

The Olla Podrida.

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LOUISE MANNY—Editor-in-Chief.

FILLIS BOAK,
HELEN CRICHTON,
LULU CURRIE,
GEORGENE FAULKNER,)

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
AND
BUSINESS MANAGERS.

{ ENA MACLAREN,
VERA RANKIN,
ANNIE STRACHAN.

Editorial.

AS this year sees the twenty-sixth anniversary of the founding of the H. L. C., and the Reunion of the "Old Girls," no more fitting Editorial could be written for THE OLLA PODRIDA than the history of the College for the first two years after its foundation. This history was kindly given to us by one of those who comprised the first graduating class that the H. L. C. ever sent out.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the fifteenth of September, 1887, the Halifax Ladies' College was formally opened. The meeting was held in the Assembly Hall, and was attended by a large number of people. On the platform were various city clergymen and gentlemen interested in the foundation of the new college.

After Scripture reading and prayer, Mr. Laing made a brief address, and introduced the new Principal, Miss Leach. Then began the enrolling of students and organizing of classes, which lasted until noon, when the meeting was dismissed.

Part of the building was old and part new. The present parlors and library, with the rooms above, belong to the old, and were originally a dwelling house, and the dormitories and class rooms

comprise the new part. The latter were not nearly completed, and for months the classes were very often disturbed by the workmen. The Conservatory had the use of the rooms on the second floor in the old building. As the dormitories were not ready, the resident pupils occupied the Sir William Young house on South Street, now known as Hillside Hall, using the back entrance to Harvey Street in going to and fro to classes.

There were nineteen resident pupils and five teachers, including the Principal. The janitor's wife did duty as Matron.

After the Christmas vacation the new dormitories were ready for occupancy, and we left the old house on South Street to take up our abode in the new building.

A teacher in Physical Culture was added to the staff, and a Matron. Our number was largely increased, and at the Easter term others came in, so that by the end of the year there were about eighty resident pupils.

The "Closing" in June consisted of a few recitals, and on the afternoon before we broke up for the holidays we had a programme of vocal and instrumental music and readings, with speeches by Lieutenant-Governor McLellan, Principal Pollock, of Pine Hill, Dr Forrest, of Dalhousie, and others.

At the beginning of the second year almost all the students of the preceding year returned, and the vacancies were quickly filled. There was a marked increase in students, both in the Conservatory and Day School.

The Conservatory had so grown that more teachers were engaged, and rooms rented opposite the College, on Pleasant Street, for their use.

In June we had a graduating of seven in what was known as "The Two Year Course." The afternoon of the presentation of diplomas each graduate read an essay on a given subject. It was not until the next year that we attained the heights of a Baccalaureate sermon and a valedictory.

There was such a demand for room, both by the College and Conservatory, that it was decided to build during vacation, and so the present Conservatory was added.



A Dandelion.

TWO years ago my parent seed lay quietly sleeping in "A Big Brown House." It lay there for quite a time, with a hard brown coat on. Inside this coat there was a little green vest, and inside that was the little white seed. Soon "Jack Frost" froze the ground and made it all very cold. Then kind "Mother Nature" covered it up with a white, fleecy blanket. Then the seed slept harder than ever, all through the long, cold winter.

Soon the rain-drops knocked at the "Big Brown House," calling it to come out and play with them; but the days were yet too cold. It stayed indoors for a long time, and then it unbuttoned its brown vest and sent up little green shoots to look at the "big sun." Soon the shoots opened into green leaves, and grew very large; then a little bud grew and grew, till a beautiful little golden flower blossomed into a big world, that looked so beautiful on that June morning. As it grew larger it lifted its pretty head and looked about it at the little children playing in the field, and saw lots of fences and hedges. But it now began to grow old, and its head turned white. On its head were little seeds with wings on them. Soon they began to fall off. I was the last one to be blown off.

I lay on the ground for a long time. Then the wind tossed me up in the air. I had a lovely frolic; the wind blew me about, and then carried me over the meadow, and over the fence. I saw some little children, and they stopped in their play and tried to catch me, but I went too fast. The wind carried me across the road, right into a

neat little garden, and then on a pansy bed. It was now so late in the fall that the pansies were asleep, so I lay down beside them, and was in about a week washed down into the brown earth.

I slept there all winter long, without ever waking up to look about me. When it began to get warm I went up to the top of the earth to take a look out, in my lovely pale green gown. The pansies, too, were waking up, and sending up their pretty green leaves. I don't think they liked to have me in their house, but still I stayed there, and I grew larger, and soon two little buds grew; and at last they opened into pretty golden flowers. In this little garden a pretty house stood, all covered with vines and climbing roses, where lived three little children with their mother and father.

In the garden there was also a summer house, covered over with pretty vines. One morning the mother came to look at her pansy-bed. She saw me, and said: "You naughty dandelion; you must not stay in my pansy-bed."

Then she called the children, and picking me, they all went into the summer-house. Holding up one of my leaves, she told the children to look at my tooth-shaped leaves, saying that is how the dandelion got its name, because it looked like the lion's teeth. Then she showed them how to make rings and chains of my stems, and told how, in the fall, the yellow dresses faded, and the dandelions put on white night gowns, and each blossom made dozens of little seeds for the next year.

MARY SHAFFNER,

Second Preparatory.



The Twenty-fourth of May.

“**H**ERE We Go Gathering Nuts in May,” ran the attractive poster that met our wondering gaze one morning, and upon further investigation it was found that teachers, juniors, G. R. T.’ers were all to spend a beautifully-long day at the Dingle. Some wondered where the Dingle was, and when told that it was a pic-nic ground on the North-West Arm, their delight increased, and expectations ran high. Films were purchased until we wondered how much time there would be left us by the eager photographers.

The morning of the 24th was not very bright, and we anxiously watched for signs of clearing. Great was our dismay when, about half an hour before the appointed starting time, some one said it was raining. It proved to be only a shower, however, and at ten we started, most of us walking, some taking the tram, and one jealously guarding the provisions in a cab. The walk out was very pleasant, although somewhat warm, and on the way a halt was called, and we were placed submissively on a bank at the side of the road, to be snapped.

