

The
G. C. I.
Record

SECOND
VOLUME

NUMBER
ONE

GALT
DECEMBER
1901



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The G. C. I. Record

Published in the interest of the Galt Collegiate Institute.

Vol. 2, No. 1.

December, 1901.

Price 5 Cents.

Galt Collegiate—Past and Present.

BY THE HON. JAMES YOUNG.

NEXT year, (1902), will be the semi-centennial of Galt Collegiate Institute, which was begun in 1852. During the half century which has all but elapsed since its origin, it has had only four principals, the late William Tassie, LL. D., and Mr. Thomas Carscadden, M. A., wielding the baton for forty-five out of the fifty years.

My recollections are quite distinct of the good old days when the Galt Grammar School was first started. Higher education was then difficult to obtain outside Toronto, Kingston and Hamilton, and Galt was still only a village of about 300 inhabitants, with very few of the large manufactories and palatial residences which now adorn it. The first principal, Mr. Michael Howe, B. A., and afterward LL. D., Dublin University, I remember very well, but there are not many now who will recollect the old Township Hall erected about 1838, in the upper story of which the school was first held. It was considered even then so much of a relic of backwoods days, as to be known as "Noah's Ark," but it is, nevertheless, still doing business as a residence, minus the verandahs, on the west side of Market street, being the third house from the Queen street corner. Mr. Howe was a well-made, gentlemanly-looking man, with a fine, Dublin education, but probably not at his best as a teacher, as he resigned at the close of his first year.

Dr. Tassie was his successor in 1853, during which year the school was removed to a one-story, stone building erected on the present beautiful site, which was a gift from the Dickson family. The evolution of this humble institution until it became known all over Canada as "Tassie's School," and in 1871 became one of the first four Collegiate Institutes recognized by the Ontario Government, is too well known to need repetition. Its success was largely due to its head master, Dr. Tassie, whose untiring devotion to his classes, strict discipline, handsome features, lordly air and stately tread, all seemed to combine to make the school famous far and near. One of his distinguished pupils, Dr. John Beattie Crozier, of London, England, in his remarkable book "My Inner Life," has given the following pen picture of the doctor in his palmy days:

"His dark and sallow face, clean shaved except a pair of light tufts near the ear, was large, square and regular in outline, and although mounted and embossed with a full round Roman nose, studded over with pores like a thimble, was decidedly handsome; his whole countenance, indeed, when in repose, and with nothing to ruffle it, falling into lines of great softness, and wearing by the confession of all, an expression of singular pleasantness and courtesy. This expression, with the soft rich tones of his voice, which, however, had al-

ways a snap as of metal in the rear of them, would by itself have misled the unwary, had it not been for the iron dominion of his eye, which swept over us like a blast, and scorched and abashed all that it looked upon. These formidable weapons, before which the oldest veterans trembled, were of light grey color, and so prominent as to show almost a disc of white around their small, central, bull's eye of grey, and had besides, that uncertain scintillation and suggestion of the tinder-box about them, which made you feel they would strike fire at a scratch, and set all in a blaze. They come back to me now as more like the eyes one sees in portraits of Frederick the Great than any others I remember I have ever seen, and when he raised them on us quite unconsciously and mechanically as he passed us on the way towards the door, rebellion itself turned pale, and nascent defiance withered and melted away."

Dr. Tassie was, indeed, a teacher of the old school: earnest, energetic, indomitably zealous, punctual, insistent that his scholars should never come with unprepared lessons, and ruling with a rod of iron. Few of his pupils entered his presence without feelings of awe, some with dread and bated breath, and funny stories occasionally became current of the escapades and subterfuges of some of the older and more obstreperous boys to get even with the doctor, but discovery, investigation and punishment were almost as relentless as fate. The many stories told of his severity were doubtless exaggerated. His reputation as a good disciplinarian caused many unmanageable boys to be sent to him from a distance, and many of them would not occupy the successful positions they now do had not Dr. Tassie occasionally tickled them with the birch when they deserved it. He made some splendid men out of a good deal of crooked material, and although exacting and sometimes arbitrary—as

most teachers require to be—there is no reason to doubt that he was actuated by a deep sense of his duty as principal, and untiring zeal and conscientious desire to advance the education and moral welfare of those placed under his charge.

