelled and the score stood 8—1. H. C. A. versus '03, score 3—2 in favor of H. C. A. '02 vs. '03 was in many respects an interesting match. '02 did some of their best playing. Keddy and Steele made particularly clever passing and the former shot all the goal's. The score was 4—0. The final game was '02 vs. '04 with a score of 5—4 in favor of the Juniors.

The evangelistic services, referred to in the last number of the ATHENÆUM, closed on Sunday evening March 10th. There was very little emotion manifested during the meetings. The interest, however, gradually increased throughout the entire series and a deep and we trust a lasting work was carried on. Many students in the different institutions have been made alive to their opportunities and responsibilities and an impetus has been given the Y. M. C. A. both in attendance and in tone. The following is worthy of emphasis: "The man who is out to meeting every night while the evangelist is having special services *may* be a hero; but the man who is in his place every time the Lord's House is open for service the year round is *certainly* a hero. Every-day faithfulness is every-day heroism."

Mr. Gale gave many strong and helpful addresses. He and Miss Hall who so nobly assisted by song will not soon be forgotten by those who had the privilege of hearing them. The Association wishes to express appreciation and gratitude to Mr. Spidel, '97, who gratuitously and so efficiently aided in the meetings as leader of the choir.

A. MacMechan, M. A., LL.D. delivered a lecture under the auspices of the Acadia Athenæum Society, in College Hall, on Friday evening, March 22nd, subject—"Poetry of Rudyard Kipling." Mr. MacMechan in his preliminaries spoke of the birth and early education of Kipling and then referred to why Kipling wrote and what he wrote. The lecturer showed how the poet came forth, when literature seemed to be at a low ebb, and brought us back to reality and to nature. He pointed out the main characteristics of Kipling's verse and read portions expressive of its strength, tenderness and reality. In his peroration he dwelt on Kipling's power in interpreting the national spirit. This certainly is what has made Kipling great and has given him a place among the world poets. He has versified the unity of the British Empire in a striking and dignified manner. We admit that all are not admirers of Kipling nor are all enraptured by his verse, but we believe that this is largely due to a lack of study of his poetry or misinterpretation of his spirit. Some stanzas indeed, are rugged and pungent, nevertheless there are numerous nuggets among them. The subject was a very timely one and those who availed themselves of the privilege of hearing Dr. MacMechan's scholarly and interesting address can hardly fail of having a better understanding and deeper appreciation of the poetry of Rudyard Kipling.

The work of the Y. W. C. A. for the year has been most encouraging. The Sunday morning meetings are attended by nearly all the girls. There is also a class for Bible study. The course this year is in the Epistles. Miss Little's visit of March 24th. to 26th. was very helpful and was enjoyed by all present. Saturday evening a cabinet meeting, led by Miss Little, was held, when the work of the different committees was considered. Sunday morning Miss Little gave a very inspiring talk to the girls of the College and Seminary on the purpose of the Association, and in the afternoon she spoke of Northfield and urged the sending of delegates to the Convention convened there.

The story of Evangeline is an old one. However, those who listened to the address delivered by Rev. Canon Brock, D. D. on March 25th. in College Hall, on "The Legend of Evangeline and the History of the Removal of the Acadians from Nova Scotia," spent a very profitable hour. The Rev. Lecturer in his thoughtful and carefully prepared paper very ably discussed the events leading up to the expatriation and the final issue and verified his statements with historical facts drawn largely from Parkman's history.

The Propylæum Society quite frequently is the recipient of surprises which are usually agreeable. One of the most recent assumed the form of an invitation from Mrs. Huntington to hold the meeting of Friday afternoon March 29 at her home. As may be expected no member would on this occasion allow stress of work to prevent her from

attending, and consequently when the meeting opened, with Miss Logan presiding, the Propylæum was well represented.

After the reading of the minutes of the previous meeting by the secretary Miss Archibald, '04, the following programme was then rendered:—

Paper—"Should Canadians leave Canada?" Mrs. Scott.

