

New Glasgow, N. S. High School Monthly.
(see also
School class Monthly.)



THE
High School Monthly.

I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honor from corruptions,
Than such an honest chronicler.
— Shakespeare.



Vol. I.

MARCH.

No. 4.



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NEW GLASGOW, N. S.
Edited and Published by the students of New Glasgow High School.
1890.



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Public Address of R. M. Hattie Esq.
from
R. M. Hattie, Esq.

THE HIGH SCHOOL MONTHLY.

VOL. I. NEW GLASGOW, N. S., MARCH, 1891. NO. 4.

Notes upon the History of Football.

"Very reverend sport, truly."—*Shakespeare*.
"Floreat Rugbein."—*Horace*.
"Here, when your tackled."—*Dug Alf*.

Such critical students of history as the pupils of the New Glasgow High School need not to be told that only the finer literary works of the ancients have withstood the ravages of time and been transmitted to us. As with their literary works so with their sports—only the best have survived the wear and tear of the ages. The young Greeks and Romans had many amusements of which we know practically nothing, but which, if we knew every rule, we would no more play than we would insist on having school on Saturday, or allow our teachers too much of their own way. One of their favorite games, however, has with little change been handed down to us the dignified manly game of football. It will, I know, be a shock to lovers of British institutions to find that football cannot be included among these, but the facts of history are stubborn. We read in Grecian annals much of a game called *Episkuros*—a game of which Smith writes in his *Dictionary of Antiquities* thus: "It was the game of football, played in much the same way as with us, by a great number of persons divided into parties opposed to one another." From this description it is fair to assume that the captains checked the umpires, the small boy climbed the high board fence, and a forward occasionally lay down in a scrimmage just as in our own day. The high state of Grecian civilization is accounted for when we know that youthful Greeks played football.

The kindred game among the Romans was played with the *harpastum*—a word derived from the verb *harpastzo*, to seize; which proves conclusively that the Romans adopted the Rugby rules. We quote from Rich. *Dictionary of Antiquities*, article *Harpastum*: "The game in which it (the *harpastum*) was used was played with a single ball, and any number of persons divided into two parties, the object of each person being to seize the ball from the ground and to throw it amongst his friends. The party who succeeded in casting it out of bounds gained the victory." The Latin author, Martial, speaks of the *pulcherrima* (the dusty) *harpastu* and no reasonable man can doubt that in trying to snatch the ball from the ground the players would have some falls; and even if the city of seven hills was not as muddy as New Glasgow they would soil their costumes. Consequently, just as with us, before a team would sit for its photos the members would have to get their pants washed. Thus history repeats itself. No dudes played with the *harpastum*, for we are told that the game required a great deal of bodily exertion, and dudes don't pine for bodily exertion. Here again we notice a similarity between the ancient and modern game. Whoever heard of a dude playing football? Let echo answer if it can. It would be as remarkable to have a dude play football, as would be to know our lessons on Monday, or see feathers on a dog's tail.

The Romans introduced this gentle and joyous sport into England. They initiated the Britons into its mysteries, and when the Roman troops were called home to protect the fast falling empire, the game still flourished. The Saxons came

and took the football craze. So thro' all the succeeding political changes in England—changes that at that time were occurring more frequently than sessional examinations—this manly game survived. Fitzstephen, writing about A. D. 1175, speaks of the young men going into the fields after dinner to play at football. In the city records of London, preserved at the Guildhall, is an entry, under date April 13th, 1314, which being translated (I translate, not for the benefit of the High School scholars who of course read Latin as naturally as pigs squeak, but for outside readers) is, “and because of the great noise in the city by some players of large futebals thrown in the meadows of the people, from which many evils might arise, which God forbid: We command and forbid on behalf of the king under pain of imprisonment, such game to be used in the city for the future.” By the reign of Edward III the game had grown so popular that the people spent all their time at it to the neglect of their archery. As archery would have to be practised if the English bowmen were to preserve the enviable reputation they had won at Crecy and Poitiers, a statute was passed prohibiting “*pila pedina*.” In the twelfth year of the reign of Richard II, a similar statute was passed. This I give in a slightly abridged form:—“Item, it is accorded and assented, that servants of husbandry or laborers, and servants, artificers, nor victuallers, shall not have sword or buckler except in time of war; but such servants or laborers shall have bows and arrows and use the same the Sundays and holidays, and leave all playing at tennis or football and other such importune games. And that doers against this statute shall be arrested.” Whether this statute was enforced or not, we have no record. It probably was, and the people grew so restless at being deprived of their excitement that eventually they started the Wars of the Roses. I don't feel positive that this sanguinary civil war was due to the suppression of football, tho' it has been suggested. The year that saw the first