That Dr. Tassie did grand work for over a quarter of a century in the Grammar School and Collegiate Institute, admits of no doubt. Ample proof of this is afforded in the successful careers of such men as Dr. Crozier, London, Prof. John Scrimger, LL.D., Montreal; Harris and Jas. Buchanan, merchants, Pittsburg, U. S. A.; Rev. Wm. Wallace, M. A., and W. H. Blake, B. A., Toronto; the Messrs. Coldham and Charles Ritch Johnson, Toledo, U. S. A.; the late Rev. Wm. Rennelson, Hamilton; Wm. Tupper, barrister, Winnipeg, Manitoba; E. Senkler, B.A., Dawson, Yukon; not to mention successful alumni of Galt and scores of others equally worthy. These gentlemen, and many others prominent in law, theology, medicine, teaching and business throughout Canada and the United States, who took their preparatory course at the Galt Grammar School and Collegiate Institute, afford indubitable testimony to the splendid work done by Dr. Tassie as an educationist, and make a nobler monument to his memory than any which could be carved out of marble or brass.

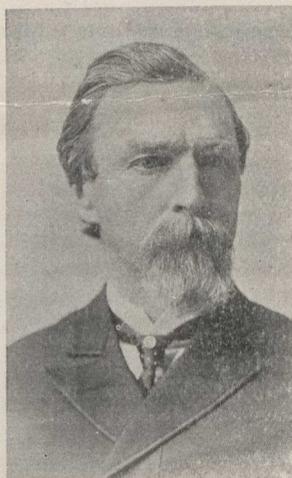
As time slowly advanced, new ideas and new methods in higher education as in everything else came to the front. The Tassie regime passed, and in 1881 Galt Collegiate Institute assumed a new and more up-to-date form. Mr. J. E. Bryant, M. A., became principal with Mr. Thomas Carscadden, M. A., English master and first assistant, with an ample staff of classical, science and modern language masters. The boarding house feature disappeared, but after a brief period of transition the school opened upon a new career of

prosperity. Mr. Carscadden's principalship dates from 1884. Mr. Bryant having resigned to follow literary pursuits, and he has now held the distinguished position for 17 years. Two gentlemen more different in appearance, methods and manner than Dr. Tassie and Principal Carscadden, it would be difficult to find. But both are distinguished as educationists, and it is particularly gratifying to be able to express the belief that Galt never had more reason to be proud of its Collegiate Institute than to-day, and that in its principal and the able specialists in all the branches of higher education who compose its teaching staff, it has an equipment second to no similar institution in the Dominion.

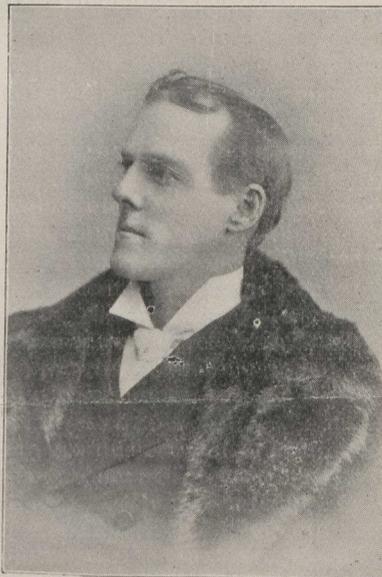
The semi-centennial of such a grand institution, with such a memorable past history and illustrious present success, should not be allowed to pass without special recognition, and I hope its ever active president and board of trustees will devise such a memorable celebration of the occasion (1902), as will be worthy of Galt, the Collegiate Institute, and its famous history during the last half century.

THE following letter, supposed to be the workmanship of a first form boy deals with an important subject. The writer says: "say, mister editor, i seen an aiful nasty thing in a lokal paper the uther day which sed that skool bois had two meny holidays. The fello that rote that is an ignorant chump an he niver went to skool hisself, or if he did, he hated it so bad that he haint ever forgiven it, and he's tryin to git bak at it by punishin' us. If that blame fool will just cum up heer too skool an wurk hard all da an do hom wurk that teechers gives us, all nite, he'll mity soon change his mind an rite sens. Hes a meen nasty thing so he is. yurs, konstan reeder.

Our Picture Gallery.



HON. JAMES YOUNG.



MR. H. S. HOWELL.

The Cryptogram.

