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THE NORMAL LIGHT

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The Normal Light.

FREDERICTON, N. B., APRIL, 1891.

IN THIS day, almost every trade and profession has its magazines and journals. For the teacher there is a great number of periodicals, presenting a large amount of professional matter at a very low price. We believe that no teacher should be found without one of these papers. He certainly should not if he desires to keep up with the progressive spirits, to be informed on the latest experience and news of his profession.

We regret that no action has been taken by the students towards taking up the dumb-bell drill again. We think the matter should have had some consideration, at least.

In this connection we would say that our editorial on this subject last month might have led some to think that there was no regular instruction in physical culture in the school. This is not the case, however. Fifteen minutes a day is set apart for systematic exercise, by all the students, in the hall. These exercises provide excellent training; but, as the time allotted is so short, they are not as beneficial as they might be, and so our plea was that some extra time be given to the subject by the students.

THE expression "learning to think," presents both a truth and an impossibility. An impossibility because if one has not the ability to think, he cannot by a course of lessons acquire the power. We are born with the power to think; but that our thinking is not well enough under our control, is not clear oftentimes; so we need to learn to think.

The power of thinking may be developed in the same way that the power to talk is developed, that is, by exercise; and it is the teacher's duty to provide suitable exercises. We learn to think by thinking; but it is possible that we may think very loosely, and that we may not always know whether we have thought all round a subject or not.

Good habits of thinking may be formed; and the teacher should endeavor to form such habits himself, and also to aid his pupils in the formation of them.

Do not aim first to get rapid thinking. Secure clearness and accuracy, and then the celerity will come. It is because not enough time is taken that many slipshod habits of thinking are acquired.

THERE are three P's whose acquaintance it would be well for each one of us to cultivate. They are: Purpose, Pluck and Perseverance. He is well off who possesses each of them. They should be found together. It is a good thing to *purpose* to do the thing which lies in our way waiting for someone to do it. It is better to have the *pluck* to undertake it, however difficult it may seem to be. But purpose and pluck will often avail nothing without *perseverance* in the task till victory crowns our efforts. These three—Purpose, Pluck and Perseverance—but the greatest of these is Perseverance. By these much of the success of the world has been won; many failures are due to the lack of them.

"Strive to know something about everything, and everything about something."

"The balmy days of spring have come:
The brightest of the year."

We rejoice to have the long, sunny days again; to see nature putting off her winter robes and donning the beautiful garb of spring. But it is also a matter of regret that the time is passing so swiftly, and the day of the "final" drawing nearer and nearer. However, if we each do our work faithfully, we may fairly trust that the result will be all right.

When the snow is off the ground we will be able to study the rocks, birds and flowers from "the book of nature," getting our knowledge at first hand, which is the correct way.

There are a number of our subscribers (about forty) who have not paid their subscriptions. We hope they will hand the amount to the Secy-Treas as soon as possible. We are running the paper on the "pay as you go" principle, and this cannot be done unless we have the cash in hand.

We trust that no further mention of this subject will be necessary.

THE school has been provided this term with a Yaggy's Anatomical Chart. This is a great aid to both teacher and student in the study of physiology. An Atwood's Machine for the mathematical department should be the next piece of apparatus provided.

SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION.

The first scholar who published a distinct system of education was Plato. His ideas were definite, clear, and in some respects extremely satisfactory. The first work of a teacher should be to discover the natures of the children under his care. These he divided into four classes—iron, bronze, silver, and gold. From the two lower classes little can be expected; from the natures of silver more; but the main work of training should be devoted to the natures of gold. Plato was a firm believer in the supreme power of nature, and thought that the work of the teacher should be mainly directed to

wards bringing out what is already in the mind, but covered up, rather than imparting to it knowledge. It will be seen that Plato would not have been in favor of a popular school system like ours, for he did not believe that but a very small part of children could be educated. He advocated his views with great force, and thousands of philosophers have adopted them. Even Dr. Paley held that an education would injure the lower classes because it would make them dissatisfied with their station in life. It has been but recent that democracy in education has been generally recognized. Only those who could pay for an education could get it, and of these few, but a small percentage would or could ever become good scholars.

