

(see also Scholars' Monthly under S)
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.

JANUARY.

No. 2.

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NEW GLASGOW, N. S.

Edited and Published by the students of New Glasgow High School.

1890.

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THE HIGH SCHOOL MONTHLY.

VOL. I.

NEW GLASGOW, N. S., JAN. 1891.

NO. 2.

The Arizona Howler.

When Jim Waters and I started in to run *The Arizona Howler*, our capital was worse than limited. Jim was a strolling printer, a travelling correspondent, and an all round newspaper man, who had struck "Happy Flat" and got stranded. I myself had done newspaper work in various capacities, and in my wanderings from place to place, found myself high and dry at the Flat, busted, and being so much alike financially we naturally drifted together.

In talking over our affairs and comparing notes, we came to the conclusion that something had to be done, or we would soon be dining on a diet of fresh air without any desert, except watching the miners at the Flat eat their dinners. Of course we sank from anything like fasting, and who could blame us? Even the heroine in the latest novel, who falls over a bluff six thousand feet high, more or less, and is saved from being dashed to pieces on the rocky bottom by the fortunate and unforeseen chance of her dress catching on the fishing pole of a certain dude who is fishing in the babbling stream that meanders along at the foot of the said bluff, whence the lady had tumbled, even this young lady, who of course is remarkably handsome, must eat.

After she has been carried home tenderly on the shoulders of the aforesaid dude, and has been placed in the arms of her grateful, though distracted, family, (what they were distracted about I never could see, unless it was at seeing the dude) who proceeded to spoil the gentleman's collar by copiously weeping on it, while they waltz the lady off to bed. And then,

what? Why they immediately give her something to eat, while her rescuer, who has been asked to dinner, regales the rest of the family by lying about the forty pound trout that he had on his hook when the young lady struck the pole.

Of course Jim and I had not gone through any of that kind of gymnastics, but, so far as our appetites were concerned, we resembled her enough to be her brothers. Finally we decided we would pool our capital, and on taking an inventory of the same, we found that we were the possessors of four dollars and nine cents (I had the nine cents). As I said before, we concluded something had to be done, and that without delay. So after another conference, and an unuttered though heartfelt prayer that our landlady would trust us for another week's board, we decided to start a newspaper, with this proviso, if Texas Ike, who kept a saloon up by the divide, would trust us for the press and font of type that he had purchased, on one of his trips to Boston, under the fond illusion that it was a patent arrangement for making cider without apples.

However, we waited on that gentleman from the Lone Star State, with whom, after many promises on our part (we had nothing else to give) and an unlimited supply of profanity upon the part of Ike, we were able to come to some sort of a bargain viz., that Texas Ike was to give us the entire outfit, and in consideration thereof, we were to publish a puff of his saloon in every issue, and take off his hands, as an apprentice, a young gent who rejoiced in the cognomen of "Squinty," so-called from a habit of looking both ways at the same time—obliquely, as it were.

I will not tire you with the details of our troubles and final success in getting a suitable office in which to make the humble home of what we fondly hoped would one day be the leading paper of that country, and possibly of the world, and would for the time being also shelter the bright and gigantic brains (and bodies) of the two future great editors and their apprentices. Success at last crowned our efforts and fortune smiled on us in the shape of a Dutchman, who had come out to Arizona to start a sauer-kraut factory, and became disgusted when he found they did not raise cabbage out there. He was willing to sell his 12x14 cabin for a song, but as neither Jim nor I ever sang in the opera, and we didn't care about scaring the Dutchman to death, we gave him a dollar and a half instead.

However, after as little delay as could be expected, we got our office in readiness for business, and when all the arrangements were completed, Jim mounted the only chair we had, and with a beer-bottle filled with water, in solemn and awe-inspiring tones, that brought the tears to Squinty's off eye, duly christened *The Arizona Howler*.

