

The Acadia Athenæum.

VOL. XXXII.

FEBRUARY 1906

No. 4

A Tale of the Grand Pre Massacre,

OUTSIDE, the snow continued to fall. For a day and a half the fluffy flakes had been eagerly chasing one another down from the gray vault overhead. A certain mellowness seemed to pervade the air, faintly suggestive of Spring, and a trace of moisture caused the snow particles to huddle closely together upon whatever object they chanced to alight. Down, down, down whirled the flakes, dazzling the eye with their persistent dance. Inches deep they buried the frozen soil, and piled themselves on every available surface, covering the sharp outlines of man's handicraft with the graceful curves of nature. Back on the hillside the spruces bowed with the weight of their downy coats of crystals; now and then an over-burdened branch bent in protestation, and its load of snow slipped off with a swish into the bank below. With an elastic spring the branch once more held itself rigid, while again the flakes tumbled one over the other in eager haste to cover up the one scar of greenness that obtruded itself from the cone of white. And still the cloud of feathery whiteness settled down, down, ever down, without apparently getting one whit the nearer.

Within the warm kitchen of Monsieur Étienne Flèche sat in the rush-bottomed chairs, or lounged in the great chimney seat, a half dozen officers of Colonel Noble's New Englanders, utterly indifferent to the snow that heaped itself around the house. The air was wreathed with smoke rings that lazily wound themselves up from the pipe-bowls. A sociable after-dinner silence, bred by a good meal and comfortable atmosphere, pervaded the room, broken only by the crackling of the back-log in the giant fire-place, or the sound of moving chessmen from the table at the window. At length the stillness was broken by a sudden exclamation.

"Say what you will, I like not this way of doing things."

Every eye was drawn towards the speaker, and a decided interest manifested itself. Old Sam Pickering glared around at the others from beneath his shaggy eyebrows, seemingly oblivious that he had done anything out of the ordinary in giving such an emphatic and unlooked for utterance to his thoughts. He was not pleasing to look upon. Across his cheek was a livid scar of a tomahawk cut. The uniform that covered his huge form was unkempt and dirty, and his hands were great knarled knots of bone and muscle. But with all the repulsion of Sam Pickering's appearance there was an air about him that demanded instant attention and obedience from those under him. Forty years he had been sailing out of Salem harbor, ostensibly as a fisherman, but in reality as a pirate. For forty years he had been ravishing the French and Indian villages along the Bay of Fundy coasts, and his name had become a terror to the Acadian shores. Forty years of such schooling had made him intimate with every inch of the coast-line as far north as Louisburg, and with the habits of those who dwelt along it. Consequently he was an authority in matters relating to warfare with the foes of the New England subjects of His Majesty King George II. It was as a pilot that he had been induced to join Colonel Noble's expedition. He it was who had found for the party a safe landing-place on the Bay of Fundy coast, when the drift ice of the Basin of Minas had blocked their progress, and he it was who led the way overland to Grand Pré.

"No," he resumed, seeing that the others were expecting something more, "this Colonel Noble may be a brave man and a good fighter, but he knows not these French and Indian dogs. Why 'tis folly to post his forces around in four and twenty houses as he has done. What could we do in case of a night attack?"

"Ah Sam", jocularly interposed a boyish looking officer from the chess-board, "you are becoming overly-fearful in your old age. What could this handful of farmers and old women do to us? Why man, there's not a French soldier nor an Indian nearer than Beaubassin."

"My son, don't deceive yourself," returned the old man, without deigning to turn toward the youngster who had spoken. "When you have seen as much of these villains as I, you will have learned to mistrust them. Many a night I have gone to sleep with a feeling of security knowing that there was not a Frenchman nor an Indian within miles, only to be wakened with their blood-thirsty howls to see their

scalping knives glittering in the fire-light. 'Tis now three days since these peasants have withdrawn from the houses in which our men are quartered, and have gathered together in the few remaining dwellings at the edge of the village. This move means no good for us, me-thinks. We old sailors know that 'tis a sinking ship that the rats leave, and," he added significantly,—“these rats of Frenchmen have left us.”

But surely, “came back from the chess-board, “Colonel Noble knows what he's about, and if there were any danger he would take precautions to off-set it.”

“Nevertheless what Pickering has said has something in it,” broke in one who had just risen from the chimney-seat, and was now leaning against the fire-place. “I think the attitude of the villagers towards us during the past few days, and their withdrawal from their houses in mid-winter shows that they have knowledge of some disaster that we are yet unaware of. Yes, “he continued thoughtfully,” this move augers ill for us.”

“It is easy,” came back quickly from the officer at the window,” to see why you take to heart so much the departure of the Acadians, especially that of those in whose dwelling we are staying, Monsieur Flèche and his family.”

A smile kindled around the circle of interested faces, and Lieutenant Bradford Leshmere looked annoyed. He was handsome as he stood there with his frank, open face suffused with a confusion of blushes, and with his clear gray eyes looking rather defiantly toward his tormentor at the chess-board. Something in his easy bearing, a certain daintiness about him, and a scholarly, well-modulated voice stamped him as of the old country culture. An air of good breeding and fastidious dress differentiated him from the rougher, more uncouth men around him, all of which proclaimed him as a new-comer to America, and one who as yet had not come to fit naturally into his new world surroundings.

“Oh yes,” persisted the voice from the window “the Lieutenant doubtless feels that there is something amiss in the withdrawal of the Acadians from among us. And who of us would not,” and the teasing tone became more prominent, “if we had lost such a pretty uurse as was Mademoiselle Marie. Of course, Leshmere, we understand your feelings, now that there are no dainty fingers to bind up your frost-bites, and no sweet face for you to toy with or make pretty speeches to.”

A roar of hilarious laughter, greeted this remark, and even old Pickering's sternness melted enough for him to remark with a twinkle in his eye,

"Truly boy, yon French maiden was a rare bit of prettiness."

Leshmere made an impatient gesture, and seemed on the point of making some sharp reply. But he merely bit his lip, and breaking into a merry smile joined with the others in the laugh at his own expense, and wisely said nothing. Finding that Leshmere was not to be made sport of, the rest soon allowed the talk to drift to other matters. Once or twice Pickering attempted to re-open the matter of the Acadian's withdrawal, but none seemed interested, seeing which he settled back in his chair, and gave his undivided attention to a disreputable looking pipe. Gradually all talk died away, and once more over the kitchen came a congenial, sleepy silence.

Without, meanwhile, the snow was ceaselessly and persistently falling, silently but surely adding to the white pile of the soft, thick carpet that was to deaden the foot-steps of treachery. And steadily the falling flakes were weaving ever thicker the curtain that was to conceal the approach of the unsuspected danger.

X X X X

Late in the same afternoon the subject of the jest at the expense of Lieutenant Bradford Lethmore sat industriously spinning by the fire-place in the kitchen of the grand-mother of her betrothed. That Marie Flèche was pretty there was no disputing. Even the severe plainness of her gray homespun gown could not detract from the winsome expression of the gay face framed in its haze of golden hair, nor quite destroy the perfectly moulded outline of her lithesome figure. Naturally gay and mirthful, with eyes ever full of daring and sparkling mischief, Marie was the favorite of the village, much beloved by both the old and young.

As she sat there in the deepening twilight of the winter afternoon with the rosy light of the fire playing among the golden gleams of her hair a troubled look seemed to force itself into the face usually so careful. And well might she look unhappy, since that very afternoon there had arrived in the village Jean Deslys, her betrothed, and his coming had not been pleasing. The thoughts, that this arrival of an unwelcome lover had given rise to, were no pleasant ones, and their shadows were reflected in the face of Mademoiselle Fèche. A dark-

skinned, evil-visaged person was this Deslys ; one that seemed more of an Indian than a Frenchman with his constant hunting and trapping, and only an intermittent stay at the village with his old grand-mother. Such a life as his did not appeal to the simple-living farmers, and no great joy had been manifested in Grand Prè when it became known that the beloved Marie had consented to wed this Jean Deslys. But he had made his love to Marie with a dash and air of gallantry, that had appealed to her. And truly, until the coming of the gay Englishman, she had felt a glow of pride in being won by so bold and daring a youth as everyone must needs concede Deslys to have been.

But with the advent of Lieutenant Bradford Leshmere a new factor had entered into the life of Marie Flèche. She had tenderly bandaged the fingers that the Acadian frosts had nipped on the long overland march from the Bay Shore. Leshmere had appreciated the kindness of the act, and it led speedily to a friendship. He found in this slip of a girl something to interest him, and to take his attention from the uncongenial talk and past-times of his New England companions. His knowledge of French gave him an advantage in conversing with her that his fellow-officers did not possess, consequently he did not have to share the pleasures of this newly found friend with any other of his company. Therefore they had been much together. Hours they had spent talking of merrie England and old France. Pretty tales of brave Englishmen and gay French ladies he had told her ; bits of romance and scraps of court gossip he had recounted. To the girl it was a new and glorious view of life that this dashing officer from London town had disclosed to her, and in her unsophisticated way she had made a hero of Lieutenant Bradford Leshmere. Unconsciously to her, but certainly nevertheless, he had so large a place for himself in her affections that there was little left for Monsieur Jean Deslys. The intimacy of this French girl with one of her country's foes had been the talk of the village. The chiding of her friends and the gentle opposition of her widowed father, however, had only appealed to her love for the forbidden and she sought the company of the Englishman the oftener. Then had come the segregation of the Acadians in the few houses that held none of the enemy, and with it an end to the pretty tales, and, on the part of Marie, a decided longing for their renewal.