Aristotle was Plato's pupil, but entirely unlike him in almost every particular. He was practical and popular, and believed in universal education. His name should be remembered as the first man who advocated a state system of education. His outline included the study of all the branches studied at this time, but making a great deal of gymnastics and rhetoric. Those who are curious to know the details of his system will find them in his "Politics." All Greek teachers believed in thorough physical training, separate from mental training, and they also believed that the end of all school work was to make the soul "beautiful." Pericles was to them an ideal man, Socrates an ideal philosopher, Homer an ideal poet, and the Parthenon an ideal temple. Teachers can learn a great deal from a careful study of Greek pedagogy.

The greatest Roman teacher was Quintilian, and his "Institutes of the Orator" is the greatest Roman educational work. His system is extremely practical, showing how a young man can be trained to succeed in the practical affairs of life. The Romans despised business, but worshipped a successful lawyer, statesman or general. The central thought of the average Roman was *power and glory*. Quintilian's instructions show how a young man can be trained to become a successful man. But how far below the Greek ideal was the Roman reality! The thought of the common Roman was low, selfish, and sensual, and this marks his educational ideal, but the ideals of the best men like Cicero,

Epictetus, Seneca, and Marcus Aurelius rose far above this, for they saw in education a force that would lift man's nature to a higher level.

The early Christian system of education was found in the early schools of the catechisms attached to every important church. Here Christian young men and women were instructed in the elements of a good education, for the direct purpose of preparing them to become good Christians. At first, when the dogmas were few, the knowledge of the New Testament was the almost sole work of instruction, but at a later period, when doctrines and church services became more complex and numerous, the system was much more intricate. In a word we can say that the early Christian system of education aimed to bring the soul into union with God through Christ. These church schools have continued, with many minor variations and changes, yet with the same general aim and purpose to the present day.

No definite system of education was formulated after Quintilian until the Revival of Learning, by John Sturm and the Jesuits, but concerning these educators and others who have followed them we cannot write this month.—*The Teachers' Profession.*

During the past few weeks the school has been visited by many of the members of the Legislature. The representatives from the different counties have done what they could for the students from their counties by showing them through the different government buildings and so on. We feel sure that the interest thus manifested is duly appreciated by the students.

A BOY'S ESSAY ON BREATHING.

Breath is made of air. If it was not for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life agoing through our nose when we are asleep. Boys that stays in a room all day should not breathe. They should wate till they gets outside. Boys in a room makes carbonic oxide. Carbonic oxide is poisoner than mad dogs. A heap of soldyers was in a black hele in India and carbonic oxide got in and killed nearly every one afore morning.

Girls kill the breath with koisets that squeezez the diagram. Girls can't run or holler like boys because there diagram is squashed to much.

[Note. The Editor got this himself from the boy who wrote it].

Our Poet's Corner.

APRIL.

(SELECTED).

O give me fair April's sunny skies!
How sweet along the budding hedge
to roam!
(You'll take your gingham with you if
you're wise,
And change your boots directly you
reach home).

Hail, glorious spring! each leaf and
bud and bird
Is full of joy to greet the sparkling
sun.
(Now, really, it is getting quite absurd,
The sun's gone in again — it rains
like fun).

No long-continued draught does April
own,
Or wet; she gives variety in weather.
(There! I can stand the rain or sun
alone,
But here are sunshine and hard rain
together).

Now falls the needed rain, the thirsty
roots
From out the soaking ground fresh
vigour suck.
(Why, look! the sun! I've just kicked
off my boots,
And settled down to read — that's
just my luck!)

THE OLD READING CLASS.

I cannot tell you, Genevieve, how oft it
comes to me—
That rather young old reading class in District
Number Three,
That row of elocutionists who stood so straight
in line,
And charged at standard literature with ami-
able design.
We did not spare the energy in which our
words were clad;
We gave the meaning of the text by all the
light we had;
But still I fear the ones who wrote the lines
we read so free
Would scarce have recognized their work in
District Number Three.

Outside the snow was smooth and clean—the
winter's thick-laid dust;
The storm it made the windows speak at every
sudden gust;
Bright sleigh-bells threw us pleasant words
when travellers would pass;
The maple-trees along the road stood shivering
in their class;
Beyond, the white-browed cottages were nest-
ling cold and dumb,

And far away the mighty world seemed beckoning us to come—
The wondrous world, of which we conned what had been and might be,
In that old-fashioned reading class of District Number Three.

