

AGADIA ATHENEUM

Prodesse quam Conspici.

VOL. XIV.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., APRIL, 1888.

No. 6.



THE UNIVERSITY OF AGADIA COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION.

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Contents.

	PAGE.
<i>The Sanctum</i>	61
<i>Silver Frost</i>	66
<i>Macaulay</i>	66
<i>The Kindergarten</i>	67
<i>Exchanges</i>	68
<i>Henry Esmond</i>	69
<i>Class-Supper</i>	69
<i>Queries</i>	70
<i>Personals</i>	70
<i>Locals</i>	70



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THE
Acadia Athenæum.

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→* The Sanctum. *←

SO many kind words have come to us concerning the ATHENÆUM that we begin to feel like making some response. We are not by any means proud of everything that has appeared in these columns. Some mistakes have occurred that have made us wish we had never seen the ATHENÆUM or its ghost. Then what has been properly allowed a place on these pages could not receive that attention in composition which it ought to receive. The ATHENÆUM has received very few contributions—somewhere between one and three—so that nearly all the work has been done by the editors alone. They, like their busy fellow-students, have enough work to do without writing any for the press, and so the ATHENÆUM has to take what they can make for it at odd jobs. Yet we do not know what it is so far, to try to "fill up." Every issue has had some articles crowded out. With all our faults our subscribers seem to love us still. We thank them for their kind words and invite their friendly criticisms. We assure them that their cheers have done us no harm.

THE Theses are over, the seniors rejoice. They (not the Seniors) are the last milestone before reaching the culminating piece of literature in college—the graduating Essay. The Theses which were read this year certainly were an improvement upon our Freshman monthly Essays, brilliant and profound compositions as most of them undoubtedly were in that cosy stage of our career. We have done something if not everything. We have improved a little if we haven't attained perfection. The papers exhibited considerable thought and care. A little more time given to the art of delivery would not have detracted seriously from their merits or those of the speakers; indeed delivery is half of what we need in order to make public speaking or reading of any kind successful. It makes not the slightest difference how good your paper may be, how deep its thought, how brilliant its conception, how noble its purpose, how inspiring its sentiments; a drowsy, monotonous voice *kills it* for half the audience at least. A listlessness non-differentiation of thought puts a plaster upon the best paper which is only too liable to draw the life out of it. We don't affirm such faults of those who read this year, but we do say that they are quite apt to be the faults of far too many, and those not merely college youths. On the whole we have no objection to Theses, especially since they are over; they are an improvement on the Essay because they will have to undergo criticism—and we are all critical. It's a simple looking thing to get up and read a paper before a crowd of your own class-mates and college associates. Often, however, it hasn't so much of simplicity as would be suggested at first sight, particularly when you are the reader and author. No person cares to make himself ridiculous oftener than nature prescribes. In the presence of those who have been your instructors for four or five years and of the full representation of students this is certainly undesirable; so it becomes a student to write something which will relieve him of this possible prospect, and he usually does it. Encyclopædias, useful as they undoubtedly are on many occasions, are most carefully brought into requisition and independent thought resorted to—not a bad idea either for a change. We hope the Theses plan may continue. They won't hurt you gentlemen.

COLLEGE public opinion is a mighty power. Sometimes it sways to the right, and sometimes it drags ponderously to the wrong. The sentiment of a body of youths like that assembled on the slope of this hill cannot by any student be *lightly* disregarded. When he finds himself opposed by public opinion he should look it fairly in the face and set himself to find out, if possible, what are the premises, the logic and the motives out of which that prevailing opinion has been constructed. If the public sentiment is *right* he should gladly fling away his own preconceived false notions and accept the new light with a thankful heart. Or if the pending issue is only a matter of mere convenience or polity, he should yield cheerfully like a man to the wishes of the majority.

But if public opinion is wrong morally; if it runs against conscience; then no matter how unanimous it is or how blatant the clamor a student should be led by it or driven or coaxed or influenced by it no more than he should be led or coaxed or influenced by the devil. For sometimes a black and blackening storm sweeps over an assembled multitude like that which crossed the brow of Milton's arch-angel fiend and darkened the day and raised immonious war in heaven. Anyway it will not do to believe anything just because all the rest believe it even if all the rest are a third part of the host of earth. *Possibly*, sometimes all the rest are wrong. It is amazing "How few sometimes may know when thousands err." Nor will the indignation of the crowd against a conscientious dissenter be proof positive of the righteousness of their position. Sometimes, the more error there is in a gust of public opinion, the more its abettors will flash "dark lightning" at the presumptuous man who dares oppose what many hold is right and one alone pronounces wrong. But no-one will ever be a *man* until he plants his foot and sets his face squarely toward the right and swears in that direction to march and live and die though he march and live and die alone, opposed by all the world.

"Nor numbers nor example with him wrought
"To swerve from truth or change his constant mind."

"A voice
"From midst a golden cloud was heard:
"Servant of God well done, well hast thou fought
"The better fight who *single* hast maintained
"Against *revolled multitudes* the cause
"Of truth, in word mightier than they in arms,
"And for the testimony of truth hast borne
"Universal reproach, far worse to bear
"Than violence: for this was all thy cure
"To stand approved in sight of God,
"Though worlds judged thee perverse."

JUST as it is in the power of men to *help* one another by kind words, good counsel and noble example, so it seems to be in their power also to help *ruin* one another. Just as duellists, sometimes, make simultaneously the fatal opposing thrusts and the blood of two men flows and mingles on the clashing blades and two men die, each by the other's hand, so two youths, though only in wanton sport, or friendly social debauchery, help to spill each other's blood and sap the very purity and strength out of each other's life. In plain English, we can put our hands upon a dozen fellow-students, to-day, *who have helped each other down*. This is not written to accuse anybody and it is hoped no-one will take it to himself unless he ought to. But we know whereof we speak, have put it mild and if it is not true are willing to be hanged. What a retrospect for one to have of college days! What can purge the conscience from the guilt of that four years wherein one helped to blight another's life? Not all the rain of "the sweet heavens."