That night after we had gone to bed on the floor, Jim and I laid awake planning out what should be our future line of policy, while Squinty was making night almost unbearable with a peculiar sort of a snore, that sounded like a combination of buzz-saw and hand-organ. In fact I never knew anyone who had such a variety of snores as Squinty. I believe he composed a new one every day so that he could enjoy himself, and keep us awake at night. We used to take turns sitting up to punch him, when he opened with a variation full of G sharps.

Nevertheless after a short time we issued our paper, and though there was sometimes a dearth of news, we were able by drawing on our imaginations to meet the wants of all our readers. Each week we alternated between a horrible railroad accident, and our increasing circulation in the East, publishing the full name of

each subscriber. Even to this day it makes me sad to think what we should have done if we had not had that old business directory in the office. (N. B. Jim worked on the New Glasgow *Enterprise* and learned the dodge there.)

Well, things ran along smoothly, and we were doing as well as we could expect, and far better than we deserved, until, in an evil hour we took a mustang in trade for some advertising. We had often talked about getting a horse when our wealth would allow it, so that after the labor of the day, and in the cool of the evening, we could take turns in riding him. So when old man Gunther offered us that mustang in trade, we thought we were in luck.— We got some lumber and built a stable against our cabin, and that night during the still small hours and the intermissions between Squinty's nasal solos, the mustang started in to take a hand and make things lively. In just three kicks he knocked the stabling into kindling wood, and lifted the mansard roof off the office. We rushed out in deshabille, under the impression that a blizzard had struck the town and was getting its work in on us.

Next day Jim said he would ride him, but we soon learned that he was not that kind of a horse. It took Jim two hours to get on his back, and in about two seconds Jim was in the air—had turned two somersaults and landed on his head in the mud. To say he was disgusted, is drawing it mild. That day a Mexican came along, and we sold him the horse for a plug of tobacco.

We had no sooner got rid of one trouble than another turned up in the shape of boys from camp dropping in during the evenings. They would spit on the floor, and use the office towel to poke the fire with, until they broke it.

In the meantime Squinty learned to set type and in our columns we used to refer to him as our staff of compositors. Well one day I wrote an article referring to one of the leading men of the town, which read "Seth Brown has bought a set of quois, since which time he has had lots of out-

door fun." And Squinty set it up so it read the next morning. "Seth Brown has bought a set of tights, since which time he has taken quinine shot from an air-gun." Well, maybe Seth was'nt made Why, he gunned for us for about two weeks loaded to the muzzle, but we kept shady, thereby saving Seth from having the crime of murder on his soul, and our bodies from being filled with cold lead.

We used to slide under the bed every time we heard a gun go off for a month afterwards. Then we considered it was not healthy to run a newspaper and dodge bullets at the same time, so we retired from business, and *The Arizona Howler* ceased to exist. In looking back over the vista of fading years, I sometimes doubt if in all the intervening time we have had as much healthy pleasure as we get out of editing and publishing *The Arizona Howler*, of Happy Flat.

FERN LEAF.

Thomas Edison.

Thomas Alva Edison was born in Ohio, in 1847. Although he had very little schooling, yet under his mother's care, his education was greatly advanced. He had a great taste for reading, and before he was twelve he had read Hume's and Gibbon's works. As he had a liking for Chemistry, he read Newton's *Principia* and Ure's Dictionary of Science.

He became newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railroad, where his love for Chemistry took shape in his establishing a laboratory in an empty car; but his chem's cal's exploded and set the car on fire, and he was thrown out by the conductor.— Edison next bought some type, and published on the train a little paper called, *The Grand Trunk Herald*. As he wished to learn telegraphing, a kind-hearted operator offered to teach him; so, nightly, after his long day's work, he walked to the station to take his lesson. He soon became expert, and after some changes was sent to Adrian, where he set up a work-

shop for repairing telegraphic instruments. At Indianapolis he invented his automatic repeater. He was next called to Boston, where he became superintendent of a company. At one time he had a factory in which he employed three hundred hands, and which took so much of his time that he gave it up, and established a smaller one at Menlo Park, around which a village has since grown up.

Edison has invented over two hundred machines of which the following are very important: the electric pen, the phonograph and the carbon telephone. He has perfected the electric light, and has greatly improved the telegraph.