AMONG the out-door amusements of the boys of the old Grammar School, in Dr. Tassie's day, few were more popular than the "Wigwam." Each boarding house possessed at least one, and in the Doctor's house each dormitory clubbed together and built wigwams for themselves in different parts of the woods: these were to be found up the river among the rocks, in the cedar swamp down the river, in Dickson's woods, and in the strip of bush by Mill Creek called "Lovers' Lane"—now, alas, no more. They were built in the regular Indian way, with poles and bark; and every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, the boys would steal off to their respective wigwams, make fires, and "play Indian" until tea-time.

The location of these places was always kept as secret as possible, and if a boy belonging say to Mrs. Woodruff's house was seen prowling round near a wigwam of the Tassie house party, he was promptly turned back, or licked. Sometimes a crowd of confederates, hearing of a new wigwam, would sally forth early in the day and set fire to the frail fabric; but should the "burners" be caught in the act by the "burnees" there would be a right proper row.

Now we, the "day boys," were rather envious of these rustic retreats, and it was at last resolved that we, too, should erect a wigwam of our own. The spot we chose was a little north of what was known as "The Indian Mound" on the west side of the river, at that time a dense bush. There was a little clearing surrounded by cedars and tamaracks, but what made the place still more suitable was because of a large stone in the very centre, around which we could build our fire. We often noticed the evenly-marked shape of this stone, its

square cut edges, as though it had been done by some human hand, but it was not until the early spring of the following year that we made a startling discovery; something so very strange that even to this day I cannot account for it.

During the winter, we usually spent our half holidays each week in skating up and down the river, then towards the end of the afternoon we would wander off to the wigwam, and get warm at the fire, which was always kept in full blaze these days. When the month of March was drawing to a close, we found that the ashes in our "tee-pee" completely covered the stone; so we decided to dig it out and raise it higher. After considerable trouble we got it out of the hard, frozen ground, and set it up on end, and another fire was soon crackling around it. As the heat thawed the congealed earth and the bits of ice which clung to the parts that had been under ground, we saw that the stone had a peculiar mark on one side, like a small insculptured shield. One of the boys took the heel of his skate and scratched off the debris, and then, to our great surprise, we beheld a rough carving of a pointed tablet, in the centre of which was cut in relief a demi-lion holding a cross.

The discovery was certainly startling to all of us; we were at a loss to account why it should turn up in this out-of-the-way place. Then, too, it bore indications of having been in the ground for a century. At first we thought it belonged, in some way, to the "Indian Mound," but, on reconsideration, it was plain to us that it was the work of the white man, and not a Mohawk nor a Huron symbol. Joe W——, who was a Roman Catholic, said he guessed it had been placed there by the Jesuits long ago, when

they were teaching the Indians, and that the figure represented the heraldic leopard of France upholding the faith; but the rest of us were of the opinion that it was more likely to be the British lion guarding the cross of St. George.

The first thing we did—boy-like of course—was to bind ourselves very solemnly to keep the affair, the “find,” a secret. Indeed, for years afterwards we kept up this little secret society, and we used the above symbol as our especial “crest,” marking it on our books, note paper, and other belongings. Then, we made plans to take the stone away to a safer place. We rolled it down to the bank of the river, and hid it there under a bush until the following afternoon. We dared not attempt to cross the stream to the other side, because the ice was getting rotten, as the warm weather was approaching. My little iron-wheeled express wagon was brought into requisition, the great, heavy stone was hoisted on top and fastened with ropes, and we dragged it into town. We carried our treasure-trove to where the Blair Road runs to the brink of the river, near Trinity church school-house, and after dark we “commandeered” Mr. Sparrow’s flat-bottomed boat to take us across to the narrow

strip of land just south of the old Fire Hall—at the back of what is now the Syndicate Mill, for the river was free from ice between the bridges.

Our intention was to hide our prize until Queen’s Birthday; by that time we intended to have a little tent made, and “exhibit” the stone to the public, admission:—5 cents. But, alas! our plans for the accumulation of wealth were never consummated. That night the rain descended in torrents, and early in the following morning the ice “came down” and the precious block of limestone disappeared in the mad rush of the flood. Many a day did we seek for it during the summer months, wading in the shallow parts, and along by the old mill, where the raceway from the creek joins the river, but no trace could be found. The mud and rubbish deposited along the banks that year was greater than usual, and there is no doubt that it was owing to this alluvium we were prevented from finding the cairn.

I believe to this day that the curiously carved stone is still lying there within a few feet of the walls of the mill, under the quiet waters of the Grand River.