Then unexpectedly, as always, Deslys had arrived from the heart

of the forest, and his coming accorded ill with the state of affairs that had arisen. Indeed it was a distinct jar that his arrival had produced in the mind of Marie, and she felt herself for the first time start with repulsion at the sight of his evil face. One look had been sufficient—she knew that he had heard of her intimacy with the English Lieutenant, and that some great evil would surely come of it.

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It was some little time after midnight. Hours before, the old grandmother had felt the constraint that existed between the two younger ones, and, believing that lovers are best able to settle their own quarrels, had tottered off to bed. Deslys was restless and embarrassed trying awkwardly, but in vain, to lead the conversation to the subject that was burning in his jealous mind. Marie on the other hand was cool and wary, and sought always to avoid that which she knew would lead to a crisis, bitter in its consequences. At last madened by his awkward speeches and the deftness with which they had been parried, he demanded angrily.

"What pig of an Englishman is this that you have been pleased to receive attentions from in my absence?"

"I know of no 'pig of an Englishman,'" she replied loftily, and with an incisive emphasis added, "If it is to Lieutenant Leshman you refer, I may say I have found him a brave officer and a gentleman."

For a moment it seemed that Deslys was scarce able to control his anger and rage. Then, as he steadied himself, the green light of jealously showed in his eyes, and glowed steadily as he repeated menacingly,

"'Tis brave officers and gentlemen that you dote on, is it? Then listen girl, ere long there'll be a sudden end to your hen-worship. Even now deVilliers soldiers and Indians are approaching the stys of these English pigs, guided thither by *your father*."

"My fath—. You lie!" she hissed. Then something about the man's face forced the sickening truth upon her, and she sprang to her feet with, "You cur! and here you sit knowing what fate is in store for these defenceless men without making an effort to warn them. But I shall go and show Lieutenant Bradford Leshmere that French women, if *not* French men, can be generous in war, and that all fair play is not British."

"Not so fast my pretty lady. Listen"—Bang! bang! came the

report of muskets, and the eyes of Deslys glowed a deeper green. "Your rosy faced Englishman will toy with you no longer. Look!" he continued as he saw the flames deVilliers' men had kindled, "If I mistake not, we shall have roast pig tomorrow—roast *English* pig."

But before he had finished speaking Marie had torn a shawl from the row of wooden pegs, and was out the door. With a savage snarl he sprang after her, only to see her form disappearing in the darkness. A dozen strides and he could have caught her, but he hesitated, then stood still.

"Bah," he said maliciously, and turning he re-entered the house. Ten minutes later he came out fully equipped for the woods, carrying his gun under his arm. Following the direction Marie had taken he hurried away through the drifts.

A bitter north-east storm was now raging across the Basin, and swept with icy blast over the dyke-lands. In the last thirty hours the records have it that the snow had fallen "four feet deep on the level," and now the chilling blast caught the still falling flakes, and hurled the tiny bits of frozen moisture mercilessly against every object. In the heart of Marie as she faced the angry storm, and fought her way through the almost impassable drifts, was the fear of a little child that is pursued in the dark. And in her heart was also the utter hopelessness that comes of defeat that is certain even before the struggle has begun. That she was followed by Deslys she had no doubt, and the feeling that even now he was close upon her could not be shaken off. On she plunged, frantically battling with the elements. Occasionally she fell from sheer exhaustion, but the ever present phantom of those livid green eyes and the murderous face drove her madly on. Wet, cold and dishevelled she continued to push her way towards the house of her father, and what she knew lay there. And as she went ever more fearful grew the dread of the pursuer. Closer and ever closer she seemed to feel it approaching, and in her excited imagination she heard the labored breathings just behind her. She fell, and upon her neck seemed to feel the warm breath and the clutching fingers of her murderer.

"Mon Dieu," she sobbed, then *snap*!—under the intense physical and mental strain her mind had given away. The light of intelligence faded from her pretty face, and now whimpering pitifully, now laughing idiotically, she floundered aimlessly about in the storm, helpless,

forlorn, freezing. Wholly unconscious was she of the rattle of musketry before her, and utterly oblivious to the blazing cottages on the hill-side. Neither the fierceness of the storm nor the biting of the cold did she heed. Even the terror of the pursuing phantom had faded from her consciousness.

On she staggered, gradually approaching an alder swamp by the road-side. A crouching shadow within stirred, and moved silently through the fringe of bushes. Suddenly the shadow stiffened and stood erect. A flash of fire tore apart the darkness, and a shot mingled its sound with the noise of others farther up the road. With a shudder and a quivering sigh the body of Marie Flèche sank softly upon the snow. Swiftly the shadow slunk away, and with its going the green eyes blazed more furiously than ever, but with the sheen of jealousy, there now was mingled the red glint of murderous revenge.

Victor L. O. Chittick, '05.



Blomidon.

*Begotten of fire, quick was thy bringing forth,
 Internal shudderings and thundering throes,
 Rending the fiery depths whence thou arose
 To lie all red and radiant o'er the earth.
 Spanning the sea afar as with a girth,
 Shaped slow beneath the mighty tidal blows,
 Time left thee unregarded in repose,
 Till life did vaguely long and come to birth.
 Oh patient greatness of a slow pursuit,
 The plan of those unnumbered centuries
 When forests grew and fell on slope and plain!
 Thy rock now lies beneath the living root
 And mould of ages; and a splendor skies
 Thee, child of fire, now laid in flowery chains.*

John Frederic Herbin, '90.

William Rainey Harper.

BORN AT NEW CONCORD, OHIO, JULY 26, 1856 ;

DIED AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, JAN. 10, 1906.

THE sorrow felt at the news that this great man had passed away was especially keen with those who belonged to his earlier classes when the conditions were more favorable to intimacy than in the later times of his enlarged responsibility. Such sorrow was it that came to the present writer.

It was in the early autumn of 1881 that I became one of his students, he being then Professor of Hebrew and the Cognate Languages in the Chicago Baptist Union Theological Seminary at Morgan Park. He was at that time twenty-five years of age, overflowing with hope and activity, having large plans in process of fulfilment, and ever planning greater things as the days went by. Then it was that he began to publish "The Hebrew Student," the forerunner of what is now "The Biblical World." There at Morgan Park he started his Summer Schools of Hebrew, which attracted from far and near so many ministers and teachers from various denominations. There commenced the Hebrew Correspondence Lessons, of which many thousands have availed themselves through all the intervening years. There too his "Elements of Hebrew," "Hebrew Method and Manual," and "Hebrew Vocabularies," books designed to teach this ancient language by the inductive method, were carried far toward completion. He took delight in teaching this subject, often accounted dry and uninteresting, and made it decidedly attractive. Indeed other subjects were there in danger of being overshadowed by this. I recall an occasion when the late Dr. Robinson Boise gave us evidence of his concern in this particular. A certain class in Hebrew had been divided into two sections, the first composed of those more advanced and the other of those less advanced. A student of the first division, limping a little in his Greek one day, was bidden by Dr. Boise to go to the board and write out a portion of the Greek verb; and as what he wrote fell short of perfection, the sharp-eyed little Professor said: "You are in the first Hebrew division, are you not?" Upon receiving an affirmative answer, the Dr. added with unmistakable firmness:

"You will now drop back into the *second* division and bring up your Greek!"

Nevertheless there was pride in the Seminary at the presence of such an enthusiastic, scholarly and eminently promising young Professor. Often was it said that if his work were continued under such high pressure his life could not be a long one. A reporter of the Chicago "Daily News" looking in upon us at the Summer School of 1882 concluded that professional men had substituted Hebrew for trout-fishing in the vacation time. "Dr. Harper has inaugurated a movement," he wrote for his paper, "which seems to an outsider to aim at the introduction of Hebrew in this country in the place of English. Even the baggage-master at the depot, when asked the way to the Seminary, pointed over the hill and said dryly, '*Manyavah nunu tanaroth bara,*' showing what learned associations will do for a man."

In those Morgan Park days Professor Harper turned the steps of many young men in that direction which led to their subsequent association with him as Professors in the University to whose headship he came. He knew how to draw out the best in those with whom he had to do, and for this he took time and pains. He incited to high endeavor by expectation of something worth while and by appreciation of earnest effort. Only a few months ago Prof. Shailer Mathews wrote regarding him: "As for his interest in his colleagues, I doubt if there is one of them who has not at some time received a spontaneous note of appreciation or congratulation for some success or service."

From Morgan Park, Dr. Harper was drawn away to Yale University where he was Professor of Semitic Languages. At that University he had taken his Ph. D. when but nineteen years old, giving special attention there to Latin, Greek and Hebrew. His B. A. degree had been received from a comparatively obscure College in his native state, a fact which doubtless accounts in part for the important place which the small College continued to hold in his estimation. Wide was the distance between Muskingum College and national leadership in educational affairs; but such an extent may still be traversed by others.