battle of St. Albans—the opening battle of the Wars of the Roses fought—saw also a statute passed limiting the number of lawyers in England to a very small figure; and I incline to the belief that it was this later statute that caused the dreadful strife. This, however, is a matter of opinion and I am dealing with facts.

We might have expected that in Scotland the legislators would have had more sense than to seek to prohibit football. If we did we would be wrong; for we read that “in the first parliament of King James the First, holden at Perth, the xxvi day of May, the year of God one thousand foure hundredth twentie yeres, and of his reign the nineteen yeir,” a law was passed saying, “That na man play at the futeball. It is a statute, and the king forbidde, that na man play at the futeball, under the paine of fiftie schillings to be raised to the Lord of the land, als oft as he be tainted, or to the Scheriffe of the land or his ministers, gif the Lords will not punish sik trespassours.” Again under James II, in 1457, it was “decreeted and ordained that the futeball and golfe he utterly cryed downe and not to be used . . . and to be punished by the Barronis-un-law and gif he takes not the unlaw that it be taken to the kynges officeres.” James III decreed against it at his sixth Parliament held in Edinburgh, in 1471. And in 1491 King James IV enacted “That in na place of the Realme there be used futeball, golfe, or sik unprofitable sportes, for the common gude of the Realme and defence thereof.” Not one of these statutes was obeyed or why the necessity for so frequently re-enacting them? One who reads them at this late date first wonders at the foolishness of the men who imagined they would be effective, and then sadly reflects that our forefathers who went to Parliament were mighty bad spellers.

To be continued.

American Humorous Writers.

Max O'Rell in his “Jonathan and His Continent” defines humour to be “an un-

assuming form of wit, by turns gay, naive, grim and pathetic, that you will never come across in a vain affected person." As defined by a vigorous American writer it is "a Proteus changing its shape and manner with the thousand diversities of individual character." It thus seems to be a word of various meanings, embracing within its scope that whole range of writings beginning on the level of those laughter-provoking absurdities and embodied in the pages of our comic papers of the present day, and rising to the most refined and tragic heights of Irving and Lowell.

Every nation that has attained to any respectable standing in the literary world has had its representatives in this special department. In the Greek classics we have the humorous writings of Aristophanes and Menander; in the Latin there are the comedies of Plautus and Terence. Spain has produced a Cervantes, the author of "*Don Quixote*." France has given us Rabelais a very humorous satirical writer of the Middle Ages, the comedian Moliere, Alphonse Daudet, whose hero "*Tartarin of Tarascon*" is well-known to all lovers of mirth, and Max O'Rell, whose witty reflection on England and America are two well known to the reading public to require any comment here. England has nurtured Ben Jonson, who wrote *Every Man in his own Humour*, Sterne the author of *Tristram Shandy*, Fielding, Tom Hood Dickens and a score of others. In America their name is legion. Washington Irving, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Charles Dudley Warner, Bret Hart, Artemus Ward, Bill Nye, and Mark Twain are household names among us.

Humour has always held a very prominent place in American literature, and is at the present day one of its most distinguishing features. Its birth seems to have been coincident with the earliest press work in New England. The first newspaper printed in Boston in the year 1675 had all the leading characteristics of the humorous sheet of the present day.

There has been a wonderful development along this particular line, so that to-day scores of printing-presses all over America are turning out their comic papers to be read and laughed over by the millions on both sides of the water. Indeed the country occupies a unique position in the vast amount of literature of this description that it puts upon the market.