Nearing the Arm, which looked extremely inviting, being smooth and of a deep blue, we were met by the others of our party, and together wended our way to the ferry, whence we were transferred to our pleasure-ground. The first boat-loads were accosted by a burly-looking individual, who demanded our permit. On being told that the chaperons were coming in the next boat-load, with it, he was not assured, but lingered on. He asked what institution we were, and when he was told that we were the Ladies’ College Girls, he seemed greatly impressed, (which way he did not say) and took his departure, only to return, on the arrival of the teachers, and renew his request. The permit being produced, he withdrew, satisfied, previously telling us of a fire place somewhere. I am sure we were immensely indebted to him.

The position for the table finally being determined upon, (I think we only moved three times) we separated in groups, to be thoroughly lazy for a while before collecting the wood and preparing dinner.

The table looked very pretty, indeed, being adorned with green and wild cherry blossoms. We settled ourselves around the cloth on coats and rugs, and greatly enjoyed the numerous delicacies served to us. The dishes were cleared away, and washed in a rushing stream near the table, and then we dispersed for the afternoon.

Three row-boats were procured through the kindness of several people, and during the afternoon we enjoyed them very much. When on land we roamed through the woods, played ball, took snaps, or else lay with our faces toward the sun, seeing which could get the most burnt.

About five we were assembled and told that we must be at the boat-house at five-thirty, to reach the H. L. C. at six. So, greatly to our sorrow, we were again landed at the ferry, and climbed the hill, ending in a mad rush for the car.

Reaching the College, we all gave three hearty cheers for the teachers, showing our appreciation of the delightful day they had given us, and which will long be remembered by all who were with us.

F. B.



The Lecture Course.

DURING the winter a very interesting series of lectures was given in the Convocation Hall—the proceeds to be given to the Laboratory.

The first lecture was "Where is the Earth?" delivered by Professor Daniel A. Murray, of Dalhousie University. The lecture was illustrated by maps and diagrams showing the position of the earth in the heavens, and the stars near us.

The second lecture, a week later, was "A Tourist on the Nile." Mr. G. S. Campbell gave a delightful description of a trip up the Nile valley, and the various places along the Nile were brought before our very eyes by a series of post cards shown by the reflectoscope.

The third lecture was on "The Art and Science of Illumination," given by Professor Sexton. The history of the development of artificial illumination was taught us, and we went away realizing as we never had before the ages which it has taken to produce the present system of lighting our houses.



The Autobiography of a Book.

CHAPTER I.

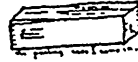


WILL begin by telling you something about my early life.

My name or title is "Little Women," and it seems to be a very attractive name for whenever anyone takes me in their hands, as soon as they see my title, they

immediately sit down and read me.

After leaving the publishers, I had to travel a great distance on the train in company with a great many other books who seemed to be going to the same place. It was dark inside of the large packing case in which we made our journey. The darkness, therefore, prevented me from seeing what my companions looked like.



At last we arrived at our destination and after leaving the train, we were driven to a large book store. Then we were unpacked. I watched very carefully after the box was opened and the light admitted, to see what my friends looked like. I found they were all very pretty, but none of them as pretty as I!

We were soon placed on a long shelf with a great many other books, and there our "book-store life" began. It was certainly not a dull life, because many different people were always coming in daily. I attracted so much attention that the books around me were all very jealous, and when any customer would come in, the other books, all knowing that she would be likely to buy me, would try to tumble out front of me, so that (not seeing me) the customer would buy one of them.

One day a sweet little girl came in and told the salesman that she wanted a nice book for her sister's birthday. The salesman brought her over to our shelf, and at once the books began tumbling about their rude manner. I was so anxious to go to live with this dear little girl that I felt



like tumbling out too, but I could not have been so rude. Their tumbling about did not seem to impress the little girl (whose name I found to be Elsie) a

bit, but casting them each aside in turn, to my great joy, she picked me up, and looking at my title she said, "Oh dear! how glad I am; this is just the book I have heard Dot wish for," and putting some money in the salesman's hand, she carried me off as soon as I was wrapped in paper.

CHAPTER II.

My new home was lovely. Dot was so pleased with me that she read me from cover to cover in a very short time. I was kept in a pretty little book case with a little red curtain over it.

But alas! this life lasted but a short time, for Dot, who was a delicate child, was ordered by the doctor to go to Switzerland. Now the family were so devoted to each other that they could not bear to part, so they all decided to go away with Dot.

They were obliged to part with most of their things, so I knew then that I would soon be living elsewhere. One day, Dot came up



with her out-of-door clothes on and carried three of us away. I wondered where I was going but did not know until I found myself on a shelf in the "Town Library."

CHAPTER III.

In a town library, I found I was able to do a great deal of good. One day a poor, thin looking little woman came into the library and asked for a book. The librarian, knowing that I was popular, took me from my shelf and handed me to her. The women looked pleased on seeing my title, and taking me under her arm went out into the street. I was always very observant, and I found my surroundings very different from those which I had been used to. The houses about me were very shabby and some dirty; into the very shabbiest of all, I was carried.

Inside, the house though shabby was neat and clean. I was in a room which seemed to serve as bedroom, parlour and kitchen. Over in the corner was a lounge, and on it lay a pale, sweet faced child who held her thin hand out to her mother, and said "Oh, mother, have you brought me a book? Do give it to me." I was given to the child and she seemed to be very pleased, for she smiled as she

read the contents of my pages. When the day came for me to be returned to the library, I felt I had done some good, because the little girl had two roses in her cheeks which I am sure were not there when I first saw her.

CHAPTER IV

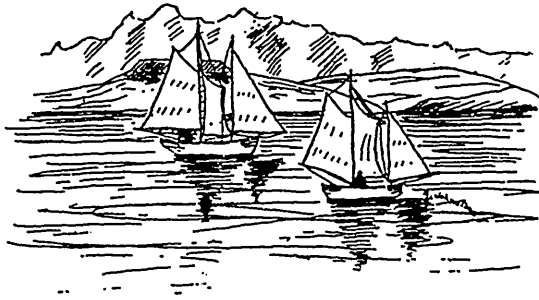
My life as a library book afforded me a great deal of pleasure. It was very interesting being in so many different homes. Some houses into which I was taken were very nice, and the people, comfortable and happy, whilst others were so shabby, and the people so poor, and sometimes so unhappy that it made me very sad.—But I would not want to lead any other life. I am not now the pretty book I was in my younger days; I feel that I am rather shabby and worn, from constant use. I will, though, continue to try to do good until my bright covers drop off and my pages have to be tied in a bundle to keep them from straying. You will



think I am very silly and vain, but I am neither silly nor vain, only rather candid, for, no matter how small, a book can do a great deal of good and make many happy both poor and rich.