Discussion of this question by various members.

Scene—"The Lady Interviewer." Misses MacMillan and Logan.

Musical selection by Quartette—

Misses Bentley, Perkins, Crandall and Archibald.

Synopsis—Miss B. Crandall.

Time and space will not permit comments upon every selection upon the programme. Though the invitation given by the President, for *impromptu* speeches by *any* member of the Society was answered by Misses Bentley, Adele MacLeod, Bessie Thorne, and M. V. Crandall who consulted their carefully prepared notes, evidently derived from an encyclopædia some days before, yet the programme was interesting and instructive. The scene between Miss MacMillan and Miss Logan, and the synopsis by Miss Crandall seemed to cause considerable amusement while the critic's report by Miss Phillips was not less ludicrous.

After remaining for some time after the completion of the programme the Society departed feeling very grateful to Mrs. Huntington for a unusually pleasant meeting.

The Physical Culture Exhibition by students of Acadia Seminary was given in College Hall, Friday evening, March twenty-ninth. Most of the students and many persons from the Town assembled to witness the exercises. Although a similar performance occurs annually, nevertheless, the introduction of new "drills" and minor changes in the old ones prevent monotony. The following programme was carried out:

PART I.:—March; Elementary Club Swinging; Wand Drill; Swedish Exercises, Violin Duet, INTERMEZO-MOFFAT; Advanced Club Swinging; Ring Drill; Fencing.

PART II.:—Fan Drill; Tableaux: The Sacrifice; Nioba Group; Floral Offerings; Revel of the Greeks; Diana's Hunting Party; The Fate of Virginia.

The Marching and Club Swinging were cleverly done, and the fencing being an innovation met with exceeding hearty applause. Doubtless the spirit of the times has permeated the Seminary. The Violin Duet by the Misses Vaughn was very favorably received by the audience. The fan drill was very prettily and very skillfully performed, and the tableaux were certainly excellent. Miss Emma Price and Miss Mable Cole were accompanists. The students showed very careful and efficient training. The Exhibition proved a complete success and reflects much credit on Miss C. M. Brown, the new instructor.

## LOCALS

Editors: F. L. LOMBARD AND MISS E. G. PHILLIPS.

'But this that I am gaun to tell,  
Which lately on a (month) befell,  
Is just as true 's the deil 's in hell,  
Or Dublin city.'

(Burns.)

It takes but one cent to mail a letter to the Sem, but four to take it to Pictou.

Ask C-x why he didn't accept the Principal's invitation to see the rehearsal of the Physical Culture Class.

PROF.: Mr G-rd-n-r, can you tell me when christianity was first introduced into England?

G-RD-N-R: It was introduced by the Romans in the year 55 B. C.

As Easter draws near and some are going home, the Freshmen are showing signs of homesickness. The class song which they have adopted and practising at class meetings is: "My mother rock me in the cradle all the day."

A young lady coming in at 10 p. m. tells Mr. McDonald the chimney is on fire. Later, Mr. McDonald calls on her and asks how she saw the *sparking* first.

WH-T-:—Roland my tongue is sore; have you got any salve that I can put on it?

R-L-ND:—I have no salve. However all that I think it needs is rest.

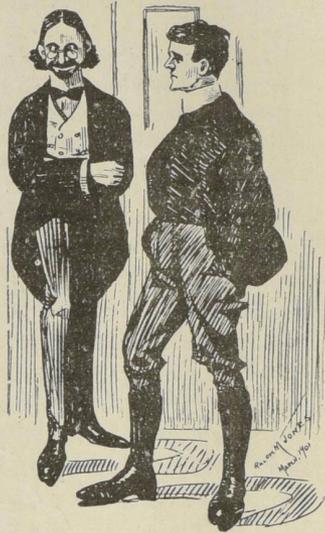
M-R-E:—'I am monarch of all I survey'

A-B-R-AN (interrupting) I would like to suggest that it would amount to very little as a person in order to survey must have some knowledge of trigonometry.