H. S. H.

(To be Continued.)



THE editorial staff has received the following telegrams :

SEND copy of RECORD—Excuse my brevity, am looking after coronation fixings.

EDWARD VII.

SUCCESS to your RECORD—Grand sport out here Boer hunting. Hope the gallant six hundred will arrive soon.

KITCHENER.

AM singing Psalms for your success.

KRUGER.

I consider the RECORD a necessity in the G. C. I. Please send next issue.

LAURIER.

THE RECORD will be issued for six months of the school year, the last issue appearing in May. It will have something good each month for its readers. There will be articles by great and learned men, telling all about the good old days, long before we were born; original compositions on various subjects by our own home brews, blank verse, epic, lyric and nameless kinds of poetry by our own poet laureate and his numerous staff; analysis of each of the forms, by our eagle-eyed critic, J. Isaac Scratchface, who is working the hair out of his head at present, on a great problem, the fourth form. Then, as the sale bills say, there will be "many other things too numerous to mention." You shouldn't miss a single number of the paper.

EDWARD VII., who for more than half a century has been known as the "Prince of Wales," was born in Buckingham Palace on November 9th, 1841. The Prince's boyhood life passed uneventfully, until, at an early age, he attended the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, from which schools he graduated with honors. In 1860 he made himself popular with the New World by a visit where he was enthusiastically welcomed. In

1863 the Prince married the "sea Kings daughter," Princess Alexandra, of Denmark, who by her winning disposition and sympathy, has endeared herself to the nation. The marvellous and unfailing tact of the Prince and his unique acquaintance with the world have admirably fitted him for the position which, by the proclamation at St. James' Palace on January 24th, 1901, he now holds, King of Great Britain and Ireland, and Emperor of India.

THE turkey, the pride of the barnyard, the boss of the henhouse, a gobbling pestilence, that walketh day in mortals' pathway. Notwithstanding his bad reputation, when Thanksgiving comes he invariably takes the seat of honor at the feast, as his flesh is rendered palatable by the vast amount of grass hoppers and tomato worms which he spies while in active service, and being commander-in-chief orders them immediately down his throat. The offcast of his tattered coat demands an exorbitant price in the millinery department of the world, also his particular shade of neckwear has led to the production of "turkey red." We all know that when this creature asserts his gobbler hood his cruelty is terrible, so it seems to me that's where the land of Turkey got its name, for dosen't it say "as cruel as a Turk?" There is a case on record which exemplifies its just importance. If a negro should drop a plate of turkey what effect would it have on the world? It would be the downfall of Turkey, the overthrow of Greece, the humiliation of Africa and the destruction of China.

Another class was being examined in English, this time orally. A girl at the top was asked what a "lad" was.

"A thing for coortin' wi'!" was the prompt reply of the precious little maid.

THE G. C. I. RECORD.

EDITORIAL STAFF:

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 Personals—Wm. Beattie, Miss J. Allen.
 Witticisms—C. Moyer, G. Main.
 Business Manager—Thomas Todd.

For advertising rates see the Business Manager.
 Printed at the office of H. M. HUNT & SON, Main
 Street, Galt.

GALT, DECEMBER, 1901.

A MERRY Xmas and a Happy New
 Year to every reader of the RECORD.

AFTER an absence extending over
 several months, the RECORD has
 resumed business at the same old
 stand. Its prolonged vacation has
 given it a freshened appearance, and,
 you will observe, made it considerably
 stouter. We hope to renew all former
 friendships, and to make many new
 friends.

THE exceedingly interesting article
 by the Hon. James Young, in this
 number, is one of a series of articles
 to be published in our school paper,
 relating to the early history of the
 Collegiate. The past has so much of
 interest and value to the student of
 the present day, that the RECORD
 feels justified in giving these articles
 considerable space in its columns.
 They should not only be read, but
 should be preserved.

It is to be hoped that Galt's con-
 centrated wisdom, the town fathers,
 as well as our esteemed Institute
 Board, will not lose sight of the fact

that next year is the semi-centennial
 of a school with a great history—Galt
 Collegiate Institute. We look for a
 fitting celebration of this event, pos-
 sibly in conjunction with an Old Boys'
 reunion. But if there is to be such,
 steps should be taken immediately to-
 wards formulating a plan of action.
 Somebody get it going.