BERTIE W. SHATFORD,
First Collegiate.





A Visit to Halifax.



T was a lovely day in September, as we entered Halifax harbour, that I caught my first view of the city, and it was a view well worth seeing. Everything was perfectly beautiful. The trees were all turning, and looked so pretty amongst the tall, dark pines, while the water was a deep blue.

We were all gathered on deck, taking in everything, and gleaning what information we could from our good-natured old captain. He told us, though we already knew it, that this was one of the largest harbours in the world, and the city—founded by Lord Cornwallis in 1749—was one of the most strongly fortified.

As we sailed up, he pointed out to us the various features of interest. The first thing was the light-house on our right, on a little point of land. It is just a round, white tower, but it must be lovely to go up there on a windy day, and watch the waves. I was sorry I did not have the chance. On our left was York Redoubt, a signal station and also a fort.

We next came to McNab's Island, so named after a family who once lived there. Our captain said that this island was about two miles long. It seemed hard to believe, because it did not look more than one mile. It had a fort, where soldiers go for practice. We then sighted Point Pleasant Park, the place where the Arm and harbour join. This Park has two very strong forts. One, Cambridge Battery, is right by the shore; the other, Fort Ogilvie, back in the woods, out of sight.

Then came the Yacht Squadron, with many yachts lying around. Then we sailed past George's Island, which did look so pretty, being green right to the edge of the water. It was named after one of the Georges, and has a splendid fort, Point Battery.

On our left, passing many wharves and docks, we at last landed. After much hurrying and rushing around after lost luggage, we arrived at the King Edward hotel. This was really a nice hotel, on the corner of North and Lockman Streets, but I didn't like that part of the city.

Next morning, after a very late breakfast, we decided to visit some of the largest buildings of Halifax, as the Exhibition, to which we had come, would not open for two or three days.

We got on a street car and started south. At George Street we got off, walked down to Hollis Street, past the Post Office, and saw a very handsome building of red freestone, the Custom House. We went into the Museum, across from the Post Office; enjoyed this so much; really, some of the things were very curious,—the big snakes all bottled-up made one shiver. We stayed here for some time, but had to leave at last, as it was getting late. I think it a pity that there is not a building especially for the Museum.

As we came out, we passed through the Green Market. It was funny to see those old country people gossiping together, and the darkies looked so jolly, cracking jokes and then roaring with laughter.

We then crossed the street and paid a short visit to the Provincial Building, which occupies the block between Hollis, Granville, Prince and George Streets. We came to a cosy little hall, the Library, supplied with books on law, history and science. In the north end of this building is the Assembly Room; in the south is the Council Chamber. Right outside of the building is the statue of Joseph Howe, the patriot of Nova Scotia, and the greatest orator Canada ever produced.

We were now simply starving, so hurried south to the Queen Hotel, and had lunch; also saw the Halifax Hotel.

In the afternoon we again sallied forth—going back over the ground of the morning—to Barrington Street, and through the Parade, where guns used to be fired every anniversary of the founding of Halifax. At the north end of the Parade is a large building, the City Hall, which was formerly Dalhousie College. We went through

this, and then to St. Paul's Church, opposite the Parade. The sexton, who took us through, said that it is one of the oldest churches, having been founded in 1750. We were all very much struck with the number of tablets we saw; I don't think there are half as many in the other churches. I wanted very much to come back to the service on Sunday, but the rest had decided to go elsewhere.

We afterwards went south down Barrington Street to Spring Garden Road, and went into St. Paul's grave-yard. As we went in the gate we saw the Sebastopol Monument, erected in memory of two brave Nova Scotians, Welsford and Parker. Many of the grave-stones have such queer inscriptions on them in the old English spelling.

When we left the grave-yard, we turned up Spring Garden Road, and into St. Mary's Cathedral, over the three doors of which is the following inscription: 'One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism.' This church is quite large. We were more pleased, though, with the architecture of the building than with the chime of bells, which were fearfully out of tune.

While we were in St. Paul's grave-yard we had looked across the street, and had seen the Government House, so now, when we came out of St. Mary's Cathedral (having seen everything in that quarter) we went down to Barrington Street, and north as far as "Teas'," a large confectionery shop, and there had an ice cream; then took the car back to the hotel.

That evening I wanted to go to the Academy of Music. The rest all laughed, and said I intended to do the business thoroughly; but I persuaded my uncle to take me. The play was very good, though we both thought the Academy rather small. I felt so glad to get to bed that night, but next morning was as ready as ever to go sight-seeing.

In the morning we "did the shops." In the afternoon we took a carriage and went for such a lovely drive. I do not know when I have enjoyed anything so much. The Autumn leaves were so pretty, but (in the Park) we were forbidden to touch them. We went down the harbour side and back by the Arm, a cool breeze coming in off the water, and making one feel so refreshed. We passed Fort Ogilvie and Cambridge Battery, but did not go through. We came to Prince of Wales' tower, (a Martello tower, built like those of the Crimean

war) and went through it. There was nothing to see in it, as it is just round, but up at the top, when we looked out at the harbour, the view was beautiful; the light-house seemed to be at our feet, or at least seemed very near to us.

We came back by Pine Hill College. Just opposite this is the birth-place of Joseph Howe, but the building is no longer in sight. We drove out to Tower Road, along it to Morris Street, and out Morris to Dalhousie College. This is not at all a master-piece of architecture, but quite ugly. We went all through it. It is such a shame, I think, that they do not keep up their Museum, but they say they are crowded for room, so most of their curiosities are packed away.

We next went through Victoria General Hospital; that was so interesting. As we passed through ward after ward, the poor, sick ones followed us with interested eyes, as if glad to see strange faces. We enjoyed this visit very much.

