

# The Acadia Athenæum.

VOL. XXXII.

MARCH 1906

No. 5

## The Legend of the Mayflower.

 IN the southern coast of Nova Scotia lies the beautiful harbor of Mahone, famous for the hundreds of verdant islands dotting its surface, for the wooded headlands jutting far into its depths and for the character of its waters so quick to respond to the varied influences of nature. Famous now for the beauty of its scenery, it was none the less remarkable years ago, for the lives and exploits of the Indians, who inhabited its numerous islands scattered as so many spirits across the blue expanse of waters.

At one time in the history of this race and at the time of our story, there lived on an island near the center of the bay, a mighty brave, Kenabeek, whose prowess in all pertaining to the title *brave* was proverbial amongst his tribe.

Our tale is not of Kenabeek, however, but concerning his daughter Wahmona, a gentle maiden to whom nature had been especially kind. Beautiful as the flower of the woodland was she in childhood; and as her maturer nature was approached, this beauty was not diminished. Black were her tresses as the wing of the night raven, soft her eye as the stars in the Moon of Bright Nights, graceful her form and gliding her carriage as the does' of the forest, sweet her voice as the tinkling of laughing waters. Fair was she indeed; and yet her fairness was not earthly. It seemed she had imbibed more from her environment than her dusky sisters had been capable of. There was something in her nature that did not respond to the common-place things of everyday life. "Daughter of the South Wind" they called her and, with their Indian superstition, regarded her as *his* spirit come for a short time, to dwell among them. The sighing of the breezes, the singing of the pines, the sounds of the Big Water beating upon the shores of her island home, the voice of Opechee, the

robin, the wild things of the forest about her, these were her friends and a hidden kinship seemed to bind them together.

On another island not far distant, dwelled a younger brave Shungetawa of the same tribe over which Kenabeek was chief. Several times in his early youth, he had been sent by his father to the island of Kenabeek and after gaining manhood, his own business called him frequently there, as he had earned for himself a position of respect from the other members of his tribe.

Coming so frequently into the presence of Wahmona, Shungetawa had learned to regard the gentle girl, with all the love of the nature he had inherited. Strangely enough to those about her, the love he gave was reciprocated by Wahmona and only at his approach and under his influence did she seem to come from the land of spirits wherein she dwelled, and become a daughter of earth listening to the old, old story so quaintly told by this Indian lover.

Thus Shungetawa wooed and won Wahmona and one bright Spring day in the Moon of Leaves, just as the zephyrs from the regions of the home winds were touching all nature, the smoke curled from a new wigwam, in which the daughter of the South Wind reigned supreme.

Happy were they in their solitude. They called their island Minnewawa, land of pleasant sounds ; for the soft breezes whispering through the trees, the mild sounds of the big water upon the gravel of the shore and even the sterner winds and the harsher rasping of the storm-swept waters, were so many voices from the realm of the great Spirit, who, through these manifold tongues, was uttering some phase of the great nature he had given them to enjoy. Happy were they watching the full glory of the setting sun and the splendor of the purple clouds of early evening. Happy were they in welcoming the stars appearing one by one as blossoms in the blue field of heaven. Happy were they in listening to the twilight sounds in the forest ; for in the very chirp of the sparrow, the chatter of the squirrel, the soft eye of the deer as it gazed upon them, was told again and again the story of their lives.

But as the summer advanced, Wahmona's eye assumed more of that lustre which had always given her the appearance of something more ethereal than earthly, her cheek became thinner, her step slower, her whole being became wasted in spite of all the skill of the medicine

man, until at last, in the Moon of Falling Leaves, when the forest was turning to red and gold and nature was preparing for her winter sleep, the soul of Wahmona was borne on the breath of the home-wind to dwell in the abode of the blessed, in the Kingdom of Ponemah.

Shungetawa tenderly laid his bride of a few months to rest 'neath the pines she loved so well, all nature seeming to say with him, "Farewell, O Wahmona daughter of the South Wind, sweet be thy rest in the kingdom of the Great Spirit." And he returned to his lonely wigwam, concealing with the stoicism of his race, the grief that had overcome him. And life went on. But the forests, dark and gloomy, moaned the loss of their human kin, the waves sobbed upon the pebbles of the shore in tones that would not be comforted, the North Wind howled all through the Moon of Snowshoes, Ahdeek the deer, peered through the entrance of the wigwam in search of a familiar figure, Opechee chirped in vain, for no response could it get, the moon veiled herself in a mantle of thick gray and even the sun failed to give the beautiful tints at his setting that had been his custom through the summer. Thus passed the winter, lonely enough for the solitary brave with only mourning nature to keep him company.

When Spring returned, after the snow-covered earth had been kissed by the returning warmth of the sun, and the sombre forest was taking on its new clothing of green, Shungetawa unable to hide his anguish longer, visited the resting-place of Wahmona. The mound he had so tenderly raised only seven moons previous, was covered with a spread of mossy green, through which were peeping numerous clusters of tiny pink and white blossoms and trailing vines.

Looking down at the grave, he heard the voice of Wahmona coming from the depths of the little flowerets, "Weep no longer O my Shungetawa; the Great Spirit has decreed that the soul of thy Wahmona shall live again in the blossoms of the forest. Emblems of gentleness and purity shall they be. They shall be scattered far and wide amongst the tribes at every Moon of Leaves. Rejoice then, for thy Wahmona is ever with thee at the returning of the Segwun\*." And all nature rejoiced with him.

Thus it is, that every Spring, the South Wind breathes the spirit of Wahmona into the Mayflower, symbol of fragrance, purity and gentleness.

\*Spring.

## The Year's Greeting.

I

Knocking, I stood today  
At the door of the tower ;  
Crying : "Lead me aloft  
Ere the midnight hour !  
For my heart is on fire  
With a mighty desire  
The world at my feet  
To greet."

2

Mutely the ancient guide  
Attended the way :  
Tranquil the hidden earth  
Snow-covered lay ;  
Like an ocean of light  
Gleamed the city all bright  
A radiant star  
Afar.

3

Drinking great draughts of air—  
Deep night air profound,  
Ghostly imaginings  
My senses drowned ;  
Every light like an eye  
Distant days could descry,  
And bring them anew  
To view.

4

Soon every glance espied  
Through the misty gray,  
Pictures surpassing strange  
Of terrestrial fray ;  
Tears fell fast unrestrained  
Wounded hearts bled again—  
This blood not for guilt  
Was spilt.

5

Did not the dark reveal  
Death mounds here,—there ?  
Flitted not thence on wings  
Troubled dream forms fair ?

Every still New Year's Eve  
Do all dead spirits grieve,  
But return from that shore  
No more.

6

Greater than death is life—  
Hark ! in every hall,  
Voices of memory ring  
With a loud, wild call ;  
Through all hearts must this woe  
Like a turbid stream flow,  
For dreams at what cost  
Long lost !

7

Ceaseless, discordant strife  
Fought in bitter tears ;  
Misery, Sham, Deceit,  
Through a thousand years !  
Did Dame Fortune entice ?  
Golden youth was the price  
She required ; and we paid,  
Dismayed.

8

Battling with crushing cares  
Of relentless Time—  
List !—Was that bells I heard,  
Peace—Prophetic chime ?—  
Truly life's but a jingle  
Where joy and grief mingle,  
So, drink the full glass  
Then pass !—

9

Surely a friendly sun  
Shines on the strife ;  
Victory's earnest to him  
Who has fought aright—  
Where the blade that back hurled  
Shades of Pluto's dark world  
A warrior's reward—  
His sword ?

10

Midnight !—Like thunder sounds  
Every bell 'neath the sky ;  
Fearless my soul sends back  
A fierce passionate cry :—  
"This our sword and our light  
Through life's storm-troubled night  
Victor, crowned from above—  
True Love."

From the German of Otto Ernst

*By Rosamond M. Archibald, '04.*

## The Ascent of Ben Nevis,

SEVERAL summers ago, while touring through the Highlands of Scotland with a friend, I was seized with an uncontrollable desire to go to far-famed Ben Nevis and climb to the top. It was the momentary assertion of the wild love for the unusual that is in most people, and it took a tremendous hold on me. With the joy of a child, I unfolded my plan to my travelling companion. She, too, rejoiced in the inspiration, and so in the quiet twilight of quaint Inverness, sitting at the foot of the stately statue of faithful Flora MacDonald, we changed our plans, and decided to start in the morning for the other side of Scotland. We went back to the hotel, made our arrangements, and five o'clock the next morning found us breakfasting, while the bus without was waiting to convey us to the port, a mile or more away, where steamers started down the beautiful Caledonian Canal. For eight hours we sailed along the river. The rugged beauty of the Highlands, the peaceful flowing of the smooth stream, the white-capped lakes, all made a picture full of beauty and quiet grandeur. The hours were short, and all too soon we reached Banavie, where we took train for Fort William, that picturesque little village nestling at the foot of the high mountain peaks. We lodged at the quaintest little inn and eagerly told our landlady of our proposed plan. She smiled incredulously and remarked that she never had heard of American ladies climbing Ben; nevertheless she entered into our enthusiasm sufficiently to promise us breakfast at six in the morning. Next day at seven we set forth gay to the point of intoxication in the fresh morning air. We had decided to walk the whole distance and under no circumstances would we take a guide. We passed through the still main street, crossed the bridge and walked along by a weird, winding stream to the foot of the mountain, a distance of three and one-half miles. We were evidently alone and in full possession of all that grandeur, and now we started on the upward path. The air of the morning made us strong and glad, and we sped along for a mile or two over the narrow path feeling as if we had stolen a march on all creation. On and on we went looking back often to see the beautiful coun-

try spreading out below us, and then looking ahead with wonder at the strength and ruggedness towering over us. The narrow path went winding over grassy slopes and under rocky ledges, crossing here and there fascinating little mountain streams hurrying to the valley. On we went into a drenching mist when we could see naught but a slight strip of brown earth before us. The wet oozed through our clothes and our hats hung limp, but our spirits were not dampened. I glanced at my companion and her red cheeks and brilliant dark eyes told me that the climb was a tonic for her. She was not, as I, a born walker; but I had tested her endurance a week or two before in a tramp around the Isle of Man, and later over miles of the rough grass-land along the North Sea, so I knew that grit would carry her weary feet along to the end.