From New Haven he turned back to Chicago, not because he desired so to do, but because he recognized as he distinctly declared, the authoritative call of God. Young men attended him from Chicago to Yale and then returned with him from Yale to Chicago. Three men

who had been with him in teaching and administration at Morgan Park also joined him in work on the Midway Plaisance, namely, Dr. G. W. Northrup, President at Morgan Park, who has since died ; Dr. T. W. Goodspeed, at present the University Registrar ; and Dr. E. B. Hulbert, Dean of the Divinity School, the man so intimately associated with President Harper in the suffering that has just ended in death. The old University of Chicago, for which Dr. Galusha Anderson had done so much, had come to disaster ; but the new arose, under the princely munificence of Mr. Rockefeller, and William R. Harper, was chosen as the man above all others fitted to lead in the great responsibilities of the undertaking. At the banquet given in Dr. Harper's honor at the Auditorium Hotel in Chicago, Nov. 5, 1891, upon his going west to take up the new task, I heard Dr. Northrup thus speak : "The trustees of the University made no mistake when they appointed Dr. Harper to the Presidency. I know his ideals. I know his Catholic spirit. I know his organizing genius ; and I do not at all doubt that if the Lord spares his life he will build up here one of the most powerful Institutions in this country or in any other." We are aware to what a remarkable extent this forecast has had fulfilment, even though the great scholar, teacher, author and administrator has passed on before attaining unto his fiftieth birthday. For not in one thing merely but in many did Dr. Harper excel.

Again and again has the subject of our reminiscences affirmed that one thing which led him to become a College President was the opportunity which he recognized in that position of securing a place for the Bible in the College curriculum. Those at all familiar with what he has been doing know well how tirelessly and efficiently he has labored all these years for the introduction of the Christian Scriptures into the courses of our Colleges the land over. He deemed religion to be fundamental in education, and amid all the changes which he witnessed in his busy life he never swerved from this position.

Being for eleven years in and about Chicago as student and pastor I knew well the noble man concerning whom these fragments are written. Of course years of proximity do not necessarily ensure acquaintance ; but Dr. Harper was accessible, warm-hearted, and ever eager to be helpful. Twice since my return to Nova Scotia has it been my privilege to have the old friendship freshened by new contact. Permit the mention of an evidence of his kindness while four

years ago last summer I was at the institution over which he presided. For some time I had been suffering from an injured foot, and just as soon as he incidentally heard of this he telephoned the surgeon in Chicago whom he regarded as most competent to deal with such cases, and had him come to my room in Divinity Hall, so that without cost to myself I was put in the way of having the trouble removed. His head was no greater than his heart.

Early in September last I was favored with a visit from Dr. Hulbert, through whom a direct account was received of what President Harper had endured by reason of the ailment which bore him away. It was during an operation for appendicitis that his still more grievous malady was discovered. Not then, however, were the distressing facts made known to himself. But later, after his prodigious way of working had been resumed, and upon the coming of intense suffering, the true situation was disclosed to him, and he was told that he must submit to an operation not later than three weeks ahead,—an operation, too, from which hopes of recovery were but slight. At first it appeared to him impossible to conform to this advice, some of his near kindred being far away, and many important enterprises seeming to require the continuance of his guiding hand. His brother, R. F. Harper, Professor of Semitic Languages in the same University, was then in Constantinople; and his son Samuel, who has just published or is about to publish a Russian Grammar for English students, was in St. Petersburg. But death was certain at an early date if nothing were done, and life might possibly be prolonged through the skill of surgeons. Accordingly the brave man decided to do as he had been advised. And three weeks of the interim, despite all pain, were among the most strenuous of his strenuous career. He was getting ready to depart by putting the great work entrusted to him in the best possible condition for proper development. Son and brother were at once apprised of what would occur at the three weeks' close. At the presses where his Commentary on "Amos and Hosea" was being printed, there was concentration of energy thereon that the author might see the work finished before yielding himself to the surgeons' hands.

The day before the one set for the operation President Harper went to the Hospital. Arrangements had been made for his wife and children and his mother to occupy rooms adjoining his, that they might be near him at this critical time. By agreement Dr. Hulbert

was there at 12 o'clock on the day of the operation, two hours before the time when the surgeons were to appear. The son had reached home and was there with the others, while the brother, belated a day on the deep, spoke by long-distance telephone from New York to the brother in the Hospital words which both thought probably would be words of farewell. A little after mid-day the family and their well-tried friend Hulbert were about the bed-side. And he who had always been a leader was a leader still. Dr. Harper, with a perfect composure that remained unbroken amid others' tears, directed what was to be done. He had fought and won this battle beforehand and the peace of victory seemed now to be his. At his request all bowed before their God while Dr. Hulbert led in prayer. Then the President took tender leave of each, beginning with Dr. Hulbert and ending with his wife. Thereupon all retired in accordance with his wish, one hour remaining before the operation would begin. This hour, regarded as in all likelihood the last one he would spend on earth, President Harper reserved for secret communion with his God. No other eye than that of Jehovah would he then have upon him.

At 3 o'clock word came to the anxious waiters that it was impossible to operate, so much was involved in the disorder. There was a little hope from the operation; but now there was nothing to look forward to but a brief span of life with much of suffering in it. By use of the X rays and the so-called liquid-light, expectations were awakened that if a cure for cancer had not been discovered therein, these means would at least reduce it so as to make an operation possible with promise of success. But these hopes were visionary. The malignant thing pursued its deadly way. Nevertheless its victim, with rarest fortitude and heroism, returned to his post of duty, and there continued to the last possible moment. And after a few weeks confinement to his own home, adjoining the University buildings, his spirit returned unto God who gave it.

What a blank at the University of Chicago without the master-mind of William Rainey Harper! What a grievous loss to the world of Biblical scholarship! Yet he is still with us though gone from us. A man of God he was,—a man of dauntless faith, a man of prayer, a man who loved the truth and eagerly sought it, a man of magnificent achievement in the cause of righteousness. He did not escape sharp criticism for some of his teachings, and many did not believe with him.

in all things ; but everyone who reverts to that lone Gethsemane hour in the Hospital is conducted into a deeper and broader charity.

Farewell, beloved teacher and friend, till the morning break and the shadows flee away !

Jan. 12th, 1906.

A. C. Chute, '81.



Bitter-Sweet.

*Just to give up, and rest
All on a Love secure,
Out of a world that's hard at the best,
Looking to heaven as sure ;
Ever to hope, through cloud and fear,
In darkest night, that the dawn is near ;
Just to wait at the Master's feet——
Surely, now, the bitter is sweet.*

—Henry Van Dyke.



The Swift Sport, Ice-Boating.

BASEBALL goes with a hot summer day, football with a leaden autumn sky, snow-shoeing with a white world, piled into drifts; but, when the world "ice-boat" is mentioned, anyone who has ever enjoyed the sport sees again in imagination the wide, frozen lake steel-colored, dashed, perhaps, with thin streaks of snow; and he gasps involuntarily, and seems to shrink for warmth's sake into his smallest bodily compass, as he thinks of speeding, shooting, flying—select your swiftest verb—through the frosty air at the rate of fifty, fifty-five, sixty miles an hour!

Ice-boating is certainly the swiftest sport, and an ice-boater should bear as his heraldic symbol a swallow flying with the gale. For the speed of the ice-boat is greater than the rate of the wind. This seems

at first impossible, but a little reflection will show that it is true. The three smooth steel runners of the ice-boat on the level ice cause practically no friction, so that, when she is running directly before the wind, her speed would be equal to the rate of the wind, gaining little, probably by her momentum; but, when she veers to the right or left so that the wind is "on her quarter," the ice-boat moves across the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle, and her speed will be as much greater than that of the wind as the hypotenuse is greater than the side of such a triangle.

(Who would ever think, says my Academy reader, that geometry would help a fellow sail an ice-boat?)

Of course there is a limit to the application of this rule. As the ice-boater "keeps her off" farther and farther, the big skates, her runners, begin to cut the ice, to keep from sliding sideways; and this means friction which operates against our law of velocity; but this much is sure, that it is possible with a moderate wind to get a terrific speed.

So little has been written about ice boating that it is difficult to learn its history; but I believe that it does not date far back, and that it is American. It seems to have spread from New York State westward, until now it is enjoyed on every lake situated near a city from the Atlantic to St. Paul. It has crossed the border into Canada, and American enthusiasts have introduced it into Russia, Norway, Sweden, and Germany.

Its pleasures are of the hardest. No sport is this for a soft-muscled, cold-footed, tender-eared carpet-knight. Let him turn on the steam, stay at home, and play ping-pong! On the wind-swept lake the skater may keep warm through exercise; but the ice boater, in his narrow steering-box, has small space for movement; and, though he may be warmly clad, as he should be, from head to foot in wool, he will still need to have red blood in his veins and a good circulation, or the keen, cold blast will nip his fingers and toes, and chill him through and through. But the youth of either sex who is not afraid to give rough, rude-mannered old Winter all the advantage, and then play sharp games with him, will find an exhilaration in ice-boating that surpasses any other winter sport, and will go home at night, red-cheeked and tingling, with the feeling that lungs and blood have been so purged by the north wind that there is not an atom of poison in the whole system.

DANGERS.

The dangers of ice-boating could be grouped under three heads,—upsetting, colliding, or running into open water.

If the boat is well built, there is not much likelihood of upsetting. The two out-runners are so wide apart that, even if the one to windward should be lifted from the ice, as frequently occurs, it is not easy to overturn the structure. And when, occasionally, something breaks and the boat is wrecked or upset, and its occupants are thrown overboard, the accident is not often dangerous. If the boat is going swiftly when the accident occurs, the unfortunate ice-boater may have a prolonged slide on the smooth ice, and tear some of his many wraps, and simulate a hockey ball in motion; but, when at last he comes to a full stop and picks himself up, he finds that his chief misfortune is that he must take a slippery walk of anywhere from one to ten miles in length, and perhaps abandon his wrecked ice-boat.