We took a hand at History—its altars, spires, and flames—
And uniformly mispronounced the most important names;
We wandered through Biography, and gave our fancy play,
And with some subjects fell in love—"good only for one day;"
In Romance and Philosophy we settled many a point,
And made what poems we assailed to creak at every joint;
And many authors that we love, you with me will agree,
Were first time introduced to us in District Number Three.

You recollect Susannah Smith, the teacher's sore distress,
Who never stopped at any pause—a sort of day express?
And timid young Sylvester Jones, of inconsistent sight,
Who stumbled on the easy words, and read the hard ones right?
And Jennie Green, whose doleful voice was always clothed in black?
And Samuel Hicks, whose tones induced the plastering to crack?
And Andrew Tubbs, whose various mouths were quite a show to see?
Alas! we cannot find them now in District Number Three.

And Jasper Jenckes, whose tears would flow at each pathetic word
(He's in the prize-fight business now, and hits them hard, I've heard);
And Benny Bayne, whose every tone he murmured as in fear
(His tongue is not so timid now: he is an auctioneer);
And Lanty Wood whose voice was just endeavoring hard to change,
And leaped from hoarse to fiercely shrill with most surprising range;
Also his sister Mary Jane, so full of prudish glee.
Alas! they're both in higher schools than District Number Three.

So back these various voices come, though long the years have grown,
And sound uncommonly distinct through Memory's telephone;
And some are full of melody, and bring a sense of cheer,
And some can smite the rock of time, and summon forth a tear;
But one sweet voice comes back to me, whenever sad I grieve,
And sings a song, and that is yours, O peerless Genevieve!
It brightens up the olden times, and throws a smile at me—
A silver star amid the clouds of District Number Three.
—WILL CARLETON, in *Harper's Magazine*.

Contributed.

MACAULAY.

The object of this article is not to give a systematic account of Macaulay's life, nor even to lay out a connected statement of his great career. My desire is to give those students to whom it may be acceptable, an informal introduction to these writings which constitute the great right arm of modern English literature. Just enough history will be told to give the readers an intelligent knowledge of the man whose works they do, or will admire.

In common with others I have lately felt the need of our young people, and especially those who are to guide others, reading a higher grade of literature than is at present common, not that many of our young people have not read some of the standard works, but there is, perhaps in the greatest degree among the young men, a lack of knowledge, and of that refinement of thought which must result from properly reading first class *prose literature*.

The difficulty in my case was to get started, to give up the secondary class of reading and start upon a higher grade. Once started on the right road no trouble will be experienced in continuing; a fairly intelligent mind after carefully reading such a work as Macaulay's or Carlyle's essays, will have little desire to fall back into the reading of *unnatural trash*, which is too common in libraries of both old and young at the present day.

Presumption it may be for a person of my slight literary knowledge, to try and influence our school in a way that will be of good to us all, but such is my desire, and if any young man or woman after reading this, have their standard of literature raised, feel within themselves a desire for a higher intellectual life, or are even induced to read the works of one as great as Macaulay, I am well paid for the energy expended.

If at any time I should seem to be extreme on the subject, please excuse me as one who feels he has been helped and wishes to see his fellows also benefited.

Thomas Babbington Macaulay was born in Rothlay temple, near Lambeth in the year of our Lord 1800. His parents were of Scotch descent, and rather above the average intelligence,

his father taking an active part in the abolition of slavery.

Young Thomas early showed signs of special ability, at five years old he was a great reader, very imaginative, and possessed a *wonderful memory*. Many interesting things are told of his early days, his experiences at college, etc., but we must pass them over.

At the age of 24 he first came into real prominent notice, as a speaker in favor of liberating the slave, and as a writer. His first essay was published at this time in the *Edinburgh Review*, and called forth a cry of applause from its readers, both in England and America. From this time till near his death Macaulay remained in close connection with this Review, and upon the presence of his articles mainly depended the popularity of the magazine.

Macaulay started his professional life as a lawyer, but not liking the work he did not accomplish much before the bar. When 30 years old, upon urgent request, he contested in an election for a seat in the House of Commons, and took his place as representing Calne.

His maiden speech on "Grants Bill" for the removal of Jewish disabilities, was a great success, but in March 1831 he made the speech that established forever his ability as a statesman, and as an orator. It was upon the passing of the Reform Bill, and the audience, friend and foe, were completely carried away by the depth of thought and force of argument for which he was always distinguished.