We talked but little as we moved up through the moisture. Suddenly the mist lifted and we found ourselves on a round green hill with a stray sheep grazing and blinking at us, the first living thing we had seen since leaving the village. We thought we were nearing the top and pushed on with renewed zeal while the fresh breeze dried the mist from our clothes. In a few minutes our eyes caught sight of a small house to the left and we instantly exclaimed that we had reached the top. We eagerly ran to read the legend on the side and lo! it told us that we were just half way up! Then we turned to look back, and never while I live shall I forget the view. The white fleecy clouds were rolling and tumbling about our feet and through them, as they moved, came glimpses of distant highlands, a broad valley with the Caledonian Canal glimmering in the grass like a silver thread, and many small streams twisting their way to the lake below. Above us towered high Ben Nevis while the sun played with the masses of low-lying mist. It was glorious and we drank deep of the beauty. Then we rested a little on a luring log lying across the road-side stream and ate the little lunch we carried. The hardest climb came after that for soon all signs of vegetable life were left behind and we trudged up-up-up a stony path, the stones slipping and sliding under our feet and making harder the steepness. A mile or two more and the path disappeared, and there was nothing to be seen anywhere but rocks, large and small, and the way was indicated here and there by a pole standing erect from a pile of stones. We passed blindly from one to another hoping that we had read aright the wordless message. The climb became at less a jump-

ing from rock to rock with an unspoken prayer that we would not fall into the chasms below. The mute messengers were now closer together and we passed one after another on that dreary waste of rock while a dense, almost blinding, Scotch mist settled down upon us. There we were all alone on that desolate waste of rocks not knowing which way to turn and enveloped in a blinding fog. There was nothing to do but sit where we were and await developments. We speculated upon the possibility of having to remain there all night, and laughed ourselves into believing that we should enjoy the situation. But finally the mist lifted a little and we were able to pass from one close signal to another. Once we stumbled on a patch of snow filling up a deep crevice, and then we were on the brink of a precipice so high that our hearts almost stopped beating when we saw how near we were to the edge. A step or two more and we would have been hurled hundreds of feet to certain death. We moved away cautiously fearing a sudden move would plunge us into some other lurking danger. We groped along, for the mist was settling down again and in a moment we struck against a wall of boards and saw a glimmering light. It was the little wood shanty known as the Ben Nevis Hotel, and we knew we had reached the top. In we went where two lone Scotch lasses were hovering over the cook stove fire. They greeted us gladly, and soon were steeping tea for us, so strong that the milk made no perceptible impression on it, and we were fairly intoxicated by the beverage. It did us good and we felt refreshed, and I at once became a convert to the virtues of tea. We gazed about the little kitchen, read every notice on the walls, and talked to the two young women in charge, whom we learned stayed up in the midst of that dreariness four months in the year. Their scanty supplies were brought up on ponies' backs,—no wonder that they charged us three and six for tea! When we could get no more information from them, we eagerly seized upon the guest register and inscribed our names within so that future generations might see that two American women walked from Fort William to the top of Ben Nevis in four hours, in all nearly eleven miles from our abiding place. The Scot of course would do it in about half the time, but for raw recruits from across the sea, four hours was very good. Our bosoms swelled with pride. I felt fairly fresh, but my companion was weary. She grew confidential while the spell of the tea was upon her and told me that she never expected to reach the top

and thought many times that she would lie down and die, bidding me go on alone. She still claims that if I had even once admitted weariness, it would have been all over with her.

We rested half an hour, then passed out, but not a glimpse of the glorious view did we get. I saw my friend and she saw me, and there in the mist we quoted,

“Upon the top of Nevis, blind in mist !  
I look into the chasms, and a shroud  
Vaporous doth hide them;—just so much I wist  
Mankind do know of hell ; I look o'erhead,  
And there is sullen mist,—even so much  
Mankind can tell of heaven ; mist is spread  
Before the earth, beneath me,—even such  
Even so vague is man's sight of himself !  
Here are the craggy stones beneath my feet,—  
Thus much I know that, a poor witless elf,  
I tread on them,—that all my eye doth meet  
Is mist and crag, not only on this height,  
But in the world of thought and mental might !”

The brevity of our stay on top was due to the fact that we planned to start for Glasgow at three that afternoon as friends were expecting us. We fairly fled down the mountain side, nor did we stop once till we reached the half-way house where the sun was shining above us and the fleecy clouds were blowing under and about us as before. Then we halted to drink from a wayside spring ; but the halt was fatal, for we found ourselves so lame we could scarcely start again. However, we forced ourselves on and continued the descent at breakneck speed.

Time was flying and we feared that defeat awaited us. At the foot we wasted two minutes trying to hire a horse and waggon at a farm house ; but the only animal they owned was a cow, so we set our teeth and walked on at a record breaking pace. The change to level ground was pleasing and we did not feel our lameness so much. On and on we went, hoping against hope that we could catch a carriage from some village hotel on its way to the train, but the hope was vain. We strode on speechless, and at last saw the station; then we turned down a by path, crossed the track in front of our snorting engine, reached the platform, and we were off in just one minute and a half.

Hurrah ! victory was ours. We sank in our seats and laughed with glee. We both admitted that it was a foolish thing to do, yet during the next week, when going up or down stairs was a physical impossibility and walking on level ground a grievous trial to the bones, we never once felt sorry for our daring.

Some say Keats' life was shortened by climbing Ben Nevis, perhaps ours will be ; but no fear for the future can even rob us the glimpses of glory we had on the way. A twenty-one mile tramp we took to stand for half an hour one mile nearer heaven.

To others ambitious to make the same ascent, my advice is "do not try to take a three o'clock train to Glasgow the same day."

*Annie Marion MacLean, '93.*



## Old Times on the Hill.

ASKED by the editor to write for the ATHENÆUM some reminiscences of my student days at Acadia, I consented without realizing the difficulties that would attend the doing of it. So now the promise must be fulfilled "for better—for worse."

Let me begin by quoting the somewhat quaint language of an English scholar of the 18th century, and inserting the name of my *Alma Mater* in place of Cambridge, England.

"I regarded it then, as I continue to regard it now, with the fondest and most unfeigned affection. . . . The unreserved conversation of scholars, the disinterested offices of friendship, the use of valuable books, and the example of good men, are endearments by which Acadia will keep a strong hold upon my esteem, my respect, and my gratitude to the last moment of my life."

When *we* were there, forty-five years ago—more than twice as many years as the average student of to-day has lived—many things about our institutions at Wolfville were wonderfully different from what they are now. Shall I note down some of the differences ?

In 1860-61, the first year of my residence on "The Hill," the College Faculty consisted of Rev. J. M. Cramp, D. D., President, B. H. Eaton, A. B., Tutor in Classics, and D. F. Higgins, A. B., Tutor

in Mathematics and Chemistry. There were not more than twenty students, and only one was graduated B. A. in June 1861. The staff of Horton Academy in that year was as follows :—Rev. T. A. Higgins, A. M., Principal, T. H. Rand, A. B. (until Christmas), R. V. Jones, A. B., E. N. Archibald and H. C. Creed, the last two being also students.

In 1861-62, when we were Freshmen, the following composed the Faculty :—Dr. Cramp, President, Professor of History, Moral Science, &c., and in the Theological Department, Prof. of Theology and Ecclesiastical History ; James DeMill, A. M., Prof. of the Greek and Latin Languages, Daniel F. Higgins A. M., Prof. of Mathematics and Chemistry, Rev. John Pryor, D. D., Professor of Metaphysics and Belles Lettres. There were then thirty-one regular students, (sixteen of whom were Freshmen) and four partial students, besides four of the nine "theologs," making thirty-nine in all. So the attendance was about doubled that year, which was considered a great thing. But contrast these numbers with the present Faculty of fourteen teachers and the student body of one hundred and fifty.

Most of the students occupied rooms in the College building, and under the same roof, with its ell or wing, were the President's residence (at the east end), the Library, the Museum, and three or four lecture rooms, the Academy Hall, class-rooms, and several rooms occupied by Academy boys. The south wing, in which the latter were situated, was known as the "Old Academy," because this part, with the Hall in front of it, was the original structure, before the College was erected. Two features at least of the old building remain firmly fixed in the memory of the old boys : the stately pillared portico in front, and the original roof which was covered by the roof and cupola of the College, and over which we had to scramble in the semi-darkness when we went up to the belfry.

No janitor in those days looked after the bell and the fires, but each student in turn served as "Monitor" for a week, ringing the bell for prayers and lectures, and making the fires in the library and lecture-rooms.

To the west of the College, with only a driveway between, was the Academy building, containing the apartments of the Principal, the teachers and the Boarding house-keeper's family, one or more class-rooms, with the old dining-hall in the basement.

According to the Calendar for 1861-62, the staff of teachers in the "Male Department" of the Academy was largely the same as in the year before, but W. H. Porter, A. B., had taken the place of Mr. Rand, and Mr. Archibald had dropped out; while those of the "Female Department" (opened in January) were Miss Alice F. Shaw, Principal, and Misses Rosie Bentley, Irene Elder, Mary Beckwith, Sophia Norwood, Lizzie Lawrence and Annie D. Shaw—Pupil Assistants.