Coming out, we passed the School for the Blind, but did not go through it. Uncle said that it was doing a great deal of good work. It has been such a boon to the afflicted ones of many provinces. In fact, it is said to be the best institution of its kind in America. We drove up South Park Street to the Public Gardens, on the corner of South Park Street and Spring Garden Road. We went through these Gardens; they looked beautiful, bright with Autumn flowers. They certainly surpass the Boston Gardens. The swans, ducks, geese, etc., are a great source of amusement to the children, and nursemaids, who keep them well fed with biscuits. There are also many band concerts given here. Then the place is all lighted up with coloured lights, and a platform is provided where "Tommy Atkins" and the "Jolly Tars" "Trip the light fantastic toe" with the servant maids. We saw some very pretty fountains, and the grounds are kept so well.

When we came out we went up South Park Street to the Citadel, an old fortress, 250 feet above the sea level. The Citadel is the summit of the hill on which the city is built. At the foot of the Citadel is the Town Clock, in a little round tower, built when the Duke of Kent was here. He wished to have it built round, and had some other buildings in Halifax built after the same plan.

When we left the Citadel, we drove along Brunswick till we came to Gerrish Street. Here was a very quaint little church, standing in a cemetery. It was built in 1755, as a place for Lutheran worship; they do not have service there now. Then we went to see the Old Round Church, also built by the Duke of Kent. The Rector, who took us through, was very nice.

Next day we spent on the Arm. We went through Marlborough Woods to the boat house, with a friend who had a boat there. We took our lunch with us, and had a glorious time.

Exhibition had now opened, so we took a couple of days for that, and enjoyed it very much. I spent my last evening with a friend at "The Halifax Ladies' College," a perfectly-lovely Girls' School, I gathered from my friend. Certainly I was favourably impressed with what I saw.

Next day we took the train at North Street station and said "Good-bye" to Halifax.

HELEN H. WELDON.



“The Future of the First Collegiate.”

YES, the First Collegiate are really going to have a meeting on April the eighteenth, nineteen hundred and twenty-four.

Since nineteen hundred and seven, there has been a large fire which burnt from South to Morris Streets. and the Halifax Ladies' College bought the grounds, and a new school was built, with large stables also. The school was built on the same grounds, but the stables and the riding park were on the South Street side. The grounds were improved and enlarged immensely.

“You would hardly recognize Halifax,” said Bertha to Beatie, when out walking. “No one would” said Beatie. “Oh what a surprise the girls will get when they come ; the place is so changed since the fire! Do you remember when we had only that piece of ground on Harvey Street ?”

* * * * *

We arrived at the Halifax Ladies' College on April the eighteenth. How we laughed when we saw a tall slight lady moving quickly to welcome us, and with her, another lady, also very tall with fair hair and at once we recognized her as Beatie. Bertha was the Principal of the College and “Beatie” the Art Mistress. In the old days what goods maps, and what beautifully illustrated essays, Bertha and Beatrice used to hand in!

Then, a little while after, we heard someone walking along the Hall, and some laughing and joking. When the door of the Reception Room opened, we saw Bessie and Marion, and Bessie still had the funny little jokes. She was one of the Music teachers in the Conservatory, and Marion was the Drill teacher. Again we heard a soft little foot-fall in the Hall and a second person came in, she was all dressed in Nurses' Costume We looked at her, and it needed but a glance to tell us it was Jean, and the person who was with her, they said was Helen, but we could hardly believe it, she had changed so much. She, too, was on the staff, teaching Latin and Scripture in the college.

We remember how she and Bertha had bravely stuck to their Latin when the rest of us weakly dropped out.

Bertha said, "Why where is Barberie and Helen replied, "She is having a Science class just at present." The bell rang and about ten minutes later, Barberie came in; still with her old time sedate manner.

We (Laura, Nita, Nan and Myself) had come together to pay a long-promised and long looked forward-to visit to our dear old "Alma Mater." Nita, Laura and Nan, I may say, were all happily married and living in Ottawa.

When we were all in the Reception Room, Barberie said, "I can't realize that we are all here together; it seems like a dream. Would you not like to recall old days, by watching a Basket Ball match in the Gymnasium between "House" and "Day"—and after dinner we can sit and chat. We all assented joyfully and how it brought back those happy school days, to sit and watch—and cheer when there was good passing, or the "Basket" made a good shot. We found that tennis had not changed very much. There was the same old friendly rivalry between "House" and "Day," and the same enthusiasm for Basket-Ball displayed by all. It was nearly dinner time when we left the Gymnasium, so we went at once to the pretty guest rooms to dress.

After dinner we talked all about what had happened in the seventeen years that had elapsed since we were comrades together in the First Collegiate. When we at last looked at the clock it was midnight, though in reality it scarcely seemed as if half an hour had passed. We all went at once to our rooms, for we had had a long journey and were very tired.

When we awoke in the morning the sun was shining brightly. After breakfast, Bertha said, "I am afraid the classes must go on as usual, but I will tell the coachman to bring the double carriage and you can go and see your friends or do what ever you like; we shall all be free this afternoon." "I am very sorry, but I am afraid I cannot be free; I have a science class this afternoon," said Barberie "but I will be free at four." So off we went for a drive. Such a change and improvement, we saw everywhere as we went all through the town. Only the beautiful Park seemed the same.

Lunch time soon came and after the classes were all over, for the afternoon, Bertha took us over the beautiful School and grounds, and then we went for a little walk. In the evening there was a large dance! Boys were there too, but we were more especially interested in seeing so many of the "Old girls" again and in hearing all that had happened since we were together at dear old H. L. C.


It was very late when we got to bed and we were going to leave the next morning, in the early-train. Many "old girls" were at the station to see us off.

We were all very sorry to leave each other but Bertha has very kindly invited us down next year, when we all hope to spend another two or three days, with our dear old College Friends of the H. L. C.

HILDA OUTHIT.



Pygmalion and Galatea.

 ON Friday evening, April nineteenth, the Elocution Department, under Miss Marshall's direction, presented a Greek play, billed as follows :

PYGMALION AND GALATEA,

An Original Mythological Comedy, in three Acts, by W. S. Gilbert.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Pygmalion, an Athenian Sculptor...Josephine Crichton.
Leucippe, a Soldier.....Louise Manny.
Chrysos, an Art Patron..... Kathleen Cains.
Agesimos, Chrysos' Slave... ..Edna Arthur.
Mimos, Pygmalion's Slave..... Nina Murray.
Galatea, an Animated Statue.....Mabel Burchell.
Cynisca, Pygmalion's WifeHelen Power.
Daphne, Chrysos' Wife... ..Eva MacDonald.
Myrine, Pygmalion's SisterHildred Jones.