Soon after this he sailed for India, and spent four years there as an active member of the Supreme Council governing that country. In the intervals of public duty he read a great deal, and by means of articles in the Review kept himself before the English public. While there, sufficient money was made to enable him to support, with less difficulty, his parents and sisters, who were depending on him.

Macaulay returned home in 1838, and the next year was elected to the House of Commons to represent Edinburgh, and the same year was taken into the Cabinet. Ten years later he was defeated in an election contest, principally because the electors could not get him to promise them what they required, his theory being that the constituents should leave a good deal to the judgment of their

representative. The good people of Edinburgh soon saw their mistake, and four years later were glad enough to re-elect him. Macaulay's health had now begun to fail, only one more great speech did he make in parliament, and that with tremendous success. This was just twenty years after his first great attempt. Not a man in the House was listened to with more satisfaction.

During his last years he read and wrote a great deal. The writings were chiefly on the History of England which had been on hand for some time; and his reading, which had not to do with the History, was principally Greek, for which he had much admiration.

The last great honor was conferred upon him in 1857, when he was made a Peer and took the title of "Baron Macaulay of Rothlay." Two years later, while sitting in his chair surrounded by books, Lord Macaulay died of heart trouble, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

"His body is buried in peace,
but his name liveth forever more."

Thus ceased to exist upon the earth a mind that knew more perhaps of things past, than any man before or since. Such a mass of knowledge was seldom if ever collected and retained by one intellect. As he read a great deal, could take in a page at a glance, and seldom forget what he read, the above statement is conceivable.

As a man he was quite social and a great favorite with his sisters, whom he loved extremely. The letters he wrote to them are very interesting and give us an insight into the man's inner life which his public works utterly fail to do. In bodily appearance he was not remarkable; short, rather fleshy, with a light complexion, cheerful open face and massive head. He is thus described: 3 "There came up a short, manly figure, marvellously upright, with a bad neckcloth, and one hand in his waist-coat pocket. Of regular beauty he had little to boast; but in faces where there is an expression of great power, or of great good humor, or both, you do not regret its absence."

Most of his public speeches were thought out before delivered, and were given very fast and without much emphasis. Whilst preparing a speech, he would get a thought and surround it with appropriate drapery, then, when

the idea recurred in speaking all the connections would come with it, thus his speeches, though not written out beforehand, were very exact, not a word out of place.

It is in his essays and history, however, that we are most interested at the present. These cost him much time and labor. Being very particular about literary works, he would have every paragraph, and every sentence in a paragraph, begin and end just so. Of his History little need be said. Wherever the English language is read, there it is to be found—always admired, always depended on. He has been called the first man that made history readable, and surely no more interesting history can be found. When the first two volumes were in press, (1848) while contemplating his work, the author wrote in his diary: "I am satisfied, as compared with excellence, the work is a failure; as compared with other histories I cannot think so."

During his busy life, Macaulay found time to continue the articles for the Review. So far from writing them quickly and thoughtlessly, as some would have it, he put a great deal of time upon them, weighing almost every statement, not that they have the same even correctness as the history; such was not necessary. A little different style had to be adopted to make them popular in a Review. The article on Bacon cost him about as much work as any; but he himself said, those that the least work was put on seemed to take best.

A feeling has grown up of late, among a certain class, that Macaulay was over severe in his criticisms, that he criticized for the sake of criticizing. This notion is largely false, and if such persons transport themselves back to Macaulay's days, they will see that even those he criticized most harshly, saw the justice of the remarks, and acknowledged their appreciation of them by letter. *Among these was Gladstone.* True some writers twisted his name, thus Babble-tongue (Babbington), but, being a man upright in all he said or did, little worth noticing was said in criticism of him by contemporaries.

To these essays I wish to turn the minds of the student. Strange to say, hardly one in twenty is at all familiar with these articles, which are as well fitted to produce the effect good literature should produce as anything in

our language. These are the works I would recommend those who want good, easy, instructive reading to begin on. The topics are interesting and instructive; by them you can get an insight into the lives and history of past time, that scarcely another volume will furnish. The author took great pains to make every sentence clear, and while many are very long, yet in almost every case the average mind can see the meaning at a glance.