It is interesting to notice, while speaking generally of the work of the Institutions at that time, that Dr. Cramp, in his annual report to the Governors in 1860, said "The French and German languages should be taught in our College, and instruction should be given in Civil Engineering—a desideratum of no small importance." The honored president was many years ahead of his time when he made the latter suggestion. As to the modern languages, a French gentleman had taught classes on the Hill some years before that, and the work was taken up by the writer in August, 1860, to be handed over, four years later, to Mr. Albert J. Hill. During that period every student in the Academy, Seminary and College who desired instruction in French got it from the same young man.

It was on a long drive over a lonely country road, in the summer of 1860, in company with "Daniel Francis Higgins," (for so he was then known in his native county of Hants) that the idea of going to Wolfville was suggested to me by him. He had been asked, it seems, to teach French in the Academy in addition to his work in the College, but would prefer to confine himself to the latter, and so proposed that I, being proficient in French, should teach that branch and at the same time finish my preparation for College, so as to enter in the following September. This plan being at length agreed to, my life-long attachment to Acadia was one of the results.

Our class always thought we were particularly fortunate in that the College had as Professor of Classics during just the four years of our residence a man so full of inspiration and so thoroughly competent as James DeMille, scholar and novelist. Of course we were equally proud to be under the presidency of John Mockett Cramp. And these things can be said without the slightest disparagement to the honored men who have so ably filled the same positions since that early period. In June of 1861, Professor DeMille delivered his inaugural address, concerning which there appears in the diary of a newly matriculated

Freshman of that day the following entry :—"One of the best addresses I have ever heard—the language clear, forcible, smooth—the delivery faultless. We were all charmed with him."

There were no Honor Courses in the College previous to January 1865, when, in our Sophomore year, "Honors in Classics" were introduced under Prof. DeMille. At the Anniversary in June of that year, the men who had done the extra work in Latin and Greek were called up, class by class, beginning with the lowest class; and thus it happened that I was the first man who ever received from the hands of the President of Acadia an Honor Certificate. The first to graduate with Honors were Edwin D. King and Israel A. Blair. #

In another article something may be said about athletics, and the students' societies, and public "functions" (as we now call them), and students' papers, and other things in the long ago. But let me close for the present with a short catalogue of "differences." In those days there was no foot-ball, nor hockey nor basket-ball of course; there was no ball-ground till we made it; there were no college colors nor class colors, no college "yells," no medals, and few if any prizes. There was no railway to Wolfville, only stage-coaches, and some of us who were sentimental thought it would be a desecration of the sacred, classic precincts to let the puffing, screaming iron horse invade them.

For light we used "burning-fluid", candles, "Albertine oil", and finally kerosene. For drinking and washing purposes we had, in the rear of the buildings, two wells with buckets, beside one of which, near the centre of the yard, was a frame-work supporting the Academy bell, whose clanging waked the boys in the early morning and called them together through the day. Lastly there was then no College Hall, and the Anniversary observances and public gatherings took place in the Baptist Church of the village.

So times change and the world moves,  
"And the thoughts of men are widen'd with the process of the suns."

*Herbert C. Creed, '65.*



## The Wood-land Spirit.

Higher and higher,  
Flamed our camp-fire,  
Casting a glow  
Over the snow,  
A circle of light  
Surrounded by night.

Sudden each heart stood still :  
Over the vale and the hill,  
Sounding from regions remote,  
A long drawn mystical note  
Swelled on the air and dropped.  
Softly it sank and stopped.

Then, through the branches,  
Swift avalanches  
Of music and song  
Hurried along,  
From this side and that,  
All round where we sat.

While yet the forest rang,  
Into our midst there sprang,  
Ghost-like, a figure bright,  
Robed like the winter night.  
Backward her tresses flung,  
Softly this song she sung :

*“Queen of the wood-land,  
Angel of wild things,  
Spirit of Freedom, I am.  
Come to my good land,  
Drink of its mild springs,  
Rest in its quiet and calm.*

*“Rich your reward is,  
Ye who obey me,  
Ye who answer my call.  
What your reward is,  
No need to say ye ;  
Ye yourselves know of it all.”*

Ceasing, she whirled around,  
Rose from the snowy ground,  
Leaving no foot-print or mark ;  
Vanishing into the dark ;  
While the last long mystical note  
Was echoed in regions remote.

*B. F. Trotter, H. C. A.*



## Ponies and Cribs, or Student's Helps.

II HAVE been asked to write something on “Cribbing.” Pressure of work prevents my handling this practice as it deserves. “Cribbing” in itself may be honest or dishonest, according as the “cribber” tries to deceive his instructor and classmates or not. Deceit of any sort is questionable ; deceit, that thereby one may gain some unfair advantage is unquestionably wrong and merits nothing but condemnation.

But aside from the morality of the practice, granting, if you will, that morally it is defensible, what about its value to one engaged in preparing himself for the demands that life makes on an educated man ? Why are students given work to do in foreign languages ? It is not merely that they may get acquainted with the thoughts of the great men of other lands and times. Such an end might be reached more easily through good translations. There is, besides the knowledge of what has been written by the mighty men of Greece and Rome and modern Europe, and education to be got through the acquisition of a foreign tongue. The power gained in mastering difficulties ; the

facility in the use of one's own language, acquired by rendering into appropriate English thoughts expressed in other tongues ; the ability to make nice discriminations in thought and word ; the mental acuteness and intellectual refinement that seem to be the legitimate offspring of classical study : all these are acquirements desirable in themselves that call for recognition in this connection.

Now, what are the chances that the "cribber" will get the discipline he should from his studies ? It is freely conceded that one may use a "crib" in such a way that the effect shall be helpful rather than injurious and yet the chance is altogether on the side of injury to the average student. The opportunity "cribbing" affords the lazy man to make a fair show with slight expenditure of time and toil is obvious. The practice, moreover, is likely to produce habits of superficial work, to render the student distrustful of his own powers, and to foster a desire to lean on others for help. The more immature the student, the greater the danger of harm ; the more immature the student, the greater the likelihood that he will yield to the desire to secure wished for results without any adequate expenditure of labor. There is no special virtue in dictionary and grammar hunting. But often a few minutes spent in a search through grammar and dictionary may do more to stimulate growth of brain power and ability to use that power than could be got from an hour's "cribbing." Muscle and brain both improve through exercise. As well expect a sturdy athlete to come from lying in bed and sucking gruel from a feeding mug, as to look for honest, aggressive brain work from one who persistently prepares his lessons by borrowing from others what they have done.

The life of society today is sapped by parasites. We college men with united voice cry out against this evil. And yet it may be that our schools and colleges are somewhat at fault and in a considerable measure to blame for at least a part of this trouble. Habits of parasitism cultivated in college are likely to persist and to characterize the life of college parasites after they leave the college walls.

I am very well aware that a specious argument may be constructed in defence of "cribbing"—an argument that outwardly may seem worthy, but one that falls to pieces under the strain of individual cases. When tested in this way in nine out of ten cases the reasoning proves to be pure sophistry and the whole argument practically buncombe. As a rule, laziness, shiftlessness, a desire to get something for

nothing, unwillingness to pay the full price, will be found behind the act of "cribbing." The "cribber" inevitably gets weaker as he increases the use of his "helps", and soon finds that his crutches have become a necessity and that his so-called "student's helps" were better named "lazy-bone's" drags.

Truly these are days of mighty improvements! Now we can get a Caesar or Virgil having on the same page the Latin text, an inter-linear literal translation, a marginal elegant translation, and at the bottom of the page an elaborate and exhaustive parsing of every word—everything and anything that the most fastidious and exacting instructor could ask for. What more could an honest, ambitious fellow wish? Here is the ascent of Parnassus made easy. Does a man to-day need a theme written; for a trifle he may buy one ready-made. Does an aspiring candidate for oratorical honors wish a great oration; let him send to New York where he can get the very article he needs. Class exercises or Class Day poems, anything you want may now be had for the paying.

However, the present generation has not a monopoly of "cribbing", for I remember a famous essay, once delivered on a graduating occasion, which some years later I saw in an old review in the library word for word, commas and semi-colons and all, just as you may find it printed in one of the early numbers of the ATHENÆUM. The man who stole the article knew a good thing when he saw it and succeeded for a time in "palming himself off" as the author of a fine essay, but the deception lasted for only a few years and today his disgraceful imposition has become known and he is recognized as being what he is—a shameless thief. A like revelation is in store for all such cheats. Sooner or later the sham is disclosed and the pretender discovers when it is too late that the man most cheated was himself. He tried to get something for nothing and he got—a weakened character, enfeebled powers of application, and an opportunity for achievement lost never to be regained.

*E. W. S. '80.*



## A Literary Query.

WHILE engrossed in the pursuit of a most interesting course in "Old English," enriched by so many gems, there may be a tendency on the part of some to lose sight of the fact that not to the past alone is the beautiful in literature confined, and that we are living in an age which has produced and continues to produce much that will amply reward the student for all the time he may choose to spend thereon.

It is pleasing to remember that we belong to the race whose vivid imaginations, fired not less by their gloomy religion than by the rigor of their environment, have left us the "Beowulf." That imagination was little dimmed when in 1797 Coleridge wrote his "Ancient Mariner" which in our own days has its parallel in Kipling's weird "Rhyme of the Three Sealers."

The traits that appeal to us so strongly in Chaucer's 'Canterbury Characters' are just as apparent in the prose of Charles Dickens, or the 'Adam Bede' of George Elliott; and all their shrewdness, sagacity, practical common sense, confidence in themselves and their country, enlivened by their native wit will be found far more real and fascinating when set forth by the pen of one of our own Canadian authors the inimitable "Sam Slick."