IN another column will be found an article on the Kindergarten. It certainly looks like a reasonable way to teach children. It is a lamentable fact that the majority of people just begin to realize that they either know nothing or if they have acquired a certain amount of knowledge that it has to be learned all over again in a proper way at the age of about seventeen or eighteen. If such a process as this German method can do away with the stuffing idea, it deserves encouragement and recognition.

We understand a class has been formed by a competent teacher lately settled in Wolfville, Miss Whidden, who thoroughly understands the Kindergarten system and is following that method with her pupils. We don't know with what success she has met, but should consider this educational centre a grand starting point for testing the work.

A CRITIC is a good article to have on hand if he has not missed his calling. When criticism is carefully given and judiciously used it quite often brings about excellent results. Pills are useful but it is not pleasant to taste them; a coating of sugar remedies this fault.

Two essentials should characterize critics: they should know something about the circumstances, the

subject and the writer, and they should not be blinded by either petty jealousy or baulky prejudice. We know of people who possess no qualities outside of these at all worth mentioning, and who sit back with cool complacency and inextinguishable self-importance grandly criticising; young people who can't write three paragraphs of decent English talking about awkward sentences! Contemptible brats who revel in balderdash literature canting about solid matter as if they fairly lived upon boiled metaphysics! This is what injures real critics, those who know what they are talking about and wish to give others the benefit of their experience not excluding perhaps the author of the work criticized. This it is that often calls down upon the whole world the sneer 'do something better yourself.' It is quite possible to criticise and yet not pretend to be able to do as well as the author under review; it is quite just also, but be careful to state your true position. It is becoming fashionable now-a-days to say we want builders instead of destroyers or pullers down. The remark often passes for original too, and this, together with its plausibility, guarantees its utterance at the very least as often as is consistent with good taste and the risk of laying yourself open to the charge of public plagiarism. But the remark is more plausible than sensible. Stolen philosophy should be punctured, dangerous theories knocked on the head. The critic's work is all right if he can keep within his sphere. What we protest against is, poltroons setting up for judges, dough-heads aping solomons, pussers putting on big boots.

THE Chair of Modern Languages at Acadia is manned at last. Prof. Wortman has come. We are not going to expatiate upon this "long felt want" and this "step in the right direction." Everybody knows or ought to know that the establishment of this Chair is both. No longer is it pardonable in any institution that bears the name of a University to be without a Professor of Modern Languages. Neither shall we stretch ourselves to wax eloquent, on this occasion, over Acadia's watchword of progress and her glorious future. It is plain to see without the assistance of any grand eloquence that she must have some vim about her or she never would have gained her present footing in spite of contrary tides. It is as plain to see that she need not reasonably expect

greater opposition in the future nor less of energy in herself. So still it must be ADVANCE.

Call this life what you may, it has been there, it is there yet, and seems destined to remain. Some will persist in calling it divine providence working itself out through the heart, brain and pocket of her supporters. We need not argue that Acadia's successful efforts to struggle forward, should win the sympathy and admiration of all her friends. This is a year for *sacrifice* on the part of all who love our denomination.

Professor Wortman seems to be the right man. During the past year he has been studying in France and Germany—chiefly at the old University of Heidelberg. We never saw him before, but he does not seem a stranger. He has been with us only a few days, but has already won the reputation on "The Hill" of being a *good teacher*.

MME. BAUER, up to the first of March has had charge of the department of Modern Languages in college. At the same time she carried on her regular work in the Seminary. The weekly expectation of relief by the looked for arrival of Prof. Wortman is the only consideration that could justify such an amount of overwork. Nevertheless Mme. always appeared before her classes in good spirits and taught with the animation of one who knows and loves her work. Her teaching was highly appreciated by the students.

DALHOUSIE is considering the propriety of lengthening the college year two months making a term of eight months' study instead of the present term of six. While not presuming to judge of the expediency of such a move on the part of the authorities of Dalhousie we think experience teaches that addition is a better rule than subtraction in a matter of this kind. What is "plugged" in a short time can be *learned* in the proper use of the term in a reasonably longer time. There is all the difference of education between the two processes. *Festina lente* is as appropriate here as anywhere.

Nobody pretends to uphold "cramming" in theory but a great many depend upon it in fact. The arguments against it are unanswerable, and yet who is the student that will not fall back upon this process as a last resource? Where will one be found who does

not actually practice it whether premeditated or not? We don't believe there is one student out of five hundred who, if he examines himself and honestly confesses the truth as revealed, will deny that, in some measure at least, such has been his experience in study.

We believe two things are to be blamed for this lamentable fact. First, there is not in many cases actual time enough to prepare thoroughly the assigned work. There may be a gorging but no digestion, a gulping but no assimilation. What one student can do is impossible for another. Even if a few brilliant student can acquire with great rapidity, the majority cannot and this world is run upon the majority plan apparently. The brilliants can find plenty to exercise their surplus time upon if they wish, and if they do not, their brilliancy is not likely to carry them far.

The second fact to which we believe we may credit the "cramming" process is examinations. Examinations test, but they often test a student's ability to get up a work in three days upon which three months have been spent. They will not, they do not and, as things present exist in most colleges, they cannot be accepted as conclusive testimony of how much a student really knows about a subject. It is a well known fact that the really best students are not always those who write the best examination papers. The forty-eight hour plugger very often bobs up the serenest of the serene upon examination day. He merely wants plenty of physical endurance, some present determination, an idea of his position and a fair amount of brain fodder and he has the matter in his own hand. For the next three months he can smoke round, boss about, take up a novel, go out of an evening, skim over the pages of his work in order not to disgrace himself at the lecture and groan in anticipation of that coming seventy-two hour "go as you please."