The mind of the American writer seems to be peculiarly adapted to this species of composition. Keen, clear-sighted, ever on the alert to detect idiosyncrasies, he is further possessed of the happy faculty of vividly describing whatever has fallen under his observation. Unlike his English counterpart he does not dive deep down to search after the precious pearls lying on the bottom, but contents himself with collecting the drift-wood which he finds floating about on the surface and carving out of it figures which please the eye and tickle the senses only for the time being, but leave no lasting impression upon the mind. Sometimes his figures assume the most fantastic shapes, and their features are exaggerated out of all proportion to the disgust of the more cultured class of readers. Herein, I think, lies the great danger of the American humorous literature being degraded to the level of the mere farce which is contemptible, and soon becomes nauseating to the public taste. This resorting to the promiscuous use of puns, bad spelling and other eccentricities of art, in order to provoke a laugh (which is indulged in by some of the most refined writers) is another serious defect, and the contagion is fast spreading. It remains with the higher intellectual instincts of the nation to detect and arrest all tendency in this downward direction, and to guide the ship as it were along her proper channel.

Exaggeration, as I have said, forms an important element of American humour. In fact, it has been characterized by some one as the "humour of exaggeration." This, is the generally accepted opinion among English critics. I find, however, an American writer making the following statement. "The American humorist is

to-day the most successful, because he exaggerates." He tries to make out his case by adding, that in a population made up, as theirs is, of immigrants from every older nation and remote corner of the world, there must necessarily be elements as curious as they are variable, incongruous and grotesque; and what to an outsider might appear an exaggeration, is in reality a truthful mirroring of nature. No doubt there is a great deal of truth in this statement, but yet it cannot be gainsaid that the American humourist exaggerates, and exaggerates, too, in a greater degree than any other humourist of the present day. Anyone who has read Dickens's *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* or Max O'Rell's *Jonathan* and *His Continent*, or has himself traveled through that wonderful country, and observed the various types of character among its population their habits, weaknesses, follies, and ludicrous peculiarities, can judge of the adaptability of the soil to the growth of this species of literature. The logging camps of the North, and the negro plantations of the South, that part of the country which is familiarly known as "down East," and the mining camps of the "far West," the Indian trails and the prairies of the Central States, have all furnished unique characters for the pen of the literary comedian. Immigrant Chinese, Germans, Italians, Irishmen and English "swells" have all their peculiarities painted in the most glowing colours.

I haven't space in this short paper to run over the whole list of American humourists, but will only glance at a few of the leading representatives. Artemus Ward (Charles Farrar Browne)—the American Rabelais—during the eight years in which he was before the public, convulsed two continents with his humorous parodies and quaint satirical descriptions of the prevailing customs of his day. To the "Homo Ridens" of the present day, *Artemus Ward—His Book* is a veritable storehouse of humour of the most refined and classical nature. Since his death in London in 1867, Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) has been the nation's accepted

prince of humourists. Old life on the Mississippi, where he himself spent some of his earlier years as a pilot on one of the steamboats, has been well portrayed by him in *Tow Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*. Here do we see his art at its best, and it may well be regretted that he has not oftener entertained us with the comicallities of his own native country. The bulk of his productions consists of books of travel which are all masterpieces of their kind. His latest venture in the literary world is *A Connecticut Yankee* at the Court of King Arthur which has not met with the success of his earlier work. I may mention en passant, that he took his pseudonym from a term used by the leadmen on the Mississippi steamboats, meaning the fathom of water. Bret Harte has long been amusing us with his realistic descriptions, nearly all written in dialect, of life in the mining camps and on the frontiers of the Pacific States. *The Luck of Roaring Camp* in prose, and *The Heathen Chinee*, and *Her Letter* in verse, have a world-wide reputation. The eccentricities and national peculiarities of the New England Yankee have had their chief exponents in the persons of James Russell Lowell in his *Biglow Papers*—the best of American humorous productions—and of our own countrymen Thomas Chandler Haliburton in that immortal work *Sam Slick the Clockmaker*. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has been characterized as one of the "funniest fellows" of that brilliant company of New England literary celebrities which are to be found at the gatherings of the old alumni of Harvard and the authors' clubs of his native city of Boston. In his three volumes, *The Autocrat*, *The Poet* and *The Professor at the Breakfast Table* he has given the world a series of essay-abounding in humorous pleasantries and keen observations on men, manners, and things. Interspersed here and there throughout the collection is a number of remarkably witty poems of which *The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay* and the *Height of the Ridiculous* are perhaps the most noted. He has lately bid farewell to literary