It is a matter of regret that so little interest is taken even by students in Canada's men of letters and suprising that so little is generally known even of those whose titles have become household names.

Of course Canada is too young to boast of any extensive national literature, but we may justly feel proud that even in her infancy she can claim many whose achievements shed lustre on the land of their birth and whose productions will find their place among the world's choicest literary creations.

Would not the time be well spent, then, in becoming better acquainted with these Canadians of the Past and Present? Would it not make us better citizens, inspired with a higher and nobler patriotism to read and know and feel that we too belong to that land which, even in the budding time of her greatness could boast such men as Haliburt-

on, Howe, Roberts, Carman, Rand, Holloway, DeMille, Bourinot, Sir Wm. Davison, and such women as Marshall Saunders, Mrs. John E. Logan, Mrs. Grace Dean McLeod Rogers and many others.

Mr. Editor,—These are but a few thoughts and jottings by the way with the hope that they may stir up our minds "Lest we forget." Perhaps in the future when there are fewer demands on one's time, I may ask a little space in which to refer more particularly to some of those men and women whom every Canadian and especially every native of the *Maritime Provinces* should be proud to know.

D. '08.



## Sir Richard Claverhouse Jebb,

THIS distinguished Classical Scholar died recently at Cambridge University, England. To quote:—he was much more than a great classic, a great Hellenist, or a great humanist; he vindicated the claims of Greek culture as a formative element in the building up of national character. Composition in Greek verse was linked with a consummate mastery of the vernacular, and his achievements as an orator and publicist afford a permanent disproof of the view that a classical education impairs efficiency. His work as a scholar and critic it is difficult to overestimate.

Sir Richard was educated at St. Columba's College, Ireland, Charterhouse and Trinity College, Cambridge. It may be worth while to name some of the distinguished men that have studied at the two last named schools of learning. We find as students at Charterhouse Isaac Barrow, Addison, Steele, John Wesley, Blackstone, Grote, Thirlwall, Havelock and Thackeray; at Trinity College, Bacon, Barrow, Newton, Bentley, Dryden, Cowley, Porson, Byron, Macaulay, Hallam, Whewell, and Tennyson.

Prof. Jebb was Senior Classic in 1862; Fellow and Lecturer of Trinity in 1863; Public Orator of the University in 1869; Prof. of Greek in the University of Glasgow from 1875-1889; Lecturer at John Hopkins University in 1892; Fellow of London University in 1897;

Bampton Lecturer in 1899. He was also President of London Hellenic Society. In 1891 Sir Richard was elected one of the representatives of his University in Parliament. From 1889 till the time of his death he was Regius Professor of Greek in Cambridge.

His services to classical learning were confessedly valuable. His translations into Greek and Latin verse were published in 1878. Quite early in life he ably edited the Ajax and the Electra of Sophocles. Modern Greece was issued in 1880; Bentley (English men of Letters) in 1882; Lectures on Greek Poetry in 1893; Humanism in Education in 1899. Prof. Jebb's *opus magnum*—his monumental work—was the complete edition of Sophocles in eight volumes. This was begun in 1883 and finished in 1896. Just before this was published he gave to the world his Attic orators. Probably none of his works shows so clearly as his Edition of Sophocles Sir Richard's consummate scholarship and clear insight as an interpreter. To quote;—one gift he possessed which certainly has never been surpassed, the ability to write rich and stately Greek verse. The Pindaric ode he addressed to the University of Bologna when it was celebrating the eight-hundredth anniversary of its foundation is a proof of this.

In all Professor Jebb's works you discern the careful, painstaking scholar. Lynx-eyed to find the meaning of an author, he expressed his conceptions in language at once clear and felicitous. Critics say his English style is one of rare excellence. The following verses show how fully one scholar can appreciate another :

RICHARD CLAVERHOUSE JEBB.

Farewell : the voice that called the Theban King,  
This night, rich-dowered soul, hath called on thee ;  
Thou thro' the unknown ways art travelling  
To some fair life of ampler lore to be.

There what high Shades shall greet thee !

Chiefest He

Whose song thro' thy fit spirit flowed like wine,  
Borne from the Mount that by the storied sea  
Lifts to the light Athene's maiden-shrine.

*Von Clure.*

## Editorial.

IT may be remembered by some that one of the aims set before us at the beginning of the year was to encourage in every possible way the literary efforts of undergraduates. In pursuance of this end we announced in December that a Prize Competition would be opened for original writing in poetry and prose. It was not without some misgivings that the experiment was tried; but whatever doubts assailed us at the beginning were gradually dissipated as the time drew near for the Contest to close. Contributions kept coming in until at the last there were no less than ten articles entered in the Competition,—five poems and five stories. When it is considered that the interval between the opening and closing of the Contest was unusually brief and that the plan itself was somewhat of a tentative one, the results are very gratifying and warrant the continuation of such contests.

It is fitting now that announcement be made as to the winners in the Competition. It was rather difficult for the judges in some instances to make sharp discriminations. But when judgment had been finally passed on the contributions they were submitted to one especially competent to weigh their literary merits, and the second decision corresponded with the one previously made. The basis of judgment was four-fold : originality, quality of the thought, style and diction. Some of the articles appeared to greater advantage in one or two of these respects than the actual winners, but fell short with regard to the other requirements.

For the best original story, the First Prize was awarded to W. R. Barss, '07. His story "The Legend of the Mayflower" appears in this issue. The Second Prize was captured by J. A. Estey, '07, for the story entitled, "The Heart of Oak."

For the best original poem, the First Prize was awarded to B. F. Trotter, of Horton Academy. The name of the poem is "The Woodland Spirit" and is also published this month. The Second Prize was taken by C. M. Harris, '07 for the poem entitled "His Heart's Desire."

The ATHENÆUM takes this opportunity of thanking each one who contributed a story or poem to the Competition. It takes pleasure also in congratulating the more successful ones and in wishing them continued success in their future literary efforts.

## The Pierian

(of Acadia Seminary.)

EDITORS :— EFFIE M. SIPPRELL, '06, IVA STEVENS, '07.

TRUE education is mainly a question of emphasis. Each part of the personality must receive such attention as shall, according to the worth of the part, contribute to the perfect whole. The physical must be emphasized, but not over emphasized. The mental life deservedly receives more attention, the spiritual life most of all.

Within the sphere of the intellectual various aptitudes and abilities manifest themselves. Each must be recognized and developed in relation to the others and the whole. Thus in the various courses of study at Acadia, special talents and temperaments find ample opportunity for development, but not at the expense of general culture of the mind. There is a tendency to over emphasize which must be guarded against.

For example. To obtain a *diploma* in the *pianoforte course*, the requirements are arduous and exacting, both technically and theoretically. No higher standard is set by any school in the Maritime Provinces. At the same time the following studies are imperative on the purely academic side: Arithmetic must be studied through Interest Discount and Percentage; Algebra through Quadratics; Geometry; Books I and II; English Language and Literature, the entire course; General History (Myers) completed; Physics; Physiology; History of Art; Latin or French or German, two years work; Bible throughout the course. In addition two years class-work is required in Elocution and Freehand Drawing.

It is thus more difficult to obtain a Diploma in Pianoforte, Voice, Violin, Elocution or Art at Acadia than elsewhere. But the results in general culture justify the placing of the emphasis upon intellectual training and we believe that the position taken is educationally sound.

An addition to the curriculum is to be noted. A class of eighteen girls has been formed for Mission Study. The general theme of study is, "Protestant Missions, their rise and early progress." This new course is designed to become a permanent feature in the curriculum. Somewhat enlarged it will probably be offered next year as a Senior Elective. Principal DeWolfe conducts the class.

## Seminary Happenings.

Wednesday Evening, February 14th, caused quite a ripple in Seminary life. All afternoon industrious committees toiled and when supper time arrived the aspect of the dining room was greatly changed.

The tables were all decorated in red and white, an individual design being adopted by each one. Some sat under canopies of hearts, large and small, while one table was protected from Cupid's Darts by an umbrella.

Then there entered upon the scene, the Queen and her Court. Miss Lynds dressed in fairy robes was led in by Miss Jackson, in the character of Court Advisor, Miss Archer acted as Page, while others of the faculty represented the Court.

After such eatables as are usually found in fairy land had been disposed of the Queen gave us in a poem, the effect of Cupid's pranks as sometimes seen on this eventful day, and then called upon Miss Pearl Price, as mistress of ceremonies, to furnish entertainment for the Subjects.

Miss Price read short sketches of the Past Present and Future, as seen by Cupid, of each of the girls at her table and called upon an *aid-de-camp* from each table to do the same.

These sketches were much enjoyed by Court and Subjects, and after the National Anthem had been heartily sung, the Queen led us from fairy-land.

---

A rich blessing has come to us through a visit from Miss Rankin, the new Field Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. of Canada. We felt specially favored in having her visit us on Sunday Feb. 11th, the Universal Day of Prayer for Students.

We girls at the Seminary feel that we have received the most good from Miss Rankin's visit as she lived with us for three days and it gave us an opportunity of coming in contact with a beautiful character. During her stay here she spoke to us in the Chapel and to the committees of our association; but what we enjoyed most of all was the little talk she gave to groups of us gathered at different times in one of the girl's rooms. Her earnest, Christ-like life made us feel the joy there is to be had in Christian service. We thank God for the inspiration of her presence and pray that her work may prove to be as great a blessing in other schools as it was for us.

With the hearty support of all the members of our Y. W. C. A. this term we hope to be able to contribute more to missions than ever before. So far we are quite encouraged in this regard, for although the girls have not yet passed in their pledges we have already nearly thirty-five dollars pledged, for this work. We also hope to send two delegates to the Silver Bay Conference this summer, our next years President Miss Mary R. Johnson, and another delegate who has not yet been appointed. As we have been receiving fresh inspiration in our work lately from different sources we are hoping and praying that we may all feel our individual responsibility to work for Christ and that our work will be richly blessed by Him.

