

## GRANDE LIGNE.

A VISITOR looking west from our verandah would probably ask, "Why don't you have that ugly pile of stones removed from beside the lawn?" We answer: "Those stones please us very much just where they are. They mean that a Principal's residence is to be built there next spring."

The order one Saturday morning for every one to turn out to help remove the shutters and replace them with the storm windows reminded us of the approach of winter. The boys are also preparing their skates and trying them on the small patches of ice that appear here and there in the fields. What fine skating we ought to have this winter on our beautiful new rink!

We have lately been favored with visits from Rev. D. Hutchinson, of Brantford, Rev. Prof. Higgins, of Acadia University, and Dr. Parker, of Halifax. All gave us some refreshing words of counsel and encouragement. Still our friends continue to find us, even though we are considered to live in an out-of-the-way corner of the world.

NOVEMBER 27th, at 11.45 a.m., classes quietly proceeding as usual. A low rumbling sound is heard. Louder! The building shakes, evidently from cellar to garret. Faces turn pale. Students and teachers start to their feet. Some rush out of doors, others to the furnace. What is it? An *earthquake!* But it is gone. Of course no one was frightened. Not at all, only a little nervous.

NOT long since a large heavy iron-bound box was set down at the front door. It bore the address of an Express Company in Paris, France. What did it contain? Books, French books, two hundred dollars' worth of beautifully bound volumes, specially chosen for our library by Rev. M. Lafleur, from the proceeds of the insurance on our old library that was destroyed by the fire in 1891. We have been pleased also to receive small contributions of books through Mr. S. Usher, one of our last year's students, and from Rev. W. W. Weeks, now of Moncton, N. B.

MURDER.—A terrible slaughter took place at Grande Ligne on Wednesday, and to crown the horrors, four pretty ladies with dainty white hands and tapering fingers, plucked and dressed the thirteen innocent victims. Alas! for poor humanity, a hundred and twenty-six persons enjoyed eating them. (Not the ladies, but the geese.) Yes, Feller Institute can boast of being able to give a Thanksgiving dinner. If we judge from some of the flying remarks, such as, "Well, boys, all those that have any strength left, please gather in class-room No. 4." "I guess I'll be light this afternoon with my white wing." "Say, boys, we had two meals in one." "And they cried out, 'quack, quack,'" we can see that all seemed to appreciate it. Wish-bones are to be seen on several doors, and the "oil" is precious kept to anoint the manly chests and swan-like necks of our strong and fair sexes.