

Acadia Athenæum

WOLFVILLE, NOVA SCOTIA.

"Prodesse Quam Conspici."

CONTENTS:

	PAGE
In the Mayflower Copse (Poem)	233
Teaching as a Profession for College Men	234
The Good Life, Long Life (Poem)	236
Student Life at Wellesley College	236
The Song of the Spring (Poem)	241
College Spirit	241
The Mission of the Press	245
Etchings	248
Dusk (Poem)	251
Editorials--The June Number Announcement	252
The Second Forward Movement	253
Oratory	254
The Acadia College Song Book	255
Library Notes	256
Exchanges	257
The Month	259
Undercurrents	266

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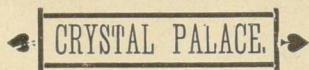
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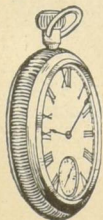
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"PRODESSE QUAM CONSPICI."

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IN THE MAYFLOWER COPSE.

With gladsome note the robin debonair
 Heralds bright May. Pale sky and earth-stained snow
 Warm at the touch of south winds as they blow
 Their wafts of life through winter's lingering air.
Hid, like some laughing child, shy Mayflower fair,
 Beneath the leafy shield, with face aglow,
 Thy pearly self the cosy spring's first tableau,
 Come to the day and yield thy fragrance rare !

Ah me ! while thrushes pipe and plummy winds
 Fan northward all their balmy fervors sweet
 And groves are misty with the reddening bud
A gentle spirit from the past unbinds
 The peace of Lethe, and with quickening beat
 Stirs to divine unrest my fevered blood.

From the poems of Theodore H. Rand.

Teaching as a Profession for College Men.

BY GEORGE W. COX '80.

Many young men go to college without any definite idea respecting the work they will follow after graduation. They desire an education and are willing to be governed by circumstances. Micawber-like they expect something to turn up, when they have completed their course, whereby they may earn a living.

Others have a clear idea of what they should like to become, but their goal is so far away and the road to it so difficult that they well shrink from the undertaking. Probably the so-called learned professions would be their choice, but choice is not the determining factor, as other things must be taken into consideration, such as lack of means, physical incapacity etc. These persons realize, too, that the professions are already crowded and that success comes only after strenuous effort and patient years of endurance.

Representatives from both these classes may be found to-day in the teaching profession, many of whom have been very successful. Yet how much more successful they might have been, had they made some preparation for this work during their college days. It is undoubtedly true that a liberal college course does give a general preparation for work of this kind. College graduates do carry into the teaching profession a richness of culture that gives them a decided advantage over those who have not been so highly favored. But if this general preparation could be supplemented by some special preparation for teaching, how much greater advantage they would have when they begin actual work.

Many of the universities and colleges of this country have been alive to the need of such preparation, and have established departments of pedagogy to supply this need. Intelligent school boards are beginning to recognize the value of this kind of instruction as a part of a college course, and are beginning to select superintendents and principals from those who have taken courses in education and teaching.

Some of the keenest competitions for prominent positions in Massachusetts during the past year have taken place among men who have taken such courses at college. A single instance may suffice to show the truth of this statement. A good position in Massachusetts became vacant. Between seventy-five and one hundred college men sought it. The number was finally reduced to three, two of whom had taken the courses given by Prof. Hames at Harvard, and one of the latter was successful.

If, by some means more extended work in pedagogy could be

undertaken at Acadia, a great advantage would come to both students and college. Then many belonging to the two classes mentioned might be inclined to take up the work and would, doubtless, become inspired with its importance.

Several of Acadia's graduates have come to New England and have taken important positions in high schools and academies. As a rule, their work has been attended with marked success. It would thus appear that their training has prepared them, to a certain extent, for this kind of work. If they had received special instruction for the work of teaching, their success would have come earlier, and with less expenditure of energy.

Every well-equipped teacher sent out from Acadia would be an advertisement for the college, and would, doubtless, be the means of enlarging her circle of influence. Acadia's graduates stand very high as teachers wherever they are known. A school superintendent who has never seen Acadia but who has had some of her graduates teaching under him, recently said he thought there must be a good influence at Acadia for only the best influences could produce teachers whose moral character is so good. A brilliant special teacher, a graduate of one of the best schools of this commonwealth, said to the writer that the teacher who did the most for her in getting an education was a graduate of Acadia College, who at one time was the principal of the high school from which she graduated. Such tributes as these should be gratifying to the friends of Acadia and should stimulate them to greater efforts on her behalf.

School authorities are awaking up to the fact that more male teachers are needed in the upper grammar grades and in the high schools. President Eliot in an address recently delivered at Providence, R. I. strongly advocated an increase of male teachers as one of the needs of the hour. Superintendent Balliet of Springfield, Mass., one of the most prominent educators of New England, says that one of the educational problems we must soon solve is, how to get more men into school work. With such a sentiment abroad, would it not be well for Acadia to take steps to provide such instruction as has been indicated above?



THE GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk doth make man better be ;
Or standing long, an oak three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere ;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May.
Although it fall and die that night ;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see
And in short measures, life may perfect be.

—Ben Johnson.

*Student Life at Wellesley College.*

The Freshman at Wellesley leads an existence quite different from that of a Sophomore or Upper Class girl. From the time she first sets foot in Wellesley she meets with strange experiences, and is surrounded by strange sights and unfamiliar faces. The college grounds, at first, seem limitless to her, and the college buildings, twelve in number, appear to be scattered at random over the vast campus. The two most distant dormitories are each a mile from the main college building. In order to meet all one's appointments it is necessary to walk many miles every day. But no one, who has seen the great natural beauty of the grounds would count the long walks a hardship. The inexperienced Freshman, at first, feels almost lost among the great host of girls. In every direction there are girls, girls, girls, nine hundred of them, all strangers to the Freshman. There are tall, lank girls, and short chubby girls, some are stunning, gipsy girls, others, a great many others, in fact, are plain ordinary looking girls with little or no claim to style.

The first Saturday evening after her arrival in Wellesley, the Freshman is taken by an Upper Class girl to a Christian Association reception, where she is introduced to hundreds of students. A spirit of general good-will and cordial hospitality characterizes this reception, and the Freshman hears the Wellesley cheer for the first time, and feels with a thrill of joy that she is really a member of "The College Beautiful."

Before many days are passed, while the Freshman is still struggling to get her schedule straightened out, and to learn the ways and

complex workings of the institution, some well-meaning Sophomore makes her appearance in the Freshman's room and kindly offers her assistance in schedule difficulties, and then, flinging herself carelessly among the cushions on the couch, she begins in a confidential manner to give a little friendly advice, a few suggestions of warning in regard to college etiquette. For example, she tells her, a Freshman is extremely fresh who enters or comes out of an elevator before an Upper Class girl. Before passing through a door the Freshman must not only wait for Professors and Seniors but for Sophomores to go before her. There are narrow board walks on the grounds, running between the different college buildings. A Freshman should never fail to step off to allow Upper Class girls to pass. All these rules and numerous others are thrust upon the poor Freshman whose memory is already staggering under the newly imposed load. Little groups of Freshman get together and talk over the strange class distinctions, their hard work and their home sickness, and they bind themselves together with the bond of sympathy and social equality. Some seek rest and diversion by going to the theatre in Boston, for the afternoon. But after the first few weeks the clouds clear away and what at first appeared complex becomes simple. She falls into a regular routine of work and finds herself able to snatch time for fun and out-door sports.

The Upper-Class girls, when taken individually, are as kind, as warm-hearted and as jolly as one could wish. They invite the Freshmen to accompany them to the various concerts and entertainments, and it is the custom for Upper-Class girls to exert themselves to give Freshmen a good time at every dance. (No men are ever admitted to any of our dances). The Freshmen are the first to have all their dances engaged. At Wellesley a Freshman or Sophomore feels more honored to be asked to dance with an Upper-Class girl than with a class-mate, just as, at a Co-educational College, the normal girl prefers to have her reception topics taken by young men rather than by girls.