There is not much danger from colliding for two reasons, the roominess of a lake where the sport would be introduced at all, and the ease with which an ice-boat is steered. Of all the vehicles that man manages, from a wheelbarrow to an ocean steamer, the ice-boat is the easiest to steer, "the quickest on her heels." Before a regatta you may be standing on the ice, watching the ice-boats, big and little, as they manoeuvre, darting back and forth, in and out, like swallows around a barn in summer, when, turning around, you look up in mortal terror to behold one of the largest contestants, a winged stick of timber forty feet long, bearing directly down on you like a huge arrow coming swift as a fast express, and before you have time to shriek or clutch the air, the helm has been put, "hard about," and the great winter bird is speeding off the other way.

The real danger in ice-boating lies in the open water. In every large lake, even in midwinter, there are always "air-holes." Generally these are in the form of great cracks extending for miles. These cracks sometimes will be a few feet across, and then the ice-boat will skim over them without wetting her feet, but adding to the excitement of her occupants.

Sometimes, however, the cracks are wide, or the air-holes are little seas; and then there is danger. For to the occupant of the boat the open water often looks exactly the same as the good hard ice or the patches of snow that have drifted on the lake. Add to this deceptive

appearance the glamour of the sun shining in the steerer's eyes, the tears caused by the cold wind, and the velocity of a mile a minute, or a little less, and you have the elements of a tragedy.

While I was pastor of a Church in Madison, Wisconsin, there occurred one of the saddest accidents that ever caused a death on Lake Mendota; and as it was accompanied with an inspiring exhibition of heroism, I will close my article by telling it.

The beautiful halls of the University of Wisconsin look out over the Lake, and one evening the students in a fraternity house were having their usual evening chat, when one of them suggested that they go for an ice-boat ride. The suggestion was at once taken up, and in a few minutes a lone ice-boat with three occupants was gliding to and fro over the gleaming ice. It was not the intention to go far, but soon they found themselves gliding past Picnic Point, three miles from town.

This was the most dangerous part of the lake, as a great crack was always open here. But this the students did not know. In the moonlight the glitter of the water was much the same as that of the ice, and in a second, without any warning, the boys and their skeleton boat were plunged into a strip of water sixty feet wide, their momentum carrying them into the centre of the crack.

Ed. Waller, the strongest of the three, at once plunged into the cold water and struck out for the firm ice. He gained it safely, but it was only by his greatest effort that he was able to grasp it and pull himself, with his heavy clothes, up out of the water. Having done this, he looked back and saw that the other boys were still clinging to the almost sunken timbers of the boat. He called to them to swim for it before they got so cold that they could not do so. This one of them attempted to do, but after a few strokes he lost his strength and would have drowned, had not Walter jumped into the water and swam to his relief. How he succeeded in getting the benumbed and drowning student to the ice-edge, and how he then climbed up himself and got his companion out will always be a wonder to himself and all who hear of it.

But this true tale of heroism is not yet done. The third boy was still clinging to the submerged ice-boat. He could not swim.

What must have been the agony of mind of that hero on the ice as he learned this fact, we can only conjecture. We only know that *for the third time he sprang into the icy water.*

THE CRISIS

Bravely he struck out for the ice-boat, but this was more than even his sturdy physique could stand. He felt the cramps gripping him, and knew he must turn back. He reached the ice-edge, and with the assistance of the boy whom he had saved he managed for the third time to drag himself out of the lake.

The thermometer was at fifteen below zero. By the shortest cut the town was two and one-half miles away. The nearest house was half a mile away, and showed no light. Walter called to the drowning boy to try to hold on till they could get him help; he despatched his companion to the farmhouse and he himself ran the two and a half miles to his boarding-house, where he fell on the floor in the doorway, whispering; "Phil in—lake. Go."

But, when assistance arrived, it was too late; and, when the story of the drowning was told next day, two thousand students and many others became mourners for the unfortunate victim of the accident and admirers of its hero, who was then and for several weeks afterward unconsciously fighting a fever, but consciously, in his delirium, still struggling in the icy water to save his companions.

To the joy of all Madison he ultimately recovered, and the last I heard of him positively he was with Roosevelt at El Caney, though I believe he is now in business somewhere in Wisconsin.

Indson Kempton, '89.

Etching.

A Character Sketch.

"'Tis Well, I rather would Consort with Spirits."—Cain, (Byron.)

HE was at least sincere. Where another might have cherished like beliefs in silence, he confessed ; perhaps where another might have overcome, he was mastered. Strange as he knew his convictions seemed, yet he feared to break away from them in the least degree, trusting more implicitly each day in the ruling power of his life—the supernatural. His spiritual world was peopled with the dark and haunting creations of a melancholy fancy ; tangible and real in his conception they flitted, now here, now there, on their ghostly missions,—the custodians of his soul.

How he arrived at this condition of mind one cannot say. Whether by a process of reasoning or force of peculiar circumstances, the harrowing remembrances of some crime or deep disappointment with consequent despondency we can but surmise,—mystery was his boon companion. Ignorance did not dominate him, for he was a well educated man ; if he were insane his mania was single-fold—a belief in the spirit world. Mystery was the cloak which covered his past no less than the shield of his later movements. The public, as it will, wondered when on his first appearance to the locality he commenced to build beside a brook which, at that stage of its course, flowed through a rough and secluded spot, while a scant six hundred yards away was a graveyard with its ghostly associations. Later it was learned that he was prepared to carry on milling and here his only link with his kind was the occasional visit of a patron.

He neither solicited nor cared for fellowship ; forging no ties of human friendship, the iron of superhuman destiny burned deeper and deeper into his soul. Distorted and thwarted, the whole channel of his life was flooded by the insidious tide of the unreal. Fellowship with man was replaced by intercourse with spirits, devils and witches of various sorts and fashions. Accident was accounted for by the spirits' frown ; good fortune by their smile. Troops of spirits were ever journeying to and from the graveyard. The habitual dread

which these intimacies engendered was stamped on his face. His complexion, hair and beard of a fiery red, the deep lines and furrows of his face were common-place ; but it was the expression of the eyes which betrayed the sentiments of the mind of the man,—doubt, distrust, trouble, not a mind diseased but a mind distressed. Never did he know what move his fanciful spirits would play upon him next, harassed greater as the days and years went by, his life became one continuous warfare, his every movement ordered to circumvent the cunning of his unseen enemies. Time and again he held exorcizing ceremonies to ward off his fiendish companions, the curious braving their own superstitions fears found him at these times in a perfect frenzy of jealous attempt to down his foes.

The customers at the mill found him very erratic in his service, the mill being closed for weeks. The only explanation he could give was that the witches possessed one of the machines.

Thus was he kept under the shadow of a doubt, thus he tarried in its confines and at length found himself immeshed in the folds of an ever-contracting net. God to his belief had not triumphed over the powers of darkness and therefore for him there was no hope. The manifestations of nature "spoke to him not of his Maker but of the agency of his enemies—the witches. If ever he wished for freedom his thoughts were vain, transitory, his fetters were sure, forged by the arch-devil Superstition. Groping about in a dark valley, his aspirations never rose above his gloom-inspiring surroundings ; crushed by the weight of his fears, existence meant futile struggle and an ever darkening night.

Midnight came.—One night the surrounding country was lighted by the bright reflection of a fire from the direction of the millers' valley ; solicitous neighbours find house and mill wrapt in flames but no trace of their owner ; subsequent search reveals nothing.

And now though the suns of ten summers have since smiled upon the glen ; yet as you visit the place and ponder upon the life's secret of the miller you can imagine you hear the voice of the brook as it queries, "What?" and the hills questioning in the murmurings of their wood-clad sides, "Why?"

E. '08.

The Acadia Second Forward Movement,

Successful Issue of the Canvass.

IT is with the greatest satisfaction that the Board of Governors is able to announce that the canvass in behalf of the Second Forward Movement has been carried to complete success. This movement contemplated the raising of Two Hundred Thousand dollars for the Institutions at Wolfville. A pledge for half the amount was obtained from Mr. Rockefeller, conditioned upon the obtaining of the other half from other contributors. The movement was begun in 1903. Mr. Rockefeller's pledge required that the contributions of others should be pledged by January 1st, 1906, and paid by January 1st., 1908. On the first of the present month the Board was able to report to Mr. Rockefeller that the conditional One Hundred Thousand dollars from contributors other than himself had been pledged in full, with something over, and that Forty Thousand dollars of the amount had already been paid in.

This achievement is one for deep gratification and thankfulness; especially as the Second Forward Movement followed almost immediately on the First Forward Movement, and was promoted during the first two years of the canvass concurrently with the canvass for the Twentieth Century Mission Fund. It has been no light task to prosecute the canvass; but the noble and ready response of the people, whether of larger or smaller means, has made the task as light as could be in the nature of the case. Those who have conducted the canvass have a profound thankfulness in their hearts as they think of the reception accorded them from one end of the country to the other, and of the magnificent response everywhere.

The pledges not yet redeemed are all payable by January 1st. 1908; and as in the case of the First Movement the amount pledged was collected to the last dollar so without doubt it will be in the case of the Second Movement. The Board will arrange for the collection of the pledges in the most careful and efficient way, making sure of the actual completion of the movement two years hence.