Miss Mabel Archibald gave a very helpful and inspiring talk to the Seminary girls on Sunday evening Jan. 28th 1906.

Having been a Seminary girl herself, her talk went right to our hearts, and we seemed to live in her past with her, as she told us how and where her Missionary ambition commenced; then her purpose in leaving the home land and giving her life to the women of India.

Miss Archibald spoke of her first impressions in India, and gave a little sketch of mastering the language. Then took us with her on one of her Sundays from early morning till night. Truly the Missionary's Sunday is full of services.

The interesting subject of caste was touched upon in connection with the children attending the Sunday Schools.

The central thought which rested in our hearts, and which we hope may be a seed which will grow, was the *need* of the heathen women and children, and how much we could help them, if we each would only be a little self denying, and give our mite from our hearts.

At the close of the address pledges were distributed by Prin. DeWolfe and the girls pledged themselves to give a trifle each week, toward the support of Missions in India

*The Senior Class* of 1906 is the largest in the history of the Seminary. It has a membership of twenty-six.

The class was first organized in 1905, and the officers appointed at the close of that year have remained in office during the Senior year. They are as follows: President, Miss Minnie McElmon; Vice President, Miss Lavinia Lewis; Sect. & Treas., Miss Eunice Haines.

The Class Pins are unusually attractive. They are in the shape of a crescent, enamelled in brown and cream, the class colors. On the concave portion of the crescent rest the figures '06. The design is new, and the colors such that the pin presents a very pleasing appearance.

## Musical Notes.

The first of the Series' "Evenings with Master Musicians" was given by members of the Faculty in Alumnae Hall, February 2, to the friends and pupils of the Seminary. The audience which filled the Hall listened with marked interest, and most cordial words of appreciation were heard at the close of the Recital. The evening was spent with Beethoven thus:—

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

Sonata, F. minor, Op. 57 (Appassionata)

Allegro assai

Andante con moto

Allegro ma non troppo

Presto

MR. MAXIM.

Sonata, G. major, Op. 30, No. 3

Allegro assai

Tempo di Menuetto, ma molto moderato e grazioso

Allegro vivace

MISS BOYNTON and MR. MAXIM

Concerto, C. minor, Op. 37

Allegro con brio

Largo

Rondo, Allegro

MISS IREDALE

Orchestral parts on second pianoforte by Mr. Maxim.

These representative works are of great educational value and the fine interpretation of the well constructed programme gave instruction and pleasure to both pupils and lovers of music. Our thanks are due the performers and we eagerly anticipate the next evening which will be devoted to Johann Sebastian Bach.

On Friday evening, Feb. 16, a fair sized audience gathered in Assembly Hall to listen to the first recital of the Pupils' Annual Course, the Pianoforte Recital. Those who rendered the six numbers on the programme were pupils of Mr. Maxim and showed the excellent training characteristic of his work. Considerable ability was manifested in each number, while the fact that the selection assigned to each pupil suited her individual style of playing added much to the enjoyment of the programme. Marked progress has been made. The character of the

work done may be gathered from the programme which was rendered as follows:

Concerto, G. minor, op. 25	Mendelssohn.
Andante	
Presto	
Molto allegro e vivace	
MISS MINNIE MCELMON.	
Sontagsmorgen auf Glion, E. major, op. 139. No. 1.	Bendel.
MISS LOUISE CUNNINGHAM.	
Carneval Mignon, op. 48	Schuett
Prelude, G. minor	
Serenade d'Arlequin, E flat major	
Caprice, A flat major	
MISS GLADYS V. HARRIS.	
La Gitana, B flat major, op. 110	Raff.
MISS RUTH O'BRIEN.	
Spinning Song, A major	Wagner-Liszt.
Hungarian Rhapsody, C sharp minor, No. 12	Liszt.
MISS LAVINIA LEWIS.	
Concerto, A minor, op. 16, First movement	Grieg.
MISS EUNICE HAINES.	
Orchestral parts on second pianoforte by Mr. Maxim.	

The second in the series of Pupils Recitals will be that by the pupils in voice, March 16. We are sure that Miss Archer has a treat in store for us.

### Alumnae

Miss Vega L. Creed, '02, is teaching in the primary department of the Model School at Fredericton for three months while the regular teacher has leave of absence.

Miss Annie McLean '89, has undertaken the editorship of the "Woman's Welfare" magazine published by the Woman's Century Club, of Dayton, Ohio. Miss McLean was graduated "Acadia," '93.

Miss Helen P. Quirk '94, now Mrs. Harry Crowe, is residing in Newfoundland.

Francis Burditt, '04, is teaching elocution and vocal music in Bridgetown, Lawrencetown, and Middleton and is very successful in her work.

Miss Mabel Archibald '90, who has been doing missionary work in Chicacole, India, for some years, is spending the winter in Wolfville.

Miss Ethel Fitch, '04, is training for a nurse at the Hospital in Peekskill, N. Y.

Miss Mabel E. Smith, '98, is teaching in the public school at Jamaica Plains Mass.

Miss Ida A. McLeod, '89, was recently married to Mr. Maurice White, one of the Inspectors of schools in the Transvaal. They will make their home in Jeerust, Transvaal.

Miss Harriet Faulkner, '04 is studying at the Normal School, Truro.

Miss Mary June Davidson, '00, is teaching Pianoforte at Colburn Classical Institute, Waterville, Me., and holds an organ position in same town.

Miss Portia Starr, '01, is in Bloomsburg, Pa., teaching piano in the State Normal School.

Mr. Wm L. Wright '01, is in Berlin, studying music under Godowsky and teaching.

Miss Gertrude Henderson, '04, is teaching piano music in Woodstock, N. B. and occupying the position as organist in the Methodist church in the same town.

We are always glad to chronicle the return of graduates to the Seminary. This year Misses Laura Rainforth, '05, May Woodman '05 and Lillian Strong '04, continue work in pianoforte; Nora Shand '03 and Jennie Eaton, '03 in voice, and Alice Strong, '02 in short-hand and typewriting.

Several of our graduates are now in college. Of the '03 class, Alice DeWolfe and Celia Kierstead are in the Senior, May Crandall in the Junior and Etta Wheelock in the Sophomore class. Of our '04 graduates Sarah Elliott and Helen Skene are in the Sophomore class and also two of the '05 graduates, Jean Haley and Helena Kierstead.

Last years' graduates are all at home except Miss Beatrice Oulton, who is spending the winter with her sister in Newport, R. I., and Miss Evelyn Vaughn, who is spending the winter in Brookline, Mass. Miss Bertha Purdy is teaching school at her home in Springhill and Miss Mabel Potter, piano in Canning.

---

*Exchanges* :—We shall be glad to have sent to this department all papers published by Ladies Colleges and Seminaries in Canada. We acknowledge the receipt of *Allisona*. It is a characteristic number, like Sackville, somewhat breezy; but full of facts, figures and fancies, adapted to stimulate College Spirit; certainly this is a laudable ambition. *Allisona* is well edited.



## The Academy Department.

EDITORS :—J. W. DEBOW, F. A. TABOR, T. S. ROY

### Lyceum Notes.

WE note with pleasure the interest taken by the students this year in the Lyceum Society meetings, and much praise is due the entertainment committee for the excellent entertainments they have provided. A marked interest has been shown in the debates that have been held, and we trust that in the coming months many more will be held, and in that way help to develop the latent talent of the students as well as provide a means of entertainment.

On Friday evening, Feb. 2nd, a very interesting debate took place between the Seniors and Middlers. The former class represented by Messrs Tabor, Mallory, and DeBow supported the resolution: "Resolved that the training received in a school such as Horton Academy is better than that of a high school." Messrs Britten, Roy and Churchill responded for the Middlers. The debate was very close but the decision was given in favour of the Seniors.



### The Skating Party

Slowly the morning light breaks o'er the hills of the village,  
 Bathing the valley below in the glorious rays of its brightness.  
 Slowly too the Sems wake from their peaceful reposing,  
 Wondering anon if the night had brought them ice for the party ;  
 For on the previous day the rain had poured from the heavens  
 Causing the ice to melt and mud to form in the highway.  
 Warm was the air and sultry like to a day in springtime,  
 When from the mountain tops the little brook trickles downward  
 Melting the snow as it comes and making at last a river  
 Rushing to join the sea as it settles and foams in its anger.

But that night came a change, and the mercury fell to freezing  
 Forming a-new the ice to gladden the heart of the students.  
 Smiling were all the Sems ; Collegians and Cads looked happy ;

For with the new-formed ice the party could not be a failure.  
 So through the morning hours labored the students unceasing  
 Anxious to look their best and striving to out do each other ;  
 Till when the hour of two rang from the bell in the tower  
 Silently one by one each dressed with care and preciseness  
 Issued the lovely Semites the image (almost) of the angels ;  
 Came the Collegians forth the pride of Acadia College,  
 Came also the Cads, the last but not least of the gathering.  
 All these wending their way with faces beaming with brightness  
 Towards Evangeline rink the scene of the grand skating party.

Swiftly the skaters glide, their faces flushed with excitement,  
 Sweetly the music sounds from the orchestra over the cloak-room ;  
 Now and then a Cad catching his skate in the soft ice  
 Staggers a stroke and falls taking his fair partner with him,  
 Now may be seen a Collegian skating to where the Sems are  
 Lifting his hat as he says, "Permit me to skate this band with you."  
 Then with apologies many because "she is such a poor skater"  
 Smiling she takes his arm and catches the stroke at the same time.  
 So the hours fly by and the time soon comes for refreshments,  
 Which to the joy of all were served on the promenade near them  
 And when each was helped to sandwiches, cake and cocoa,  
 Pealed forth the band again in the strains of the National Anthem,  
 Then dispersed the crowd each student resuming his duties  
 Trusting to meet there again ere Winter bids us 'farewell.'