As time goes on the Freshman discovers she has friends among all classes, and she has frequent invitations to go rowing or walking, or to attend informal parties held in different girl's rooms. Only twice a year are Freshmen in danger of being hazed. On Halloween the Sophomores play as many practical jokes on them as possible. And again, in June, just before "Tree Day" celebrations, the Freshman must guard her worldly possessions, and keep her door locked, and feign innocence and ignorance when the Sophomores pump her with questions regarding Tree Day costumes and class secrets. The class colors, the class flower, the class motto, the class song, the class yell,

these, and several other class matters are kept secret by the Freshmen until Tree Day. "The prying, spying, Sophomore" forgets all feelings of animosity after this festal day, and, when the time comes for the summer vacation to begin, the farewell handshakes are so cordial and the kind words flow so easily that Freshman as well as Upper-Class girls dread the parting and look hopefully forward to the beginning of another happy year.

When the timid Freshman comes back as a Sophomore, she feels and acts like a different person. Instead of being surrounded on every hand by what is strange, she sees familiar faces and old friends. She knows the "ins and outs" of college life and assumes an air of independence, and, when Freshmen are around, an air of superiority. She patronizingly takes the child-like Freshman under her wing and helps and advises her as she herself was helped and advised so long ago. It is the Sophomore who makes the Freshmen terrified at the thought of examinations. She fills their childish minds with monstrous tales about the severity of the examiners, and the vast numbers who fail every year; until these semi-yearly trials are regarded with as much fear and dread by the Freshmen as an equinoctial storm by sailors on the ocean. Some sink because they cannot swim, others who know how to swim, sink because of the paralyzing power of fear, others stroke out bravely, and, rising above the waves come out from the struggle with a row of "credits." Wellesley students never know their marks, but they receive cards containing a list of their studies and opposite each subject stands one of the fateful words "credit," "passed," or "failed." No student has yet solved the mystery of what the pass mark is, or between what limits "credit" lies. Long before these cards appear, each girl who fails in any subject is notified of the fact by a little blue "flunk-note" sent to her through the mail. Flunk-note day is one of the bluest in the college calendar.

The Sophomore year is soon finished and the student comes back from her vacation to assume the dignity and responsibility of an upper-class girl, a Junior. It is now her duty to befriend the Freshmen and to protect them from the wily Sophomores. She begins to feel the burdens of the college weighing upon her shoulders. She must be ready to offer suggestions and to make speeches in the business meetings of the Student Government Association. Early in the year she exhibits her dramatic powers in the Junior Play. A time-honored and most peculiar Junior Custom is "Forensic Burning." The English Department requires from the Juniors three long papers called Forensics. The Juniors consider the writing of these papers as the most disagreeable part of their year's work. In May, when the last

paper is handed in, the Forensic Burning takes place. The time and place of the ceremony is kept secret but the Sophomores are ever on the alert, prying into their secrets and trying to interfere with their plans. Upon the date proposed, at dead of night, the Juniors, attired in sheets and pillow cases, bearing torches in their hands, steal noiselessly from the college buildings; and after they are out of sight and sound of the college night-watchmen, they light their torches, form in single file, and march with slow and solemn tread along the winding wood-paths. At length they reach the clearing, where the brush-wood is piled high for a bon-fire. While the fire is blazing, the ghostly procession winds in and out among the trees chanting lowly their sepulchral tunes. Soon the fire burns out and the procession approaches the smoking, glowing embers, and one by one they cast their scrolls, (imitations of their Forensic papers), upon the smouldering heap. The low chanting continues until the last papers burn to ashes, when the white robed procession marches back to the college. The Juniors always take a few policemen with them on this mid-night expedition, to protect them from wild beasts and from Sophomores.

To describe the life of a Wellesley Senior, whose right and privilege it is to wear a cap and gown, is a task too great for the pen of a Sophomore. It must suffice to say, that a senior is feared, honored, and looked up to, in a way which she will, probably, never be looked up to after she has left her Alma Mater.

The Wellesley Faculty, including professors and assistants number about one hundred. "They're a stern and august body to whom lesser mortals bow." It is difficult for the students to get in close touch with any of its members. Any attention shown to a student by a professor is much appreciated and regarded as an honor.

Wellesley College has reason to be proud of the name she has won among American Women's Colleges for ranking first in organized sports. Each class has its squads in basket-ball, tennis, field-hockey golf, rowing, hurdling, and running. Every student is expected to go into at least one of these sports. By an organized sport we mean one having written rules and regulations, a head manager and captains for each class and team. Every girl entering a sport is required to practice at least three hours a week and to keep a record of the hours spent in this way. From every squad two teams are chosen, only the first of which takes part on Field Day. When engaged in sports the girls wear their hair in pig-tails, and their costumes consist in white sweaters and short blue running skirts.

The enthusiasm in sports is increasing every year. In Wellesley's early years rowing and skating were the only sports. For many years

rowing held first place, but today tennis and basket-ball rank in popularity with rowing. The basket-ball matches and tennis tournaments are attended by crowds of applauding spectators. The class-cheers ring from one end of the campus to the other. The field of sports is the one place where class distinctions are forgotten and we all meet on an equal footing to test our strength and skill.

One of the last and most beautiful events of the college year is what is known as "Wellesley Float." On this evening the college crew and the four class crews give an exhibition of their skill, on the water. The beauty of "Float" is spectacular. The colored lights, suspended from over-hanging trees, reflected in the ripples of the water; the band music floating out into the night air; the bon-fires on the bank; the fire-works in the distance bringing into evidence the lights and shades along the shore; the sky-rockets shooting high over the lake and bursting into a myriad of stars; all these lend a beauty to the scene which surpasses all power of description. Thousands and thousands of spectators stand upon the hill sloping up from the lake. The crews glide smoothly before the audience and form odd shapes in the water. Many small row boats, brilliantly lighted, and crowded with people, float about the outskirts of the scene of action. The crew girls, with their straight shoulders, their correct poise of the head, their even, steady, strokes with the long oars, compete, on this occasion for the crew-cup. Judges, seated on the shore, decide which crew excels in form and strength. When their decision is announced, deafening cheers arise from the enthusiastic audience. College songs are sung, and after the Wellesley cheer, the audience disperses.

H. A. T.



THE SONG OF THE SPRING.

What says the voice of the fair young Spring,
Singing through flow'r and bird ?
In the bursting buds, in the balmier breeze,
In the rainbow-shower which the glad Earth sees,
Her own sweet notes are heard.

Give heed, O youth to the Singer fair,
She may thy steps deter ;
Open thine heart to her counsel wise,
Open thine ears, open wide thine eyes,
Listen, and learn of her.

Doe's she not say unto thee, Rejoice ?
Sorrows are not far long ;
Thou hast life, thou hast love—thou hast joy complete,
For life it is good, and lo, love is sweet,
And youth is one glad, sweet song."

—R. E. B. '04.

*College Spirit.*

"College spirit is of two kinds—that which moves the college man, and that which sways the college mob. The one is distinctly a characteristic of the individual, genuine, sincere; the other actuates only the movements of the crowd, spurious and false. Individually, therefore, the average college man is an animal easily controlled, obedient, and harmless; while collectively, college men, swayed by the impulse of the moment, constitute one of the most irresponsible, disreputable, and altogether dangerous mobs of incipient criminals to be found anywhere out of jail."

The above is essentially the introduction to a story concerning college life in a recent magazine. Convenience rather than appropriateness may mark it as an introduction to this article. But certain events which have taken place at Acadia within the last few years may serve to give it point. Its characterization of the college man in his sportive moods is undoubtedly severe, but it is good sometimes "to see ourselves as others see us," if the dose is not too great and not too frequently repeated.

It is agreed then that there is such a thing as college spirit, but a question may arise as to its utility. If college spirit alone is responsible for such a state of affairs as is shown in the indictment of the writer quoted above it might well be questioned whether the elimination of such an element from the higher education would be productive of anything but good. But this premise is exactly what we would deny; and on this point we would take issue with the said writer. The spirit of irresponsibility and incipient lawlessness which marks sometimes the conduct of college men is never synonymous with true college spirit, nor can it we believe ever be traceable to it. The "impulses of the moment" cannot rightfully be called college spirit.