Scene: Pygmalion's Studio.

Admission 25 cts.

Before eight o'clock all the seats were taken, and standing room only was announced.

The first act discloses the fact that Pygmalion has used his beloved wife as his model, and although he succeeds in perfectly copying her beautiful form and features, he cannot give his work the life he prays for. Suddenly his name is called, and the voice seems to come from his best and latest statue, "Galatea." He tears aside the curtains that surround it, and, "Ye Gods! it lives! it speaks!" Soon Galatea begins to move—to walk! like others,—yet not quite like; for one can see that she has been stone. That marble side of her character Miss Burchell well sustained to the end.

Galatea's innocence of the world is at first very amusing, as when she asks Pygmalion, "Art thou a woman?" But later on this very innocence puts them all in trouble.

In the next act we are introduced to Chrysos, the comedian. And to judge from the roar of laughter that greets his first "strut" across the stage, he was a "howling" success. Miss MacDonald, as

Daphne, made him a fitting partner,—nothing carried her away from prosaic, stern reality. It was whispered among the audience that Leucippe was a "real soldier!" His size was especially noticeable when Myrine, his dainty little sweetheart, stood beside him. In Cynisca's eye and manner there was no half-heartedness. Relations between her and Pygmalion savoured of extremes, either very sweet or very bitter, which deeply affected Pygmalion's impressionable nature.

As in a real theatre, we had music between the acts. After the first act Miss M. Hervey played a dashing piano solo. And after the second act Miss H. R. Crichton played a slow, sad melody on the violin, both fitting prologues to the coming acts.

Throughout one was struck with the simple beauty of the play. There was very little action or scenery, but that little was effective. The gorgeous costumes—made by Miss Marshall herself—of red, old rose, yellow, blues and golds, set off against simple white, and harmonizing so beautifully in the various tableaux as to make one critic exclaim: "Every detail has been thought of, giving an artistic finish to the whole."



The Games.

PERHAPS the three most exciting matches that took place in the H. L. C. this year were the House vs. Day, for the cup.

On the 20th of March the first match was played. Both teams were evidently determined to win, and the scoring was very even. When the whistle blew for time the score was 16-16, so it was "Play for the last goal." The ball was thrown in, but for some minutes no goal was made. Finally the house-girls made the last basket, and the game was over.

The second match, played on the 20th of April, ended in a victory for the House. The score was almost even as before, and much good passing was seen, the day-girls being especially commended for some excellent passes, but the house baskets proved themselves splendid shots, and the final score was 19-16, in favour of the House.

The final match of the series was played on the 27th of April. Although the Day-girls knew that it was their last chance, and played with a vim seldom shown, the House won, in the end—score 20-18, thus winning a silver cup, presented by Miss Thompson.

Other interesting matches were those between the III and IV Coll. for the shield. The Thirds won several times, but in one last close game the Fourths succeeded in defeating their opponents, and the shield now hangs in Room B.

Several corner-ball matches were played between the I Coll. and the Saturday morning girls. The I Coll. won three games out of five, and now own the silver cup which Miss Thompson presented.



Basket Ball.

EDGEHILL vs. H. L. C.

ON Saturday, May 11th, a picked team of Edgehill girls came down to play a picked team of H. L. C. girls. They and their teachers arrived at the College at about 9.30, and then they were entertained by the House Girls. The Gymnasium was made ready for the match, and the spectators were seated or standing anywhere where there was room. At 11.30 the match started. The referees were Miss Lambert and Miss Thompson. During the first fifteen minutes the Edgehill girls gained ten baskets, while we only had two. After the ten minutes' rest we were more used to the playing of the other girls, and we made more baskets. Splendid shots were made by both sides, and when time was up the score was 18—12 in favour of Edgehill. The Edgehill girls were congratulated for their quickness, while we were commended for our good passing. At the end of the game, hearty cheers were given for both teams.

The Domestic Science girls prepared a six-course lunch for the teachers, the two teams, and their reserves. The long table was placed in the centre of the dining-room, and at each plate was a place card. The table was beautifully decorated with red and white carnations, the Edgehill colours. The dishes were well prepared, and served by the Domestic Science girls. The four who served were dressed in black, with white caps and aprons, and acted their part well. The Edgehill girls returned by the afternoon train, and appeared well pleased with their success.

H. L. C. vs. EDGEHILL.

On the following Saturday, our team, with its reserves, besides several other College girls, went up to Windsor on the early morning train. We arrived there at about 9.30, and then the girls gave us breakfast. While most of the Edgehill girls were in at sewing class, we dressed for the match, and then walked around the grounds. The game started in the Gymnasium at 11.30, and during the first half Edgehill made ten baskets, while we made only five. At half time we were taken to the parlour, and were there given fruit, which was most refreshing. After resting, we returned to the game, and played with

more vigor than formerly. The match was a very exciting one, and good passing was done by both sides. When the whistle blew for time, the score was 17—12 in favour of Edgehill.

After the match we dressed for dinner, and the girls showed us around the place. At dinner the two teams sat at one table, and afterwards the Edgehill girls were told to put on their gym. suits, and to be ready to go down the shute (fire escape). The shute is a long, canvas tube, which opens out flat at the bottom, and was held near the ground by about ten girls. It was fastened to a window on the third story, and each girl was lifted up and put into it, and in about a second she slid to the bottom. After all the school had gone down, a few of our girls tried it, and liked it very much. We were entertained so well all day, that we were very sorry when the time came to go home. Before leaving, they gave us five o'clock tea in the parlour, and some of the girls sang and played for us.



Collegiate Class Reports.

I.

THE I Collegiate consists of eleven girls, three of us taking the full course. All our girls are day pupils with the exception of one.

This year we have not had a basket ball team, but we played several matches of Corner Ball with the outside girls, who take Physical Training on Saturday mornings. We won all the games but one, and Miss Thompson presented us with a pretty silver cup.