*J. W. D.*

---

## Athletic

### WINDSOR COLLEGIATE VS. H. C. A.

Saturday Feb. 3rd. marked our first victory over the Windsor hockey team. The game, which was witnessed by quite a large number of spectators, among whom were the young ladies of the Seminary, opened with an air of business on the part of both teams, which continued, for the most part, throughout. After about five minutes of hard play, L. Eaton shot the first goal for the Academy, which was followed by another soon after. Then Milner scored for Windsor which was followed by goals for both sides and by half time the score stood Academy 8, Windsor 5.

Soon after the beginning of the second half, L. Eaton secured the puck and carried it down the side, doing some smart dodging and

stick handling. He passed to Hughes who returned the puck and Len shot another for Academy. A number of long lifts were then indulged in by the points and things were very slow until the Windsor boys made a sudden spurt and succeeded in scoring another goal. This was followed by another exciting dash and score by Hughes. Windsor's right wing made a number of good rushes at this stage of the game, but could not succeed in getting the rubber past Allen; however, after about five minutes of hard play and some good combination on the part of Windsor, they scored again. E. Eaton made a fine dash shortly after this carrying the puck up to within a few yards of Windsor's goal where he passed to Churchill, who did not succeed in locating the net. Hughes then came in for another turn and was successful. Soon after this, Windsor's right wing received a bad cut over his eye which made it necessary for him to leave the game. Sweet was removed from the Academy team and play was resumed, after a short delay. After three minutes playing, Windsor shot her last goal, which was followed two minutes later by a goal by Eaton. Another by Hughes, in about two minutes time, ended the game, leaving H. C. A. victorious by a score of 13-9.

The line-up of the team was as follows:

WINDSOR		H. C. A.
Rothwell	Goal	Allen
Strickland	Point	Sweet
C. Jones (Capt.)	C. Point	E. Eaton
F. T. Handsonbody	Rover	Hughes
DeWolfe	Centre	Skinner (Capt.)
B. Milner	R. Wing	Churchill
Smith	L. Wing	L. Eaton

Mr. John Bates refereed the game in a very satisfactory manner.

A class game of hockey played January 30th between the Senior and Middle Classes resulted in an easy victory for the Seniors by a score of 13-4.

Our Basket-ball team has been getting in a little practice, of late, and we have decided to enter it in the league. The team is under a great disadvantage on account of its practice hours being on Saturday mornings, and, now that the league games are about to begin, it

means that our team is scheduled to play a match every Saturday afternoon commencing February 23rd, without practice, as it is impossible to practice a team in the morning and play a match in the afternoon. We hope, however, to make a good showing in this game and uphold the reputation that H. C. A. has won in different lines of sport.

The game between the Windsor Collegiate and H. C. A. second teams, which was played immediately after the first team's game, was very one-sided, resulting in a victory for the Academy by a score of 11-1. Waterbury at rover, did the most brilliant playing for Academy, while O. Jones, playing the same position for Windsor, did some splendid work.

### Ripples.

Bustin :—Suddenly jumping to his feet after studying over one of his wonderful inventions. "Say ! Hollie, I've discovered a way to get rich *easy*."

Hollie L. :—Sleepily from behind a book, "Why don't you discover something worth while ? Find a way to get rich hard (Richards) will you ?"

Teacher in English Class after some person had mentioned Pilgrim's Progress :—Where is the City of Destruction on the map ?

Several students in chorus :—"Wolfville."

It is said that Hughes has made his debut (DeBoo) at the hotel.

Small boy to Churchill who has lifted a heavy parcel into his sled for him :—"Say mister, your arm's strong (Armstrong) isn't it ?"

We are expecting <sup>g</sup>great things from Paul when the season for ball comes (Balcoms).

Mr. Howe in History class :—Mallory, By what were the Romans very strongly influenced in deciding whether or not they would undertake any important mission ?

Mallory :—"By the little white hens," ("taking of auspices.")

B-t-n :—After a long and anxious gaze at the Sem. "I wonder where the kitchen (Kitchen) is."

Which was the softest at the rink, the afternoon of the Sems', skating party, the ice or the dishes Williams dropped, from time to time ?

There is a certain young lady in Windsor who is said to be suffering from a curious disease. The doctors say she has a dent on (Denton) her heart.

## Exchanges.

WE have received only this month the Golden Jubilee Number of the *Xaverian*, which through some fault of the mails failed to reach us at the proper time. It is not too late, however, for us to express our appreciation of it. It contains the various addresses which were given by eminent educationists at the celebration of St. F. X's Golden Jubilee. We have read them with much interest and feel sure that they must have been a source of great inspiration to the students who heard them.

The January *Xaverian*, which is also just at hand, has several articles well worth the reading. The writer of "A Modern Bethesda" has considerable descriptive power, describing in a vivid way the natural scenery near the town of St. Anne de Beaupre. "A Fishing Trip" is quite a long article. It is a good narrative, however, despite the fact that it is concerning so threadbare a subject.

We always find articles of interest in the *King's College Record*. The January number contains a poem entitled "The New Year," which is a creditable production. "The Strange History of Louis Label" is a piece of fiction of undoubted merit. The chief character of the tale, unlike the heroes of most stories, does not succeed in evading all misfortune but is finally compelled to submit to a terrible infliction. To our mind, however, this is not a blemish in this particular article, which is decidedly interesting throughout.

The Editor of the *McGill Outlook* of February the eighth has had a blank form printed on one of its pages, which form he desires the McGill students to fill out, stating whether in their opinion, the *Outlook* should or should not be published during the next College Year. It appears from the editorial that the paper needs men and funds. It seems to us, however, that a magazine of this kind is almost indispensable to a College the size of McGill. It furnishes a medium through which the opinions of its undergrads on various topics of vital interest to the College may be made known. This very issue contains an article which condemns in a very outspoken way, the student rushes and other objectionable practices that have become com-

mon among the students. The *Outlook* has also a blank form under the above mentioned one, in which the student is requested to state what position he is desirous of occupying on the *Outlook's* staff next year. What would happen if such an opportunity were given to the students here? Some positions would have lots of applicants we imagine. The *Outlook* has well written accounts of the various athletic sports and reports from all of the College classes. "Cupid at the Art Dance" is a clever piece of poetry.

The *Dalhousie Gazette* begins the new year with changed covers. The design on the front the editor informs us was drawn by a former Dalhousie student and was used for some years previous to 1900. It is an attractive one, being made up in the College colors. This number, which contains two prize articles, is an exceptionally good one.

Other Exchanges are: *University of Ottawa Review*, *Red & Blue*, *Brown Herald*, *Brunonian*, *Queen's University Journal*, *McMaster Monthly*, *University Monthly*, *Nova Scotia Normal*, *Yale Lit.*, *Manitoba College Journal*, *University of Toronto Monthly* and *Wolfville Acadian*.



## Among the Colleges.

J. Willis Margeson, of Berwick, has been appointed to represent Dalhousie College at the coming intercollegiate debate with Mount Allison. Mr. Margeson represented Acadia at the debate with Kings, which took place a year ago.

In the bequest of the late L. P. Fisher of Woodstock, N. B., one hundred thousand dollars is available for the founding and endowment of a college, with courses in manual training, in the arts and possibly in agriculture, in that town.

A scheme has been entered upon by the Baptist Convention of British Columbia to erect a denominational college at Summerland, Okanagan Valley. The scheme provides for the erection of a building in which to begin operations, the building to cost \$25,000. A sustenance fund covering a period of ten years in lieu of endowment, until endowment can be secured, is also a part of the plan; and the sum of \$30,000 has already been pledged in support of the movement, although no systematic canvass has been undertaken. The climate, the class of settlers, the large number of people con-

nually moving into the valley from the North-west, and the possibilities in the way of remuneration from fruit growing, all make the Okanagan valley one of the best places in the province in which to plant a school of this kind. The Baptists are to be congratulated upon this enlargement of their work in this part of the Dominion.

Ralph St. John Freeze has been chosen Rhodes' Scholar for the University of New Brunswick for this year. Mr. Freeze graduated from the University in 1903 after a brilliant course, and since graduation has taught in the Rothesay College, at the same time attending law lectures in St. John. Mr. Freeze will continue the study of law at Oxford. He was a close competitor with Mr. Chester Martin the last time the University had to choose a scholar, and in the present contest was unanimously chosen from among ten competitors.

Arthur G. Cameron is the Rhodes' scholar this year for Prince Edward Island. He graduated with honors from Prince of Wales College in 1900, and after teaching a short time entered Queen's University, Kingston, and is now in his senior year. He has made a fine record as a scholar and an athlete.

A new library building is to be erected at Brown University capable of housing 1,000,000 books and having a reading room for 400 students. The library will be known as the John Hay Library, and will be the first monument erected to the honor of the late Secretary of State. The building will cost \$300,000, of which amount Andrew Carnegie donates \$150,000.

There are 195 students enrolled at Rochester Theological Seminary, 53 in the German department.

John D. Rockefeller has just given \$1,500,000 to the University of Chicago. Of this amount \$100,000 is to provide a fund, the interest of which will go to the widow of President Harper during her life-time.

The Board of Governors of Woodstock College, Ontario, are constructing a gymnasium, which will be completed before the end of the college year. This building when equipped, will be one of the largest and most up-to-date gymnasiums in Canada.

Sixteen of the twenty-two men who played on the Harvard football games will be available for the team next fall. Capt. Hurley will be debarred by the four-year rule, Carr, Montgomery and Nichols will graduate this year, and Brill has announced his intention of giving up foot-ball.