life in a short work entitled *O'er the Tea-Cups*. Charles Dudley Warner, perhaps one of the best known of American *literati* of the present day, will ever live to us Nova Scotians in the pages of *Bulldozer and That Sort of Thing*.

There is a host of others, all that numerous list of newspaper harlequins and platform lecturers, of whom Bill Nye, James White and Riley, Bob Burdette of *The Burlington Hawk-eye*, Opie P. Read of *The Arkansas Traveller*, Charles B. Lewis of *The Detroit Free Press* and Alexander Sweet (a Nova Scotian) of *The Texas Siftings* are perhaps not the least importance—names of never-dying renown, and requiring more than a passing notice. But our article has already grown too long. Let us hope that, when this rich harvest has been gathered in, it may, in turn, be replaced by another of greater luxuriance and that fresh and vigorous recruits may be raised up to worthily fill the place of the veterans that are now passing off the stage.

A Schoolboy's Letter.

(This letter was picked up in the High School and advertized but the owner did not turn up.)

My Dear Mother:—I now sit down to let you know that I am well.

One of my elbows came through but the woman sewed it up again.

I used up both balls of twine that you gave me for a fishing-line.

And my white-handle knife—I guess it went through a hole in my pocket that I didn't know of till after my knife was lost. My trousers are getting pretty short, but the woman says it is partly my legs getting long and I am glad of that.

The other day I stubbed my toe against a stone and tumbled down and scraped a hole through my oldest pair; it was very rotten cloth. I guess the hole is too crooked to be sewed again.

Yesterday coming from school it began to rain, so when I got home I hung my clothes around the kitchen stove on three

chairs, but the cooking girl flung them under the table, so now I go with them wrinkled and the boys chase me to smooth out the wrinkles. I don't skip over any button holes in the morning now, as my jacket comes out even.

Why didn't you tell me that I had a red head? The boys say that they would pull my hair if it weren't for burning their fingers. My best mate "Peter" said he guessed my hair was tired of standing up and wanted to lie down and rest for awhile.

I wish you please would send me a new comb. For the large end of mine has got all but five of the teeth broken out, and the small one as you know won't go through. I can't get it cut because the barber has raised his price, so please send me a good stout one.

I lost two of my pocket handkerchiefs and another went up on a kite and blew away, so now I only have one.

The next time you write to me give me all the news about my old girl "Peggy" and give her my love.

Your own son,

JOHNNIE.

Quite village depot, at 8 o'clock a. m. Two passengers are waiting for the train, one by his lordly air as he twirls his cane, and tugs his moustache we at once recognize as a Professor, the other is without doubt a student. The following dialogue ensues:—

Professor.—"You have a quiet place for studying W—"

Student (demurely) "Yes, sir,"

Professor.—"I hope you take advantage of it."

Student.—"I hope so."

Professor, (conclusively) "But it is pretty hard to turn a "society" man into a "student."—(Exit student.)

We are pleased to present the readers of the MONTHLY with the splendid article on "Football" which we publish this month.

The High School Monthly.

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

Don. F. Fraser, Editor in Chief.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

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Lionel Stewart. Miss Dollie McKuracher.

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Editorial.

His editorial associates, and the school in general, unite in deepest sympathy for Robert McGregor, an editor on the MONTHLY staff, in the recent death of his lovable and estimable mother.