Such is the fact. It is all right to say we shouldn't do this; that examination is not for the purpose of showing how high you can stand in figures. The truth is, that idea too often prevails, thoughtlessly, perhaps, but nevertheless, actually. Popping on examinations when least expected seems hard but, after all, it is ridiculous to think so. What are we here for anyway? What is the object in attending lectures four years? Not for the purpose of "passing" whatever else it may be. Do away with examinations or bring them unexpectedly on at no stated times,

giving no time for special "preparation," as it is euphemistically called and there would be among students who have a purpose, a more thorough mastery of their work, better habits of mental discipline formed, and much more satisfaction all round.

CANADA as yet has not made herself immortal in the world of letters. Indeed it would be perhaps, rather a matter of surprise if, in this early stage of her career, she had. Great literary genius seems to be in its fullest development an outgrowth of time. The first few hundred years are devoted to consolidation, building up; there is scarcely time for literary work. Witness Greece, Rome and England. Shakespeare's time, the most active, prolific and grandest of any in English history was after the nation had fairly planted its foot, bidding defiance to enemies and confident in the strength and glory of her own soil.

Again, a fire-brand of some kind seems necessary to set the flames crackling. A great national event, a war, invasion, discovery, or something which will stir men's blood, quicken their monotonous pulses, invigorate their enthusiasm and set them thinking is needed. The age comes, it produces its men. Milton had a glorious theme in a stormy time; Dante lived in a vigorous age of his country; Virgil's period of writing was bathed in the most glorious sunset of empire ancient times ever saw. And these men have left the fruits of their genius in the most immortal of all earthly possessions, literature.

Canada has had no period of this kind. As a part of the British Empire we have a glorious past; as a new country and one of vast and varied resources we have a brilliant future; but at present there is nothing which will inspire to the extent of moving mind to extraordinary exertion. We have had no climaxes, no jumping off places, nothing to stir men to their depths, hence no great strides have been made in literature.

Yet we have not been altogether idle. In fiction we are not immortal but commencing. Novelists there have been but not such as to make themselves famous or add much to the general stock of respectable fiction. Sam Slick is one of the classics of America, broader than Nova Scotia, wider than the Dominion; the fame of the author extends over all America and his work for originality, acute experience, thorough knowledge of human nature, wit and wisdom is pro-

verbial. But Sam Slick is only one, and Judge Haliburton is dead long ago. It might be disputed even if Nova Scotia can claim altogether the honor of calling the author of "Soft Sawder" her own. Many nice little stories are written but they are simply nice little stories and nothing more. In history we cannot rank with Rome; in poetry we do better, in science best.

And here it is worth while to enquire what part our college men have performed in what has been achieved. They indeed have played a most important part, and it is to them we look for much in the future. Geo. W. Dawson as a scientific writer and thinker is probably as well known as any author in Canada. Geo. M. Grant is a popular and pleasing writer and from his published works his reputation is first rate in the Dominion at least; Clark Murray's psychology is a college text book of standing notwithstanding its recent appearance; "In Divers Tones" has placed its author, C. G. D. Roberts, among the front rank of Canadian poets; DeMill's novels are at least not worse than many other fairly popular works. These gentlemen were or are all college professors and representatives of that class of scholars. Writers, journalists, magazine contributors, and promiscuous writers upon many subjects can be cited in abundance among men who are graduates of Canadian Universities, and if none of those have a world wide reputation they at least rank with the best average.

Each has had some considerable success in his own department and the fact is full of suggestion. It argues and augurs well for public institutions of learning. It shows not only ability in the men but energy in the institutions in whose interests they are working. You cannot have a tree without a sapling and soil. We have the sapling and hope to enrich our soil, then we can expect a full grown tree. What has been accomplished shows the growth of reason beyond sentiment of practical knowledge rather than fertile imagination. It is the special results of college training and work and a guarantee of their efficiency and usefulness, a sure indication of the growing power and importance of even Canadian Universities.

NO person should enter college without a fair knowledge of physiology and the laws of hygiene. No matter how closely he has hitherto applied himself to study, successful college life means a *constant*

increasing intensity of application to hard mental work. And this means that amongst the thousand other precautions, he must take unusually good care of his body or suffer severe consequences. And this means that he should have a clear understanding of the structure of his physical frame and of the inexorable inflexible laws which govern its healthy action. Ignorance cannot ward off the penalty of a broken hygienic law. "However mercifully," says a modern cogent writer on the subject in question, "however merciful God may deal with the heart of man, it is clearly evident that he never pardons the stomach, the lungs, or the brain. And verily the physiologically wicked shall not live out half his days."

Physiology has a place on the course of study in each institution on the "Hill." But the time allotted to this subject is necessarily very limited. Every person should "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" a good, live, author's work on hygiene before he comes here at all. "I can't find anything to read" we overheard the other day in Chipman Hall and a boy went roaming round smelling after a dime, yellow Indian or Western prairie novel. Stuff your "Western Scouts," and "Scalpers Hunters" and heathenish war-whoops away in a barn in a rat-hole and read something that can teach you what you need to know. If you cannot find anything better, get hold of a work that will teach you what so few of us juveniles seem to know—how to take care of yourself—and *study* it. It is a queer boy who would not find it interesting, and if it does not set him thinking there is no think in him.

ONE of the objects a man should have in going through college, is *to learn how to study.* The student who, during the last year of his course, goes at his work the same way he went at it the first year, has made a great failure and will probably never amount to much in after life. In this quick life and this feverish age when the world is restless and the months go by like telegraph posts a man should acquire more power every day to do the most and best work in the least possible time. He should *grow* in this strength and this skill. He should be able to do more work now than six months ago, and should be able to do it better and in less time. We were made to grow; growth is health, it is life, it is one of the grand objects of our existence. The man who does not grow is dead while he lives.