The style in which they are written is excellent, and cannot fail to be of great benefit to the readers, not that any one would be wise to imitate the style, but the indirect effect upon the reader must be to give a higher tone to his own writings, a purer way of expression, and to implant within him a taste for an acquaintance with other great works—a desire to live a higher, a nobler, a truer, a more useful life.

4 "In the power of enlarging the sphere of thought, determining its direction and dominating it, lies the secret of the influence of literature on character. The entrance of a noble and true thought into our being is a benediction. The idea becomes the ideal; and a longing is begotten to realize it. Desire strengthens into motive, motive inspires action, action repeated becomes habit, habit in its totality is character and character is destiny." G. J. T.

1 These words were on his monument.

2 See Macaulay's Life and Letters, by his nephew.

3 Quarterly Magazine.

4 Rev. John Power.

ENGLISH STUDENT TEACHERS.

How the Students Worked and Played in the Normal School.

Life in the English Normal school is very different from the non-resident system adopted in Canada. An apprentice or pupil teacher, after serving a four year's course in an elementary, board, or upper grade school, sits for his entry examination to the training college, and if fortune places him in the first class, he may or may not be accorded the privilege of entering as a resident student in a London normal school. It all depends upon your position in the religious examination and if your place on that list should be low, your first class in English will avail you nothing, and to a minor college you must go.

One bright sunny morning in January I entered the classical portals of the Chelsea male normal school, London, as a first year student. I was shown by my senior, a second year man, to the dormitory. The second year man was very uppish, stiff, and arrogant, and as he stood six feet high, had evidently a tall opinion of himself. He took me to my room.

a little rectangular apartment containing a bedstead, a wash stand, a square piece of carpet, and two chairs, then solemnly pointed out to me the rules prescribed by "my Lords" of the Education department. Having borrowed a pair of cigars, a clean collar, and a needle and thread from my trunk, he bade me make myself at home and left me. A few minutes afterwards I was called to the study of "the Dad," classical for ye principal. He was a middle aged robust Englishman, kind, fatherly, and spiritually affectionate. He turned out gentlemen at St. Marks. Yes, boys gentlemen. It was the boast of the Chelsea normal school, that although the students did not obtain so many firsts as her ancient rival of Battersea, yet she turned out gentlemen. I was conducted through the building and introduced to the masters, all full fledged university men. One of them, the Geography and Science man was called "the Lamb," the mathematical lecturer rejoiced in the sobriquet of "the Bear" and the Frenchman was gallicised as "Froggy." All good fellows though, but their eccentricities were noted.

My second day commenced and ended as follows: At six o'clock the college bell was rung, and private study engaged the student until 7.30. We were marshalled like privates to a large room sarcastically called "the grinding house," and answered the roll by calling "Adsum" to our names, after which each student sat down to his desk and pegged away at permutations, condensations, and irritations. Prayer in the chapel at 7.30, and afterwards breakfast. Plenty of bread, a limited pat of butter, and coffee or tea ad lib. Exercise in the gymnasium, or promenade in the gardens, and then to lectures. A regular routine of study was of course prescribed, and students spent so many hours a week in the practising or model schools, where their lessons were criticised, and the methods adopted thoroughly scrutinised by the professors.

The dinners, which followed the morning's lectures or practise in school as the case may be, were devoured with a gusto. Good plain solid food with plenty of water, or if the student preferred it, table beer. The latter was non-intoxicating, refreshing, and stimulating, as one of our second year men—a Welshman—put it: "It was beautiful peautiful and strengthened 'ter prain, me bhoy!" After dinner study, lectures, or practising in the model school followed, according to the year and form of the student. We—the first year students—went to the gardens, and my accomodating senior of the morning bade me in peremptory tones to clean out the piggeries. "Most healthy, don't you know," said he. "Get some old clothes, don't you know, and begin at once." A circus at once began, I had no old clothes so we effected a compromise, I dug up a portion of the garden plot, and by judiciously bribing my overlooker with cigars, spent a pleasant afternoon trying to persuade myself I was at the work prescribed by "my Lords" as physical exercises. Supper at six, private study until nine, and then to bed to bed oh weary head.