Now, Students, I kick.—I stand up—pull down my vest and kick. It is because there is so little interest taken in journalistic work by members of the school. What a pity! There is scarcely a student out side of the staff, in the school that is interested to any great extent in the work. Students, I must again scold you. You deserve every bit of the scolding too. Why, every one of you should have at least some interest in the MONTHLY. But I might kick all night, and the next day, and achieve no end. It is a matter that rests wholly with the pupils themselves. It is a "to be or not to be" with them alone. I will leave you one fact only to gaze on, "out of one hundred and twenty students attending the High School, we have twenty subscribers."

"A friend suggests to the young people forming the Editorial Staff of the High School MONTHLY, that articles in which there can be found no claim to wit, originality or refinement, find their lodgement in the waste basket, a helpful accessory to the Editorial outfit. It would be uncharitable to implicate the members of the staff, and yet they have a certain responsibility in the matter. With a name for true refinement incident to life in a High School, in addition to general home culture, none should so offend good taste. Words spoken in joke are quite a different matter appearing in print. It is claimed that the faculties of College and the best thinking students themselves, are making efforts to banish coarse personal allusions from the columns of their journals. Minds exercised to produce even brilliant sallies of this kind are impaired for work in a line much more edifying besides more highly appreciated."

The above was picked up on its way to the waste basket—no doubt its proper resting place—"the helpful accessory to the Editorial outfit" of a certain Town weekly and we publish it out of respect to our unknown friend (?).

In the future if a friend (?) or any one else has any spleen to vent on the struggling Ed. Staff of the MONTHLY, send it direct to the MONTHLY, in which we shall be pleased to print it, or if necessary to cross swords with the writer, and don't take such a mean, roundabout, back-door way of doing business as this friend (?) took.

We extend our sympathy to the friend (?) for getting the "kick out" from the weeklies columns though he or she wrote the local in such a cute way "a friend suggests, etc."

The person or thing that cannot stand criticism should have the sympathy of the world. Theirs is a case of real darkness and dearthful callousness."

Students.

B-T-T-I. Tall, very graceful and im-

posing looking, a great favorite with young ladies. A N-E-M-K-N-I.' The star of the Senior.

L-O-E-S-U-ER- Very pompous, no r's in his language, immensely popular (in his own estimation) loves dancing. B-S-R-E Light hair, grey eyes, Roman nose never misses in lessons, very fond of French.

A-I-M-K- Curly hair, eyes of blue, fond of music etc.

D-F-A-E- Tall, brown eyes, black hair and *mustache* (?) fond of studying.

W-E-S-D-W-C- Tall, rudy hair no *mustache*, clever.

G-R-D-G-S- Auburn hair, blue eyes and very graceful. J-N-P-R-N- golden hair blue eyes, a great favorite.

L-U-A-S-I-H- very mischievous, with poetical aspirations.

G-R-E-C-I-H-L- White hair, very fair and very bashful.

I-A-L-M-C-A- Brown hair, blue eyes, very mischievous and full of fun.

A-T-U-S-O-T- Fair, bashful, and very sober.

O-E-S-I-H- Very dark, black eyes, etc, fond of young ladies.

LEO.

Exchanges.

We received in all about 80 School papers from institutions all over America and we are pleased to say some of the leading ones are published in Nova Scotia for example, the Dalhousie Gazette, and the *Olla Podrida* of the H'fx. Ladies College. In amateur publications of which we have received a large number, the Nova Scotia one, *The Nugget*, published by A. D. Grant of this town leads the van in the Editorial line, holding the Editorial Laurels of the N. A. P. A. All three papers have Editors formerly High School Students.

To particularize all, as some exchange does in our opinion nonsense, but to mention a few around home is only fair.

The *Olla Podrida* is the new quarterly of the H'fx. Ladies College. It is very neatly printed, indeed, typographically it

is one of the best we have received, the poor printer evidently being conscious of the sharp eye and critical taste of the lady editors. Its editorials are well written, decisive and to the point. In all it is interesting and a credit to the College.

The Kings College Record is a large, well written budget.

The Sydney Academy Record has issued its last numbers for this winter. We hope it was as large a success in the financial dept. as it was in the journalistic.