As is natural on an occasion of this
 kind, the editor desires to have a short,
 confidential chat with his constituency,
 viz., the subscribers, and more espe-
 cially those who are at present attend-
 ing the Collegiate, for, after all, it is
 they who are most closely allied with
 its interests. It is the desire of the
 entire staff to give you a paper which
 will be clean, bright and entertaining
 —a paper that will keep you in touch
 with every phase of school life, and
 deepen your interest, not only in
 school work, but in those side fea-
 tures which brighten the way when
 passing through "this vale of tears."
 To accomplish the end we seek, we
 need your assistance, both by your
 becoming subscribers to the paper,
 and by giving our reportorial staff
 every help in their efforts to secure in-
 formation. Do everything in your
 power to further our efforts, for so
 will we be able the sooner to arrive at
 the goal of our ambition—a first-class
 school paper.

The attention of our readers is di-
 rected to the advertisements of the
 business and professional men which
 appear in this issue. They will serve
 you well.

Christmas in Ancient Times.

BY M. O. AND M. E.

Of all the old festivals, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. At present, Christmas day, if somewhat shorn of its ancient glories, and unmarked by that boisterous jollity which distinguished it in the time of our ancestors, is, nevertheless, still a holiday in which, of all others throughout the year, all classes of English society most generally take part.

In the olden times, the festivities usually commenced on Christmas eve with the burning of the yule log. This was one of the most popular customs, and was taken part in by all. A great log of wood, sometimes the root of a tree, was dragged into the house with great ceremony, laid in the fire place, and lighted with a brand of last year's log. As long as it burned, there was drinking, singing and telling of ghost stories, which were all the more "scarey" on account of the fitful light of the yule log.

The idea of Christmas was always associated with an old English manor house. The squire, at the opening of the great day, had all his tenants and neighbors enter his hall by daybreak. Strong beer was broached, and the black jacks went plentifully around with toast, nutmeg, sugar and cheese. But the dinner was the event of the day. It was served up in the great hall where the squire always held his Christmas banquet. A blazing, crackling fire of logs had been heaped on to warm the apartment, and the flames went sparkling up the chimney. The guests were ushered into the banqueting scene with the

sound of minstrelsy, the harper being seated near the fireplace, twanging his instrument with a great deal more power than melody.

Among the dishes served at dinner, the first in importance was the boar's head, without which no Christmas banquet could be complete. Next came the peacock pie, at one end of which the peacock appeared in all its plumage, with the beak richly gilt, and at the other end its tail was displayed. Last, but not least, was the wassail bowl, which was borne into the hall by the butler, accompanied by all the servants, amid the cheers of the guests. This was a nut-brown beverage composed of toast, wine, nutmeg, ginger and roasted crabs. When the ladies had retired, the men drank long and deep, and amused themselves till far on into the afternoon, finally following the ladies to prepare for the evening fun.

In some houses a lord of misrule was appointed to take charge of the evening entertainment, which consisted of a masquerade, for which the wardrobes were laid under contribution to furnish fancy dresses and disguises. All sorts of merry games were carried on; the privilege of the mistletoe was exercised till early in the morning; and even after the tenants had gone the guests kept up the merrymaking. But finally, even the last reveller was tired out, and as the sun rose, he saw, on the one hand, the silent manor house, about which not even the servants were stirring; while on the other, the farmers busy at work in the fields.



The Collegiate Institute Headmasters.



WM. TASSIE
1853-1881.



J. E. BRYANT
1881-1884.



THOS. CARSCADDEN
1884.

Short Essays.

One of the special benefits to be derived from the publication of school papers is the cultivation of freedom and correctness of expression of thought. To that end the RECORD will from month to month publish a number of short essays contributed by the students at the Collegiate. Space demands that each essay be confined to a single paragraph.

A November Day.

By M. M.

October had gone with all her wealth of gorgeous finery. The great flower ball of the season was past. The flowers have retired to winter quarters to prepare their spring wardrobes, and November comes with none to meet her, but Jack Frost, whose welcome is exceeding chill. As day breaks over the land, and she views the dreary spectacle, her tears fall as rain upon the blighted earth. Jack Frost comes over the hills, whistling shrilly, and his cold greeting freezes her tears till they fall as flakes of snow.

Trees In Winter.

By J. MCK.