Prof. in Rhetoric, reading:—"He flung aside the mask and revealed the cloven foot." What do you see inappropriate in the word mask?

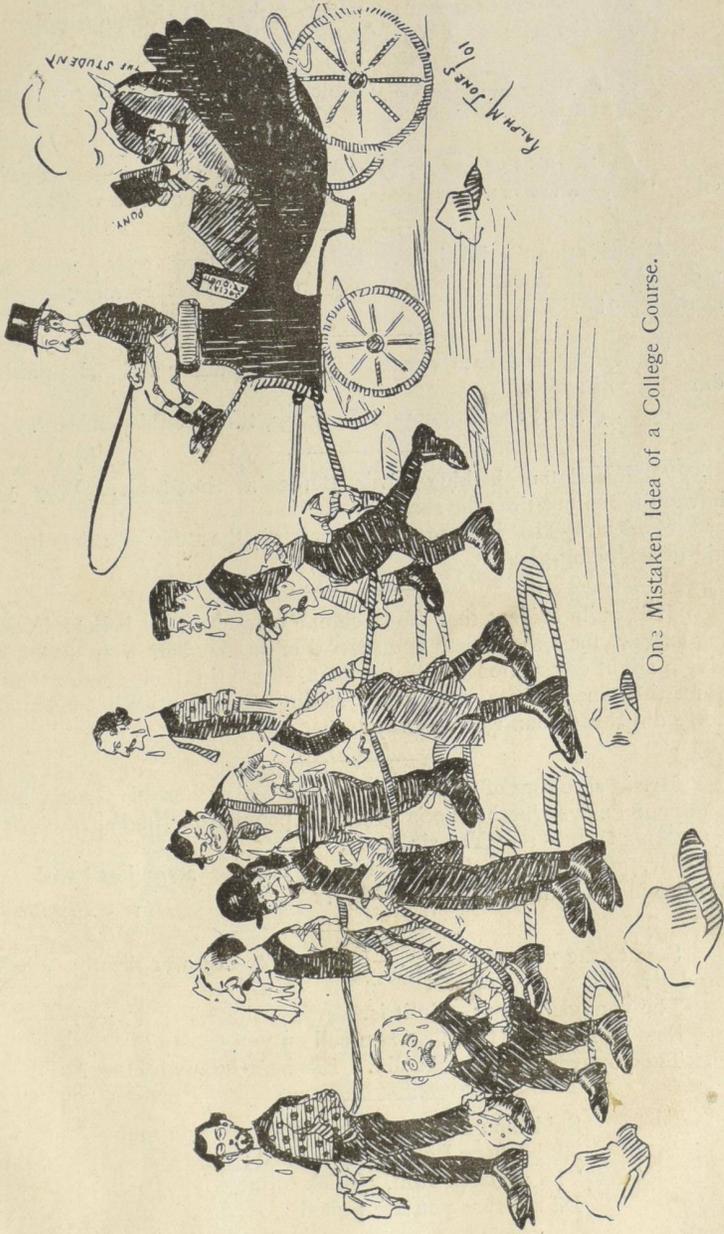
SL-P:—Nothing sir, I always thought a mask was used to disguise the *features*.

PROF.:—Yes that is a case of where you never open your mouth but what you put your foot in it.



PROF.: (Sarcastically) "Why is it, Mr. Green, that children ask profounder questions than mature young men?"

STUDENT: "Because, Professor, we are now wise enough to adapt our questions to the intellectual limitations of our instructors."



One Mistaken Idea of a College Course.

Physical Culture teacher :—"Left, right ; left right."

Pupil :—Yes, I left (W)right over at the Sem.

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In *Case* you are asked for a topic ; what would you do ?

Give the last of it *harmonized*.

