

women at their heads, where the education received is on a par with any of the male colleges. And, more than that the male colleges are open to receive women, and have they not proved themselves able to compete with their brothers?

Miss Fawcett proved herself more than able when she came out above the senior wrangler at Cambridge last year. Nor is her's the only case. There are scores of others that we have not time to mention, some even in our own province. And why should it not be so? Adolph Monod, I think, says:—"The fate of the nation lies concealed in the hand of a woman."

We have only taken a hasty view of a few things that have grown or advanced but perhaps it will give a vague idea of how things have changed by growth. And so the world will go on improving and changing until there is no more room for improvement or change.

### A Few Whispers Picked up By Our Reporter.

Murmurings heard through the window  
"Tell her I will send it" Query! "Who is  
"her?"

Can any one of our scholars explain  
the following which was found on the  
floor of the schoolhouse. What student  
is pouring out the vials of his wrath on  
his teacher.

"The teacher came down like a wolf  
on the fold,  
His eyes they were gleaming with  
anger like gold  
The chalk on his coat looked like foam  
on the sea  
While his voice rolled like thunder on  
deep Gallilee.

Students and readers will find it greatly  
to their own and the MONTHLY'S advan-  
tage to patronize our advertisers. They  
keep only the best but sell at cheapest  
rates.

Mrs. Van Baerle, who died at Brussels recently, in her ninety-first year, was the widow of an English officer of ancient Dutch lineage, the daughter of Sir Thomas Hislop, Bart, a distinguished Indian veteran, and was present at the world-famed ball, given by the Duchess of Richmond on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo, where, a girl just verging on sixteen, she "came out" dancing her first dance with Sir Hudson Lowe. The grave of Mrs. Van Baerle will not be far from the monument which covers the remains of James Lord Hay, who went straight from the same ball-room to his death at Quarter Bras. That celebrated poem by Lord Byron, on the eve before the battle of Waterloo, will be remembered with renewed interest, after reading about the death of one who had been present at, engaged in the dance, and saw and conversed, probably, with many a one there, that has since gone to their long home.

"There was a sound of revelry by  
night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered  
her beauty and her chivalry."

MUSEUM.—The following donations have been made to the museum by Mr. Lionel Stewart, of the High School: Granite from New Hampshire; rock salt from Petite Annis Island, Mississippi; amethyst and cacholong from Cape Blomidon, N. S.; lead ore from Guysboro, N. S.; copper ore from Margaretsville, Annapolis Co.; apatite from Georgia, fossil shell from Gulf of Mexico, a beautiful specimen of crystalized calcite from Mammoth Cave, Kentucky; shells from St. Paul's Bay, Malta; a collection of shells and pebbles from Giant's Causeway, an historical relic in the shape of a fragment of a burst bomb shell from the field of Gettysburg.

### THE LAST.

To SWEET Laura, songs and verses—

("—Hollo! up there! Callin' time!  
Po'try masheen's clean'd-out,—busted,  
An' ther' ain't another rhyme!")