

of before; for what text-book would deign to describe the beautiful wild-flowers, the old and curious buildings and landmarks, and the towns, as did Mrs. Slayter?

Then Miss Hill gave us a similar and delightful description of a summer spent in France. She told all about the people, the houses, the scenery, and everything that an artist would notice, and she also had beautiful sketches of places of interest.

We have hopes that other ladies will address us during the coming winter, as it is our intention to invite some of our distinguished Halifax friends to do so. We think they will come when they know how much we want them. O ladies dear, come and talk to us, and teach us things that are not in books. You cannot imagine how refreshing it is to get a little knowledge that is not stamped with the trade-mark "Authorized for the Public Schools by the Council of Public Instruction."

The girls' club would very much like to furnish the room

opposite the armory as a reading-room. The only objection to this is that the girls of the preparatory department must use it as a cap-room,—thus depriving the young ladies of the Academy of this much-to-be-desired addition to their educational equipment.

O that the Board of School Commissioners might be tempted to play the part of Santa Claus, and help us along by permitting us to use this room for such a laudable purpose!

Some months ago, the Club heard with deepest regret of the death of Dr. Maria Angwin, one of the ladies who earned their heart-felt gratitude by so ably and willingly coming to address them. The world can ill spare one whose chief aim in life was to help others. But 'being dead, she yet speaketh' to those who remain, telling them of the beauty of unselfishness and goodness.



OFFICERS OF CADET CORPS, 1897-8.

ONE BOY'S VIEW OF DRILL.

The following lines were suggested by some reasons given by students for not attending drill.

"Well John, my son, you're looking sad,
I fear you are not well;
Your cheeks have lost those signs of health,
Which they were wont to tell.
You are not half so lively as
You were three months ago;
Before vacation ended, you
Were anything but slow.

Now John, I have been thinking much
About your health of late;
I fear your lungs and liver are
In a precarious state.

You do not tell me of your hopes
As once you used to do.
Come open up your mind, my boy,
And tell me all that's true."

"Father, my grief is heavy now,

Life has a burden grown;
Sometimes the thought comes over me
That I was born too soon.
My troubles they are varied and
Too numerous to relate;
I'll open up my mind to you,
And tell you of my state.

Since first I went to high school, sir,
Since then the rifle drill
Has entered the curriculum,—
We're being taught to kill.
Within my hands was placed to-day
A horrid looking thing;
It made me shudder as I thought
What misery it might bring.

Last week as we were on our way
To take our rifle drill,
Our rifles on our shoulders weak,
While trudging up the hill,

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