The writer desires, on behalf of the Board, to make the most grateful acknowledgements to each and every one who has assisted in bringing this great undertaking to the present successful issue. He would also, on behalf of the Board, bespeak the continuance of the same spirit of loyal co-operation, till every dollar has been paid, and Mr. Rockefeller's pledge has been laid under tribute to the last dollar. It will be remembered that the Board reports to Mr. Rockefeller quarterly the amount actually collected during the preceding three months, and promptly receives his check for an equal sum.

This letter must not close without gratefully acknowledging, also, the services of those who have helped in the work of canvassing. Several brethren have given short terms of service to this work, the value of which has already been publicly recognized. It remains for me to acknowledge the especially gracious providence which gave us during the last year or more of the canvass the devoted and efficient services of our brother beloved—the Rev. W. L. Archibald. As Bro. W. E. Hall was God's gift in connection with the First Forward Movement, not less surely has Bro. Archibald been God's gift in connection with the Second Forward Movement. For nearly two years the writer wrought single-handed, visiting as opportunity afforded, individuals of means. In this way nearly \$60,000,00 was secured in pledges. The remaining work of systematically canvassing the churches, however, could never have been compassed by him had he been left to work alone. There was neither sufficient time, nor would his strength have endured the strain. In Bro. Archibald, however, was given to us, at the critical juncture, a most devoted and efficient helper. He has indeed during the later stage of the campaign carried the heavy end of the burden. Possessing very exceptional gifts for the work he has been unsparing of himself that the movement might be crowned with success; and for his most valuable aid we shall ever be most deeply thankful.

Above all, the fervent thanks of all interested are due to Almighty God, without whose Spirit and blessing so great a work could never have been wrought.

The First and Second Forward Movements together secure to the institutions the magnificent sum of \$275,000,00.

Thos. Trotter.

[The above letter from President Trotter was written from Clifton Springs, N. Y., and appeared in the *Maritime Baptist*, January 10, 1906.—Ed.]

Obituaries

JUDGE C. E. GRIFFIN

AGAIN, it is our duty to chronicle the passing of another of Acadia's sons. News has been received of the death at his home in Tacoma, Washington, of Clarence E. Griffin, son of the late Enoch Griffin, of Canard. The deceased who was fifty-four years of age, was a graduate of Acadia in the class of 1880. He afterwards taught in the public schools of Grand Pre and Ohio, Nova Scotia. In 1882-83 he was principal of the high school at Medfield, Mass. He then devoted himself to the study of law, for a time in the Law School of Harvard University, and afterwards at Franklin, Mass. He was admitted to the Bar in Massachusetts in 1886, and practised at Franklin for some years, where he was also the clerk of the town. Afterwards Mr. Griffin removed to Tacoma, where he practised his profession with success.

In November, 1900, he was elected judge of the police court for that city by a majority of upwards of 2300. As a police judge he was conceded to be one of the ablest in the state of Washington; and was prominent in church and educational work, not only in Tacoma, but in all Puget Sound cities. He was an active member of the First Baptist church in Tacoma, and for years he had been prominent in Sunday School work, as a teacher of a large class of Bible students. In 1896 he was elected president of the Northwest Baptist Convention, being the first layman to hold that office.

Judge Griffin was a most conscientious student and a great reader. He had as his ambition to become a judge of the superior court. He lived his life to that end, and he had studied so that when the time of fulfilment came he would be prepared to serve the office acceptably and well. He had recently been spoken of as a possible candidate for the republican nomination for mayor. To his friends he had said that he was not a candidate, but that if the nomination was tendered him he might accept merely as a stepping stone to his higher ambition. His wife, who was a Miss

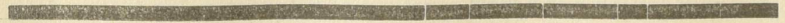
Crosby, of Yarmouth, and two daughters are left to mourn the loss of a dutiful father and an affectionate husband, but with the precious memory of a most unselfish life. To these the ATHENÆUM would extend the sincerest sympathy in their bereavement.

SEYMOUR E. GOURLEY.

Seymour E. Gourley, ex-M. P. for Colchester County died at his home in Truro on Friday morning, January 5th. Mr. Gourley was taken to Truro from the Victoria General Hospital on Tuesday of the week in which he died, and it was reported that he was much improved in health, but it had been known for some time that he was beyond recovery. His funeral took place on Sunday from the Episcopal Cathedral, Truro.

Mr. Gourley was born at Brookfield, Colchester County in 1854, and was the son of Elisha C. Gourley, and was of Scotch descent. He was educated at Horton Academy and Acadia University, from which he graduated in 1872. Afterwards he studied law, and practised at Truro until taken ill some months ago. Mr. Gourley was elected as Conservative member for Colchester County at the general elections of 1900 by a majority of 279 and represented that Constituency until the elections of 1904, when he was defeated by Mr. F. A. Laurence.

Mr. Gourley had not been many years in public life, but he was well known throughout the province, and many friends will hear with genuine regret of his death. He had in a large degree the gift of eloquence and was widely read and well-informed on many questions. He had a strong and abiding faith in the destiny of Canada, was a loyal citizen and an ardent imperialist; and although his views were not always judiciously expressed, none doubted his good intention. His passing from the stage removes a picturesque figure from Canadian politics.



Editorials.

ONE of the chief functions of a college education is to train a student to think, and, as a correlative attainment, to enable him to *express* his thoughts with facility, in private or in public. It is this latter phase of our education (facility of expression) which is apt to be neglected ; for unhappily there is no chair of elocution established at Acadia, nor is there much prospect of there being one. About the only constant means afforded the students for cultivating power in public speaking is the debating conducted by the Athenæum Society. This year all the classes in college have manifested commendable ardor in carrying forward the scheduled debates. Considerable talent has been displayed among the new men and on the whole the prospects for the future in our Society are bright and encouraging. In connection with the inter-class debates, however, we cannot but feel that it is only the few who are reaping the benefit to be derived from them, and simply because the same men are too frequently appointed to represent their respective classes. By continuing this practice it seems we are defeating the main object in having the debates, which is, or should be, to develop the latent talent of the largest possible number, and not to train the few to the point of professionalism. Often the same men compose their class team right through the four years, thus receiving the maximum of benefit ; while others who doubtless have the ability to make strong debaters never appear on the platform, and go out from college without ever having discovered the talent which lay dormant within them. When the present league among the classes has been concluded, why should there not be another series of debates for the special benefit of men who have not as yet appeared before the Society? Let the subjects of debate and the sides be selected by the Executive Committee and *new* debaters chosen each time.

None who are thus chosen should refuse to act, for the benefits to be derived from the training are priceless. The debating affords opportunity to put into practice the principles of grammar and rhetoric imbibed in the class room ; it serves to train one in keen, logical analysis and in clear, concise expression. Moreover, if eloquence as defined by Broadus is "so speaking as not merely to convince the judgment, kindle the imagination, and move the feelings, but to give

a powerful impulse to the will"—if it involves all this, what powers must be employed in the exercise and what gifts and faculties must be called into action ! He is not the truly eloquent one who merely indulges in well-turned periods and high-sounding phrases "that would have made Quintilian stare and gasp." Other and higher elements must be combined if *persuasion* be the goal, and, as fundamental to all, one must "*feel the truth and speak it.*" Or as Emerson says, "the essential thing is heat, and heat comes of sincerity." Then, in addition to training one in eloquence, the mere investigation of subjects for debate and the wrestling with great questions draws the student out of himself and his restricted range of studies. It is so easy to let one's interest become circumscribed within the narrow limits of academic affairs, and to remain all oblivious to the great throbbing world outside—so easy is it, and so natural the tendency in students, that there is needed something to bring us face to face with national issues and vital, world-wide problems, thereby widening our sympathies and enlarging our intellectual horizon. Frequent participation in debate is one certain method of accomplishing this happy result. And all those desirable benefits mentioned before are more easily secured to those who faithfully and diligently follow up the practice of searching into great subjects with a view to threshing them out in open discussion. It means work and plenty of it ; but it means profit too, the largest possible dividends for the capital invested.



While dwelling upon the subject of debating we are reminded of the fact that our contest with the University of New Brunswick is drawing very near. It will be our third debate in the intercollegiate series, and in some respects the most crucial one, for Acadia. We shall send our representatives to Fredericton to meet a team which gained a victory in Halifax last year and one which we believe will make every effort to repeat the same in N. B.'s Capital this year. It becomes us therefore to be thoroughly girded for the contest. As to the outcome we have no prophecy to make ; but whatever it may be, of this we feel assured : that the same cordial relations which have existed in the past between the two Universities will continue to exist and find expression. And after all, the matter of victory or defeat is small in comparison with the maintenance of the spirit of friendship and cordiality.

The Pierian

(of Acadia Seminary.)

EDITORS :— EFFIE M. SIPPRELL, '06, IVA STEVENS.

According to the announcement made in another place the Pierian Society becomes responsible for what appears in this department. This Society is composed of all duly registered pupils of Acadia Seminary, resident or non-resident, who pay the annual tax of \$1.00, as well as of all teachers who are upon the staff. The department inaugurated with this number will, therefore, be under the joint control of both pupils and teachers.

It has been a time honored custom to read at regular meetings of the Society, the monthly edition of "The Thistle," as the first paper was called. More recently, while this custom has been kept up, an annual number of the paper has been printed in May. In this number was gathered up the best work of the year, together with a review of the year's doings in the Seminary.