The plan for founding an ideal farm to be managed by Harvard men has now been fully developed. A situation will be obtained in the Shenandoah Valley, Va., and a stock company will be established. Several New York business men have offered to back the undertaking financially.

Walter Camp, Yale's athletic adviser, recently announced that Yale has a surplus fund of \$100,000, saved during the last ten years from her athletic income, and the Yale undergraduates are to be asked soon to designate how the money shall be used to improve the Yale athletic plant. A new boat-house, new stands for the Yale field, and a new baseball cage are some of the contemplated additions to the plant.

The University of Syracuse is the recipient of the gift of a stadium, which will cost \$200,000. The athletic field in the center will be 525 feet long by 337 feet wide, providing room for baseball and football and a splendid running track. A total of eight acres is to be devoted to making this one of the finest fields for athletic contests to be found in the world.

A library building will be erected at the University of Chicago in memory of the late Dr. Harper. It is reported that the building will be almost a block in length, and will cost at least \$1,500,000.

The University of Heidelberg library, containing more than 700,000 volumes has recently been removed to a new building. Over twenty miles of shelving are used to accommodate the books. Before being placed in its new location each book was cleansed by an airblast.

One of the most significant events that has ever occurred in the student world is a decree of the Emperor of China, which was issued on Sept. 4th. It reads as follows: "We issued yesterday an edict abolishing the literary competitive examination of the old style and ordering that sole attention shall be given henceforth to the establishment of schools of modern learning throughout the Empire in lieu thereof. We now command that to all literary chancellors in the various provinces shall be assigned the duty of holding examinations and inspecting the schools of their several provinces." When it is recalled that the system thus abolished was established thirteen centuries ago, and that in one examination center alone as many as 30,000 students enter for examination on the old subjects in a single year, this change to the study of western subjects is significant to the last degree, and will call for a large number of teachers and professors from America and Europe.

## De Alumnis.

We regret to hear that Rev. W. H. Warren, '71, met with a painful accident a few weeks ago. He was starting from Bridgetown on a trip to Granville Centre, when near the corner of the Bay Road his horse making a sharp turn threw Mr. Warren from his carriage to the frozen ground, breaking his collar bone.

Rev. G. O. Gates, D. D., '73, has resigned the pastorate of the German St. Baptist Church St. John, N. B. to accept a call to the Westmount Baptist Church in Montreal. Dr. Gates will leave St. John in the early spring to enter upon his duties in Montreal.

Rev. C. H. Martell, '76, of Pleasant Valley, Yarmouth County, has accepted a call to the Baptist Church at Clementsvale, and is now located in his new field of labor.

Rev. R. H. Bishop, '78, who has retired from active service in the Baptist ministry, is now residing at Berwick, King's County. He has lately been visiting friends in Wolfville.

Rev. M. B. Shaw, '86, is the pastor of the Baptist Church in San Bernardino, California. Recent reports show that he is much beloved by the church and congregation in that place.

During the past two weeks, Rev. H. F. Waring, '90, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Halifax has been assisting Rev. P. J. Stackhouse, '99, in holding a series of Evangelistic services in the Tabernacle Church, St. John, N. B.

The many friends of H. Y. Corey, '91, and wife will note with pleasure the fact of their safe arrival in India. They are now located at Parlakimedi. Miss Annie L. Peck, '05, who accompanied them, is located in Bimlipatam.

W. J. Spurr, '91, is manager for the firm of Greer Brothers and Company, 129 Manhattan Street, New York.

Chas. R. Higgins, '91, of the Astoria National Bank, Oregon, with his wife, has been taking a delightful vacation trip through California, visiting all the points of interest in that wonderful state.

Clifford T. Jones, '93, who accompanied by his wife and children has been visiting his mother, Mrs. Joseph Jones, of Wolfville, has returned to Calgary, where he is practising law.

Mabel E. Archibald, '95, returned missionary, is spending the winter at the home of her brother, Rev. W. L. Archibald.

Fred A. Coldwell, '95, has been for several years in the general offices of the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad in St. Louis, Mo. He has several times received promotion and is now treasurer of the Company.

A very pretty wedding took place on February 6th at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Rice, Sydney, when N. J. Lockhart, '95, barrister of that city was united in marriage with Miss Mabel C. Saunders, of Wolfville. The ceremony was performed by Rev. G. W. Schurman of North Sydney. The rooms were tastily decorated with flowers and palms, and after receiving the congratulations of friends a dainty collation was served. With the good wishes of their many friends the happy couple left for a trip through the Upper Provinces. Mr. and Mrs. Lockhart will later take up their residence in Winnipeg, where he will continue the practice of his profession.

H. C. Todd, '97, lately visited Wolfville on his way to St. John, N. B. He was then returning from Europe, having just completed a course of study in the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital. After graduating from Acadia, Dr. Todd took the medicine course at Bowdoin College, graduating there in 1900. He practised first in Brunswick, Maine, and afterwards settled in Oklahoma City, where he now occupies the Chair of Anatomy in Epworth University. After visiting his father, Rev. F. S. Todd in his home in Woodstock, Dr. Todd returned to Oklahoma City.

The pulpit of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church was occupied on Sunday, Feb. 4th by Rev. W. W. Conrad. Mr. Conrad was formerly a resident of Wolfville, and graduated at Acadia with the class of 1897. His many friends in Wolfville were very glad to have again the opportunity of meeting him, and of listening to his excellent address.

Rev. I. A. Corbett, '98, of Woodstock, N. B., formerly of Canning, has received a call to the Baptist Church in Bear River, N. S.

Rev. Irad Hardy, '99, who has been pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Canton for four years has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church in East Milton, Mass.

The many friends of Charles F. Crandall, '99, will be glad to note his recent appointment to the position as editor of the *St. John Sun*. The ATHENÆUM extends its best wishes to the *Sun* under the direction of its new editor.

The engagement is announced of Emmerson L. Franklin, '00, formerly of Wolfville, to Miss Lillian Hollander, of Belvedere, New Jersey. Mr. Franklin after graduating from Acadia took an electrical course at McGill, and has now an excellent position, as Superintendent of the Easton Gas and Electrical Company, Easton, Pa.

Rev. S. S. Poole, '00, pastor of the Baptist Church in Sable River, Shelburne County, recently visited friends in Wolfville.

Rev. J. B. Champion, '01, resigned his pastoral charge at Geneva, N. Y. at the first of the year, and has accepted a call to the Calvary Baptist Church at Brantford, Ont.

Aaron Perry, '01, Head Master of the High School in Kamloops, British Columbia, has been appointed to take charge of the commercial department of the Victoria High School, Victoria, B. C.

R. J. Colpitts, '01, was recently ordained to the Baptist ministry at Upper Point de Bute. He is now pastor of the church at Port Elgin, N. B.

At the recent session of the Geological Society of America held in Ottawa, a paper on "Ice-borne Sediments in Minas Basin, Nova Scotia, was read by J. A. Bancroft, '03.

Miss Ida M. Fash, '03, is principal of the public schools in Paradise, Annapolis County.

The many friends of Dr. Leslie Eaton, '03, and Mrs. Eaton will be glad to learn that they arrived at Madras, India, after a pleasant voyage and are comfortably settled. So far they are delighted with the climate and country.

L. E. Haines, '04, holds a good position in the employ of the Canadian Pacific Railway at Medicine Hat, N. W. T.

Rev. W. J. Stewart, D. D., has lately located at Whitman, Nebraska, as pastor of the Baptist church in that place. Mr. Stewart is a native of New Brunswick, and was educated at Acadia College and Chicago University. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Shurtleffe College. He has held pastorate at St. George and St John, N. B., Canton, Ill., and Harvard St. Church, Boston.

Horace L. Brittain, formerly principal of Horton Collegiate Academy, who spent last year at Clark University, Worcester, Mass., has accepted the principalship of the Superior School in Salisbury, N. B.

Rev. J. D. Spiddell, who has been taking special studies at Acadia has accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Kentville Baptist church.



## The Month.

The most important event to the students during the past month was the examinations. Like the British Elections they extended over a period of two weeks and still further like them the results will bring satisfaction to some and disappointment to others. Defeat however if taken aright is a stimulus for future success.

---

Rev. R. Osgood Morse '91, pastor of Gaspereau Baptist church, delivered an address in the Baptist church at Wolfville, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. on Sunday Jan. 28th. The subject, "The Apostles of our British Civilization," was well presented and full of interest.

---

Dr. Trotter, our esteemed President, is with us again. Dr. Trotter has been at Clifton Springs, N. Y. for the past two months recuperating in health. We are glad to have him back again and to know that his health is improved.

---

Sunday Feb. 11th was the day of prayer for Colleges. The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. had a united prayer meeting in the morning. The meeting was addressed by President Trotter. Rev. L. D. Morse preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion in the Wolfville Baptist Church.

---

Acadia College Hockey Team journeyed to Windsor on Wed. Feb. 14th, to play a game with the Kings College men. The game was full of interest and by no means one sided. The score at the finish standing 4 to 3 in favor of Acadia. Captain Estey and his men were generously entertained by the men of Kings. After the match both teams were invited to the home of Canon Vroom, where ample refreshments were served and a pleasant evening was spent. A return match was played in Wolfville February 22nd. The game was swift. Acadia did good work and kept her opponents down to the end, winning with a score of 10 to 5. The A. A. A. entertained the teams to a turkey supper after the match. These matches have afforded another opportunity of showing the cordial relations existing between the two colleges.

Two games have been played in the inter-class Hockey League. Juniors vs. H. C. A. and Juniors vs. Sophomores. In the former, the H. C. A. played the better hockey and won easily with the score 10 to 0. In the latter the Sophomores were victorious again causing the Juniors a 10 to 0 defeat. The Juniors played up pluckily in spite of many disadvantages.