Edison is still living, and is working so hard that he gives only four or five hours to sleep daily, and as he is on the right side of fifty, we may still expect great advances in electrical work.

A. SCOTT.

A Tale of the Isle of Eigg.

Perhaps the readers of the MONTHLY who have never read the "Tales of a Grandfather," have some curiosity to hear the story of how the inhabitants of Eigg were suffocated in the celebrated cave of Frances. The story is a good example of how the feuds between rival clans were carried on in the olden times and it also shows the barbarity and cruelty of the people of the Western islands of Scotland. The Macdonalds were originally the principal possessors of the Hebrides, but this clan became divided and others settled on the islands, among whom were the Mcleods, a very powerful tribe who settled on the Isle of Lewis and made war with the Macdonalds.

About the end of the sixteenth century a small boat manned by the Mcleods landed on the Isle of Eigg. They were hospitably received, but they became disorderly and so enraged the inhabitants that they tied them hand and foot and towing them to sea, left them to die of starvation. But it happened that a boat belonging to the Mcleods found them and took them to

their Chief's castle, to whom they complained of the conduct of the Macdonalds. He in a rage set off in his galleys to avenge the insult. When the Macdonalds saw this great force coming against them, they were very much afraid and as they were not strong enough to fight the enemy, they hid in a great cave near the shore. This cave afforded an excellent hiding place for from the rocks above there fell a small waterfall which completely hid the entrance which was only large enough for one person to go in on his hands and knees. The cave within was an enormous hall and easily held all the inhabitants, about 200 in number. When the Mcleods landed they burned all the huts of the Macdonalds and destroyed a great deal of property. After this they searched throughout the whole island but could find no trace of its inhabitants. While preparing for the start home, one of the sailors saw a man on the island, this was a spy which the Macdonalds had imprudently sent out to see if the enemy were gone. The poor fellow tried by doubling to hide his tracks but it was useless as the Mcleods landed and tracked him to the cave. On the Macdonalds refusing to surrender a trench was dug so that the water was turned a way. A great quantity of turf and heather was then gathered, and an immense fire was kept up for some hours, till the smoke penetrated the cave and suffocated every one of its occupants.

This is a true story, and the bones of the murdered people can be seen lying on the floor of the cave as thickly as in the charnel house of a church.

A Trip to Cape Breton.

One summer afternoon the writer and a friend might be seen wending their way to the wharf occupied by the S. S. Egerton, en route for Cape Breton. After an hour's sail we arrived at Pictou and were soon on board the good ship "Hilda," which was to be our home for some time to come. During the remainder of the afternoon we amused ourselves by strolling about the

wharves and in becoming acquainted with our new abode. About six o'clock while we were down below regaling the inner man, our tug came alongside and when we went on deck were in mid stream and were fast leaving Pictou in the distance. The first point of interest passed was Pictou Light and then in succession Black Point, Kings Head and opposite in the distance the revolving light of Cape Bear, P. E. I. We were fast approaching Cape George, when darkness warned us that it was time to turn in. Next morning we were up bright and early, just in time to see ourselves enter the famous and picturesque Strait of Canso. On our right Cape Porcupine reared its majestic form, while to left, the little village of Port Hastings lay, and very pretty it looked. About seven o'clock we passed Port Mulgrave (on our right) and Hawkesbury on our left. At the latter place we took a pilot on board, whom we kept as far as St. Peter's. About noon we arrived at St. Peter's Canal, after passing through Lennox Passage and St. Peter's Bay. Here we were regarded with great interest, as ours was almost the largest sailing vessel that had ever gone through the canal. However, we got through without accident and were soon fast sailing over the waters of the great Bras D'or Lake.

The scenery here is delightful; it is probably unsurpassed in Nova Scotia if indeed in the Dominion.