Miss Hendrie gave the I Collegiate and Saturday Morning girls a very nice party in her study one Friday evening, where we had a very nice time, playing games.

I am sorry to say that the I Collegiate are not noted for keeping their class room tidy, for our books often get in the pound, but the next morning we declare they were put tidily away the day before.

Our examinations begin very soon, and we all hope to grade and be together next term under the name of II Collegiate.

BERTIE W. SHATFORD,
(Class Captain.)

II.

One fine moonlight evening early in February there was great excitement among the pupils of the II. Collegiate, for that was the time appointed for their sleigh drive.

As the hour of starting drew near, the girls, accompanied by their form mistress, gathered together in the front hall to await the arrival of the sleigh. After waiting with great patience for fifteen or twenty minutes over the hour named, they at last heard the welcome sound of bells, and soon were comfortably seated in the large sleigh, warmly covered up with fur robes. They were well provided with candy and tin horns, and started off prepared for a good time, first driving through the Park, where the moonlight, shining on the snow-covered trees, looked beautiful.

They next went round the suburbs of the city, finishing off the drive at Mitchell's, where a tempting supper was prepared for them, to which they did ample justice.

Upon their return to the college at half-past ten, they all declared the drive had been a great success, their only regret being that it was so soon over.

Preparatory Class Report.

II.

THERE are twelve girls in II Preparatory, their names are Mary Schaffner aged twelve. Marjorie Kerr aged eleven, Christina Murray aged eleven, Helen McFarlane aged eleven, Madeline Bauld aged eleven, Mary Campbell aged eleven, Mary King aged eleven, Jean Hart aged eleven, Olga Clemen aged ten, Carol McInnes aged ten, Margaret Morrison aged ten, Hazel Evans aged ten.

Our form teacher is Miss Cameron, and the principal Miss Hendrie. Each girl has two desks, one to sit in and one to put her books in.

We have a window box, which when the flowers come out, will be very pretty. In it are planted nasturtiums and other flowers. The nasturtiums are about three inches and a half high. The other flowers are about an inch high. We also have a bed for flowers outside the window; but the seeds planted in it are not yet up.

Besides that we have a very nice library, with about forty books in it.

We commenced an Honour Roll in Spelling about the first of February. Your name and four blue stars = one red star. Five red stars = one yellow star. Five yellow stars = one purple star.

Our motto is "Make hay while the sun shines."

HAZEL EVANS, Cpt.,
OLGA CLEMEN, Vice Cpt.

III.

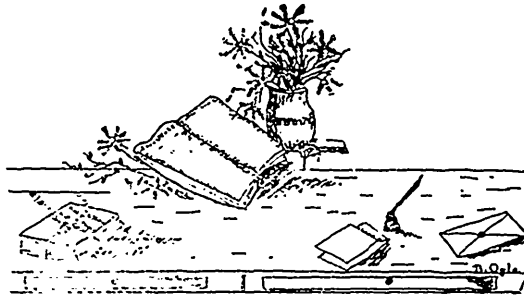
The third preparatory consists of eleven girls, two of whom joined the class at Christmas. All except two take the full course.

This year we have not had any Basket Ball matches; but we had a Corner-Ball, at which we were victorious.

We are all sorry to see the examinations coming chiefly because at the close of the term some of the girls will sever their connection with us.

This has been a very pleasant year, and we all regret that soon it will form part of the past.

CAPT. ANNA McINNES.,
VICE-CAPT. HELEN WHITE.



Student retreat

Personals.

HLD H. L. C. has been greatly enlivened by a number of new students this term.

Florence Johnston visited her home for a few days the first of the term.

Miss Baynes' mother has come to live in Halifax for a time.

Miss H. Andrew left H. L. C. for Toronto, during the winter term.

Bertha Douglas was called to her home in Buctouche, on account of illness in her family.

The Olla Pod. extends her sincerest sympathy to Miss Blackwood in her late sorrow.

At Easter a number of our girls made flying trips to their homes.

Kenny left us after Easter.

Miss Ethel Anderson a /02 girl, spent a few days with us in April.

The Olla Pod extends her congratulations to "Spud" and "Renee."

The Drilling Display.

A GREAT many people gathered in the Convocation Hall of the College Saturday evening, June 1st, to see the Drilling Display.

The following was the programme :

1. Free Exercises...Primary.
2. Wand Drill...II. and III. Preps.
3. Indian Clubs.....III. and IV. Coll. and House Girls.
4. Marching Tactics.....I. Collegiate and Specials.
5. Double Wand Drill...Primaries and I. Preps.
6. Red Top Polka.....Children's Class.
7. Relay Race.
8. Dumb Bell and Wand Drill...Special.
9. Indian Clubs.....Miss Thompson.
10. Dance.....Miss Eska Rogers.
11. Special Wand Drill...I. Collegiate.

God Save the King.

The little tots were the first, and, judging by the applause, performed splendidly. The I. Collegiates deserve special mention for the grace and precision with which they performed Dumb-bell and Wand Exercises and Marching Tactics. The Red Top Polka was danced very prettily, and received an encore. The great feature of the evening was the swinging of Indian Clubs by Miss Thompson. So dexterously did she swing them that an encore was called for, and Miss Thompson was presented with a bouquet of red roses. Miss Dore also received a bouquet in appreciation of her playing of the accompaniments.

After the Display, ice-cream and home-made candy were sold by III. and IV. Collegiate and House Girls.

G. FAULKNER,
IV. Collegiate.

Conservatory Notes.

WE have had a very successful year in the Conservatory. A large number of very interesting vocal, elocution, and pianoforte recitals have been held, the most noteworthy being the preliminary recital for the Bach. of Mus. Degree by Miss Emilie Thorne, and a recital by Mr. Ira Taylor, the holder of last year's pianoforte scholarship. We have three students preparing for the Bach. of Music degree at Dalhousie.

There were seven graduates—one pianoforte, four vocal, and two elocution,—who reflected great credit on themselves and teachers.

A play, "Pygmalion and Galatea," by W. S. Gilbert, was most successfully given by pupils of the Elocution Department, which is flourishing under Miss Marshall's clever guidance.