The educational program was varied. There were lectures on method to be delivered by

each student in rotation during the year, science and languages to be ground up as extras, and drawing certificates to be obtained. Physical exercises were impossible every day, and private study, or practise on the organ or piano was substituted. Speaking of the latter, theoretical and practical music was an important item. Our organist was a Mus Bac (Oxen) and his choir was considered to be one of the finest in town, consequently tonic sol-fa, old notation, harmony and thorough bass were added to our interminable list of special qualifications.

Our school had its volunteer corps full uniformed and was attached to the Surrey regular regiment. A six foot life guardsman initiated us into the mysteries of elementary, company, and half-wing battalion drill. We had our football, cricket, quoit, athletic, and debating clubs, our weekly magazine, and our mock parliament, of course we had also our toady, our bully, and our sneak. The latter we punished by a course under the college pump whenever detected. Boxing, fencing and single sticks were favorite sports.

There was a six weeks vacation semi-annually at Mid-summer and Xmas. Breaking up time—as it was called—was a day of huge high jinks, for the students were allowed full liberty on the day preceding vacation. The masters enjoyed the fun too. I remember our first closing day at Chelsea. Mounting the rostrum in the hall, a waggish student gave an improvised lecture in which he cleverly mimicked all the professors. Of the principal of the practising school he observed: "The concatenation or the celebration of the ter-restriation of the whole terraqueous globe is—come here Tompkins—you're eating candy during lessons—ow (smack) if (smack) you can't behave yerself (smack, smack) you'd better go home to your parents," (smack smack, smack).

Oh! happy glorious days of the Normal Light. When shall I see your lustre again? Never? Well hardly ever!

SEE AITCH.

Frederickton N. B.

Small Boy—What fish do you prefer? Miss B—I prefer the "Jelley-fish."

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Odds and Ends.

THE NAPOLEON ACROSTIC.

The following acrostic was written by a professor in Dijon as soon as the entrance of the allies into that town had enabled its loyal population to declare in favor of its legitimate sovereign. The translation is also given.

Nihil fuit—He was nothing.

Augustus coluit—He became emperor.

Populus reduxit—He conquered nations.

Orbem disturbavit—He disturbed the world.

Libertatem oppressit.—He oppressed liberty.

Ecclesiam distraxit—He distracted the church.

Omnia esse voluit—He wished to be supreme.

Nihil erit—He shall be nothing.—Can. Nation.

“Early impressions are easier made, and they abide longer, than those of maturer years. No matter how uneventful a man's life was in his childhood, or how intense have been the experiences of his active manhood, when the powers of his flesh are failing, and the strength of his mental faculties are brought to their final test, it is found that his freshest memories are ever of his childhood days, and not of the years of his vigorous manhood. A few days ago, the king of the Sandwich Islands lay dying, in a gorgeously furnished bed-chamber, in the Palace Hotel, San Francisco. Members of his royal household were about him. All that could make an impression for the hour tended to bring thoughts of his kingly life, and of the visits he had made to courts and palaces, or his yet unfinished journey around the world. But as his dying lips moved in faint murmurs of speech, and attentive ears were bent to catch his latest message, he was found to be speaking in the accents of his childhood's language, now long unused by him; and his thoughts and words were of scenes on the shore of his island-home in the days of his playful boyhood.”

A distinguished lawyer says that in his younger days he taught a boy's school, and requiring the pupils to write compositions, he sometimes received some of a very peculiar sort, of which the following is a specimen:

On Industry.—It is bad for a man to be idle. Industry is the best thing a man can have, and a wife is the next. Prophets and Kings desired it long, and died without the site. The end.

Here is another:

On the Seasons.—There is four seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. They are all pleasant. Some people may like spring best; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death. The end.

J. H. Fleming,

DEALER IN

MEN'S

FURNISHING

GOODS,

Hats, Caps, Etc.

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Makes the following goods every day:

Japanese Fancy, Molasses Chew,

Boston Chips,

Butter Cups, Tabor's Ribbon,

Japanese Mixed,

Cocoanut and Celestial Taffy, Etc. Etc.

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Opposite Officers Quarters.

J. W. McCREADY,

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YORK STREET, FREDERICTON.

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FINE

SAMPLE

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IN CONNECTION.

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COACHES AT TRAINS AND BOATS.

FACTS TO THINK ON.

THE REPORTER IMPARTS SOME INFORMATION WHICH HE HAS LATELY ACQUIRED.