Towards evening we passed Grand Narrows where the Bras D'Or narrows to a little more than an mile before expanding again into what is called the Little Bras D'Or Lakes. Here we saw the famous railway bridge, since completed, but at that time under construction. At dusk we arrived at Baddeck and anchored outside the Light. By daylight next morning we were again underway, this time down St. Patrick's Channel in the direction of Whycomagh. By the time the writer was up, we were at our destination which was half way between Baddeck and Whycomagh.

We anchored about a quarter of a mile from the shore at the mouth of the Mid-

dle River, down which the timber which was to be our cargo, was rafted.

The spot where we lay was one of the prettiest I have ever seen. In front of us lay the river as it entered the lake. On our right a mountain, dotted here and there with farm houses; while on our left was an Indian village, one of the few reserves in our province. Behind us was the channel, at this place about five miles broad. At first we saw no sign of life and were about sending a ship's boat ashore when two boats made their appearance, one of them with our timber men, the other manned by an Indian boy. The latter we immediately engaged to row us ashore, whither we accordingly went. By the aid of our Indian guide we hired a horse in the afternoon and drove several miles into the interior. We stopped at what we considered a likely spot and tried our hand at trout fishing, without success. The next day being Sunday, we arranged with our Indian to row us ashore and we would drive to Baddeck to church, but we were doomed to disappointment, as he failed to appear till it was too late. On Monday we drove up the river about nine miles and remained over night. Here we again tried the trout, but with better luck than before and returned to the ship next day with quite a "catch." On our return, our Indian took us through their village and shewed the points of interest among which we may mention their school-house which is quite a fine building.

On Wednesday we drove to Baddeck, where in the evening we took the S. S. Marion to Port Mulgrave, thence by rail to New Glasgow, where we arrived Thursday afternoon.

Student Law.

THE TERRIBLE FATE WHICH OVERTOOK ELEVEN MEDICAL STUDENTS AT MCGILL.

It is an unwritten law among the McGill medical students that next to murder the attending of a sloped lecture is the most

serious crime in the college calendar.—When some important outside event takes place, such as a big football match or a state trial in the Recorder's Court, and a class by a majority of votes decide they will give their attention to this public matter and allow some learned professor to meet empty benches, this is an "organized slope," and for any students to attend that lecture is an open act of rebellion against the supreme authority of the class and calls for justice swift and sure, that is, student's justice, which is often quite a different brand from that in every day use by common mortals. On Thursday such a case occurred. Two of their number were charged with assault and dragged before a "foreign tribunal," the Recorder's Court. It was their duty to attend that trial; especially the duty of the freshmen to be present and see that the dignity of the medical profession was protected. Accordingly they voted to forego the pleasure of a lecture on Physiology, and marched to Court. However eleven hung back and committed the dark crime of going to that lecture, while their fellows were receiving a lesson on law and evidence. But terrible Nemesis, with his balance and a water tap, soon overtook them. Yesterday afternoon, as soon as the professor of physics had said "good day, gentlemen" and retired, the doors were locked and justice took the floor. It was rather an execution than a trial, for the culprits could not deny the crime of having attended the lecture. "Under the tap," was the sentence. One by one they were caught, led down to the sink and held under the inch stream of Montreal's purest, until all the physiology learned on that memorable afternoon had been washed away. Resistance against such overwhelming odds was useless, but in one or two cases it was treated as contempt of court, and punished by letting the cold water run down the culprit's back. With cool heads they went away convinced that sometimes the mills of the gods grind exceedingly fast.—*Daily Star.*

The High School Monthly.

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

Don. F. Fraser, Editor in Chief.

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R. M. McGregor. Miss Annie H. McKenzie,
Lionel Stewart. Miss Dollie McKaracher,

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EXCHANGE:—Will be pleased to exchange with High School or College papers.

Address all communications to

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Prospective.

We have lived through our first number, and mean to stay, that is if our High School authors, together with subscribers and advertisers, will help to maintain us. We are very short of manuscript, and therefore desire all who may have any ability at composing to send us their efforts. We have always a warm corner for recruits, and intend to encourage them as much as is in our power to do so.