There is one change in the Conservatory staff. Miss De Fabritis, to the deep regret of friends, teachers, and pupils, leaving, to continue her studies in Italy. We wish her unbounded success. Her successor is Mr. Henry H. Hall, of the New England Conservatory, Boston, and a pupil of Signor Lombardi, Signor Panzanni, and Signor Vannuccine, of Florence. Miss S. Gabriel, of Halifax, and a former pupil of the Conservatory, was appointed Junior Pianoforte teacher during the year, and proves a worthy addition to our staff.

Miss Mildred Hervey, Halifax, and Miss Marie Stewart, Andover, N. B., are the winners of the Scholarships for 1907-8.

ORPHEUS.



The Song of the Fourths.

SHOULD you ask me why this story,
Why this tale of things to happen,
And of all the future shall be
To the Fourths of Naughty-Seven—
To the "Noble Fourth Collegiate"—
I should answer, I should tell you.
One day, pondering, deeply thinking,
Wondering what the years would bring us,
Pondering o'er the misty future—
O'er the strange and hidden future,
Which I must discover somehow
'Ere the OLLA POD. to press went.
Desperate I had racked my brains o'er,
Puzzled till my head was dizzy,
And my wits were gone wool-gathering.
On a sudden I bethought me
How the day before when glancing
O'er the columns of the *Herald*,
Famed afar for ads. and headlines,
I had seen, in letters flaming,
Covering half the page that bore them—
Notice large, and bright, and glaring—
Telling all who cared to read it
That the famous Madame Cheehoc,
That the gifted Madame Cheehoc
Daily now would hold seances
At her offices on Green Street,
Where all comers would be welcomed,
And the unknown, hidden future
Would be told to all who asked it
For a small and paltry dollar,
Just an unobtrusive greenback—
Trifling in its petty smallness,
(Cash at once, no credit given,)
Then I thought that, for the credit
Of the struggling Fourth Collegiate,
Struggling hard to pass with honors,
I would sacrifice a dollar,
Squander the Almighty Dollar ;
And I hied me forth to Green Street,
Where the wondrous Madame Cheehoc
Sat in solitary splendor,
Playing bridge whist with the future,

Dealing out her grand predictions,
 At the rate of five per minute,
 To the unsuspecting seekers
 After knowledge of the future
 (All for one poor, paltry dollar—
 Cash at once, no credit given).
 Trembling, I approached her foot-stool,
 Said : "O! Gracious Madame Cheehoc,
 Will it please you to inform me
 What the years have in their keeping
 For my form, the Fourth Collegiate?"
 Madame Cheehoc looked down at me,
 Fixed her cold, blue eye upon me,
 Said, in accents soft and dreamy :
 "Cash at once ; no credit given."
 Silently I paid my dollar
 To the waiting Madame Cheehoc.
 Then she drew forth from a wallet
 A small polished crystal mirror,
 Said : "Behold therein the image
 Of the thing whereof you asked me."
 Then I gazed into the mirror,
 In the polished crystal mirror,
 Therein to behold the future.
 First one seemed to pass before me
 Carrying in one hand a Vergil—
 An old, worn, moth-eaten Vergil—
 With these words scratched on the cover
 "Fortuna Audaces Invat."
 Then I knew it must be Fillis,
 Who had now become a teacher,
 Leading some poor, wayward student
 Through the thorny paths of Vergil.
 So she passed. And then another
 Came before my startled vision ;
 And a violin she carried
 Lovingly upon her shoulder,
 While upon the wall behind her
 Was a placard, neatly printed,
 Saying that Helene Crichton,
 The world's peerless violinist,
 Was to give an evening concert,
 Where the crowds would flock to listen.
 And with her there came another—
 Hair, musician-like, dishevelled ;
 Laden down with books of music,
 Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Wagner.
 Then at once it flashed upon me

That it must indeed be Lulu.
Then these two together faded
From my sight ; but lo ! here cometh
Georgene, giggling as of old time,
Holding in her hand a paper,
A Diploma of Distinction
Gained at some world-famous college
For her clever work in physics—
Strenuous, clever work in physics ;
And upon her breast there sparkled
Strings on strings of golden medals.
So I saw Georgene pass onward.
Then one came in cap and apron ;
Multitudinous notes she carried,
Dealing with Domestic Science.
Could this be the lazy Ena ?
Yes, for on the card she carried
Was engraved, in clear black letters,
Plainly set forth : " Miss MacLaren
Lectures on the art of cooking,
On the Art of Household Science."
On she walked ; then rushed before me,
Hair dishevelled, garments tattered,
All her fingers ink-bespattered ;
Wild, distracted—our poor Manny,
Writing wildly, writing madly,
Trying hard to earn a living
By profuse, spasmodic writings.
She went quickly out, as fearing
That, two late for publication.
Her romance might be rejected.
Then before me, tall and stately,
Walked the one-time truant Vera,
Now, in gorgeous silks and satins,
Leader of New York's Four Hundred,
Giving dances, balls and dinners,
These the envy of all others.
On she swept, but last there entered,
Darning all the family stockings,
Mending, patching, stitching, hemming,
With her children all around her,
All her roly-poly children.
Shades of all the Fourth Collegiate !
This was Annie, dark-eyed Annie.
Moved she slowly 'cross the mirror,
And I raised my head in wonder,
Thinking still myself in dreamland.

But the present soon was brought back
As I heard great Madame Cheehoc,
Heard the gifted Madame Cheehoc
Say in accents soft and dreamy
To another anxious seeker :
"Cash at once ; no credit given."
So I gave her back the mirror,
Gave the polished crystal mirror,
And, with steps uncertain, dreaming,
I departed from the office,
Left the wondrous Madame Cheehoc
Right and left disclosing fortunes
To the waiting, wishing people.
So I wandered homeward, homeward ;
And if gifted Madame Cheehoc,
With her magic, mystic mirror,
Told the truth, I really know not,
But the visions are before you.



The Valadictory.

JUNE at the H. L. C. is always a month full of excitement. The first two weeks are taken up with examinations, and the third with the results, the closing, and the farewells. This year six of the "Noble Fourths" have passed their final examinations, and now, with sorrowful hearts, make a still more sorrowful farewell. We had not fully realized how much attached we were to the College, the teachers, and our fellow-students, until we became Fourth Collegiates, and the fact that we were the last class, and that this would be our last year at the College, impressed this attachment upon our minds. The class spirit, therefore, has been more than usually marked. We have agreed, disagreed, and agreed to disagree with one another on all subjects, great and small; we have had our little fights, but they have not been long.