The trees have doffed their autumn robes of red and gold, and are now rudely blown this way and that, by the blustering winter winds. In spite of their bare and lonely appearance, they form a most charming scene, when the sun, suddenly shining out, causes the frozen snow and rain, with which the trees are covered, to sparkle like diamonds, dazzling the eyes with their brightness and splendor. In the

midst of all this we see, here and there, a bright patch of green, the only reminder of summer, telling us that the evergreen will never change. It seems wonderful that there is still life in the trees, which, next spring, will show itself in the form of buds and blossoms.

A Moonlight Night.

By E. K.

What a delight to the eye is the soft light of the moon, as it shines upon the snow, making it glisten like purest diamonds. Thus, the lofty trees with their spreading branches, down to the tiniest shrub are decorated, and indeed everything, however common-place, is made to look beautiful under the pure magnificent light of the winter moon.

A November Walk.

By E. R.

The forest path winding down the gentle woodland slope is no longer fringed with bright and fragrant flowers, hedged with shrubs and undergrowth of varying hues, and secluded from the sun's rays by a rich canopy of green. Along this lone trail dead leaves now lie strewn, while here and there upon its borders bloom a solitary witch-hazel shrub with its pale golden blossoms, the last of all the trees to flower. The leaves still clinging to the boughs are too few and widely-spread to shut out the sunbeams, which now play about at will, warming the winter buds that cradle next year's flowers, and shedding a glow through the almost silent woods. For nearly all the birds have ceased their singing, and only the chattering of the busy chipmunks, or the rustling of the fallen leaves as the rabbit hurries to his burrow, breaks the stillness of the declining autumn days.

Personals.

Maggie Grove is book-keeper at Sloan's grocery store.

Mary Meikleham is stenographer in lawyer Secord's office.

Miss Bertha Lansing has discontinued her studies at school.

Miss Mabel Smart, of Kingsville, was a visitor in Galt during November.

Della Winter and Annie Anderson are attending the Galt Business College.

Reg. Edmonds, of Windsor, a graduate of the G. C. I., gave us a brief call last week.

Arvilla Duffield has a position as typewriter with the Beaver Manufacturing Co.

Bert Roberts is the vigilant watchman that stands guard over the Imperial Bank safe.

What Junior first form girl went through the ice? Was it "Moggie" who rescued her?

Geo. Martin will be pleased to show you through his menagerie at any time. Don't all go at once.

One of the new girls learning to skate, left her back hair on the ice. Same may be had by applying to the caretaker.

Hudson James, Mark Godfrey and Hector Brown will be pleased to see you at their headquarters, Sloan's store, every Saturday.

Geo Easton is running the Bank of Montreal at Brockville. We expect to see "Tug's" name in hockey news, this winter.

One of the social events of the season so far, has been the coming out reception given by Mrs. Geo. Jaffray, for her daughter, Miss Mabel.

Guy Whitaker's address at present is Bank of Commerce, Galt.

Mr. John R. Blake, lawyer, magistrate and famous footballer, has joined the great army of the benedicts. Congratulations.

Died—Two pet squirrels, aged 6 mos. 2 days. The funeral from backyards on Rose Street, no flowers; officiating parsons, two first form boys.

Bertha Hunt represented the character "Ann" in "Little Sins and Pretty Sinners," a play presented in the Opera House, Thanksgiving night.

Willard Winnett and Albert Kilgour, who were so unfortunate as to crack parts of their framework, are able once more to punch the fellows that sit in front of them in school.

Amongst the G. C. I. graduates who returned to the parental roof to analyze the Thanksgiving turkey, were Dr. "Bob" Macdonald, of Toronto, Dr. Alonzo Caldwell, of Dundas, Frank Brown, of Osgoode Hall, Ernest McKenzie, of Toronto Varsity, Harry Nobbs, of Toronto and Miss Nobbs, of Hamilton.

ODE TO MAC.

There was a little man, and he
snatched a little gun,

And also a shell filled with
lead, lead, lead,

And he hurried to the ice, and he
shot a wild goose,

And he shot it right through
the head, head, head.

A couple in Ireland desired to be married, and as the groom had no money, he paid the priest with a string of fish. Some time after the priest saw the man on the street, and asked him how he enjoyed wedded life. "Your reverence," replied the man, "I wish I'd eaten them fish."

Just for Fun.

Q. When is a girl hopelessly in love?

A. When she is anchored to a b(u)oy, and, when she is rocked in the bosom of a swell.

At a school exam. a question was asked what the letters R. I. P. so often seen on tombstones meant. The answer was given, "Return if Possible."