This new departure which may be warranted by the results, may or may not mean the discontinuance of the annual number, but does mean the cessation of the written edition of the Pierian for this long term, January to June. It was thought that the experiment was well worth the trying to see if through the columns of the Athenaeum a larger constituency could be reached, if the growing spirit of love for Alma Mater might be increased, and if at the same time the paper might become a medium through which the many Alumnae of the Seminary could become brought into more intimate touch with one another, and their former associations with the Seminary revived and strengthened.

To this end a number of marked copies are sent out to former students and Alumnae. Will you not communicate with the editors touching yourselves, your work, your experiences? From so large a number of Alumnae, more than 200, many a matter of interest should be forthcoming. Bespeaking for ourselves and the Seminary the heartiest co-operation upon the part of all present and former pupils we make our editorial bow.

The Month.

We expect to chronicle in this department anything and everything that bears upon the life of the Seminary. Innovations, changes, current topics of interest, recitals, athletics, new girls, new teachers, study, recreation, anything that is of interest to the girls of *Acadia* will be recorded here in as good form as we can. All items of information both wise and otherwise will be cordially received.



The *attendance* for the Fall Term which closed December 20 totalled 155, this number including only one College Girl. She however rooming with her sister contrived not to be lonely. More than 30 new pupils will have been registered by the first of February, and the total attendance for the year will fall not far short of 200. This number does not include 50 pupils in Domestic Science from the town schools. We extend a most cordial greeting to all the *new girls* who have come to live with us. It is a pity that you could not have been here before; but then we are glad that you are here. You will fall so much in love with us that you will find it difficult to leave even after June 6. By the way how many weeks is it until June? Be sure, O ye girls, to check each day!



We welcome also Miss Burge, our new teacher in Pianoforte. Miss Burge is sure to make a place for herself. Coming so highly commended from her teachers, she is commending herself to us by being herself and doing her work.

Biology—The introduction of a course in Biology marks an advance step in our curriculum. For the prosecution of the work the laboratory was provided with excellent microscopes. Other apparatus is still needed for securing the best results; and it is probable that this need will be supplied in the coming months.

Last term sixteen pupils registered for the course and the progress made was most gratifying. The method of work requires that each pupil shall manipulate the microscope, make drawings of what is observed and write her own notes. After revision these notes are

placed with drawings in especially prepared note books. Reference books are provided to supplement the knowledge gained by dissection and by examination of biological material.

The objects aimed at in this study are to cultivate a first hand examination of nature, accuracy of observation and facility in exact and original expression.

Art—Besides opportunity to carry on the work in Tooled Leather, classes in which were organized last year, Miss Chipman announces for the benefit of pupils in Design a course in the reproduction of original design in colors upon fabrics by block printing and stenciling. The results obtained are very beautiful. Girls who desire to see the possibilities of this work ought to see the work which Miss Chipman has for exhibition in her studio.

Music—A class in Sight Reading has been organized under the direction of Mr. Maxim, the purpose of which is to give the pupils greater facility in reading music. Additional pianos are being placed in the Director's Studio for the purpose. It is well known that girls thoroughly proficient in music, who have little or no difficulty in memorizing frequently appear to poor advantage by reason of inability to read rapidly and correctly. It is hoped that this will no longer be true of any graduate of the Seminary in Pianoforte. Classes in ear training, conducted by Miss Iredale, supplement the training received in the new course.

Library—The Seminary desires to thank Mr. J. B. Calkin, M. A. for his valuable gift to the Library, a copy of his "Historical Geography of Bible Lands." We are indebted also to the Honorable H. R. Emerson for a copy of the "Dominion of Canada. 1905," by the Hon. Sydney Fisher. We acknowledge also with thanks current numbers of MacMillan's Magazine.

Since the opening of the Seminary in September thirty-four books many of them valuable reference books have been added to the shelves. We find that we have only a few copies of the Baptist Year Book of the Maritime Provinces. We should be deeply grateful for any copies which should supply our lack. We should be glad also to receive any books bearing upon the History, Literature, Arts, and Sciences of Canada. We are anxious to make the *Canadian Section* of our Library extensive and valuable. Complete sets of Poets, and other forms of Literature will be thankfully acknowledged.

We are indebted to Dr. Archibald of Mt. Allison for a copy of the 1906 Calendar issued by the Almnae of that institution. It marks a distinct advance upon anything that has heretofore been issued by them. The idea embodied is unique, and in the main the work is well executed.

Improvements—We note a number of improvements in the seminary building. The floors and stairways of the first and second corridors in the east wing have received a coat of shellac and are both slippery and shiny. Many thanks ! Ventilators and electric lights have been placed in the trunk rooms. The staircase leading down to what was formerly the dining-room, which has not been used since the erection of the new wing, has been closed and converted into ward-robres, one for the use of the Lady Principal, the other for the Matron. A new bath-room with all modern improvements has been fitted up in the west wing for the use of the Resident Faculty and the Hospital. We are indebted to Dr. DeWitt for the new rug for the floor of the hospital.



Y. W. C. A.—In looking over the work of the last term we have no reason to be discouraged. Through the faithful labors of the Membership Committee about two-thirds of our school joined us in our work, and helped to make our Sunday and Thursday evening meetings more interesting and profitable.

We look forward with pleasurable anticipation to the address which one of our Alumæ, Miss Mabel Archibald, is very soon to give us, as well as to the coming of Miss Rankine, a representative of the Dominion Council. Miss Rankine will be in the Seminary February 17-20, and we expect to receive much encouragement in our own Y. W. C. A. work from her visit.

At the last business meeting the following officers were elected :

President, A. Louise Cunningham, '06, Collegiate.

V. President, Mary R. Johnston, '07, Elocution.

Secretary, Lavinia A. Lewis, '06, Pianoforte.

Treasurer, Grace A. Bowes, '06, Collegiate

The Association still continues the support of Ashervadam and expects to send its delegate to the Silver Bay Conference. We pray that the divine blessing may rest most richly upon our work.

CHORAL CLUB—The Choral Club resumed rehearsals Monday Evening, January 15. The meeting was one of promise. The club is much more efficient than last year or the year before, and it is expected that the next May Festival, May 10 and 11, will excel in all points previous attempts at musical representation in any school in the Maritime Provinces.



Recitals.

The first in the course of pupils recitals will be that given Friday evening, February 9, in Assembly Hall by the advanced pupils in Pianoforte. An interesting programme is being provided, and the recital bids fair to be the best in recent years.

Before this number shall have passed into the hands of the readers the first recital in the following series, entitled "*Evenings with Master Musicians*," will have been rendered. Three evenings one each month, will be devoted to Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Grieg. Each concert will be preceded by a meeting of the Pierian Society at which papers will be read by some of the pupils in music, sketching the life and characteristics of the Composer whose works are to be studied. Miss Iredale and Mr. Maxim, Pianoforte, and Miss Boynton, Violin will take part in each recital. The public may be admitted to the recitals upon the payment of a small fee to cover the expenses of the course.

The first evening will be devoted to Johann Sebastian Bach, the programme of which will be published.

Dean Southwick of Emmerson College is expected to give a recital in April.



Alumnae and Personals,

We expect in the next issue to have some news from many of our Almnae of recent years. The following statement as to the work and the purpose of the Association will not be out of place here. The Alumnae Association of Acadia Seminary was formed "to recall the memories and renew the friendship of our school days, to give expressino to the filial respect and gratitude due our Alma Mater, to

learn of each other's progress and to cheer each other in the endeavor of life." This we believe has in no small measure been accomplished.

Since its organization in 1892, the Association has added about \$1500 to Seminary funds, expended chiefly in the furnishing of Alumnae Hall and pupils' rooms. For every \$40.00 raised the word ALUMNAE has been inscribed on the door of a room in the Seminary. For three years past the funds have been indirectly devoted to the Seminary through the Second Forward Movement.

Enrolled among the members are graduates of the earliest period in the Seminary's history, Mrs. Lyall, '63 of China, Mrs. Boggs, '65, India, Mrs. Irene Elder Morton; and between those early graduates and those of 1905 range a long list of loyal Alumnae.

Acadia Seminary expects her Alumnae to uphold the high standards of life she set before them, to cherish her memory and guard her honor. "*Fais ce que doit, advienne que pourras*".



The wedding of Miss Faulein Bessie Price, and Mr. Henry R. Emmerson, Jr., took place in the Baptist Church, Parrsboro, on the morning of December 28, Rev. F. M. Young, Ph. D, the Pastor of the bride officiating. The bride wore a gown of mousseline de soie over white chiffon silk, trimmed with lace and orange blossoms with veil. She was attended by Miss Emily Emmerson, sister of the groom, who wore a gown of pink silk and a white picture hat. After the wedding breakfast served at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Price, the couple left for an extended tour, visiting Boston, Detroit, Cleveland, Toronto, Ottawa and Montreal, returning to Dorchester and Parrsboro, thence to their home in Cleveland, Ohio. Mrs. Emmerson was a member of the graduating class of the Seminary 1904 completing the full Pianoforte Course for a Diploma. We who knew her wish her all happiness.



Mrs. F. H. Beals, '87, and Mrs. I. W. Porter, '86 have recently become residents of Wolfville.

Locals.