SILVER FROST.

(Too late for last issue.)

Ye trees! undeck your heads, so lowly bowed—
 With this illusive glitter weighed and dressed;
 Simplicity is burdened to be proud,
 And fairest is an humble garb and best.
 These crowns and jewels hung in the morning gleams,
 Reflect the glamour fancies lend to dreams,
 Poured loose from lavish casket—all the rays
 Of amber pendants softening the glare;
 And golden balls caught from the sun's own blaze;
 An amethysts, set on a twig, ensnare
 The eye with tender gleam to charm away
 From one great emerald, filled with summer day.
 To sight entrancing, yet withal how cold,
 This borrowed wealth of transitory reign!
 So fair, my heart forgets, while I behold,
 Its hope of summer luxury and calm.
 Yet, only to the eye doth such remain
 A constant loveliness, for heart is warm
 And lives not in adornment quick to die
 Beneath the touch, like rainbow never caught,
 Hope striving reaches never. Cast them by,
 Those jewels you cannot keep; true charms, unsought,
 Unlearned, with simple beauty, will combine
 To wed you soon with Spring. Then will your arms,
 Draped modestly, invite the winds to rest
 Mid drowsy shadows; then will you entwine
 The earth's fair bosom, rich in charms,
 When joyous loveliness with you is best.
 Unloose, unloose your forms! their glitter chills,
 Tho' Fancy smiles to look when far away.
 True beauty is so kind it ne'er repels;
 And adoration loves to touch the feet,
 And feel the presence make its love more sweet.
 My fickle eye led longing mind astray
 An eager hour, on you to turn
 Its favor, losing in the sudden flood
 Of glory round you drawn, the simpler good,
 Your truer self; but, love did soon return,
 When wandering thought was weary, glad to dwell
 In places loved and known so well.
 Afield, this liberal splendour mocks decay,
 As if the clover, brown and bloomless thing
 Was not long dead, but new awakening,
 Cased in a crystal globe. Thus false alway—
 Vain borrowing of foreign brightness, when,
 Sweet summer hues live not, come not again—
 Vain glory to conceal the blighting hand
 Laid heavily upon the land.
 A bird, wing-weary, seeks to pause, poor thing;
 But not a perch invites to rest, and seeds
 Are sealed to hungry bill—that cruel deeds
 Must add to beauty's reckoning!
 Unloose ye branches from this gaudy state,
 For comely dress 'twill not be long to wait.

February, 1888.

J. F. HERBIN.

MACAULAY.

MACAULAY'S writing is full, free, precise, and read with enjoyment, unabated by effort. Each thought is presented in terms so admirably suited to it, that, though not a single word can be erased without impairing the sense, the blenish of deficiency in language could never suggest itself to the most critical. On the contrary the wonderful adaptation of words to conceptions and the evident ease with which they are applied, attest no feeble control of the English vocabulary. The sentences, arranged with that artistic diversity of length and variety of structure which precludes tedium, succeed each other, so naturally and smoothly that we almost seem to receive the thoughts as they moved, unencumbered by language, through the great essayist's mind. The highest virtue of the style with all its elegance and luxuriance of diction, appears in the unclouded distinctness of meaning. It is not surprising that one whose pen never traced an ambiguous clause, and in whose works it would be impossible to find a solitary word, misused or redundant phrase, should denounce, with scorn and disgust, the diffuse, obscure and confused paragraphs of Saddler. Johnson's stately but prolix and overlaiden periods, must in many cases be reviewed repeatedly before their purport is altogether certain; while Hallam, though sufficiently concise, seems enveloped in a caul of darkness, which it requires more than one persual to remove. Macaulay rarely selects a topic calculated to please the commonplace reader, or likely to afford occasion for humor or satire. His themes rather bear in themselves the promise of uninteresting narration or research, with little to invite the attention of those whose emotions must be effected or passions stirred, e'er any book can secure their admiration. But when passed through the mould of his intellect, dry truths and sober reasoning grow comely and attractive, radiant with interest, and alive with pleasantry.

Whatever the character of his subject, Macaulay's productions are prized alike by all orders of the reading portion of humanity. In them the scholar discovers refinements of learning, and philosophical methods of thought, according well with his own tastes; while the careless and frivolous disposition unallured by these qualities, yet finds delight in the unfailing richness of phraseology and the striking and numberless modes of presentation. His works resemble some

imposing edifice, exhibiting every detail essential to external beauty and symmetry, yet so planned and constructed as most effectively to serve the more practical purposes for which it was designed.

So lucid and forcible is his expression, that not only is the idea exhaustively and accurately stated, but we can readily infer the condition of the writer's temper, and the greater or less intensity of feeling brought to bear upon the matter before him. In short his books form a portrait exact, and finished of their author's mind. Clear, candid and elegant in wording, in substance learned, yet vivacious and irresistibly fascinating, they remain, the giant impress of a giant's hand.

THE KINDERGARTEN.

THIS, latest departure in the system of education, is, perhaps the most truly scientific method of instruction yet established. Frederick Froebel conceived the idea, that education should not be a process of intellectual cramming, but that it should be a process of development, in harmony with the child's mental and physical nature. With this exception he took up the study of child-nature, observing carefully the natural activities and inclinations that influences children in their play.

Froebel no doubt utilized the theories of Pestalozzi, which aimed at the developments of physical nature and industrial education, but he realized the necessity of beginning to work in harmony with nature at the very earliest age. He saw in his imagination the ideal teacher, discharging the duties of his office in much the same way as the systematic gardener cultivates his plants. Hence the name of the system which he developed,—Kindergarten or *children's garden*.

