

See also New Glasgow, N. S.

JANUARY, 1886. ◇

THE SCHOLARS OF NEW GLASGOW High School Monthly



SCHOLARS' MONTHLY



◇ NUMBER 1.

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New Glasgow, N. S.

EDITED, PUBLISHED AND PRINTED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE NEW GLASGOW HIGH SCHOOL.

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Archives of King Seon

from

R. M. Hallie, Esq.

THE SCHOLARS' MONTHLY

Aut non tentaris, aut perforce.—Ovid.

VOL. I. NEW GLASGOW, N. S., JANUARY, 1886. No. I.

From Over the Waters.

BY A GRADUATE OF THE HIGH SCHOOL.

I
In pensive mood I chanced to stray,
Unthinking from my grassy way,
Down to the ocean's land-kissed side,—
Where ran in playful mood the sands,
Borne silently on unseen hands,
From out the deep on flood of tide.

II
Beyond the ocean's broadening face
I chanced to look, and sought to trace
The living outlines of that spot
That held those dearest to my heart—
Those of my life the sweeter part—
Yet tracing of it there was not.

III
Far out beyond the sinking view,
Faith swept its horizon, and drew
Not one faint sketch to living light.
Each roll of tide and sigh of wind,
Seemed but to break upon the mind
In mists that dimmed its keener sight.

IV
But rolling at my feet came sands
That cast, as if from those far lands,
Upon my faith a strengthening spell;
And whispered rest to my unrest;
Sweet calm, that saw the future blest,
And breathed a silent, "All is well."

FINLAY ARNON GRANT.

LITTLE STROKES FELL GREAT OAKS.

A curious motto certainly, and a casual reader would say rather an insignificant one. But pause relentless critic, consider for a moment, and behold multitudes of instances are called even to your narrow mind, in which seemingly small and unimport-

ant circumstances have given rise to some of the greatest events of History. I have only space for a mere item of the long list which could be compiled. Take for instance, the "Reformation in England." It seems a small thing indeed that a man, even though a king, should dislike his wife, especially when, (quoting Bryce) "Nostri ingenium mulierum nolunt, ubi velis,—ubi nolis, copiant ultro." Yet indirectly, it caused King Henry to abolish papal supremacy, and sever England forever from the dominion of the Church of Rome. Certainly, this separation did not make England a totally Protestant country, but it dealt a fatal blow at the ancient superstitions of the people which were before supported by the Church of Rome, and paved the way for the complete Reformation which was in due time effected by his successors and their wise advisors. Permit me to give another example. James Watt, the man who made his name famous by the discovery of the steam engine, while sitting by his mother's stove, noticed that the lid of a pot was lifted by the steam, and this simple occurrence, which would hardly have been noticed by an ordinary man, set his energetic mind to work; and as a result of his labors, he discovered the wonderful properties of steam when applied to machinery. Certainly, his engine would appear very rude and simple if compared

with the fine finish and complicated machinery which can be seen in any large factory of our time. The above are only two examples of the effects produced by small strokes; hundreds of others could be given, but I have now only space for one more instance, which is taken from every day life. How often has the friendship of years been dissolved by a few hasty words. How often a person gets cross at a pointed reply from a would-be witty companion, who probably meant no harm, and in the quarrel which perhaps follows, their friendship will be broken up. I do not say it will not be renewed, but certainly it will be long 'ere it is restored to its old strength. Once more let me say, "It is little that makes the muckle," as is well shown in the following little verse:

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty Ocean,
And the beauteous land.

—HENRY GRAHAM.

SIMPLE BIOGRAPHIES FOR THE JUNIORS.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Cæsar was born young. In fact, history tells us of none that was born younger. He first saw the light on or about the 12th, of July, 100 B. C. There is not the slightest doubt but that he was born on the 12th, of July, but then it is customary not to be certain of the exact date of a great man's birth. He had many ancestors, the most important of whom was A. Adam, who probably died many years before Jule first tried to put his toe in his mouth. He was called after his