But comparison and analogy may help us to understand better the import and value of this much lauded and much censured thing. For college spirit is not *sui generis*. In some respects it is analogous to men's adherence to a certain political party (what we might call political loyalty); or to the fraternal spirit exemplified in the conduct of the various secret societies. But it is most closely allied to the spirit of loyalty, or patriotism, the highest and noblest expression of the national life. In each case there is a grateful recognition of favors received, a loyal pride in past achievements and future prospects, and a readiness to advance the interests of college or country even at the expense of self-sacrifice. And the undergraduate who is always finding grievances against the professors; or who stands back and sneers at the way the student enterprises are being conducted, while refusing to do anything to assist those who are doing the work; or who finds pleasure in making disparaging remarks about the college and unfavorable comparisons between it and larger and wealthier institutions; he, after graduation will be the citizen who declaims about the poverty of the country and the defects of its institutions, and the total lack of enterprise of the people among whom by an unhappy fate his lot has been cast. Such men are of use neither to college or country.

But objection will be made that this college spirit is essentially irrational; that one college is practically as good as another of the same class, and that the fancied benefits would gladly be provided by other colleges. But the same objection could be urged against patriotism. Moreover the very objection is an argument in favor, for often our emotional convictions have a validity and value surpassing any pertaining to a merely logical process. And it is well that college life provides something to counteract in a measure the tendency toward the purely intellectual which endangers the student life.

It doubtless would be assuming a great deal to call the above a proof of the value of college spirit. However to the ordinary student

or graduate of Acadia such proof is not needed. But a little discussion of the sphere and scope of operation of this element of college life may not be out of place. For there is a thing which sometimes masquerades as college spirit which is always and only pernicious, baneful, noisome. This is the spirit which having deposed intelligence and moral judgment leads to those senseless, lawless, and sometimes criminal acts which occasionally disgrace every college community. In a lesser degree it is the same spirit which induces others, who would not be guilty of such things themselves to condone them in others or even seek to shield the offenders from punishment. But a discussion of this does not come within the range of this article, and can only be touched upon incidentally.

Perhaps we will all agree that true college spirit implies first of all and most important of all a profound interest in the welfare of the college and a corresponding satisfaction in any success which comes to her, and a willingness to advance her welfare and uphold her prestige even if this involves self-sacrifice to some extent. The college athlete gives time and energy lavishly in training for and participating in the college sports not so much because he is thereby developing his own physique or for the honor and glory which he may thereby win, but that he may uphold and enhance the reputation of his *Alma Mater*.

But there may be an undefined yet potent impression in some minds that college spirit is displayed most largely if not almost wholly upon the campus. To such people athletics and college spirit are practically synonymous. With them it is largely a matter of noisy demonstration, and a tendency to 'sportiness' is essential to their ideal of the true college spirit. Against such a prostitution and restriction of the term we would strongly protest. There are men who play on the foot-ball teams of the various colleges and engage in all the college sports who have not the faintest conception of college spirit. That captain is fortunate who has not one or more men on his team who can not be trusted—men who would imperil the success of the team even in the most important contests for the sake of the gratification of appetite.

However there are but few if any at Acadia who even unconsciously make such a limitation. We are agreed I think in holding that college spirit is shown not in any one line of activity but in a spirit of loyal pride and co-operation in all that would advance the prosperity and usefulness of the institution. And this leaves out of view no department of student life. Questions will be decided not on a basis of present expediency or personal inclination, but in the light of their bearing upon the interests of the school. All the student enterprises will be cheerfully supported, at the expense either of time or money. The college

paper will be read (and subscribed to) by every undergraduate. The debating society will be made a model of its kind. The Y. M. C. A. will find a united student body behind it. For these things are college enterprises, and the reputation of the institution is affected in some degree by their success or failure.

But after all these things are but subsidiary to the main purpose of college life. The standing and success of a school all determined by the quality of the education given. This depends somewhat, no doubt, upon the things mentioned, but far more it depends upon conscientious fidelity to the daily tasks of the curriculum. Success in this line may be less spectacular than in some other things, but it means far more for the permanent good of the school and is the widest field for the operation of true college spirit. The day will come when the student rather than the athlete will be counted worthy of highest honor, and failure in recitation and examination will be counted a disgrace, not so much as an indication of mental incapacity as of a lack of proper college spirit.

Only briefest mention can be made of one most important aspect of the subject,—the co-operation of professors and students. Perhaps a more competent pen may be led to discuss this at the length its importance demands. It is unfortunately true that on the part of some students there is a spirit of distrust and antagonism toward the faculty. In their schoolboy days they may have been taught that the teacher was their natural enemy, and in their manhood they have failed to put away their childish things, or have not yet advanced beyond the school-boy stage. And the disaffection of these often engenders disputes between the two bodies which are most interested in the success of the college, and effectually prevents the development of a strong and rational college spirit.

R. J. COLPITTS, '01.



The Mission of the Press.

In discussing the mission of the press we may ask first whether the press of the present is filling the place that properly belongs to periodical literature. And we must confess that in some respects our newspapers fall below their proper ideal.

In the first place they are too largely governed by financial considerations. Looking over the field of journalism, we are impressed with the feeling that many publishers have a far too sacred regard for the advertiser. They bow down to him, worship him. They yield to his imperious demands and truckle to his eccentricities. Independence, dignity, the publication itself all fall down before him. The best space is given up to him. The reader is nothing, the advertiser everything. What a pitiable mistake, what a short sighted, weak, unwise policy. The true journalist knows no advertiser in the editing of his journal. He knows only the reader and the reader's interest. The news has the best place in his paper. It is not sunk beneath some ugly pill advertisement. It has the top of the column and all the desirable columns. The reader should be first last and all the time in the thoughts of the editor. A newspaper should be made for the people—not for the advertiser.

Journalism has become to a great extent purely a commercial enterprise-business journalism. And on these lines competition has been so fierce that every conceivable method has been resorted to for circulation building. Individuality has counted for nothing. The counting room has dominated everything. The policy of the paper has given way to it. The editor has been subservient to it. Everything for the columns of the paper, news and editorials alike, has been weighed and measured by the counting room scales. That making money should be the first principle of doing business may well hold good in journalism as in other things, and yet journalism can hardly be put on the same plane. There is a responsibility on the editor from which the manufacturer is free. A plow, a steam pump or a locomotive does not mold public opinion, brings no influence to bear upon the trend of public thought. It sets no standard of taste, preaches no phase of ethics; but not so with the newspaper. However much he may wish to do so, the editor cannot free himself from exerting an influence upon the minds of the people. His columns are accepted by thousands as their guide and oracle.

Counting room journalism was not known to William Cullen Bryant, Henry J. Raymond, Sam Bowles, or Horace Greeley. Greeley in particular, did not know that he had a counting room. He gave no

thought to that side of journalism. He studied the people; he studied principles and according to the light he had, he aimed, through his journal to lead his fellow men to a higher and better plane of life. He was always serious, always honest. He never weighed in the balance a bit of news, or an editorial or a suggestion to see whether it meant the loss or gain of a subscriber. With him it was a question of what was right, of what made strong, honest, serious journalism.

Where are the Greeleys today? Where are the Bowleses, and the Raymonds and the Bryants today? The personality in journalism—the man whose individual personality stood out for his newspaper—the bold, fearless, actual personality of flesh and blood, of courage and principle,—practically disappeared with the passing of these men. Dana was the last of national stature, the last of the old school, whose editorial work was characterized by ripe scholarship, and whose policy was independent of all counting room influences.

The world's real benefactors are its brave men, the men who have the soul to do and dare, to risk everything, fortune, reputation and life itself.

There is too much of what is called freak journalism. One has no faith in freak journalism. It suggests a disordered, impracticable, irrational mind. The people do not want it and will not have it. It belongs to the "long felt want" class—where the "want" is felt only in the mind of the publisher. Too much good, sound common sense cannot be put into journalism. Freakishness will go better in other things than in journalism. A man does not so much mind if the grocer puts up his pound of coffee in a square or oblong package but he does mind a good deal about having a grotesque, inane newspaper.

No one is disposed to believe that the journalism of the world is going to the bad. "Yellow" journalism has gone as far as it can go. There are few sensations that it has not worked up. It cannot well be made more bulky; it cannot without enlarging its pages, increase the size of its scare heads, and it cannot make its illustrations more horror stirring. If, however, the people have not had enough of it they will continue to demand it. When they have had enough they will take the matter into their own hands and regulate it as they regulate everything else. "Bluff" goes for a little while, and it sometimes goes more easily, more quickly, than serious sound common sense, but serious sound common sense endures to the end and "bluff" never.