Of our class of eight, all but one have been together for many years. *Lulu* was the only new girl, who came into our class last September. She has proved an acquisition of whom we are proud, and that alone should suffice to show her excellence. She had added to our amusement by many a joke, and has played the accompaniments for our hymns many a time. Her dramatical talent was discovered by her rendering of the part of Sir Anthony Absolute in our play. Another musical member of our class is *Helen*, or "Crutch." Scorning all games, she has spent her time practising with her violin, and the result of this enthusiastic work is that we, her form, are frequently marshalled to recitals to support her by our applause. Then comes *Fillis*, nicknamed "Fil," whose talents are not in the musical line, but the poetical. (Her poems are at present under copyright.) She is on our Basket-Ball team, and plays side-basket. We may describe "Fil" as the "Old Reliable." *Annie* upholds the honor of the class by her good conduct. Until a short time ago she was familiarly known as "Saint Annie," and deserved the title. Her needle-work has also made her famous. Another Basket-Ball player is *Louise*, or *Manny*. Her stature enables her to be a splendid guard. She has brought credit to our class by her marvellous cranial capacity. Her bluffing power is awful and tremendous. Although

all our class are more or less affected by our motto, "Fortuna Audaces Invat," (Fortune favors the brave) she deserves special mention for the way in which she relies on it. Then there is our truant *Vera*, or "Wuz." Sundry notices, such as

LOST!!

Vera. Finder kindly return to IV. Collegiate without delay, have appeared on the notice boards on certain memorable occasions. As "Wuz" does not take the full course, she is not graduating. *Ema*, called "Mac," is the other special. She is noted for her Basket-Ball and tennis playing, and is also splendid in the Domestic Science Department. Of myself, but little need be said, except that I have added to the jokes. One of these, as some may remember, was made when we were learning Lamb's essay, "Recollections of Christ's Hospital." These are the girls who are leaving their Alma Mater this year.

We wish to say good-bye (1) to our school friends, especially to those who will be IV. Collegiates next year. May they fill their parts as worthily as we have, and may they have as happy a time. We wish them every success, and hope they will learn from our example not to over-work. (2). To the Alma Mater Society, whose ranks we so soon hope to join, and we thank them for the entertainments they have given us, and the kindly interest they take in our welfare. (3). To the teachers, who have helped us in every possible way. We thank them for their interest, sympathy and patience while teaching us; and (4) to Miss Hendrie, who has been our form mistress, and whom we thank for her interest in all that concerns us, her help and advice, and for some happy memories we will never forget.

We find no words forthcoming, so must say our all in just one expressive word—

Farewell!!

GEORGENE FAULKNER.



Calendar.

- Jan. 8.—H. L. C. opens.
Jan. 15.—Dalhousie Dance.
Jan. 25.—Alma Mater Reception.
Jan. 26.—1st House vs Day B. B. Match.
Feb. 1.—Reception at Pine Hill.
Feb. 5.—Reception at Government House.
Feb. 8.—Elocution Recital.
Feb. 9.—Skating Party at N. W. Arm.
Feb. 15.—General Recital.
Feb. 22.—Vocal Recital.
Mar. —Lecture by Prof. D. A. Murray.
Mar. —Lecture by Mr. Campbell.
Mar. —Lecture by Prof. Sexton.
Mar. 22.—Vocal Recital.
Mar. 26.—Alma Mater Dinner.
Mar. 27.—Easter Holidays.
Apr. 12.—General Recital.
Apr. 13.—B. B. House vs. Day.
Apr. 19.—“Pygmalion and Galatea.”
Apr. 20.—Final House vs. Day B. B.
Apr. 24.—Dalhousie Class Day.
Apr. 25.—Dalhousie Dance.
Apr. 26.—Mr. Ira Taylor’s Recital.
May 11.—B. B. Edgehill vs. H. L. C.
May 13.—Mabel Burchell’s Recital.
May 17.—Mrs. Bezanson’s Recital.
May 18.—B. B. Edgehill vs. H. L. C.
May 24.—Picnic at the Dingle.
June 1.—Calisthenic Display.
June 6.—Miss Clark’s Recital.
June 7.—Junior Recital.
June 13.—Helen Putman and Mabel Burchell’s Recital.
June 14.—Clara McNeil and F. M. Guilford’s Recital.
June 16.—Baccelaureate Sermon.
June 17.—Pygmalion and Galatea repeated.
June 18.—General Recital.
June 19.—Convocation.

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- V. Application for calendars and information to be addressed.

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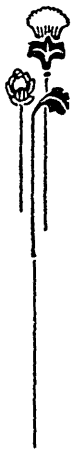
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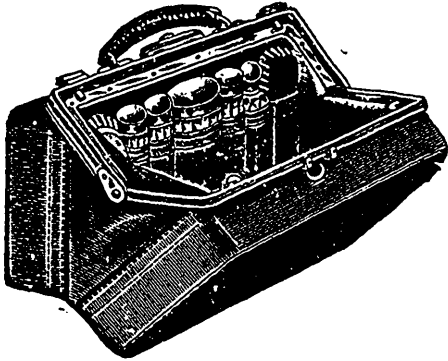
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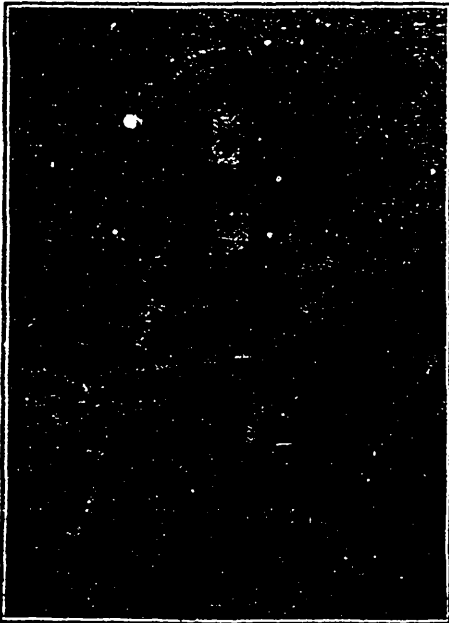
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