aunt Julia, whose husband was expected to come down handsomely, but we do not read of his doing so. At school the boy was called Jule for short, and it is said that a new teacher asked him his name, whereupon he replied: "Jule." "You should say Julius," answered the teacher. Turning to the next boy, the *magister* said, "What is *your* name?" "Billious, Sir," replied the youth. He married when he was seventeen, and this probably accounts for his being bald in latter life. It was not he that penetrated the mysteries of the sewing circle then known as Bona Dea—that was Clodius. Sulla, who was then powerful in Rome, wished to put Jule to death, saying that he saw many Mariuses in him. This proves that Sulla had been drinking and was seeing double when he spoke. At the age of 22 he gained great honor by his prosecution of Dolabella for extortion. In those days it was customary to do something of this sort, as the young speakers had no Oliver Cromwell to practise on. Finding himself deficient in speaking, he did not go down to the sea-shore or shave his head. Oh! no! That was Demosthenes. Jule was too high toned for that. So he went to Rhodes to take lessons from a gentleman who indulged in the name of Apollonius Molo. On his way he fell into the hands of pirates, who asked 75 talents for his ransom. Cæsar refused to give more than 50, and nally the pirates were obliged to give in. Coming back to Rome after a quarter's lessons, he displayed a great affection for the people. He had little money of his own, but borrowed extensively. He always got loans on the Kathleen Mavorneen system—"it might be for

years, it might be forever." The people did not care where he got the money, so long as they were amused, and to enable him to do it some more they elected him P. M. (not post master, but Pontifex Maximus.) We are told that he used to get very angry if he were called Ponty, and insisted on getting his full title. He then began to imagine he was a great warrior, though he had never fought but once, and that was when somebody said his pants were pulled too soon. He therefore went to Gaul (now France,) as leader of the Roman army. Few people know that when they speak of others "having gall" they refer to Jule's appointment. Here he gained some victories, and, confident in himself as usual, he crossed over to England. This is the first time that the roar of foreign guns was heard by the citizens of London, Collier to the contrary, notwithstanding. After a time the Senate wished to take his army from him, but he would not give it up. So he crossed the Rubicon, a small river that then separated France from Italy. While he was away, Pompey, (the rest of his name was positively not Snow, nor was he the man that Vesuvius erupted upon) a son-in-law of his own, had grown very powerful, and wished to oppose him. But our hero was too smart for him, and gave him such a beating that Pomp would never hold up his head again; so it was taken off and brought on a charger to Julius. We next hear of him in Egypt, making love to a red-headed young lady, Miss Cleo Patra. He succeeded here with such ease, that he reported the news to the Senate in a pure compound sentence to be found in every

Grammar. He soon returned to Rome, and devoted his energies to the work of reform. He first undertook to make the year ninety days longer than it ought to be, for he found that the Romans were living so fast that they were three months ahead of time, and house-rent became due too quickly, and holidays came round too soon. He also obliged the school boys to read his own books in school—a practice that has come down to the present day. Though he did much good, he had many enemies, who laid plans to murder him. One day in the Capitol these surrounded him, and Mr. Casca struck the first blow. Caesar showed fight, and with no weapon but a pen, which in this instance was not mightier than the sword, he withstood their attacks for some time. Finally seeing Mark Brutus, who ought to have been his friend, among the conspirators, he gathered his toga together (no pun) and fell "even at the base of Pompey's statua, which all the while ran blood." It is generally admitted that like most women he had the "last words," but what they were is not certain. Most authorities, the author of this among others, now agree that he said; "Come one at a time and I'll lick the crowd and chew Brutus." He left behind him a will and a ghost. The latter has been of great service to mankind. "Great Caesar's ghost" has prevented many a good man from swearing.

We have thus followed the career of Julius from the cradle to the grave. We do not wish to hurt the feelings of his relatives or we might follow him farther. If any of the facts given above seem to any of our readers strange, we would tell them that we

have in preparation a biography of this famous man, containing our personal recollections of the deceased, and a cabinet photograph of him, which all who knew him intimately pronounce excellent.

A TOURIST'S TRIP THROUGH NEW GLASGOW.

Surely among the many tourists that pass through New Glasgow, there might be one among them that would write a description of a trip through it; but as I have never seen such an article, I will write one myself, that will do for all tourists hereafter to copy from.

Jumping out of the cars, you see a large number of people standing or sitting on the station platform, with cigars or pipes in their mouths, and you would say on looking at some of them, "so far there is not much life in New Glasgow;" but on coming out on the streets you can see many persons hurrying to and fro, carrying valises to some boarding house or other.

Very soon after leaving the station, you come in sight of Provost Street, the principal street in the town, and if you have been away for a year or two and have just returned, you cannot help noticing a change at most of the corners,—street lamps and plenty to hold them up, although strangers would almost need a lantern to find them. You follow down the street further and very soon come to a lot of young people crowded around an old organ grinder who is accompanied by a playful monkey. You leave him and just pass a barber-shop, in which are a great many loafers, and from which large quantities of smoke issue. You soon

come to the end of your journey through Provost Street; but there is one point of interest and that is the building of the new Post Office; here you have a sample of busy life, where there are men hurrying to and fro with mortar, cement and other things used in building.