The kindergarten principles are based upon the following laws:—(a.) That education means a harmonious development of all the bodily and mental powers. (b.) That the spontaneous is the raw material, and the only element that is valuable in education, and that the teacher must graft his instruction on to the spontaneous in the child. (c.) And so the work of the teacher is not to give knowledge, but to furnish materials, means, and opportunities for the child's mind spontaneously to work upon. (d.) And that the materials and occupations pre-

sent to the child, as a means of training, should be systematically developed from each other.

Owing to the stern opposition which his principles met, Froebel lived to see only this foundation work of his new educational system, fairly laid in his native Germany, but so thorough was the foundation work, that no amount of resistance could destroy the great purpose of that noble life. At his death in 1852, which is said to have been hastened by the enactment of a law excluding the kindergarten method of teaching from the public schools of Prussia, there existed a training school at Dresden, where Froebel had expended most of his personal labor, and a few flourishing infant schools. To-day the kindergarten method is favourably known and quite extensively applied in all the countries of Europe, and also in the American Republic.

The system is designed for the training of children between the ages of three and seven; and as that is the most important period in all the child's life, the advantages or disadvantages arising from its application, are of the greatest importance. The fact that children under a certain age are not admitted to the public schools, is no proof that they are not capable of education at an earlier period. Indeed, as Herbert Spencer has wisely observed, the child begins to learn, and its character begins to take shape almost as soon as it comes into being. It is doubtful whether in any of the subsequent years of its life, the child acquires as much knowledge as during the first two or three years. It may be questioned also whether the training of any other period of its life, makes so lasting an impression upon the character as what it learns during those early years. By the time the child has reached the age of seven, its temper, and many of the most important features of its disposition have become established. If this early formation of character, has been a perfect development of all the child's natural powers and a drawing out and building up of all that is noble and good in the child, its prospects for further development will be hopeful; but, if on the contrary, the unamiable qualities of its disposition has been allowed to hold sway, the future training must either take on the character of reform and transformation of all that nature and domestic influences have done for the child, or else become auxiliary in building up a deformed character.

Much emphasis is placed upon heredity of traits of character, but much more depends upon the influences by which the child is surrounded, and the treatment that it receives during its earliest years, than upon any inherited tendencies. Fretful treatment will most assuredly form a fretful temper in the child. And just as bodily deformities that are caused by accidents in childhood are most sure to be incurable, so defects in character acquired even in the earliest years, are most likely to mould the disposition for life.

The kindergarten system undertakes to develop in harmony with nature, all that is amiable and noble, and to choke out all that is undesirable in the child's mental make up. As the age of the child is that adapted only to play, the system combines play and education. The materials used in the process of training are termed gifts, and while they are placed in the hands of the children for a source of enjoyment to them, their play is so guided as to become at the same time a source of mental development. These gifts consist of woolen balls, wooden balls, cylinders, cubes and so on. First the child is taught to distinguish the different colours of these balls, to observe the materials of which they are made—note difference in form, etc. After these objects and their various properties have become familiar to them, other geometrical figures, such as the cylinder, the square, the triangle, and the cube are given, and they learn as before to compare and contrast. They are taught to place two triangles together so as to form a square, to place a number of squares upon one another until they have formed a cube, to observe wherein the cylinder compares with the ball, and how it agrees with the cube. From these objects they are taught to construct forms of life such as buildings, and articles of furniture. After this they are given employment such as drawing lines, folding paper, cutting out objects such as all children do when undirected in their amusements only in this case the forms are made in harmony with the various natural objects which they have handled. Nothing is done wantonly or at random.

The attention of the children is not held upon any one object long enough to cause weariness, but relief is afforded by change in the objects with which they are engaged, or in the lessons applied to them. Variety is also given by introducing a game, a song, or a story, in the midst of the lesson, so that all work is made play, and all play is made work.

It will readily be seen that such methods of training cannot fail to awaken observation and inquiry in the child's mind, so that all the natural objects soon become teachers to him. That all children are possessed of a natural capacity for such inquiry and investigation appears from the way in which they will examine and pull to pieces objects that come within their reach. It is necessary then that these talents should be furnished with materials to work upon.

It might be objected by some that such a process of training at such an early age, must interfere with nature; but to such an objection it might be replied that the aim is merely to give the child the best possible surroundings for nature to accomplish its grand purposes. In many cases this requirement may be fully met in the home life, but in many others it must be reluctantly admitted, that sad deficiencies appear. In some it may be from lack of ability on the part of the parents, to develop the child's nature, and in others various hindrances may occur, but the kindergarten comes in to supply all that a perfect home can afford.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Dalhousie Gazette* for February is as good a number as we have seen for some time. Volapuk is something we do not understand, but have no doubt the premiss is excellent. Would that a good many more were written in the same language. The article original "Journalism as a Profession" is to the point. "Pessimists Past and Present" is an entirely new view of that widely denounced class. The contributor is evidently a paradoxical pessimist, with a good knowledge of the bible. Dr. MacGregor's lecture has the force which relieves it of tediousness, a fault almost inevitable in a subject of this kind. The "Echo" gets an echoing slap back, and, if the clipping given is a fair sample of that paper's typographical work and grammatical ability, deservedly so. We don't agree with all the editorial remarks, but they have a stand-up-and-face-it air which makes them worthy of perusal and consideration. Dalhousiensia is rather full of love and lady.

THE *Varsity* is a modern looking weekly, and in some respects entitled to the first place among Canadian College journals, *e. g.*; it issues more numbers than any other Canadian sheet of its kind, and is full of inspiring promises. Late copies are not particularly crowded with literary matter, or anything else for

that matter. Perhaps we may except the series of articles on science, by special contributors. These sound learned and look dry; both features characterize them. The balance of the paper can better be appreciated by close perusal—the closer the better. We never could see the propriety of a paper launching out into a weekly, till it found matter at least too pressing for a fortnightly or monthly. If the *Varsity*, at some time in its past history, was ever seriously inconvenienced that way, we judge the pressure stage is over. Better a well filled yearly than an empty daily.