The journalism of the present lacks seriousness. There are a few leaders and a world of imitators; success is always imitated. Pulitzer's remarkable financial success was the beginning of a new era in our journalism. It is a kind of journalism that will not last. It will not

last because it is not serious. It is hysterical, sensational, untrue. It will not because the people know it is not true; and only sincerity, and the reflection of life as it is, can last in journalism as in anything else. With the passing of the new journalism we shall have a better journalism than we would have had if there had been no new journalism. The new journalism, grotesque and absurd as it sometimes is, is better than stagnant, stupid journalism. In the one there is growth; in the other nothing but sluggishness and decay.

The journalism of the future to fulfil its mission will require accurate statement of news. The feelings of the people show, that there is to-day a strong, certain demand for a better class of journalism—a journalism that shall be serious, honest, straightforward, concrete—a journalism with a Greeley at the head of it. We do not quite know when the custom of elaborating news began, but it has been carried to such a point that a trivial item can easily be padded out to a three column sensation with a heart rending scare head. The fact itself—and the fact is what the reader wants—is lost, and the whole thing becomes garbled, distorted, inaccurate, dishonest.

The liberty of the press is indeed essential to the nature of a free state; but this consists in laying no previous restraints upon publications, and not in freedom from censure for criminal matter when published. Lord Wynford says “My opinion of the liberty of the press is that every man ought to be permitted to instruct his fellow-subjects; that every man may fearlessly advance any new doctrines, provided he does so with the proper respect to the religion and government of the country; that he may point out errors in the measures of public men, but he must not impute criminal conduct to them. The liberty of the press cannot be carried to this extent without violating another equally sacred right, the right of character. This right can only be attacked in a court of justice, where the party attacked has a fair opportunity of defending himself. Where vituperation begins, the liberty of the press ends ”

The rights of private persons are in general sufficiently protected in one direction by the law of libel, in another by the law of copyright, while the criminal law provides for the cases of press offences against morality and public justice, etc.

While the press is, by these various means, held to a narrow path, in all cases the primary mission of the journals is to supply the masses with information, to keep them informed of what is transpiring all over the world.

Secondly the mission of the press is to mould public opinion—to be a teacher—because the busy people of the world cannot take the time

to study public questions or solve complicated problems. They look rather for the press to do this for them.

Their mission thirdly is to mold and guide public opinion in all matters pertaining to the advancement and good of Our Country and show the people their responsibilities and their duties as citizens.

The press too, has extended its influence in recent times and now the greatest journals have trained journalistic detectives on their staff to bring criminals to justice where the state fails. In the United States not only have the newspapers brought to the surface many crimes that would not otherwise have been known, but they have succeeded in bringing to justice a large number of murderers and other criminals after the state had failed to apprehend or locate them.

To conclude, the press, is destined, more than any other agency to melt and mold the jarring and contending nations of the world into one great brotherhood.

'04.



Etchings.

Once upon a time a Freshman made the team. If he had been asked "What team?" he would have given the inquirer a haughty look and replied, "Football, of course ! what else." This shows that he was cocky, which is not unusual in a Freshman.

This was not the Yale team nor yet did its members wear an H. In fact it was a team which had a habit of being defeated in at least one half its games, and was the representative of a small college whose name even was hardly known at Cambridge. But it was still *the* college team and was that not honor enough to turn even a Sophomore's head.

This Freshman was a bad Freshman. That is some of the Y. M. C. A. boys had given him that name on the evening that he returned from the city with a very bad breath, a very unsteady walk and a very confused conversation concerning a "bobtail flush" and a "full house." Yet in spite of this he adored the football captain and at *his* request he had gone into hard training and had ever promised him that he would not touch a drop nor a pasteboard until after the big game with their rival college in the neighboring city.

At last the day of the match had arrived and an early train carried the students to the city. What a jolly train load they were, to be sure. Everyone was cheerful, everyone laughed, joked and played tricks on one another like a crowd of children. Not one word about the game

and yet in the mind of every player and "rooter" there was but one thought "Shall we win?"

To the Freshman the game was a kind of a trance. He knew that he was playing for all that he was worth; he felt with delight the opposing scrimmage surging slowly back a foot at a time; and at intervals he heard afar off the whistle of the referee. But not until the time-keeper leaped the ropes with his watch in his hand and the home team gave a rousing cheer for the visitors did he realize that the game was over and that the team, his team, was victorious.

As he sat in the barge being whirled away to the hotel to dress in time for the return train there swept over him a sudden wave of relief. At last he was free. No more strict diet and early hours; no more body racking practices and wind tiring runs. He would not go home that night but would stay and end the season with a good big blow out.

Suddenly a voice roused him from his reverie. The barge had reached the hotel and all the players had jumped out but the captain. As they passed in together the captain grasped his hand and said "Thank you old fellow, you have kept your promise. Now you are free. But remember, you are still a man."

It was but a half hour to train time. The members of the team bathed and dressed were starting for the depot with their grips. Not all however, for the Freshman was walking up and down the smoking room of the hotel with a troubled look on his face. Through the door of the billiard room he could see the bar beyond, and in an adjoining room he could hear the clink of the roulette ball. His brain was whirling and his face was flushed. This was what he had longed for, it was for this he had been waiting and now it was within his grasp but—and there he paused. He could still feel the pressure of his captain's hand and hear his words ringing in his ears, "Remember you are still a man." He knew that he must decide at once for the train was almost due, but as the last student leaving the hotel saw the Freshman standing in the hall watching the billiard game.

The station clock had just ceased striking, the conductor had shouted "All aboard," and the car wheels were beginning to turn, when the captain standing on the platform of the last car saw a man carrying a grip come out of the ticket office and running along the platform swing on to the rear step and the voice of the Freshman said "I nearly missed the train."

L, '06.

The solace and peace of the great, serene, loving heart of Nature ! Many messages she has for her children, but none do they receive with more eagerness than that of peace. All who have a single heart-string

in chord with the universal harmony have heard the note and have been soothed and awed by its sweetness and sublimity. It matters not what the season, the burdened, tired heart may hear, if it will, the comfort all nature softly murmurs: "God's in His Heaven, all's well with the world." To each and every one she doth confide the very secret whose knowledge most will gladden. The beauteous harmonies of sound and form and tint imperceptibly, tenderly sink into the soul, driving out care, and awakening fresh hopes and cheer. And especially at "the high-tide of the year," in happy May, does the spirit find a new youth in listening to the twittering birds and rippling brooks, in watching the budding trees and springing flowers, and sunset's splendour.

"Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now.

"The heart forgets its sorrows and ache,
The soul partakes of the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe,
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow."

Happy are they who open their hearts in communion with Nature, and receive the softening influences of her glorious beauties, who learn endurance from her strength, gladness from her melodies, and sympathy for all God's creatures from the sympathetic, all-loving mother! Happy they who feel with Wordsworth:

"Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy."

'03.

The mountains, the forest, and the wind swept fields, and over all the storm.

It was the dusk of a winter's day, and I stood, after a hard climb, upon a rock on the summit of the mountain, looking down upon the lesser hills and the valley below. The scene was glorious. Far off on every side, as far as the eye could see through the gathering darkness, rose the mountains, their dark rugged tops dimly outlined against the horizon; while here and there, upon and between them, lay the deserted, lonely, wind-swept fields and pastures; on the left, winding through the valley, fringed with ice and snow, sullenly, silently and dark the river flowed; and at my feet the town.

Here the dark and murmuring forest, in its tree tops the whispering of the winter wind; there the valley and the lonesome pastures, bleak, bare and desolate, where the bushes and the frozen grass, touched by the driving wind, gave forth as the strings of an Æolian harp, music drear and sad yet ineffably sweet. On all sides, nature sleeping, and the wind and storm wailing and mourning for the departed glories of her waking life.

The snow fell thick and fast, and driven by its master the wind, piled and repiled itself in capricious forms, and scurried there and here in crack and crevice, restless, changeeful, always.

But a turn from all this and the town lay at my feet. Already, the lights were gleaming thickly through the driving snow, from house and shop and factory; the dim and twinkling lights of home and friends and cheer, the brilliant lines of light along the busy thoroughfares, the masses of checkered brightness, the factories of toil. Far off from either side of the town the evening trains were approaching, long lines of light from the coaches and the sparks and glare from the locomotives, gleaming dimly through the snow.

