

The "Hy Skule."

There's a time to be jolly and glad,
There's a time to be merry and wise;
But the merchant who keeps ahead of
time

Will be sure to advertise—
In the MONTHLY.

Scene:—English Class—Notes on the
Merchant of Venice. Teacher: "R—
what is meant by snapped ginger?" R—
(briskly): "Gingersnaps!"

One of our N. G. Dalhousians still
clings to his childish ways. He loves his
Dolly.

Teacher in Chemistry:—"What is form-
ed by the union of lime and water?" Small
boy (thinking of the lines of picket fence):
"Whitewash!"

Thistledown—Rubbing *Nen's* moustache
the wrong way.

Our bright little junior has given up
kicking.

Which boy had the painful interview
with the English teacher the other day?
Eh Chiz?

It is with great pleasure that we notice
that one of our "boys", Mr. W. T. Pat-
ton, has distinguished himself by taking
second place in the teachers' examination
for Grade B, open to Nova Scotia, making
the very creditable average of 72 per cent.
He is now teaching at Lyon's Brook, and
if the young idea of that place fail to
"shoot," it is certainly owing to no fault
in their worthy pedagogue.

Mr. Alex. Ross, another of our boys,
also passed a very creditable examination.

Mr. John G. McDougall, one of our
B class of '89, has been appointed prin-
cipal of the Albion Mines Public Schools.
John is bound to get on.

T. M. Lewis, the lecturer for the Sons
of Temperance paid the High School a
visit last Friday. He gave some good ad-
vice which we hope was well received.

The following was contributed by our
devil:—

"Is the Editor in, asked a long haired youth.
s into our sanctum he strode;
If he is, I wish to see him, forsooth.
I wish to sell him an Ode.
Straight up to the editor's desk he strode,
Took a seat with a childlike smile;
And said to the editor, "I've an Ode
On the Beautiful"—but the bile
Of the editor rose, and he smote
The bard a most terrible blow
And kicked him into the office backyard.
To die on the beautiful snow."

In the latest Montreal *Witness* prize
awards for short Canadian stories, Miss
Nettie B. McKenzie, of New Glasgow,
won the Pictou County prize and Charlie
R. McKean, of Durham, received, the
school prize.

Miss McKenzie is a 2nd year student
of the High School. The MONTHLY con-
gratulates her on her success.

An exchange voices our sentiments
when it says—In remitting for a subscrip-
tion do not say, "please find enclosed,"
etc. Leave off the "please." It is un-
necessary to plead with an editor in that
way. If there be any money in the let-
ter he will find it, and don't you think he
won't. If he doesn't, he is a bogus
member of the profession and you are
well rid of the paper.

We have not arrived at that stage in
the Journalistic profession and we hope
never shall when we can join in the
mouthful tone of the poet who says:—

"Lives of poor men all remind us,
Honest toil don't stand a chance,
More we work we leave behind us
Bigger patches on our pants.

On our pants once new and glossy;
Now are shades of different hue,
All because subscribers linger
And won't pay up what is due.

Then let all be up and doing,
Send their mites however small,
Or when storms of winter strike us,
We will have no pants at all."