THE *Chironian* a weird looking New York College journal, devoted exclusively to Medicine, makes its first appearance on our table this year. It abounds in medical technicalities, class supports and business. College notes are the most "free and easy" "notes" we have read for some time. Medical students to judge from the *Chironian*, are a pretty jolly lot and candid as jolly.

HENRY ESMOND.

THE long delayed and much thought of evening at length arrived, and we sallied over. A rather timid, somewhat hesitating, slightly embarrassed crowd were we, but full of hope, relying upon each other and the genius of the lady of the evening, who so kindly furnished the opportunity of a literary treat, to pull us through. We did well. Got along first rate. An admirably clear unique and historical introduction gave us time to get composed and look round. Then the hero of the evening, Henry Esmond, was brought upon the boards and thoroughly analyzed and discussed. Miss Wadsworth proved herself quite able to successfully defend all attacks, settle all criticisms, demolish all arguments. Ingenuity, quick insight, delicate taste, refined literary culture, wide reading and profound study did their work. If the gentlemen wandered off occasionally into *side* issues, it was only because literary gems have to be searched for, whereas, —The precious moments buried themselves into the irrevocable past, and we were forced to put Henry on the shelf, regretted, but much more thoroughly investigated, and better understood than two hours before.

We can only tender our thanks to the lady principle and those who so ably assisted in giving us an exceedingly pleasant, very profitable and most highly appreciated evening, regret that the past has not been so kind, and hope for the future.

CLASS SUPPER.

THE boys of '88 met in the Dining Hall on Friday night, lately, and had one of "those" suppers. There was plenty, and plenty was needed. We like æsthetics and don't object to Turkey. Indeed, we prefer them instead. After some 45 minutes at table we sat back and partook of "Attic Salt." It was excellent. We had two heads of the table, thus proving the old adage, "two heads are better than one." Mr. C. W. Eaton, the impromptu head, called for the toasts, (lemonade) and the gentlemen ably responded. Mr. Wallace for our new Professor of Modern Languages. Mr. W. B. Wallace, always eloquent, spoke modestly but fervently. It was felt that he was the right man in the right place.

"Our Cousins" was then called for, and Mr. A. E. Shaw remained standing. He paid a glowing tribute to the peculiar excellencies, manifold conveniences and general phases of this glorious institution, (Cousins). He hadn't any himself, but sympathized with those who had. His R. H. C. was enthusiastically referred to as something unknown but remarkable.

"Our Married Class-mate" showed his appreciation of married life by remaining at home. Being the only member who is thus peculiarly favoured, his absence was regretted.

Mr. Howard Barss responded for the Class of '75 in an interesting and historical speech. His happy retrospectant view was listened to with great pleasure. Mr. Barss has seen considerable of life since his real college days, and his remarks, therefore, had the assent of *Experientia cum dignitate*.

Mr. L. D. Morse, responding to the toast, the "Class of '88," did not find it all pleasure, since the pain of parting was very soon to come. None realized it more than he. Perhaps none realize it more than all of us.

"The Ladies" Mr. H. H. Wickwire answered for. He was filled with his subject—full to overflowing. He was not only a sincere admirer of the class (ladies) as a whole, but was not intending merely to stand back and admire all his life. We agreed with him. His countenance was beneficence itself. His peroration was strikingly appropriate and well received.

"Our next Merry Meeting" all drank and all responded. Mrs. and Mr. Keddy were toasted with enthusiasm. "The Faculty" and "The Queen" were not forgotten.

LONG LIVE THE CLASS OF '88.

P. S's.—By a most remarkable coincidence part of another graduating class feasted on the same evening at a little later hour. Romance, Turkey bones, peanut shells and a long string made up the *memo*.

Mr. L. J. Lovett was obliged to absent himself

after the first speech, but came back looking happier than ever.

Most of us retired before Sunday and got up before Monday.

QUERIES.

- Wherefore not a lecture, Mr. Chairman ?
 Wherefore no molasses on thy boots, Philosopher ?
 Wherefore those pillow-slips, ye Horace ?
 Wherefore flute thou Bill ?
 Wherefore that belt, Judson ?
 Wherefore thy measles, Wellington ?
 Wherefore thy increased size, O, Archibald ?
 Wherefore spare the razor, my Clarence ?
 Wherefore art thou, Edward Hildebrand ?
 Wherefore the "Sign of the Big Boot," Charles Adolphus ?
 Wherefore those dulcet tones, Sweet Hector ?
 Wherefore grand pa's visit, Tommy ?

PERSONALS.

L. E. WORTMAN, M. A., as Prof. of Modern Languages and History, now fills the Sixth "Chair" at Acadia.

HON. J. W. LONOLEY, Attorney General, a short time since, pent a few days at Wolfville.

E. W. SAWYER, B. A., of the Academy Staff, has been for a short time, unable to discharge his duties by reason of a severe attack of Measles.

LOCALS.

"MUD."

"CANDY-PARTIES."

Do I know her ?

"To be and not to seem,"

We mean.

"Please sing the National Anthem."

"OLD FRIEND" has been sick.

"REVELATION of a cone"

Quoth a Fresh. with ears outgrown :

He sickly smiled for came that tone :—

The one word, "next."

Two literary Sophs.

No. I.—"Say, where can I find the works of "Anon !"

No. II.—"Dunno, he is of no account anyway."

ASTRONOMICAL problem.—Get down on your hands and knees and count the stars.

"SLEEPING-APARTMENTS for single gents."

Quiet and rest assured.

Apply early or late.

Third Flat—Ell.