There are many High School students of a day gone by scattered here and there over the country, from whom any contributions for our columns, while at the same time not forgetting our Treasury, would be gladly received. Come on friends; take your pens and amuse yourselves these long-winter evenings by giving your experience to the young hopefuls now attending the High School. Mark it MSS; it only costs one cent.

We are afraid we shall deem it necessary to issue some extra copies of our first number for the benefit of our School Board with Student's letter in red ink.

A first suggestion we beg to make would be a janitor who would have the temperature of the school room a few degrees above 0 when the students arrive for work. But, poor fellow, we suppose it is not all his fault as one coal stove minus a grate is a poor instrument with which to heat a 30x40 ft. room, as was the case in the English room, Thursday last.

Suggestion No. 2 would be a latch on the outside door of the English room, to keep it closed when a "South-easter" strikes.

The *Young Canadian*, of Montreal, P. Q., is a Journal proposed to teach young Canada "loilly." Good enough; Success. The cover is elegantly engraved, each province is represented by its leading (?) industry. Nova Scotia is represented by the Esquimaux bounding over the frozen ice, with his dog team hitched to the sledge; and New Brunswick has the Indians and Cow-Boy's herding cattle on its extensive ranches. What a satire on the noble industries both of provinces. We invite the editors of this patriotic contemporary, to visit us in our ice bound home, the block of ice that serves as a door to our humble santum is easily removed. Enter in toast your toes by the flickering flames of our seal oil lamps and dine with us on our walrus chops and polar bear steak. We only regret that we cannot offer a trip in our dog sledge over our snow covered plains but Rover the leader is seriously indisposed with the mange.

ST. VALENTINE. He will soon be with us; the fourteenth of February is not far distant, and we bespeak for him a hearty welcome.

We shall not give his biography, further than to say, that, like Nicholas of Christmas, he is a good fellow, adored by young men and maidens and denounced by the postmen. The rural tradition that on this day every bird chooses his mate is alluded to by Chaucer and other writers, and is not left unnoticed by Shakespeare, who, in *Mid-summer Night's Dream*, says:

—“St. Valentine is past
Begin these wood birds but to couple now.”
And Herrick in his “Hesperies” has
the following :

“Oft have I heard both youth and Vir-
gins say
Birds choose their mates and couple, too,
this day ;
But by their flight I never can divine
When I shall couple with my Valentine.”

The Hy Skule.

The jockey's horse is fleet of speed,
Maud S. has fleet of fame;
The HIGH SCHOOL MONTHLY is small,
But it gets there just the same.

“Eli” Cortez ! Next.

QUERY :—Of what kind of pudding is
an auburn-haired damsel of the 2nd year,
fondest off ? *Rice* to be sure.

WANTED :—A phonograph, double-
quick action, to catch the Book-keeping
notes ; also wanted in same room, “punctu-
ality at nine o'clock.”

The Pictou Academy students gave a
very successful entertainment a few even-
ings ago. Oh ! where are the High school
students who started to commit the Mer-
chant of Venice.

The *Pop Gun* is the name of a little
sheet published by the Pictou Academy
train Students. Edwin S. Fraser, New
Glasgow is editor. In appearance it is
unique, being first written with a type-
writer and duplicates from it.

RINK.—9 o'clock—He is pacing the pro-
menade—She is skating near—His head
grows giddy—Treacherous ice—foot slips
—Poises as an acrobat—Stands on head—
Sees stars and a six foot senior mops the
ice ; We thought we heard an “adjective”
but *Will* never does.

Encouraging.

Miller MacConnell, reporter on the
Montreal *Herald*, in remittin' his sub-
scription, writes as follows :

“It is now 2 a. m. and my night's work
is over. The rest of the reporters are just
leaving for their homes as I sit down to
drop you a few lines now, because if it
was not done now it would be hard to tell
when it would be done. A reporter
can say more truthfully than any other in-
dividual that he “knows not what an
hour may bring forth.” That is my im-
pression anyhow. I have finished a pretty
good night's work part of which was to in-
terview a man who was badly injured in
the St. Joseph de Levis catastrophe last
Thursday morning. I had to talk with
him in his bed-room as he was unable to
get up. To give you an idea how a big
paper like the *Herald* works up a thing
like that I send you a copy containing an
account of the disaster.