DURING a call on DR. LUNN, at his office over Lemout & Sons variety store on Queen Street, the reporter got the following facts: The Dr. believes that people ought to know something about the teeth, and the proper way to care for them; and that it is to his interest to make them acquainted with some important points.

A complete and perfect set of teeth is a thing not to be lightly esteemed, because of the service they perform in the mastication of the food; the important part they play in assisting vocalization-speaking and singing; and the way in which they affect the personal appearance, being necessary for the maintenance of the natural symmetry of the features. No one will deny that matters of less importance receive far more attention, and yet there is scarcely an organ of the body the neglect of which entails more serious results.

It has been established by careful observation that the dental organs of man have been deteriorating through successive generations. Dental caries, and other harmful tendencies, are becoming more and more prevalent; and the neglect of these is the fruitful cause of many other serious troubles.

Teeth which have rough edges, where they have been broken or have become decayed, will irritate and often injure the tongue and the inner lining of the cheeks, and should be promptly attended to.

No more common cause of indigestion and dyspepsia can be found than the imperfect mastication of food which very often is due to the loss of some of the teeth or the inability to use them. There is no question that in many cases an increase in longevity is fairly attributable to the improved facilities for mastication secured by proper attention to the natural teeth, or in case of their loss by the use of artificial teeth.

A tooth consists of enamel, cementum, dentine, and dental pulp. The enamel is the cap or covering of the crown. The cementum is a layer of hard tissue covering the roots of the teeth. The dentine constitutes the bulk of the tooth; while the pulp, commonly but incorrectly called the nerve, occupies a cavity in the centre of the tooth. The different parts of a tooth are, of course, nourished like any other part of the body; but there is no sufficient nutriment supplied to the enamel for its repair or renewal, and consequently when it is once destroyed, either by disease or accident, it cannot be restored. When the enamel is injured the tooth is more liable to decay. It should then be frequently examined that any such decay may be at once stopped and removed.

The reader is already aware that DR. LUNN has had a long experience as a dentist, has a complete outfit for performing the varied operations required in keeping the teeth in proper condition, and has acquired a reputation for performing all such operations in the most satisfactory manner. Remember these facts when you need a dentist.

C. FRED. CHESTNUT

APOTHECARY,

DEALER IN

DRUGS, ❖ ❖

MEDICINES, ❖

PATENT MEDICINES,

Toilet and Fancy Articles.

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ABLE WATCH BEFORE LEAVING
THE CITY.

Special Discounts to Students.

Repairing in all its Branches Neatly and
Promptly done.

CHARGES MODERATE

Squibs.

Oh, Archer!!!

"Indeed Herry's no flirt."

Oh! oh! I've lost my committee.

Only one *Jarvis*-ible, and her son
took that.

"In the words of the poet: 'Gracious
sakes alive.'"

Which of the Normal School boys
has such a bass voice.

One of our enterprising Seniors was
travelling for *Scott's* Emulsion during
Easter vacation.

"Better to slip with the tongue than
with the foot," (even if it does happen
in public).

One of the young ladies in class A2
had to be taken home by a Copp one
Sunday night quite recently.

One of the seniors frequently studies
Bible History and is often heard to ex-
claim in his dreams "Oh Canaan!
Canaan."

A few days since one of our stately
Seniors was observed down on his
knees before a fair classmate. It is
not known just what his attitude
meant.

"What makes the tower of Pisa
lean?" asked the school-committee
man of the candidate for teacher he
was examining, and the young man
answered, absent-mindedly: "I don't
know, sir, I am sure, unless it may
have spent a winter in districk No. 4,
boarding 'round."

Teacher—"Now, Willie Wilkins, I
want you to tell me the truth—did
Harry Thomas draw that picture on
the board?" Willie Wilkins—"Teacher
I firmly refuse to answer that ques-
tion." Teacher—"You do?" Willie
Wilkins—"Because I gave Harry my
word of honor I would not tell on
him."

"Willie," said a doting parent, at
the breakfast table, to an abridged
edition of himself, and who had just
entered the grammar class at the high
school, "Willie, my dear, will you
pass the butter?" "Thirtainly, thir;
takthes me to pathe any thing. Butter
ith a common thubthantive, neuter
gender, agreeth with hot buckwheat
caketh, and ith governed by thugar —
molatheth underthtood."

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