Faintly to my ears as I stood there came the sound of bells borne on the wind. It was the signal for the toilers to lay aside their tasks for another day, the end of the day's work. In my imagination I could see the factory doors open, and the tired toil worn multitudes, happy with the thoughts of home and food and cheer, pouring out through the gates into the night and the storm.

How far above it all. Up there peace, the music of the woods, and the murmur of the storm; down there toil and worry and sickness, and death; human passions, human sorrows, human pleasures, human hope; striving, hoping, succeeding, failing, always and forever. Up on the mountain, beyond and above it all, with only the stars for company, it lost its greatness for me this life of the town. It appeared in all its pettiness. And was it worth it all? Hopes, ambitions, heart-burnings,—and what came of them? Ideals shattered, unsatisfied longings, disappointments. I asked the question of the night and only the music of the winter wind replied.

Now the bells had ceased their ringing. The darkness had completely fallen and I must go. Down to the town below and all its life, to take up my part again, among the others. With a sigh I turned and left it all, the mountains, the forest, the river and the fields,—and over all the night wind, and the storm.

L. M. K., '03.



DUSK.

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

Beyond the burning rhapsody of noon,
 The wind's elusive harp-note in the trees,
 Between the sunset and the primrose moon
 There is a rapture all unknown of these—
 The harmony of twilight. Nature's note,
 Prolonged, pellucid, subtler far than song,
 Bearing the lifted soul till it doth float
 Upon the heart of night and find it strong;
 Against this bar the waves of tumult fail
 And tides slip back into a silent deep;
 The world, beneath a white and windless sail,
 Drifts outward to the vaster sea of sleep,
 And thought, star-like, doth rise above Time's
 shoal
 To find thee still—thou twilight of my soul!

—In *The Bookman*.

Acadia Athenæum.

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The June Number Announcement. *We have been induced to enter upon rather extensive preparations for the June issue of the Athenæum, by the facts that the need has long been felt of a complete history and description of the work and life of the year in its many aspects, and that this special number will have the effect of making our college journal more widely known and perhaps more justly appreciated.*

The June number of the Acadia Athenæum will contain at least one hundred pages of the most interesting and attractive material we can procure, three articles by as many of Acadia's strongest graduates; at least one piece of undergraduate fiction; poetry, both graduate and undergraduate; the winning oration of the Kerr-Boyce-Tupper Medal contest; a complete history of the year in all its aspects; a full, illustrated sketch of the class of '03; the class day exercises of '03 in full; together with the usual, well written description of the commencement exercises of the College; all illustrated with at least a dozen half-tone reproductions of photographs and sketches, contained by a rich, attractive cover, on the best of paper. It is our ambition to make this issue of the Athenæum the best ever produced.

BUT the expense in producing this issue will reach nearly the one hundred dollar mark. We have no hope of making it a success from a financial point of view. We can simply call upon subscribers not in arrears to send new subscriptions, to those in arrears to send in their indebtedness and new subscriptions, to those not subscribers to send us their subscription for 1903—4, and to all to purchase extra copies of our June issue. It will be on sale at the exceeding low price of twenty-five cents, and our business manager cannot receive orders too early.

As a special inducement we have decided to give this number to each new subscriber whose subscription for 1903—4 is received before June 5, 1903. We call upon all our friends to aid us at this juncture and help make our ANNUAL a success in every way.

The Second Forward Movement.

Mention has been made from time to time in our "Month" column of the beginning and progress of this fund. Facts speak for themselves and any comment of ours cannot but be superfluous.

Shall we say the greatest financial undertaking in the history of the University? Yes, and more than that. The greatest financial undertaking in the history of Maritime Baptists. An undertaking which, if carried to a successful issue will be a monument of heroic achievement in the line of beneficence, seldom equalled. We say, if carried to a successful issue, and the doubt is slight that it will be successfully achieved. Those having the stupendous undertaking in charge spread such a contagion of enthusiasm and hope around them, that he must be a pessimist indeed who is not overcome. The prospect of our Alma Mater out of debt and heavily endowed may seem like a dream, but so real is it that we envy even the Freshmen and wish we were to graduate in nineteen hundred and ten.

In speaking with Dr. Trotter, who has given up ambitions and devoted himself with a self-sacrificing zeal almost single handed to this Herculean task, we notice especially the good omens and better hopes with which the movement opens. The plan of campaign is to raise sixty thousand dollars in large contributions, and the remaining forty thousand dollars in smaller sums from the rank and file of the people. The former movement is even now well under way and in June we hope for a very cheering financial statement.

Oratory. A beautiful accomplishment is the gift of oratory. It is a priceless gem in the hands of the fortunate possessor, and a source of sound intellectual treat for all those who come in contact with him. Since language was spoken its influence over men's minds has been felt, nor in these later days has its power abated or importance diminished. We have but to turn back the pages of history to be convinced of oratory's marvelous effects on peoples of every age.

These giants of rostum and pulpit were in all times the rulers of the nation and the counsellors of the people. While in our day, public speaking has descended from the Cicero and Demosthenes kind nevertheless it is an all important factor in education and should be cultivated. The prominence now given the subject by most of our colleges and universities amply testifies to the importance in which it is held. A few years ago, unfortunately, this was not the case, owing undoubtedly to the unreasonable prejudice on the part of the students and a belief in the time-worn saying that "Orators were born, not made."

We know that every student is not particularly adapted for oratorical effusions, yet all can attain a creditable degree of success. Too often the young man lacks the necessary confidence thereby hindering any appreciable progress in the study. A few public appearances usually have the effect of minimizing the much dreaded ordeal and of encouraging the young orator for future occasions. Like education, there is no "royal road" to this great art, and to become even a presentable speaker requires much time and extraordinary patience. At a time when there is such a demand for the orator as the present, every college-man particularly should strive for the mastery.

The young man who is able when an opportunity affords to address an audience without the disgrace of punctuating every second word with a silence that is not golden will inevitably make his influence felt in the community where he resides. His education then has the double worth of benefiting himself and instructing others. Such a man should not hide his light of oratory under the bushel of self-complacency, but should rather hold it on the mountain tops so that its lustrous rays could reach all. Men of this stamp we need, and happily the professions requiring such men are in our day greatly increasing. No small success comes to the man endowed with this gift, because in the spoken word there is a beauty which we rather know and admire than are able to explain.

The Oratorical Contest for this year is over. On the whole, perhaps, the appearance was not quite as good as last year. But we must congratulate the contestants on the extremely creditable manner in which they rendered literary productions of no mediocrity. And especially must we congratulate Mr. Chipman as the winner of the Kerr-Boyce-Tupper Medal for 1903.

The Acadia College Song Book. As we go to press the "Acadia College Song Book" comes from it. It is an unpretentious little book of something over one hundred pages, contained by a stiff parchment cover and fronted by a neat design in the prevailing heavy black line mode. On the third page we notice an omission of the name of R. E. Bates from the publishing committee, a thing, which though actuated by modesty we cannot pass unnoticed. Typographical errors—a failing of our small printeries—are abundant, but probably these will be rectified in the next edition. We might remind the committee that Acadia is a 'University' not a 'College.'

One of the pleasing characteristics of the book are the comparatively large number of songs by undergraduates among who we may mention Miss L. Simpson, R. E. Bates and L. W. D. Cox. The committee has been peculiarly happy in the selection of songs, college songs and those of wider interest, Southern melodies and Canadian songs, old favorites, and those commended by their merit rather than popularity, being combined in an extremely pleasing manner. Altogether we are proud of our song book, and we rejoice in its appearance and contents.

Now that we have our song book, what are we to do with it? The opportunities for its use are numerous and varied, functions in our own Hall, our own functions, seasonable and unseasonable use. We hope that this much neglected part of our existence may receive a stimulus commensurate with its importance. Then when we have passed into a world big with possibilities what glad, solemn feelings will these old lays induce.



Sated, ah's me, overmuch with sport,
 Whom reending shout and polished helmets please,
 And Moorish soldier's visage fierce against his
 Gory opponent;
 Or if, changed in form, O winge'd son
 Of genial Maia, thou in youthful guise,
 On earth now dwellest, suffering the name of
 Caesar's avenger,
 Far removed be thy return to heaven,
 Longtime Quirinus, sons rejoice in thee,
 Nor soon the tremulous air upbear thee heeding
 None of our vices;
 Here, the rather, choose the victor's pomp,
 The name of father, chief, nor suffer thou
 The Mede's scathless to ride untamed while thou art
 Leader, O Caesar.



