

secretary of the Liberal party. The Conservatives chose William Grant as chairman and Geo. Gampbell as secretary.

April 2nd was fixed as nomination day. Mr. Kennedy consenting to act as Sheriff. Hugh Upham nominated the Liberals, and George Campbell the Conservatives. Both did their part in a very creditable manner. The speakers on the occasion, besides the candidates, were James D. MacKenna, Liberal; William Grant and John Power, Conservative. Never before in the history of the world did such speakers address such an audience as on this occasion. Never before were the differences so great. On the one side were peace and plenty; on the other side, plenty and peace. The opposing sides also were in striking contrast. On one side were 150 boys and girls; on the other, 150 girls and boys. It remains to be told how the contest ended.

Through the campaign short meetings were held at 1 o'clock. Henry Munroe was one of the principal speakers on these occasions. He was an ardent politician, and never failed to come to the *scratch*. At one time it was thought he was aspiring to the position of ladies' best man, but this he afterwards publicly denied. He was, however, a very warm admirer of a certain portion of the school. He is now teaching in Pictou Co., and is much missed by his class-mates.

The Liberals trusted too much to the fact that one of their leaders looked like Sir Wilfrid. They found out when it was too late that they had been trusting to a broken *reed*.

The young ladies held a meeting on April 7th, presided over by Miss Mackintosh. The speakers on this occasion were Miss Allan, Miss Hutchinson and Miss Maud Fanning, Liberal; Miss Miller, Miss Book and Miss Dennis, Conservative. Those who had the pleasure of listening to the speeches of this meeting were convinced that the speakers understood, and were interested in, the government of the country. And right here it might be stated for the benefit of those who deny the ladies their political rights, and doubt their ability to understand these matters, that the girls who lead their classes in school are not the dunces in political matters that some people imagine. The speeches on both sides were clever and to the point. After the ladies had spoken, short speeches were made by William Grant and Hope Blois.

Friday, April 9th, was election day, Mr. Kennedy again acting as Sheriff. This election was a model one in some respects. (1) It was a representative one, no distinction being made as regards sex. (2) It was free from booze, rum and tobacco. Much might be said in this connection if space permitted. The polls opened at 4 P. M., and by half-past five all had voted. By six the votes were counted, and the results announced as follows:—

Lib.	FYSHE, 119.	Con.	STEWART, 156.
	CHRISTIE, 116.		LAYTON, 157.
	BLOIS, 115.		STAIRS, 159.

It was a clean sweep for the Conservatives. As the papers would say, the Grits were completely "snowed under." Those who had voted for peace and plenty were satisfied, while those who had voted for plenty and peace were heard to say, "if those on the other side can stand it, we can." The boys then bounced the successful candidates amid loud cheers, and thus ended our Academy election.

H. H. B.

On Thursday evening, December 9, Mr. Brooks of Manchester, England, lectured most acceptably before some 500 of our students and their friends in our Assembly Hall, on the South African question.

## WHEN MOTHER FRIED THE PANCAKES.

When mother fried the pancakes,

Oh! I tell you then 'twas fun,  
To stand by the stove and watch her,  
As she turned them one by one.

We'd run to the door, we children,  
Tom, Kate, Sue, Geri and me,  
And ask every five or ten minutes,  
"If it wasn't near time for tea."

Till mother'd lift up her head crying,  
"Now children you must keep away,  
I can fry the pancakes without you  
Run out in the yard and play."

And then we'd all troop out the doorway,  
And quarrel to pass the time,  
Except Gertie the eight year older,  
Who thought fighting a downright crime.

So she'd shout from the back of the garden,  
And her voice was loud and strong;  
"Mother, Jack and Tom are fightin'!"  
And, "Mother, you said 'twas time!"

And, "Mother, Jack's teasin' Susie;  
Oh! mother, Jack's pinchin' me!"  
Till sometimes, our mother looked tired,  
When she called us at last to tea.

Then when the tea bell had sounded,  
We all through the gateway would again,  
For whoever came late to the table,  
Got the least little bit of jam.

But Kate was a little Angel,  
As good as she could be,  
She never called for a lot of cakes,  
Like Geri and Tom and me.

She never told tales when we quarreled,  
Dear little kind-hearted Kate!  
I can see her yet, helping mother  
Pile the pancakes on the plate.

It always happened, somehow  
That the blame was laid on me,  
But I made up for lagging this burden,  
When it came the time for tea.

Gertie would stand by the fire,  
And hinder all she could,  
And Tom the sly young rascal,  
Would fill the box with wood.

For well he knew that mother  
Seeing her helpful boy,  
Would give him more jam on his pancakes,  
And fill his heart with joy.

But it didn't last long, this devotion,  
For slipping quite near him, I  
Would give his ear a pulling  
And near his ear would cry,

"Ha! you are a cute one, Thomas,  
What a good little boy you be,  
To fill the wood-box each evening-time  
That pancakes are for tea."

And Tom would chase me down stairs  
And out the garden gate,  
And when I sauntered town-ward,  
He'd call out "don't be late!"

But tea-time would find us seated,  
Each with a well-filled plate,  
The five of us loud in our praises,  
And declaring the pancakes great.—SADIE HUESTIS.