Under this head we shall try to record pleasantries, not personalities. Puns are not admitted, not even the sacred one about Chaucer, which appears from time to time in the college papers.

ESSAY TOPICS !!!!! Say girls, what is your subject? Oh, it is just too mean for any thing. Well there is one satisfaction that I shall not have to read anyway.

Will the author of "*That Palm Tree*" in the last number of the ATHENÆUM confer a favor upon Dr. Cohoon, by handing \$15 to him in payment for the privilege of destroying such a tropical product?

Studying the Rivers of Palestine:—"Girls what river was the Flood on"?

Indignant Class Girls, "Where is the open air rink?" Principal, "Go, look it up,"

New Sem. "Girls, how *do* you have your electric light cord lengthened, do you just pull it?"

Who broke the wing
From the Victory, sing
Oh, Muse sing!
Who did this thing?

I said the girl
With the little curl,
I broke the wing.
I saw a mouse;

Jumped, shook the house
Down came the wing.



The Academy Department.

EDITORS :—JOHN W. DEBOW, FOSTER CAMP, FRANK A. TABOR

WITH this number of the ATHENÆUM, begins a new feature of its life, and we of Horton Academy are glad to contribute to the new departure. For some years the Academy has not held its proper place in the life of our schools, having been hindered therefrom by circumstances, which, though patent to those acquainted with the financial history of the Acadia institutions, cannot be discussed here. But now that the Second Forward Movement has prospered so well and some funds can be diverted from the pressing needs of the College and the Seminary for the use of the Academy, we feel that there is a better prospect. Thus hope is beginning to awake in the bosoms of the "worthy Cads," and under its stimulus our life is beginning to expand until already we feel that we must have some organ of expression for the fulness that is in us.

We had at first determined to have a paper of our own ; but various considerations convinced us that it would be better to embody our paper in the ATHENÆUM and thus, as the Seminary is also editing a column, make it in reality the organ of the Acadia Institutions. We undertake our new task not without hope that it may turn out profitable at least to ourselves ; and that we may find it, if Sisyphean, at least not Herculean. At the worst we can, at present writing, but say with our friend Virgil,

Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.



The Academy's future probably shows brighter at the present time than it ever did in the past. Our attendance this term shows a substantial increase over that of last term, the total enrollment being 77 at present writing, with prospects of several additions in the course of a few weeks. This enrollment is, of course, somewhat less than that of last year ; but we have all the students we can well accommodate and our classification is decidedly better than heretofore. Last

year, of a senior class of over thirty in the collegiate course, only ten received diplomas at closing; this year, though our senior class is smaller in numbers, we expect a very much larger proportion, and probably a larger number, of successful candidates for diplomas. In the Academy Home we have 38 students, which is as many as the building will comfortably accommodate. We are greatly in need of a much larger building with improved accommodation in respect of recreation, reception, and reading-rooms and capacity for at least double the present number of boarders.

We are happy to be able to say that the relations between teachers and students continue to be ideal; and that the reputation of our genial principal as an expert in handling boys and young men is becoming wide spread, with the result that many people, who formerly looked with disfavor upon the school, are beginning to think it a desirable location for boys; and many who never heard of the school in the past are now planning to send their boys to us.

In closing we would speak a word of warning. During the past summer some students of Acadia College made it their business to disparage the Academy before the people of these Provinces, telling tales of an unhealthy moral atmosphere, which, though *perhaps* true some years ago, are not true to-day and have not been true for at least a year and a half past. We do not ask these or such persons to prevaricate in our favor; but we can justly demand that, before they carry abroad further reports concerning us, they at least investigate and assure themselves of the *present conditions* of life in the Academy.



Monday evening, December 18, '05, witnessed a great occasion at Horton Academy. On that night, a "goose supper" was given to the Faculty as a slight token of the esteem in which they are held by the students. There were present Dr. and Mrs. Cohoon, Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer, Miss Archibald, Miss Webster, Messrs Mersereau, Fowlie, Sutherland, Denton and Howe, and our very popular steward and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Morton. The force of six students, detailed to act as waiters with the regular Academy staff, discharged their duties in a very creditable manner; and we take great pleasure in commending them, with one exception, in this capacity to anyone. We had been deprived of "She-society" for about three months; and to this

fact, no doubt, may be attributed the somewhat remarkable behaviour of one of the young men in the kitchen. In spite of this little drawback, however, the supper was undoubtedly a success. The goose was cooked to a nicety ; the mince pie was excellent ; and one young gentleman, after disposing of three helpings of fowl and one of pie, was heard to remark that he, "thought he had had his money's worth" —a sentiment with which all near him fully agreed. The following toasts were proposed :—*The King* ; responded to by Mr. Mersereau, who strongly urged upon the students the duty of revering the King and Flag because of what they represent to us. Mr. Sawyer, responding for the Faculty, thanked the students for the banquet ; and then gave a brief outline of the aim of the Academy. It was to make God-fearing gentlemen and not educated rogues ; and he led the students to see that it rested with them as to which it should be,—that the Academy would be judged by the behaviour of its students. The treasurer of the Acadia Institutions, Dr. Cohoon, was the next toast. The worthy Doctor, in a happy reply, gave some reminiscences of his own student days ; and remarked on the mutual esteem with which the present faculty and students of the Academy regarded each other. *The Ladies* ; responded to by Mr. Howe, who surpassed himself on this occasion. Certainly the fair sex could have no cause for complaint if all their champions were like Mr. Howe. Mr. Green now rose and in a neat speech proposed the health of our steward, Mr. Morton, a toast enthusiastically received by all present. Then with cheers the company separated. It is safe to say that this night will long be a bright spot in the memories of all who were present ; and there is no doubt but that it will be one more cord binding together the faculty and students of Horton Collegiate Academy.



Exchanges.

A NUMBER of the Colleges, both Canadian and American, have issued special Christmas numbers. One feature common to them all is the large increase in the number of contributed articles. Special care in some instances has evidently been shown in the preparation of artistic cover designs.

This month we added to our list of Exchanges the *Windsorian*, which is published by the students of the Collegiate School at Windsor. The Christmas number, which is also the initial number, is neatly gotten up and contains some good articles. We are particularly interested in it because we notice that its editor-in-chief is a graduate of Acadia and a recent editor of the ATHENÆUM.

The *Queens University Journal* devotes a large amount of its space to college news. This doubtless makes the paper interesting to the undergraduates of Queen's as well as to those intimate with the college life there. The *Journal* is however destitute of articles of fiction. It may be that the editors are devoting so much space to college news that they have no space available for student contributions, which is rather an unfortunate state of affairs if true.

The December number of the *Yale Literary Magazine* contains an abundance of good reading matter. The editorial discusses the question as to whether American ideas of athletics are unwholesome as contrasted with English ideals of sport. The editor claims that American athletics are a product of national conditions. The American takes sport seriously as he does everything else, and consequently prepares himself earnestly to achieve success in it. The Englishman, on the other hand, will not take the trouble to properly train for a contest because of his selfishness and desire only for the pleasure of the moment, and as he is in sport so is he in the stern realities of life. The article, the object of which is to make the American athletic spirit appear in as favourable a light as possible and indirectly to defend American foot-ball, puts the English athlete in a rather unfavourable light to say the least. The desire of the editor to defend the former has led him to misrepresent the latter.

The December number of the *McMaster Monthly* contains a couple of pages of humorous clippings, from which we quote the following:

"Why do you call your vicious horse Benzine?" "Because it removes all traces."

SIDE TRACKED.

Little Willie—box of paints,
Sucked the brush—Joined the saints.

A lady, sending a green servant to answer the door-bell, said: "If anybody asks if I am in, give an evasive answer." The servant soon returned. "Who was it?" asked the mistress. "A gentleman who wanted to see you ma'am, and I gave him an evasive answer." "What did you say?" "I asked him if his grandmother was a monkey."

A young theologian named Twiddle
Refused to accept his degree,
For he thought 'twas enough to be Twiddle
Without being Twiddle D. D.

Willie—"I was going fishing on Sunday, but papa wouldn't let me." Minister—"That's the right kind of a papa to have. Did he tell you the reason?" Willie—"Yes, sir; he said there wasn't bait enough for two."

One day our little Willy fell
Down a deep and darksome well.
Mother's worried 'bout his ways,
Willy is so hard to raise.

Other Exchanges are: *University of Ottawa Review*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Xaverian*, *King's College*, *Record*, *Harvard Monthly*, *Amherst Literary Monthly*, *Argosy*, *Nassau Lit.*, *University of Toronto Monthly*, *Red and Blue*, *Brown Herald* and *Wolfville Acadian*.

Among the Colleges.

DR George Cross, Professor of Church History at McMaster University has established a scholarship of \$50.00 to be awarded annually to the student for the Baptist ministry at McMaster, who presents the best thesis on one of the select list topics dealing with the history of the doctrine of the Christian Church.

Dr. A. H. McKay, Superintendent of Education in Nova Scotia, represented Dalhousie University at the Forestry Convention lately held in Ottawa.

Statistics show that during the last year over \$37,000,000 have been given to eighty-three colleges and schools for the advancement of education. Leland Stanford ranks first with \$4,875,000. Harvard second with \$1,500,000. Yale third with \$1,405,000. Brown University stands tenth with \$550,000.

Cornell has three thousand five hundred students, one thousand of whom are Freshman.

Princeton has now a faculty of one hundred and thirty-eight professors and instructors.