But I am getting away from what I
intended to say to you, that is, I suppose
because I am tired out. It was to your
paper that I intended to refer. Permit
me to say that your enterprise in that
direction is most comendable, and I con-
sider that you could hardly choose a bet-
ter instructor in certain channels than
journalism. True the beginning is small,
but it is a better sign and augurs more for
the success of the MONTHLY than if it
started with a rush. Encourage the boys
to write articles, and not only that but
sign them. No doubt some of the boys
will shirk from having their acknowlegd-
ed productions paraded before an unsympa-
thetic public ; but it is my firm convic-
tion that such a course stimulates an ama-
teur writer to more careful treatment of
his subject than if the article were anony-
mous. To more carefully treat his sub-
ject means that the writer will first be-
come better acquainted with it and as you
are aware that means study. It has been
my experience and the experience of every

one that I have met in the profession, that if a man does not know what he has to write about he might as well give up. Therein lies the extreme difficulty, of professional journalism. A reporters experience teaches him what no institution in the land can teach him; just the same in your amateur sphere. An experience of that kind will give you, in proportion, a knowledge which you cannot secure otherwise and which will always be useful in after life.

I am deeply interested in your movement and will watch your success. I might say with anxiety, because it is in New Glasgow that you are making the move and everything connected with New Glasgow is dear to me. I still remain true to the place of my birth, and when I meet a man from the Lower Provinces in Montreal I take the first opportunity to say to him I came from the Lower Provinces too. You know New Glasgow? Well that's where I came from."

Personal.

Jos. D. Fraser, of Riverside, Trenton, son of Graham Fraser, Esq., left for Philadelphia last week, to study chemistry and draughting. Jos. was formerly a High School student—left school and served an apprenticeship as machinist at the Forge, Trenton. He takes a two years course in the office of a German chemist at Philadelphia, at the expiration of which time he will return a thorough "iron man," scientifically as well as practically. We wish him every success. At no time will he be missed more than when New Glasgow's fifteen, next season, range up for a tussle over the leather and this sturdy forward will be absent. May his leg power never less.

New Years eve a supper was given Joe's friends, at Riverside. The old year was watched out and the new one sung in toasts flew thick and fast. Indeed the oratorical power of young New Glasgow is of a no mean order. Harry Graham's response to Dalhousie was capital. Harry

was editor of the MONTHLY once, perhaps that accounts for it. The MONTHLY's representative was on hand for the Press.

Exchanges.

We are indebted to several school editors for copies of their publications. Below we mention some of the best ones:

The *Dalhousie Gazette* is as spicy as ever. On the editorial staff we notice the name of J. B. Mclean, '91, of Hopewell. John was a High School student of yore.

The Sydney Academy students issue every winter six copies of the *Record*. It is a good one and a credit to the institution.

The *Rugby* of Philadelphia and *The Student* from Portland, Or., are among the best from the United States.

We Hear From Pietou's M. P.

MINISTER OF MARINE AND FISHERIES,
OTTAWA, CANADA.

20th December, 1890.

DEAR SIR.—

The specimen number of the "High School Monthly" duly reached me and I have perused it with much interest.

I am pleased to observe this further evidence of New Glasgow enterprise, and and shall be glad if you will place me on your list of subscribers.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES H. TUPPER.

To Editor in Chief High School Monthly.

Another eminent Nova Scotian, Robt. Sedgewick, Deputy Minister of Justice, Ottawa, also sends us kind words and amount of subscription.

A LOVE SONG IN M FLAT!

"My modest, matchless Madeline!
Mark my melodious midnight moans;
Much may my melting music mean—
My modulated monotonous.

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Diamond Dyes, - Turkish Dyes.

≡ SPONGES. ≡

Agent for B. LAURANCE & CO'S, celebrated

SPECTACLES.

A. C. BELL.