---

On Friday afternoon Feb. 16th Mrs. C. C. Jones entertained the Propylæum Society at her home Westwood Avenue. The meeting opened with the President Miss DeWolfe, in the chair. After the reading of the minutes and the election of officers for the present term the following programme was given :

Paper—"Wordsworth as a Nature Poet" Miss Brown, '07.

Reading—"Marguerite" Miss McDonald, '07.

Paper—"Study of Browning," Miss Bentley, '06.

Original Paper—Miss DeWolfe, '06.

Synopsis—Miss McLeod, '08.

Refreshments were then served and the guests departed having spent a very enjoyable afternoon.

---

On Saturday Feb. 10, the Faculty and Students of Acadia Seminary held a skating party in Evangeline Rink. This departure from the usual Topic Reception proved a great success and was thoroughly enjoyed by the large number present which included not only the skaters but many spectators. Invitations were issued to College and Academy students and several residents in the town. The presence of the Wolfville Brass Band lent an added charm to the occasion. Refreshments were served on the ice.

---

Miss A. B. Rankine, of Toronto, secretary of the Student Department of the Canadian Y. W. C. A. on her visit to the eastern colleges spent a few days in Wolfville. On the afternoon of Feb 11th Miss Rankine gave a public address in College Hall where she spoke ably and entertainingly on Truth.

In her talks with the cabinet and with the society as a whole Miss Rankine did much to encourage the girls to put forth a greater effort for the advancement of the cause. After spending a few days with the girls at Dalhousie Miss Rankine will go to Nashville.

A debate of great interest took place on Saturday evening Feb. 17th, between the Juniors and Sophomores, Subject, "Resolved that political Union with the United States would benefit Canada commercially and Industrially." The Sophomores had the affirmative, the Juniors the negative. The debate was clear and well presented. The decision was given in favor of the Juniors. Messrs Shortliffe, Elliott and Bagnall represented the Sophomores, Messrs. Balcom, Knott Hall and the Juniors. This debate gave the Juniors the inter-class league.



## Through the Athenæum's Sieve,

"O rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between the man and beast, and every wayward wave of mirth doth drown some fretful fiend of care."—*Eli Perkins.*

AN OLD TIME PLAYER.

Prof. Gray (in Soph. English) "Well do I remember the first time I *tackled* Homer."

Hurree chindee Elliott,  
Pride of Chipman Hall,  
Dandy of the fairer sex,  
Natty, slim, and tall.  
Licensed by the Senior class  
Allowing him to wear  
Honors by the bucketful,  
Titles by the pair.

Hayden: "Havey's studyin' astronomy, ain't he?"

Read: "Dunno why?"

Hayden: "Well, I known he's always lookin' at the celestial regions when I meet him."

HUTCH AND PEP.

Two hearts with but a single soul  
Two pipes with but a single bowl.

Bishop (who has just finished breaking in a hard hat) "I wonder why Spurr doesn't get one too."

Payzant: "That's easy; they don't carry his size. Mine is the smallest.

Dedicated to Elliott, Shortliffe & Co.

“ ’Twould make a monkey cough to see our ways of doing things.”

—Kipling.

At the reception:

Ah, Bishop, Bishop did ye steal  
The honey frae her phiz?  
And did your friend, that Goudey boy,  
Gie ye that girl o' his!

Mrs. W. “Mr. Spurr what profession are you studying for?”

Spurr “I'm going to try to be a man first.”

Note! He'll graduate sometime in 1999.

Bill Denham was a winsome wight  
Who frae St. John, N. B.  
Came to us here in Wolfville  
To get his Arts degree.

Things went 'a richt' wi' Willie  
Until th' ither nicht  
Bill had an awfu' Shakespeare dream,  
That lasted till the licht.

O Willie, Willie, will my Billy  
Stay frae the unco girls?  
Ye'll dream nae mair sic awfu' dreams  
If ye stay awa' the World's.

Mr. Foshay called at the Sieve office yesterday to say that, béing a chemist, he had prepared an excellent Bordeaux mixture with which he intends destroying the caterpillar on Freeman's upper lip.

#### TO PAYZANT.

Once to every man and nation  
Comes the moment to decide;  
O, shall I be a neutral,  
Or shall I take a bride!

#### SOME APPLIED QUOTATIONS.

“There was a door to which I found no key.”—Chip Hall dining room.

“No light; but rather darkness visible.”—Sem at 10 p. m.

Friend: “Where shall I address your letters?”

Miss McLeod! “Oh, just address them to the Island, care of father.

O Muse, awake my tired quill!  
A theme sublime demands thine aid;  
A wondrous thing of monstrous size  
On Jenkins upper lip arrayed.

'Tis like the forest in the fall,  
When stripped of leaves the trees are bare,  
Each sprout stands lonely by itself,  
A single, solitary hair.

First Freshman: "Say, that was a cool reception the Sems gave at the rink, wasn't it?"

Second Ditto: "Yes, but did you notice how the fellows froze on to the girls?"

'Twas at the rink that Mr. S-----  
With manner so commanding  
Was skating swiftly through the crowd  
To where Miss L. was standing;  
He landed at her feet at last—  
Who says that chivalry is past?

Bower was lunching at the home of the Queen of the Sem.

"Did you ever see a more costly feast?" said the Queen as she dissolved a pearl of priceless value in the tea.

"Yes," said Bower, "I tipped the waiter once."

And then the fair Queen of the perfume-laden Sem wept bitterly.

"Leslie speaks an infinite deal of nothing more than any man in all Guysboro."—Jost.

"Much have I travelled in the realms of gold, and many goodly states and kingdoms seen."—Bagnall.

"Oh, to be in England!"—Miss Wilcox.

"I, the heir of all the ages in the foremost files of time."—Adams.

---

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

F. S. Kinley, \$1.00; Miss E. M. Masters, \$1.00; R. Churchill, .75; C. Price, .75; C. R. Chipman, .75; C. L. Colburn, .75; T. Wetmore, .75; W. H. Skinner, .75; Jack Buston, .75; L. A. Thurrott, .75; H. K. Sweet, .75; S. Roy, .75; Gordon Hughes, .75; F. E. Mallory, .75; Frank Tabor, .75; J. A. Green, .75; W. M. Lewis, .75; C. Brittain, .75; S. Harding, .75; E. Barss, .75; Ira Moland, .75; Miss Reta Manning, \$1.00; Miss Edna Longard, \$1.00; Miss Carrie Small, .75; Miss Nellie Atkinson, .75; Miss May Walker, .75; Miss Louise Cunningham, .75; C. M. Lingley, .75; S. R. Foster, .75; C. E. McKenzie, .75; J. Harris, .75; Miss H. Skene, \$1.00; T. J. Kinley, \$1.00; Miss J. A. Flemming, \$2.00; Rev. H. F. Laflamme, \$4.00; Hon. H. R. Emerson, \$1.00; F. W. Pattison, \$1.00; M. Simpson, .75; A. B. Smith,

.75; P. L. Oxner, .75; C. Priest, .75; C. Dyas, .75; Miss Edna M. Wilcox, \$1.00; Miss Louise Dunham, \$1.00; R. V. Dexter, \$1.30; Rev. A. C. Chute, D. D., \$1.00; Prof. Roland P. Gray, \$1.00; T. C. Allan & Co., \$2.50; C. R. Messenger, \$1.00; Miss Isabel J. Eaton, \$1.00; H. B. Ellis, .90; Ganong Bros., 3.50; J. E. Barss, \$1.00; A. & W. McKinley, \$2.50; J. W. Margeson, \$1.00; F. M. Fenwick, \$1.80; Rev. C. A. Eaton, \$1.00; V. Woodworth, \$1.00; J. M. Shortliffe, \$1.00; R. W. Hibbert, \$1.00; F. S. Kinley, .10; R. K. Strong, .10; Rev. H. T. DeWolfe, \$1.80; Miss Beatrice Shand, 75; Miss Fannie Davison, .75; Miss Nellie Illsley, .75; Miss Sadie Sproule, .75; Miss Effie Sipprell, .75; Miss Ruth O'Brien, .75; Miss Nellie Elderkin, .75; Miss Hortense Spurr, .75; Miss Annie Eaton, .75; Miss Grace Bowes, .75; Miss Mary Johnston, .75; Miss Boynton, .75; Miss Lillian Greenough, .75; Miss Gussie Anderson, .75; Miss Bessie Ford, .75; Miss Alice Jones, .75; Miss Greta Gray, .75; Miss Hazel Keith, .75; Miss Mary E. Richards, .75; Miss Muriel Keirstead, .75; Miss Evangeline Beck, .75; Miss Mary Peck, .75; Miss Vera Trenholm, .75; Miss Myrtle Kaye, .75; Miss Hazel Chute, \$1.00; A. H. Baird, \$1.00; Rev. H. G. Estabrooks, \$2.00; R. H. Phillips, \$1.00; Cragg Bros. \$3.50.

## J. W. WALLACE

SOLICITOR  
NOTARY PUBLIC

FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE AGENT  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

## L. W. SLEEP

DEALER IN

Hardware, Stoves, Tinware,  
Coal Hods, Shovels, Etc.

Specialties: PLUMBING and FURNACE WORK.

Telephone No. 21.

WOLFVILLE, NOVA SCOTIA.

# Warning to Students

Students of the Institution  
are warned not to forget

## C. W. Strong

when they wish to buy the  
HIGHEST QUALITY of

CHOCOLATES AND OTHER  
CONFECTIONERY, FRUIT,  
FANCY BISCUITS, OR GRO-  
CERIES of any description.

also Lamps, Crockeryware, etc.

**East End Grocery.**