ALL those who wish to subscribe for Harvard College papers will please hand in their names to the proper authority at once. The journals need no recommendation, and are cheap for less than cash.

ONE of the great points of advantage which a lady editor enjoys over her male competitors, that she can scrub the floor occasionally.

It is said that one of the Freshmen wears a coat of mail to ward off Cupid's arrows. Would it be proper to call him the Iron Duke ?

SOME one has said that poetry works upon the emotions. We may add that a good place to work upon the Poet is just back of the car,—a club is convenient if handy.

THANKS for contributions, Inoz. It is one of the most charming sketches we ever met. It was a sketch, wasn't it ? We will publish it in the June number, after all the editors have scattered to places unknown. We only have space to answer a few of your very interesting and pointed questions. Yes, we think it is always in fashion to wear hair—especially if you have any of your own. No, we would not advise you to eat too heartily of home-made molasses candy, it sometimes interferes with the healthy action of the brain ; your feast of the results of a gallon and a half in one evening we should consider a little too much for a delicate young girl of 37. We do not advise tobogganing without you are pretty sure of running into something and causing a sensation. Maltese cats are the favourites just at present, so our sausage maker tells us. The best thing we know of for corns is Dynamite Cartridges ; it is sure to cure them if you use enough. It is necessary to open the mouth in order to sing well—only be careful of your false teeth. We think you had better tell "mamma" of the young man's infatuation, if you are not too bashful. If he is only 18 you are perfectly justified in marrying him—especially as he is an orphan, and in need of a care-taking mother. We would be pleased to hear from you any time after 60 or 70 years. Art is long and tempus fugit.

THREE cheers for "Eurydico."

IN the spring a young man loses his appetite.

MISSIONARY work versus Calculus—Room 23, boxes—Algebraic tonics—Railroad from Kingsport to Spa Springs.

A WORD TO THE WISE.—Young men this is April. Remember those failings.

Is "Hamlet" too deep or is the Freshie too "Shoal"? We rather think the fault is with Shakspeare.

WE are happy to inform our readers that, at present, the sunniest part of the day is from 4 to 6 p. m. A change at headquarters.

ONE of our youth received a few days ago a letter addressed:—
"Acadia Seminary,"
Wolfville.

Enlighten your correspondent at once "Hector."

HISTORY CLASS.—Freshman.

Prof.—"The popedom is hereditary, yet the popes never marry."

Fresh.—"Well! guess I won't be a pope."

PARTICIPANTS at the junior table have decided that much speech, is not *edifying*. One of them has *long* jud-ged his bilouance to be due to the *c-m-d-ryo* harangues of his room-mate.

The two modest Freshies who sought to join the procession from Church the other Sunday evening, were "left," so to speak. Wear a couple of old frocks down next time boys, and throw over them a buffalo hide, and you will never be detected. You are handsome fellows too, and so will readily pass.

COLLEGE chapel has a new (!) organ stool. The last one was an artistic structure, consisting of three heterogeneous but substantial strata—a black crack-bottom chair, a clattering patent-folding desk and a Webster's Unabridged dictionary in sheep. The whole edifice made a very comfortable seat.

As spring advances, and the beating rains thaw the ice away, great anxiety is felt for the Ladies' Gymnasium. It has probably been subjected to some very severe shakings during the past winter. Its foundation should be examined immediately, and Bryan's should sit on the top windy nights.

THE following were elected as officers of the Athenæum Society for the third term of this year:—H. S. Shaw, Pres.; H. T. DeWolfe, Vice-Pres.; C. R. Higgins, Rec. Sec'y.; G. P.

Raymond, Cor. Sec'y; J. Pascoe, Treasurer. Executive Committee—O. H. Cogswell, Chairman; C. S. Lyons, W. S. Black, Z. T. Harlow, R. O. Morse.

POOR Boy! he wandered forth on a warm afternoon, sickened, and fell by the wayside. But a good "Samaritan" lived by this wayside, who took him in and cared for him. And there were also in this house other "Samaritans."

Now here, he sent a message unto his friends, saying, that he must needs tarry in what place he was, as he felt grievously "broken up." After some days, the fever left him, and, early in the morning, he arose and came unto his own place. At times, how kind a fate is circumstance.

MAX O'NEIL's "Exhibition," held in Assembly Hall on the evening of the 9th ult., was largely attended and generally appreciated. The "Journey from Europe to Asia through Canada" was well illustrated by his views, and his descriptions were those of an eye-witness. His light, an excellent one, brought the pictures well out, both as to clearness of detail and show of perspective. Of course the most interesting part of his programme was the Canadian scenery, and it certainly was the best. The "localisms" evinced skill and ingenuity, if not *exactly good taste*. A not unpleasing part of the programme was the intermission,—when a number of views depicting our "Old Earth's" infancy was shown by Prof. Coldwell. Half of the receipts—about \$37.00—went to the College library.

AN old book has been placed on our table by Prof. Coldwell, with the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes scrawled by the same hand in half-a-dozen places. It is or *was* bound in leather. One cover is half torn off. The fly leaves are all out; Cambridge is written and printed around, and Massachusetts stretches proudly lengthwise on the haggled cover. It is a Valpy's Greek Grammar, found by a Hebron Freshman last summer, in his grandmother's garret. We have not learned its history, but it has evidently been well studied. The following is a letter written in response to an enquiry of Prof. Coldwell:—

"BOSTON, March 8th, 1888.

"My dear Sir,—

"You honor me by considering one of my school books worth preserving.

"I certainly had and used a Valpy's Greek grammar, and I have no doubt that the one with my name in it in several places is the one I had in my freshman and sophomore years in Harvard College.

Yours very truly,
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES."

WHY is a certain swarthy student also breechy? Because he jumps at conclusions.