Our Exchanges.

Although we welcome *The Newtonian* to our table as a new acquaintance, we seem rather to be greeting an old friend, for of the nineteen Colleges represented by the student body at Newton, Acadia sends the second largest quota of students, her graduates forming 16 per cent of Newton's attendants. A sincere and sympathetic obituary notice of E. C. Stubbert, and a sketch of Dr. E. M. Kierstead's life and work, in the Alumni column, are of special interest to Acadia students. The articles in this first issue are fine examples of scholarship, thought, and expression, and we prophesy a prosperous and helpful career for our friend who is making such a good start in life.

Although it is late to talk about winter sports, our attention is drawn to the writer about "The Hocky Trip" in *The Argosy*, who is very indignant because some of Wolfville's spectators hissed the unsportsmanlike conduct of one of the members of Mt. Allison's team in the recent match between her and Acadia. The soul of good clean sport is self control in the sportsman. He should be keen, eager, and courageous, but always under perfect control. When a man loses his temper in a game he is rightly hissed; when he intentionally strikes his fallen opponent with his stick, he should be put out of the game. In the interest of good sport such an offence ought not to be overlooked, and we are surprised to see our Sackville friends, who are usually

very particular about the rules of sport, taking any other view.

The Athenæum is a namesake of our's, published by the students of West Virginia University. It is a weekly put up in newspaper form, but although concerned mostly with University news, has some material of considerable literary worth for a weekly. The method of selecting the board of editors is a good one, calculated to bring forth the best talent available, and worthy imitation. A competition in reporting, open to all and lasting three or four weeks, has been arranged for. The present Editors then select the men who have, in their estimation, made the best contributions to the paper, and their list is made use of in electing the new board.

Much trouble and discussion is often occasioned by lack of knowledge of the laws regarding newspapers and periodicals. We here give a copy from the above mentioned paper.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

2. If a subscriber orders the discontinuance of their periodicals the publishers may continue sending them until all arrearages are paid.

3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their periodicals from the office to which they are sent, they are held responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered them discontinued.

4. If subscribers move to another place and fail to inform the publisher, and the papers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5. Any person who receives a paper and makes use of it, whether he orders it or not, is held in law to be a subscriber.

6. If subscribers pay in advance they are bound to give notice to the publisher at the end of their time if they do not wish to continue taking the periodical; otherwise the publisher is authorized to send it on and the subscriber is responsible until express notice together with all arrearages is send direct to the publisher.

7. The new postal amendment has made it a penal offence to refuse to pay for a newspaper and the subscriber may be imprisoned for fraud.

With the March number the present editors of *The University Monthly* bid their adieus and hand their paper over to the class of '04. The Monthly has had a successful year and the editors may lay down their task with the satisfaction of knowing that they have performed their duties well, and kept their paper up

to a high standard. The chief subject on which the Monthly is to be congratulated is the amount of good undergraduate work that has appeared in her columns. Every editor knows how difficult it is to get sufficient articles of merit from undergraduates in a small college, but nevertheless a college paper should represent the thought and work of the student body, and we are glad to see this fact becoming more realized.

Other Exchanges to hand:—*Excelsior, Manitoba College Journal, King's College Record, Bates Student, Church Work, Brandon College Quarterly, McGill Outlook, Prince of Wales College Observer, Presbyterian College Journal, The Theologue, Niagra Index, University of Ottawa Review.*



The Month.

The past four weeks of college life have been remarkably fruitful for the "Month" chronicler, as well as for that sharp-penned and pitiless individual who so heartlessly exposes in the "Undercurrents" all the fads and foibles of our little world. The even tenor of our way has been most pleasantly broken up and diversified of late. The few who wished to plug have been able to do so unmolested, but the many who did not so wish have had wherewith to amuse themselves in their idleness. Receptions of every size, kind, and description have been held. The largest reported has been about three hundred, and the smallest that we have heard of consisted of just two. It seems that there have been several of the latter size. There have been Recitals and rehearsals for Recitals. There have been Basket Ball games, Baseball games, innumerable practices of all kinds, and there has been the Kerr-Boyce-Tupper Oratorical. As this is being written, we look down to the campus and see that they are preparing the tennis courts, which means a new camping ground for fifty or more of us from now till June. And yet the lectures and classes go on as usual and we are expected to attend a large proportion of them and show some slight knowledge of our subjects. Truly professors are a most cruel class of people!

Along with the return to the campus come other signs of spring. The Wolfville streets rejoice in acres of mud belonging to the "three-foot-deep-and-hold-you-there" variety. Then there are the open windows and flashing mirrors and banging pianos and out-door studying under the trees. And if all these

signs were lacking we could still fall back upon Tennyson's never-failing indications, expressed in his couplet from Locksley Hall concerning the burnished dove and the young man's fancy. We haven't noticed the doves particularly this spring, but we have seen that which leads us to believe that the second line of the couplet is sound at any rate.

At Easter there were a few days vacation during which half the college and most of the Seminary went to their homes or to somebody else's homes. Of those who remained many and strange are the rumors afloat. Many there are that could "a tale unfold whose lightest word" would harrow up Principal DeWolfe's soul, and "make each particular hair to stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine." Report has it that the limits were extended indefinitely in all directions for a few days. It is certain that some people are glad they didn't go home.

Mayflowering parties have the right of way.
The Junior Lights have at last arrived.
The long delayed song-books are here.

Silently, one by one, the Seniors are stealing away down to friend Robson's for their last great Camera encounter. Our heartiest sympathies are extended to all concerned.

* * *

Although the place looked quite deserted during the Easter vacation those who remained contrived to pass the time very pleasantly. Some of the college boys very kindly arranged a little reception for Saturday evening. College Hall looked very cheerful with tables for ping pong and other games around it, and inviting combinations of settees, rugs and cushions for those who had other affairs to attend to. Arrangements had been made to fill in the first few topics with progressive games, but it was soon discovered that the number of would-be players exceeded the provisions made for them. The very failure of this plan made the success of the affair, however, for all formality was thus dispensed with. The last three topics were the usual tete-a-tete kind. The most interesting part of the evening was watching the grand rush that was made when the chords were sounded for the last topic, and the looks of satisfaction that could be noticed very soon after. Refreshments were then served and altogether the guests felt that they did not regret staying in town after all.

* * *

Dr. Trotter has entertained the Senior classes from the

College and Seminary. Some good music was provided by Professor Moore, Miss Denham, Miss Marvin and others. Interesting games made the time pass pleasantly. A few discovered that even our President is not above the temptations of cozy corners for he has them in his house. The guests were unanimous in declaring that they had spent a delightful evening.

* * *

The Propylæum Society was asked to hold its annual open meeting this year at the home of Dr. and Mrs. McKenna. The Senior class of the College was also invited for the evening. The subject of the meeting was "College, from a Girl's Standpoint." Advantage was taken of the rather unique fact that among the members of the society are representatives from three of the other Maritime colleges, a condition which exists in no other of these colleges so far as we know. The program was as follows:

Paper, "Dalhousie"	Miss Fash
Paper, "U. N. B."	Miss Phillips
Solo	Miss Haley
Paper, "Mt. Allison"	Miss Dunham
Paper, "Acadia"	Miss McLeod
Female Quartette	
Reading	Miss Cogswell
Synopsis	Miss Johnson
Chours, The Red and the Blue	
Critique	Miss Haley

After the meeting had adjourned, refreshments were served, while a general discussion of the society and its doings was indulged in.

To those who graduate this year there will remain the memory of just two classes of receptions; the 1903 Athenæum Reception, and—other receptions. All circumstances seemed to combine to make this affair the most successful and most enjoyable reception that has been held in College Hall for some years. In the first place much time and care was taken with the decorations. Then the blinding glare of the electric lights was subdued to a soft red light effect by means of tissue paper shades and chinese lanterns. The Harpers from Halifax furnished music during the entire evening. Two corners were draped off from the main hall and fitted up with cozy corners heavily laden with sofa cushions. The topics were of sufficient length to be enjoyable, and altogether arrangements were so well carried out that the evening of April 3rd 1903 will be remembered for some time by all who attended.