On leaving Provost Street, you notice three roads, pause and consider which ones you will take. Take two of them, first, the one on the right hand side named George Street. On following up that one, you see to the right, a large Livery Stable; well, that suggests a good idea,—hire a horse and carriage and go down the other road of the two before mentioned and then you will be satisfied if it is factories in particular you would like to see. The first one you come to is the Glass Factory. On entering, you see boys and men working with glass everywhere and you can see large pots of it built in a great brick chimney resembling a bee-hive. After seeing all the sights there, you walk out and take a rove around a remote part of the town, called Trer-ton. Here you see many human beings of a different colour and language from yourself, these are Germans and Bohemians employed in the Glass Factory as glass blowers. After visiting the Steel Factory and Forge, factories of as much importance as the Glass Factory, you drive back to the stable from which you got your horse, pay your money to J. W. Church, Proprietor, get your picture taken by A. I. Rice, have a good lunch at the Hotel Vendome, shoot your hat and buy a new one at R. Grant & Co's., take a first-class ticket for Boston, and bid the folks farewell.

—ALLAN O'NEILL.

SCHOLARS' MONTHLY.

Edited and published monthly by and for the pupils of the New Glasgow High School.

A. D. GRANT, - - - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

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W. H. Hattie. Henry Graham-
Thos. Gillen. Miss Mary Wilson-
Miss Mary McKaracher.

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SALUTATORY.

It is with pleasure and pardonable pride that the editors of the SCHOLARS' MONTHLY present to the School and the Public the first number of the first paper published by and for the scholars of the New Glasgow High School. It may have been the ambition of many of our graduates to see in their time such a paper; but ours is the pleasure of the reality. The need of a school paper has been acknowledged by the majority, and by them it has been decided to issue one, with "ye humble scribes" as pen wielders, and managers. And now that the honor has been conferred on them, they consider it their duty to do all in their power to make a successful paper, and hope that with the help of the scholars, an interesting MONTHLY will be the result of their labour. The male and sturdier portion of the staff, though all admirers of, and active participants in the favorite school game football, will try to devote a few spare mo-

ments to their editorial work. And, our young lady editors, now that the E. S. C. excitement has subsided, inform the editor in-chief that they too, are ready for work, and will delight our readers occasionally with an essay, and—may we hope—a gem of poetry. The prospect is indeed bright, and with united work from the editors and scholars we have no reason to suppose that the MONTHLY will not soon be what it should be—a success.

Now that the SCHOLARS' MONTHLY is a reality, it is expected by the editors that they will have the aid of the scholars in making the paper interesting. Contributions are earnestly requested, an original essay, sketch or poem being acceptable. Do not be backward in coming forward with your pen productions!

For the benefit of any scholars who wish to discuss matters pertaining to the school, under noms-de-plume, a Correspondence Column will be started in our next issue, and it should be made a success, for there are several matters of interest to be proposed and discussed.

We hope that any mistakes, typographical or otherwise, which appear in our columns, will be overlooked, our only excuse being the hurry in which the paper had to be issued. We promise something better in the future.

The following articles have been added to the Chemical Laboratory during the present term:—1 Oxy-Hydrogen Blow-pipe, 1 ordinary do., 2 Gas bags (6 and 3 gals,) 4

Florence Flasks, 2 Glass Retorts, Chloride of Calcium Tubes, Funnelles, Glass bottles (assorted sizes.) Lead dish, Blow-pipe Re-agent case, besides a number of smaller articles and a lot of chemicals.

EXAMINATIONS.

The following have headed the list in written examinations during this term. We give also the marks obtained:

Geometry, Jr., Alfred Wilson, 96.
Inter., James Stewart, 83. Sr., Mary Wilson, 77.

Algebra, Jr., Minnie Ross, 77.
Sr., Mary Wilson, 82.

Arithmetic, jr., Berta Meikle, 72.
Sr., S. G. Smith, 65.

Eng. Literature, A. D. Grant, 76.

B'k-keeping, Jessie Sutherland, 89.

Eng. Grammar, Maggie Smith, 84.

Universal History, A. D. Grant, 78.

British History. A. D. Grant, 75.

SCENES IN THE SANCTUM. 1.