The Pictou Academy was in the same box as we were last issue, a month late. But we were one ahead of them in having fresh copy. When amateur Editors are treated by professional Editors as Mr. Dennis treated the Editors of the Academy one would say it was time for the Amateurs to stop. But our advice to Mr. Vance is not that, it is "Press on! revenge is sweet." and Mr. Vance when you mount the Editorial chair his name will be Dennis.

The Old Style and the New.

The Julian calendar was in use throughout the civilized world from the time of Julius Cæsar, about half a century before Christ, until the year 1582. It was generally known that this calendar made the year too long,—the excess was about three days in four hundred years,—so that any given date had moved forward, by the end of the sixteenth century, to pretty nearly ten days.

To correct this error, and make the course of the year correspond with the course of the sun, Pope Gregory XIII ordered ten days to be dropped, from the 4th to the 14th of October, 1582, and provided against any variation in the future by giving the year its due length and nothing more. This was done by decreeing that year divisible by one hundred should not be leap years, except those which are divisible by four hundred. Thus the years 1900 and 2100 will not be leap years, but the year 2000 will be.

The suggestion of the Pope was im-

mediately acted upon by most Catholic nations; but in 1582, under Queen Elizabeth, the relations between England and Rome were not friendly, so that it was not until 1752 that Gregory's calendar was adopted in England. At that time the necessary correction had grown to eleven days. The "New Style," as it was called, was adopted in Scotland in 1600.

Russia still holds to the "Old Style," and the difference between the two styles has increased to twelve days.

There is one thing to be kept in mind, as we read of the festivals which were observed in England and her Colonies before 1752. Most of our literature relating to May-day, for example, is of that early period, or is traditional with character. Tennyson speaks of it very much as Milton did, and Milton follows the account given by Chaucer. In reality these earlier poets were describing a day which corresponds with a later day of May—from the eighth to the 10th.

The same caution is to be observed in regard to the old-time Christmas and other festivals. Only a little more than a hundred years ago people here and in England kept the festival, so far as it was observed at all, on what is now called the fourth day of January.

Personal.

Will. M. Sedgwick spent Easter at his home in Tatamagouche, Col. Co.

A story from the pen of David Solon, B. A. professor in the English department of the Academy, has been accepted by the managers of the Youth's Companion, and will shortly appear in their paper. The scene is laid in our historic old town.—*Pictou News.*

We had a ways faith in the Professor.

Misses Mitchell and Green of Halifax Ladies College enjoyed Easter at home in New Glasgow.

It is with great pleasure that we chronicle the success of former New Glasgow High School students in the terminal exam's at McGill University this month.

In the finals Wm. H. Hattie, M. D., an ex-editor of the MONTHLY, has done honor to the province of Nova Scotia in general and the High School in particular in taking the high position he did. Dr. Hattie goes into hospital work for a short time prior to practising.

Geo. Townsend, D. V. S., who has also, passed creditable exam's, intends to "stick out his shingle" in this town, where he will be found ready and capable to dispense "pills and paregoric" to all the ailing of the equine and bovine tribes in the district.

Wm. Patterson has at the close of his 2nd year passed 1st class; and will no doubt be another feather in the High School's cap when he graduates.

We congratulate these talented gentlemen on their high standing and doff our hat to the old *White School* for having once sheltered in embryo such genius as displayed by these worthy Meds.

Razzle-Dazzle.

Cruel Kid:—"Pa, the paper says a baby gained twenty pounds a week on Elephant's milk."

Credulous Dad:—"Stuff! Trash!! Nonsense!!! Whose baby was it?"

Cruel Kid:—"The Elephants baby,"
(*Exit Kidem crudibus e la Ha! Ha!*)

It is somewhat annoying to be continuously advised by exchanges that we afford too many advantages to our advertisers. We want to have it perfectly understood that these men who help and support a school paper, and thereby show their public spiritedness, are first of all in our consideration.—*High School Monthly*, Holyoke, Mass.

The *School Magazine* of the Cambridge House, Halifax, N. S., is just to hand. It is a 42 page journal and is edited with a master-hand.

The *Athenian*, of Acadia College, Wolfville, N. S., is one of the leading ones.

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