The Seminary Elocution Recital, which proved to be the most enjoyable of the year, was held in College Hall on the evening of April 17th. The program was given almost entirely by those who have been studying under the able instruction of Miss Lynds. The first number was given by Miss Louise Morse in a manner at once realistic and graceful. Miss Laurie Cohoon was really charming. She entered into the spirit of her selection, which was especially adapted to her personality, perhaps better than any other reader of the evening. Miss Reid held the attention of the audience perfectly through a long and difficult selection from the "Right of Way." Miss Willis quite captured the audience with her interpretation of a comic reading entitled the "Day of Judgment." In fact all the readings were so good it is quite useless for us to go through the entire list and pick out the particular excellence of each number. Miss Gillespie's piano solo is however worthy of special mention. Perhaps the last number of all was as well enjoyed as any, especially by one portion of the audience. This was a drill given by a number of young ladies dressed in Greek costume. The marching was good, and the appearance of the performers was certainly graceful. It seems a pity that twenty or more centuries of modistes have fallen away so deplorably from the simplicity and beauty of the dress worn by Greek ladies.

* * *

On the evening of April 2nd, a number of students were entertained at Mrs. W. C. Archibald's. As is usual when Mrs. Archibald is hostess, a very pleasant time was enjoyed. We feel that our thanks are due to her and to others in town who make the college year so much pleasanter for all of us by their invitations to their homes. These glimpses of Wolfville homes sometimes mean so much to us students.

* * *

The Basket Ball game between Bridgetown and Acadia, which was played on April 3rd in our gymnasium, was very well attended considering the fact that there was to be a big Reception that evening. The visiting team felt that they were under a disadvantage on account of a misunderstanding of the rules which occasioned many fouls on their part. They had some good individual players, but were not equal to the home team in combination work. The game throughout was fast, but Acadia proved too much for the visitors and when time was called the score stood 15—8 in our favor.

The two concluding games of the Basket Ball league were both between the Seniors and Juniors. The first of these games was in the favor of the Juniors. This team put up the best game of the season on this occasion. The defense men clung tenaciously to their opponents and kept them from having much to do with the ball, while the forwards for once in their history played good scientific combination and proved that they did have some idea of how the game should be played, although it is not often that they show it. The score of this game was 16—5 in favor of '04. This gave them first place in the Spring Basket Ball league. The Seniors however won the Fall league, and so the two teams were tied for Basket Ball champions. One week later the final game was played. In the meantime one change had been made on the Senior team which proved to be for the better. The Seniors played furiously to break up the Junior combination work, and they succeeded. The Seniors obtained the lead in the first half and the Juniors became somewhat disheartened and did not play the same game which had won for them the previous week. Toward the end of the game the '04 team began to pick up however, and soon tied the score. The most intense excitement prevailed. The gym was crowded around the lines with nearly all the College, Academy and Seminary. The roar was deafening, and no one pretended to hear the referee when he spoke or the umpires when they whistled.

The finish was probably the most exciting that has ever been witnessed in our gymnasium. The score was tie a few seconds before time, but just as the time-keeper's whistle blew a foul was called on the Juniors. The foul was allowed, and Shankel carefully twirled the ball into the basket, and the Seniors had won the league by one point. Score 10—9. Naughty-three went wild over their unexpected victory, "Pad" was bounced clear to the ceiling, and Thomas was bounced as high as 200 lbs. can be conveniently. In another part of the gym the Juniors had rushed out and were bouncing Capt. Cunningham. The scene was one that will not be forgotten soon by any who witnessed it. It was worth following all the tame and uninteresting games of the league to see the sensational finish to the whole business. The standing for the entire league follows.

	Won	Lost
Seniors	6	1
Juniors	5	2
Sophomores	2	4
Freshmen	0	6

On April 20th the first game of the Baseball league was played between the Juniors and Freshmen. The game was not particularly well played by either team, but seemed to furnish the required amount of amusement for the grand stand. The Freshmen have two or three good players, and they are doing bravely trying to pound the rudiments of baseball into the rest of the nine. There is some hope of making ball players out of them, too. The Juniors did better work at the bat than they ever did last year, but they made several errors in fielding which were rather inexcusable. The score was 17—6 in favor of '04.

Two days later, the 22nd, the Sophomore team, assisted by Mr. Tingley, played a game with the two upper classes. The day was raw and cold as winter, and the players seemed too cold either to catch flies or bat well. No brilliant work was done by either team, although the Sophs showed signs of having material which will probably develop into a league-winning team. They held the upper classes very well with the exception of one inning in which they went to pieces and let in 13 runs. The last two innings were played to an empty grand stand, and the game stopped at half past supper-time with the score 20—9 in favor of the upper classes.

* * *

On the evening of April 24th there occurred the third annual Oratorical Contest for the Kerr Boyce Tupper Medal. The weather was disagreeable, but that did not prevent the attendance of an audience which nearly filled College Hall. The East Gallery was reserved for students who during the evening enlivened matters with rousing college songs. In fact the singing was a prominent feature of the evening. The College Orchestra also did its best to counteract the effect of the five orators.

Among the hopeful signs to be observed was the increased number of contestants. Five competed this year as against four last year and three the year before. We wish we could say that the quality of the orations has increased as their number, but truth compels us to say that it has not. One left the Hall with an unsatisfied feeling, a feeling as though when the speakers had done so well it was too bad they hadn't done better. Four out of the five speakers selected the same subject, namely "The Power and Worth of Public Opinion, and it was quite remarkable that no two of the speakers treated the subject in the same way. The first speaker, Mr. Boggs marred an excellent essay by his delivery. He was very nervous and spoke so fast that it

was hard to follow him. He had the close attention, and at the same time the sympathy of his audience. Everyone seemed to wish he would slow up a little and let them enjoy what they knew would be enjoyable if he would let it be so. Mr. Baker the second speaker was easily the best elocutionist of the evening and was judged by many to be worthy of the medal. He spoke with perfect ease, in a natural and pleasing manner. His points were well made and carried conviction to the audience, although his style led one along the flowery paths of eloquence rather than in the hard cold lane of logic. His gestures were natural and unobtrusive, and by the way, he was the only speaker of the five who used any gestures at all. Ever since a certain sarcastic writer ridiculed the gestures of the speakers at a Junior Exhibition three years ago, there has been a dread of moving hand, foot or head, clinging to all speakers in college exercises. Mr. Morse who spoke on "National Sentiment a Need in Canada" treated his subject in a decidedly original manner to say the least. His pose was that of a lawyer addressing a jury, and his style was that of a first class stump speech. Mr. Morse would have appeared to better advantage if he had learned his piece, for the flow of his eloquence was frequently interrupted by little arguments with the prompter. We would like to read Mr. Morse's oration as a magazine article rather than hear him deliver it as an oratorical effort. Mr. Cox presented a thoughtful and interesting essay in a low monotone. He occasionally strayed away from his subject, but his effort was so good as a literary production that there were not wanting those who believed the prize would go to him. The last speaker and winner of the contest, Mr. Chipman, fulfilled the expectations of all. He was picked as the winner a month ago. Mr. Chipman had a very carefully prepared and solid oration, and he was as calm and composed in delivering it as the carnation in his buttonhole. Although the last of five speakers, and of four speakers upon his same subject he held the attention of his audience throughout, and probably combined more good qualities than any of the others. The announcement by the judges that Mr. Chipman had won was enthusiastically received. The three judges of the contest were Rev. C. H. Day, Rev. R. F. Dixon and Rev. G. F. Johnson.

Undercurrents.

With malice toward none,
With charity for all.—LINCOLN.

New additions to the Sem and College Faculties. They are said to be howling successes.



AT A SEM BASKET BALL GAME.

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AT TENNIS.

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AN ENGAGEMENT (CIRCUS STYLE.)

The girl you ring is the girl you win.



"I'll fix you!" he hissed and with a murderous look in his orb the kodak fiend plunged the film into the hypo fixing solution.



The Freshmen are contemplating the purchase of a class cradle.



A letter and the reply which show that the "old man" is still too much for the college-bred son:—

Some Sems are fair,
And some are dark;
Send me fifty,
Your son Mark.

Some Sems are fair,
And some are pink;
I'll send you fifty,
I don't think.



Say, "that fellow must have a great brain."

"Why?"

"Because I often see him revolving in his mind."



Chipman Hall—no, we beg *his* pardon, Acadia Residence, the Land of the Midnight Son (sun.)