Last Monday evening the editors of this paper met in convention and had an enjoyable meeting. Brother Gillen reverentially and with all due humility, informed our worthy ed-in-chief that he would henceforth be an avowed enemy to the occupant of the stool, who was none other than our beloved brother editor Hattie. Thereupon the last named worthy made it known unto Bro. Gillen that in the future all such remarks would be considered treasonable, and proceeded to make a motion to that effect. Bro. Graham, who had heretofore maintained a dignified silence, declared that he would join with the aforesaid Bro. Gillen in his efforts to

subdue the occupant of the stool. That unfortunate thereupon approached the ed-in-chief, and humbly begged his protection, which was most cheerfully furnished. Whereupon the first named of all named most decidedly objected, and proceeded to prove his decision by gripping the chief by the ear and landing him under the stand on which seven cases of type were peacefully reposing. Under the startling and sudden concussion caused by the descent of the chief, the stand proceeded to collapse, and before Bro. Gillen could ejaculate "Jack Robinson," their beloved chieftain was buried under 40 pounds of Long Primer type. The devil of the office, seeing so much pi, tendered his resignation, which was not accepted. Bro. Graham stood up and proclaimed that he and Bro. Gillen were henceforward to be known as the fighting editors of the MONTHLY. The occupant of the stool at once made it known to Bro. Graham, *et al*, that he was entirely too premature, and that unless he apologized to the chief, himself and the devil, (who was now in the corner drying his eyes with the office towel, which looked like a piece of extra black crape,) he would be forced to resign his position as associate editor. The effect was astounding. The devil emerged from the corner, transformed suddenly to a man of the Ethiopian race. The chieftain crawled from under the Long Primer and hurrahed for Hattie. Gillen made for the door, and Graham hid under the table. Hattie then moved that the meeting be adjourned, the devil seconded the motion, and the door was locked, leaving Graham still under the table, where his ghost remains to this day.

OUR SCHOOL REPORTER.

The editors will not hold themselves responsible for the contents of this department, they being furnished by the scholars. Nothing of an unduly personal character will be inserted.

The football team have been photographed in a group. It took the whole fifteen to make a decent looking picture.

The girls, they say, are all jealous of the two happy females who were elected editors. No wonder.

If notes are seen passing between the scholars now, of course they are only communications for the MONTHLY.

It is rumored in Senior circles, that one of their number while receiving instruction with the Junior Latin Class, has been heard to *mac'* strange *calls* to one of the fair sex who sits near him. Rather suspicious, Willie, but *jet* the rumor may be untrue.

She had been moved forward a few seats, and although such an exile would be a disappointment to the majority of her class, she seemed content and softly murmured; "What care I, now that I'm near my bonnie *leddie*." Of course nobody heard it but the favored *laddie*, and as he seems to be an honest young man, we insert it on his recommendation.

Some persons are near sighted, but the *Belle* of the back seat says she *ken zie* across a row of desks to the seat in which her Tom sits. Talk of good eye-sight.

Richard seldom gets *cross*, but it is said that he rose in his ire and attempted to smite his *frank*, fearless, and independent seatmate, who had, for his own amusement, and Dick's benefit, cushioned that individuals chair with a 14 oz. carpet-tack.

It is reported that our rising young Secretary of the football club has been seen acting rather strangely in the vicinity of High Street, after Bible Class, on Friday nights. His mission there is unknown, but perhaps the fact that he has been heard to murmur to himself, "Oh smile and soothe my aching heart," may prove a valuable clue to any enterprising High School scholar who may wish to unearth this "dark, mysterious mystery."

While speaking with one of the editors, our ladies' man *sadie* would *walke*, home the first chance he'd get. He *will* make an *'ard* effort, for we believe the fair one is well watched by the paternal *pater'* son.

Very strange reports come to us for publication! The latest is that Charley has been seen to *knelt* to one of our newly enrolled Juniors. She rejected him with "*neva* shall I *grant* you the least bit of my affections, Go!" He immediately went.

Pupil reading a problem. "A merchant exchanged 29 gal. 3qt. rpt. of brandy valued at 43 3-4c. per gallon for"—Teacher at blackboard. "Wait a minute till we get down the brandy."

"——is a traitor." Teacher: "Write a noun clause as subject of the above. Small boy: "the man that teaches this school is a traitor."

It is our sad duty this month to record the death of Richard, beloved dog of one of our editors. He was well known around the neighborhood for his vast eating propensities, and all the neighbors feel his loss greatly, as Richard was the only dog that would eat old boots, and now the boots will have to lay around the yard. We wish to extend our tenderest sympathies to the bereaved master. Deceased was aged 15 yrs. 2 mos. He died from a pain in his bow-wow-els.

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