YE Sophomores, how were you warned at the beginning of leap year! Were you not cautioned to keep tight hold of your affections, nor let them centre! And now, where are you! Behold, our non-blushing "Heavy-weight" is, already fallen, and lo, prostrate beside him lies the blue-eyed "Naturalist." And how came ye into such a state? Can ye not stand a single dose of sugar-candy! What if fair hands did load with pepper your

napkins, was it anything to *dissolve* over! And even if beneath a low-hung moon, ye were escorted home by timorous little "candy-pullers," was there any need of so much stutter and flutter at the door-step? No wonder, my boy, you're troubled with the neuralgia, and you of the "sweet voice," how can you expect to warble!

And how passed ye the Sabbath, how much of quiet and meditation was there?

Poor hearts, how did they shiver and thump as you tried to eat your tea! Of course you enjoyed the sermon, though you don't remember the text or anything at all about it—yea, enjoyed it as ye homeward did meander. Yes, "impressionable" for you that warning voice,—"*Leapum Annum Cave*," has been tried in vain for Fobr's ink is hardly dry and yet here are ye irrecoverably "gone." Your follies be upon your own heads, for you did each *embrace* the *danger*, nor thought twice before you were consumed.

THE March meeting of Acadia Missionary Society, was held on Sunday afternoon, 18th inst., in Assembly Hall. The change from evening to afternoon was only *pro tempore*. The following was the programme carried out:—

Essay, "Richard E. Burpee," by G. P. Raymond, '90. Vocal solo, "Kyrie," by Miss Vaughan; Essay, "Getting power for the sake of giving it to others," by C. H. McIntyre, '89; Vocal duet, "Calvary," by Misses Vaughan and Wallace; Address, by Rev. J. H. Foshay, pastor of Windsor Baptist Church.

Mr. Foshay's address was full of strength and earnestness. The conquest of the world for Christ, was shown to be the true and grand mission of the individual christian and the church. His practical counsels at the close were full of solid wisdom that *went home* as each point was brought out so clear and strong. He also preached at the Village church in the evening, and went home next morning, with a large number added to the list of those who remember him with kind feelings and esteem.

The Society has always been greatly indebted to the ladies of the Seminary for their cheerful co-operation in sustaining the interest of its meetings. The March meeting was no exception to this rule. The solo and duet were very appropriate selections and both were most pleasingly rendered. The essays enunciated, the one the facts and lessons of its subject's life, the other the doctrine of its proposition, with clearness and force. Both showed careful thought, and were listened to attentively throughout.

HOUSE CLEANING HINTS.—Take up the parlor carpet and thoroughly scrub it, using Vaseline and "Welcome" soap. Place the chairs rectangularly, and 2½ inches further apart, taking care to kick off the varnish. Shift piano to corner, and buy another funeral covering for it.—Drive out the young rats before locking it up. Dust the family Bible, in case the minister calls. Remove everything from the whatnot and replace as before. Dusting you know. Carefully draw the curtains, drop the blinds, pull too the shutters, and doubly lock the room, be very particular to exclude every breath of air and sun-

beam. It adds so much to the comfort and cosiness of things and preserves the carpet besides. How sweet smelling it will be when you open it. Next tackle the bed-rooms; carry the bed-clothes down stairs, pitch the crockeryware out of the window, scrape every available inch, and retire under cover of night before the boarder comes home. Don't neglect the pantry—you scrubbed it out last Saturday, but *business* is business in house cleaning time; it needs it just as much as anything. Whitewash the kitchen floor and dab a little on the ceiling. Turn out all the water in the door-yard, so it will run in a nice little diphtheria breeding pool. It is well to prepare for summer. Don't comb your hair for at least a fortnight, neither tie up your boots, nor darn your stockings, nor cook anything. Keep cool and never waste yo... breath. Slam the doors, talk loudly, swoop freely, fume wildly, jaw your husband if you have one, spank the children, rage round, get up at four, broomstick the hired man, get a good spring cold, if possible, and try and finish twenty-four hours ahead of Mrs. Jenks across the way.

RECEPTION.—The night was fine, and the stars blinked every one, when at 8.29 p. m., "our fifty," clothed in corkscrew and fine linen approached your "sacred portals." No word escape, their lips, for 'tis no time for speech, and doubtless, each is anxious to preserve his soon-to-be needed store. A little courages then opens wide the door, and in they go from chill and darkness to the warmth and dazzle of an "At Home."

Over (coats and shoes) being duly cared for, with what intense zeal is the business of the evening entered upon, the introductions acknowledged, the ice broken.

Everywhere fall off the shackles of constraint what though hands and feet will keep in the way, though the tongue is thick, the breath short, the boots new, and the collar high, is not this our long-wished chance, and are we not Freshmen!

The air grows thick with hum, broken ever and anon by phrases such as these:—"Fine evening," "—promenade," "Is this your first?" "My sakes!" "Yeth sir."

Here the laugh purly and sweet, there the repartee sharp and swift, while, like the sound of summer sea, comes soft the blended murmur. To and fro, and round about moves on the endless chain of happy mortals. The over-tripping carpet is forgotten or spurned away unheeded. All the past, and whatever is hoped of the future yield speedy conquest to the big, bright "now."

Oh, quickly run the golden sands, richly freighted with sigh of swain and look of maiden. Creatures of an evening, how, soon shall the bubble burst!

Still the "doing and undoing" never flag and,—"bright the lamps shine o'er fair 'lamurles' and Fresh-men, and all goes merry as"—but hush-sh—"*God save the Queen*." Then comes the waking, and each shoulders again his load of life and tries to sing with heart and voice, "*Long may she reign*." A saddening-silence falls, the very lights grow dim and little tear-soaked words scarce fall upon the ear. The finger-tips are wrung and wrung in twain, and the "Overs" are once more wriggled into. The outside door clangs loud a last good-night, the retreating echoes die away, and one more Reception is gathered to its "Fathers."

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