Keep off the grass! This is a "Park."



IN THEIR FAVOR.

"One thing can be said in favor of those smoking volcanes," said a ministerial to B-r-ss.

"What is it?"

"They don't smoke cigarettes."



NO TIME TO LOSE.

1st Student (an inmate of Chip Hall) "I wish my work to live after me."

2nd Student,— "Well, you'd better hurry up and die."



OVERHEARD AT RECEPTION.

She—"Do you understand the language of flowers?"

He—"Well, I know that roses mean bankruptcy."



"Did I not see him coming out of chapel very hastily the other morning?"

"Oh no! it was merely a dog trot."



Follower of Bernar McFadden,— "This is a great treatment for the eyes."

"Has it done them any good?"

"I don't know, but the book says it does, so it must be all right."



ETIQUETTE BOX.

Question. What is a suitable dress for reception?

Answer. It is in good form to go to a reception in a Tuxedo coat and a pair of dancing slippers, but some prefer to wear an expression of pleasure.

Q. What is the proper manner in which to eat soup?

A. It is generally considered correct to eat it with the mouth, although many prefer their shirt fronts. However that is only a matter of taste.



Cad (seeing several fellows walking with those apologies for canes)— "Say, aren't you fellows afraid of catching cold with those little canes?"



LAZY.

X.— "I wish I were a telegraph pole."

Y.— "Why?"

X.— "So that I could stay in my hole all day long."

FREE TRANSLATION.

Tandem Virgil ad scholam redit.—Virgil rode to school on a tandem.



FROM THE SEM MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

Dance music lifts the sole, and snores may be classed as sheet music.



IN THE PHYSICS CLASS. DISCUSSION OF ELECTRICITY.

Prof.—“How are *sparking* effects produced?”

Student,—“I generally produce them by putting my arms around her.”

Prof.—“And does it produce attraction or repulsion?”

Student—“With me, attraction.”



Simonson—“So she really said she thought me very witty?”

Sem,—“Not exactly. She said she had to laugh every time she saw you.”



Lady,—“That picture looks like George Elliott.”

Senior,—“Why, that can't be George Elliott, that is a picture of a woman.”



BEFORE.

Up in that lovely Sem
There lives a perfect gem.
She is a bunch of charms
I'll take her in my arms.

AFTER.

And so one summer's day,
I took her up that way;
She grabbed me by the neck,
And now I am a wreck.



“They're on a lark.”

“Who?”

“Feathers.”



AT BASEBALL.

“Look out, Porter, there comes a “High Ball” for you.”

“Well it can't be for me; I ordered, not a “High Ball,” but a “brandy and port.”



MIRACULOUS.

One Sunday not long ago, a Sem drew a picture of a certain Freshman in the back of a hymn book. In about two minutes the picture turned green and the words, “Is this your first reception,” appeared on the paper.

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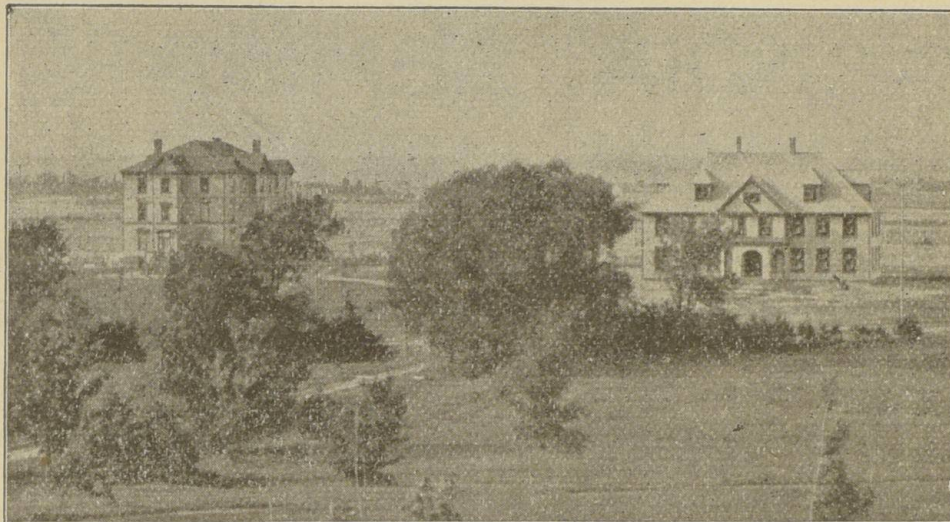
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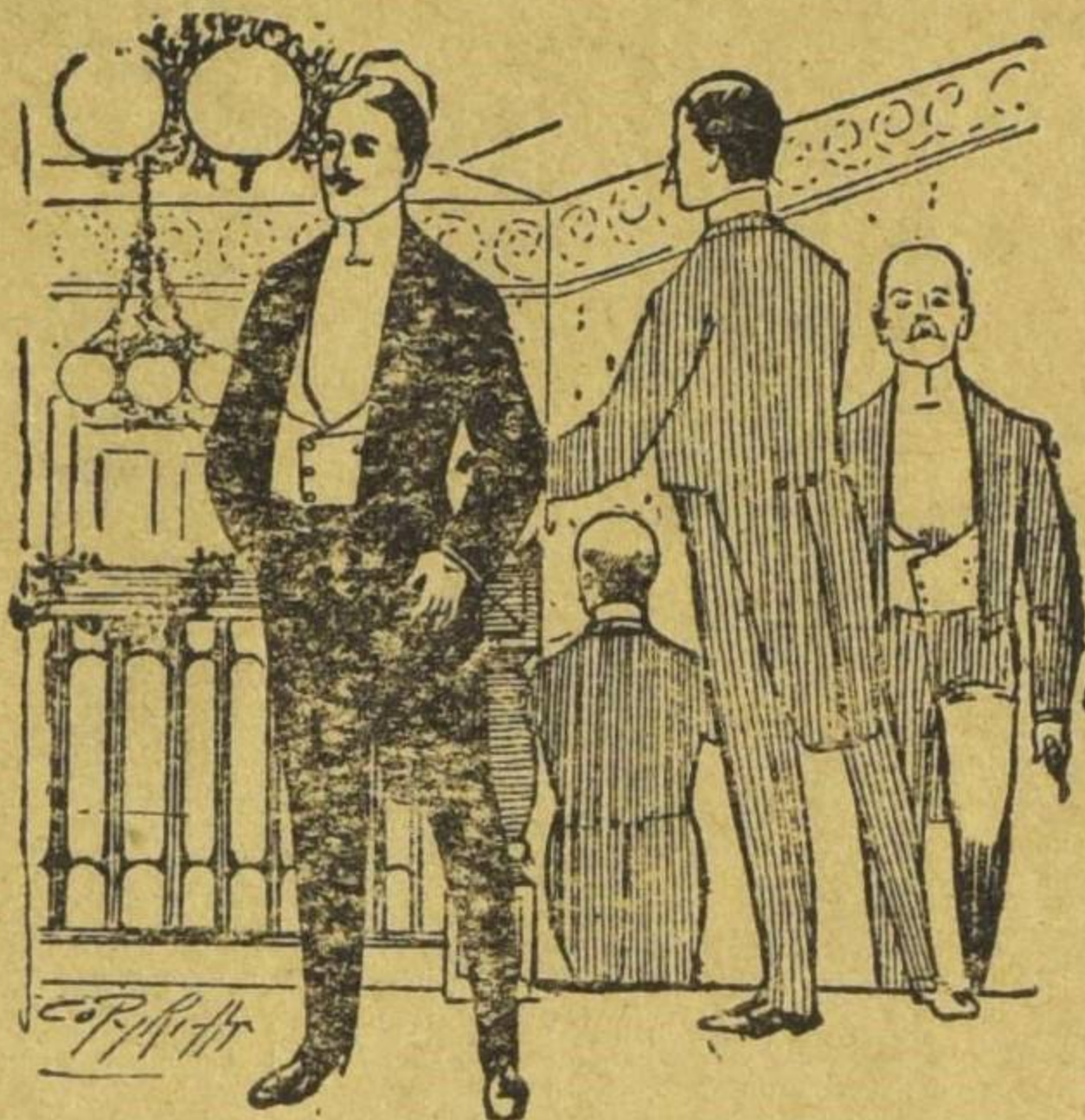
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