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BL-L-DD-R after gazing in looking-glass for a long time exclaimed :—"Boys there is another hair, I will soon have quite a whisker."

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A derivation for Equinox. It is derived from equa, mare and nox night. It therefore means nightmare. What is an equinoctial skating party ?

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Mr. Haley in debate speaks of the leg-pulling and wire-pulling done by politicians.

B-LL (aside) :—If they pulled my leg, they would pull wire.

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S.E.M. Eaton looking over Borden's time-table. Why you haven't taken out time for shaving.

Borden :—That comes under Chemistry, the study of atoms by the aid of a looking-glass.

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It is quite evident that the freshman class does not believe in taking extras ; for a short time ago several of its members were unable to give a slight description of Strathcons's Horse in their English class. Since then one of them was heard asking a senior :—What kind of a horse did Strathcona ride anyway ?

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Dr. in speaking of how nicely Mr. B-t-s writes his Greek, asks if anyone knows whether he is as good a penman in English.

Miss D-DG- :—"Yes sir, he is."

Dr. after class :—"I suppose you became acquainted with his writing in the usual way Miss D-dg-."

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Sem to the younger sister :—I thought to-day was brother's calling day ?

The younger sister :—So it is.

Sem :—But didn't Mr. D-k-n call on you to-day ?

The younger sister :—He did. But isn't he my brother ?

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Said the one cent stamp "I'm new you see  
And I hope I shan't be roasted ;"  
The envelope said, "Stick to me  
I'll see that you are posted"

Said the two cent stamp, "I've quite a *head*  
And I'm really not a boaster,  
But I feel as cheap as lead  
When I have to beg a poster."

The *Steel* finish for snap shots seem to be the most popular at the Seminary just now.

Why is the freshmen class so small? Because it has a *slip* in it and slips as a rule are not very growthy when first planted.

Bates:—I am going to King's College next year.

Sinclair:—So am I. I will board with my mother-in-law.

### Acknowledgments.

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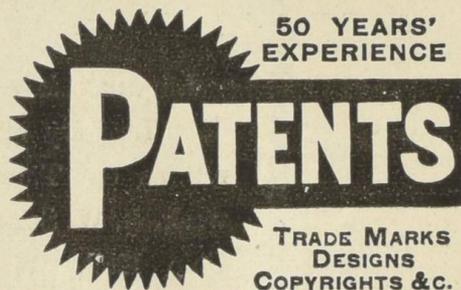
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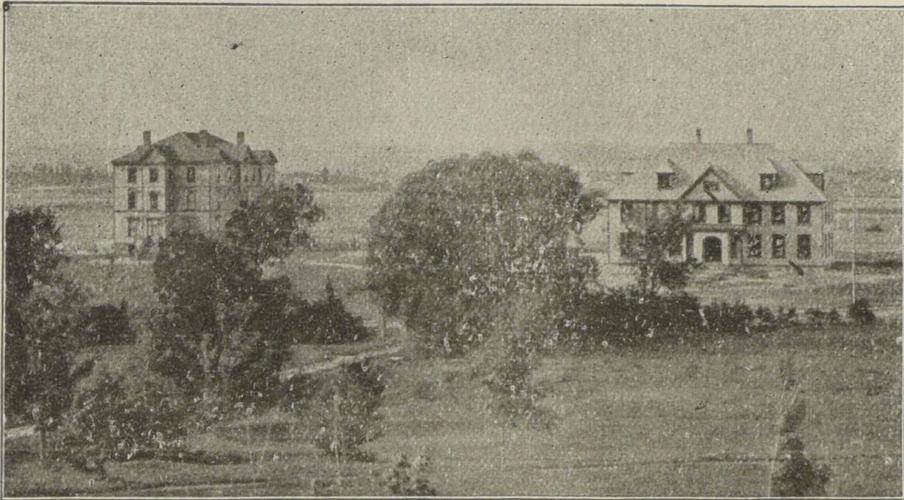
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