Head Coach Reid, of Harvard, receives \$7000 for three months work with the football squad.

A gift of \$50,000 to the University of Pennsylvania was announced by Provost C. C. Harrison at a meeting of the trustees of the University held at the beginning of the new year. The name of the donor as well as the purpose for which the gift is intended was not made public. It was also announced that the total value of the gifts to all Departments of the University during December was nearly \$100,000.

Dr. Simon McLean, for three years Acting Head of the Department of Economics and Social Science in Stanford University, has tendered his resignation, and it has been accepted by President Jordan. Dr. McLean leaves Stanford to accept a call to the head of the Department of Economics, Commerce, and Transportation, at the University of Toronto, of which he is a graduate.

A noteworthy fact in connection with the German universities is the flocking of students to the great cities. The four leading institutions of Berlin, Munich, Leipzig, and Bonn, have a total enrollment of 20,154, or nearly one half of the total student contingent of the Fatherland. The smaller universities seem to be growing smaller all the time. Greifswald, which only two years ago had over a thousand students, has now only 786. Erlangen has gone below the thousand line, and Rostock has only 623.

Prof J. E. Woodman, assistant Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in Dalhousie University was elected a fellow of the Geological Society of America, which recently held sessions in Ottawa.

The "Carnegie Foundation" which is a sum of \$10,000,000 given by Andrew Carnegie to provide a pension system for teachers and professors in universities, colleges and technical schools in the United States, Canada and Newfoundland, is to be increased by an additional five million dollars. At the same time the restrictions which prohibited aid from being extended to members of the faculties of sectarian and state aided institutions are to be removed.

During the past month the University of Chicago, suffered an irreparable loss in the death of its president, William R. Harper, L. L. D., who has held this position since 1891. Dr. Harper was regarded by many as the foremost Hebrew scholar in America, and was equally renowned as an educator and business man. The body of the late President was interred in a vault of Oakwood Cemetery, but the final resting place will be on the university campus, where it is planned to build a memorial chapel and crypt.

In a recent address before the Society of College Gymnasium Directors. Dr. W. G. Anderson, director of the Yale gymnasium, made the statement that, according to statistics, college athletes live longer than non-athletes, and that participation in athletic sports is beneficial in almost every case, thus disproving the generally accepted statement that college athletes shorten their lives by excessive exercise.

During the Christmas vacation the Columbia swimming and water polo teams took a long Western trip, stopping at Buffalo, Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Louis. Last year Columbia won the intercollegiate water polo championship.

The students of Columbia University in a mass meeting held on December 5th, declared themselves as opposed to the abolition of football. A resolution was passed requesting the Committee on Student Organizations to rescind its action in barring the game from Columbia's list of sports at least until the meeting of the Intercollegiate Committee on rules next spring.

The Columbia students are now rejoicing at the concession granted them recently by President Butler. He has announced that they will be permitted to select a student committee to confer with the committee of the faculty and alumni already appointed by him. These committees shall decide which athletic sport shall be practised in the University alone, and which shall be continued on their present basis.



The Month.

THE two men chosen by the Y. M. C. A. to represent Acadia at the Fifth International Student Volunteer Convention are Malcolm R. Elliott, '08, of Clarence, N. S. and Walton K. Tibert, '09, of Little River, N. S. This convention is to be in session at Nashville, Tennessee, from Feb. 28, to March 4, having for its purpose the fostering of interest in Foreign Missions. Famous speakers from all parts of the world have been engaged to give addresses on the occasion, and colleges throughout the world, engaged in Y. M. C. A. work will

be represented there. Delegates will be entertained by the citizens of Nashville, during the session. We look for something extraordinary in the line of reports on the return of our delegates.



This year, The Class of 1901 Scholarship was awarded to John S. Bates, of Amherst, N. S. Mr. Bates graduated from Amherst, High School in 1904, making the second highest mark in the province at the Provincial Examination. It is needless to say he has been doing good work here, for the man who takes first place in the class of 1908 needs to have brains, and "John" is not what you call a "plugger." We congratulate Mr. Bates on his success and feel that Acadia is not the only place where he will make his mark.



The new rink which was opened here during the Holidays is a great improvement on the old one. In addition to the main rink, which is regulation size, there is the curling alley, while the waiting rooms and accommodations for spectators are first-class. Among the pleasing features of the new management are the satisfactory terms for skaters and the excellent order maintained in the building. Music is furnished regularly once a week and on special occasions by the Wolfville Brass Band. We wish Mr. Stevens success in his new investment and hope to have plenty of ice weather throughout the season.

Mr. Estey, '07, the captain of the college hockey team, has organized his forces among the classes, and the prospects for a successful interclass league are very promising.



On Jan. 19th Rev. Jas. L. Batty, of Halifax, N. S., lectured in Assembly Hall on the subject, "Mormonism Unveiled." His lecture was illustrated by Lantern pictures of scenery both in Utah and Salt Lake City, and proved most interesting and instructive.



The fourth of the series of interclass debates took place in college Hall on Jan. 20th., between the Seniors and Sophomores, The resolution "Resolved, that the Political Union of the U. S. and Canada would

be more beneficial to Canada than her present relations with Great Britain," was attacked by the Sophomores, represented by Messrs. Shortliffe, Bagnall and Elliott, while Messrs. Porter, Havey and Copp supported the resolution for the Seniors.

The decision was given in favor of the Seniors.

A very interesting and instructive series of lectures was given us on Sabbath Doctrine by Rev. S. W. Gamble, D. D., of Ottawa, Kansas who is travelling in the interests of the Lord's Day Alliance. We had the pleasure of listening to Dr. Gamble five times during his stay with us, and each lecture served to clarify our ideas upon the subject of Sabbath keeping. The lucid and scholarly addresses marked him at once as a specialist on this much-disputed question.



It might be of interest to our readers to know that Acadia supports the resolution in the approaching debate with U. N. B. at Fredericton. Our team is Balcolm, '07, (leader) Porter '06 and Shortliffe '08.

Chip Hall and Outsiders tried conclusions for the second time this season in a game of basket ball, on Saturday afternoon Jan. 20th. The outsiders had Howe in place of Magner, while the Chip Hall team remain the same. Outsiders were the better team and won with a score of 20 to 6.

On Jan. 25th the young ladies of the college entertained their friends with a game of basket ball in the gymnasium. The game, which was witnessed by many of the students and ladies of the town, resulted in a victory for the first team with the score of 6 to 1. The captains Miss DeWolf, and Miss Bentley had their teams in good order. Mr. Ford refereed the game with satisfaction to all.

The College Jester.

*"Haste thee, Nymph and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity.*

*Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathed Smiles."*

L' Allegro.

The track captain reports good prospects for a team next spring. The following men will represent the college:—Estey for the *short* runs, Peacock for the *long* runs and *high* jump, and Stew Kinley for the *herd 'ells*. Moreover the Pope is sure to take every *quarter* he can enter, and McGregor is unrivalled as a *spare* man.

1st Student:—"Say I was telling Miss —— that joke while out coasting the other night."

2nd Student:—"Did she catch on?"

1st Student:—"Oh yes, she tumbled."

O, wad the pros the giftie gie us
To mark oursel's (e'en tho they fee us)
It wad frae monie a pluckie free us
And supplementary.
What cramming, plugging then wad lea'e us
And warkin' ment'lly.

"Say what kind of a weapon do yon use B-n-r-ft?"

B-n-r-ft:—"Oh, I've a Stephens."

Sem Teacher:—"Is Mr. R-y gone yet?"

Miss R-ch-ds:—"Oh yes awfully."

Dr. Tufts:—"Yes there is only one way to learn and that is to begin at the bottom."

Wright:—"How about swimming."

"I am not exactly a labor hero" the fair Sem murmured as she put back the hands of the big clock during calling hour Saturday.
"But for all that I am keeping off a very disastrous strike."

APPLE-SAUCE

I come from orchards 'hind the Sem,
I'm barrelled up by Billy,
I'm pealed and quartered by the cooks,
And boiled up to a jelly.

Three meals a day I'm gobbled down,
I help to make life merry
In 'cademy, and Chipman Hall,
And in the Seminary.

For if by chance the stock is low,
How everyone complaineth,
Cads, Sems, Collegians come and go,
But apple-sauce remaineth.

I'm dished about, and in and out,
From jug to smaller dishes,
With now and then some apple-pie,
Or pudding so delicious.

And now and then a worm-hole too
Upon me, as I travel.
And now and then a lock of hair
From me you may unravel.

I draw then all along, and flow
As ceaseless as a river,
For other grub may pass and go,
But sauce in Wolfville, never.

N. B.—“This is more truth than poetry.”

“But now our task is smoothly done,
We can fly, or we can run.”—(Comus.)

(Signed) *The Joke Editors.*

B-r-ss in Hebrew Class : “Professor, will you require us to translate the *brackets* for examination ?

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

Rev. W. T. Stackhouse, 3.30; T. E. Corning, 1.00; Mrs. J. O. Pineo, 1.00; Rev. S. B. Kempton, 1.00; Roy A. Seely, 1.00; Miss G. L. McDonald, 1.00; L. Hanley, .15; Miss V. M. Steeves, .10; Miss I. May Greene, 1.00; W. R. Barss, 1.00; G. H. Oakes, 1.00; Dr. Bowles, 2.00; Rev. W. L. Archibald 2.00; O. B. Reid, \$1.00; H. Spurr, 10c.

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