"H'm! h'm!", ejaculated a noble third form pupil the other day while reading a fatality column in one of our local papers. "I used to know a little physiology, but when it comes to reading that a man was "shot in his saloon," a boy mortally hurt in the alley," and "a woman hurt on the back-stairs," I may as well own up to complete ignorance of that part of anatomy."

At an elementary examination in English, two sentences were given out to be corrected. The first was as to its subject matter; the second as to its syntax. These were the sentences—

"The hen has three legs."

"Who done it."

When the papers were handed in, it was found that one of the examinees had apparently regarded the sentences as subtly connected in thought, for the answer was as follows—

"The hen didn't done it. God done it."

"Children," said the teacher, while instructing the class in composition, "you should not attempt any flights of fancy, but simply be yourselves, and write what is in you. Do not imitate any other person's writings,

or draw inspirations from outside sources."

As a result of this advice, Johnny Wise turned in the following composition :

"We should not attempt any flights of fancy, but write what is in us. In me there is my stummuck, lungs, heart, livver, two apples, one piece of pie, one stick of lemon candy and my dinner."

Riddles.

Q. Why is a bald man's head like heaven?

A. Because there is no dying or parting there.

Q. If an X-ray were turned on a dog's lungs, what would be seen?

A. The seat of its pants.

Q. Why does a donkey prefer thistles to corn?

A. Because he is an ass.

An Actual Fact.

Some years ago when the Lady of the Lake was the pretentious text book in literature, for second-class work, the brilliant would-be follower of the third form made the following impressive paraphrase of that well known stanza :—

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
The horseman plied with scourge and steel,
For jaded now and spent with toil,
Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The laboring stag strained full in view.

The man who rode on the horse performed the whip, and an instrument made of steel alone with strong ardor not diminishing, for, being tired from the time passed with hard labor, overworked with anger, and ignorant with weariness, while every breath for labor he drew with cries full of sorrow, the young deer made imperfect, who had worked hard, filtered in sight.

Sports.

When the school opened after the summer holidays, the principal amusements were cricket and tennis. As the sports day drew near, the interest in these increased, and on all possible occasions the would-be-bowlers could be seen on the lawn practising. Each night the tennis contests, leading up to the finals, were played off. Also, nearly every night the two fourth form stalwarts could be seen donning their war clothes for the trip up the river.

On Wednesday, Oct. 16th, the long-expected cross country run took place, witnessed from the C. P. R. by the entire school, supplemented by additions from the Victoria school. Twenty-six minutes after starting, Walter Bryden crossed the line, winning the beautiful medal presented by Mr. R. S. Hamilton.

Two days later, on October 18th, the annual sports came off. The numerous events were run off with the greatest satisfaction. The weather was fine, although a trifle cold for those not engaged in some active work. The humorous part of the program was furnished by the obstacle, potato and fatigue races, while the slow bicycle races, the nail driving contest and the tug-of-war also aided. The result of the championship contests placed James Milroy at the head, thus obtaining the privilege of having his name inscribed on the Buchanan cup.

Shortly after this, the idea of getting a football was originated, and Mac kindly consented to pull in the cash. That same day, coming out of school, the boys were waylaid by him, with a paper and pencil in one hand, and the other wide open, and crying "pay,

pay, pay." This scheme worked admirably, resulting in a new football on the next day. A series of matches was arranged between the forms, which were not completed, owing to the lateness of the season.

Poets' Corner.

The G. C. I.

BY MAC.

Strange, strange place, the G. C. I.,
Where boys and girls do often try
To learn so much they'll soon forget,
But such their brains does benefit,
'Tis only those, thus do you see,
Whose thinking powers can subject be
To stretching, as the moments fly,
Who should attend the G. C. I.

The Christmas Time.

BY MAC.

(Written for the Record.)

To-day, dear reader, I make my bow,
But to address thee, I know not how.
I am anxious to cheer, desirous to bless,
As the season approacheth the custom it is.
May suffering and sorrow ne'er loom in
your way,
But the sunshine of Heaven rest on you
each day;
Whether visiting friends or entertaining a
fool,
Be courteous and kind, and always be true,
Cast sorrow behind thee, keep such in the
dark,
'Tis a season of joy, soar up like the lark,
Then the holiday season will bring its good
cheer,
In Xmas joy and a Happy New Year.

Q. When a man scratches his head
with both hands, what time is it?

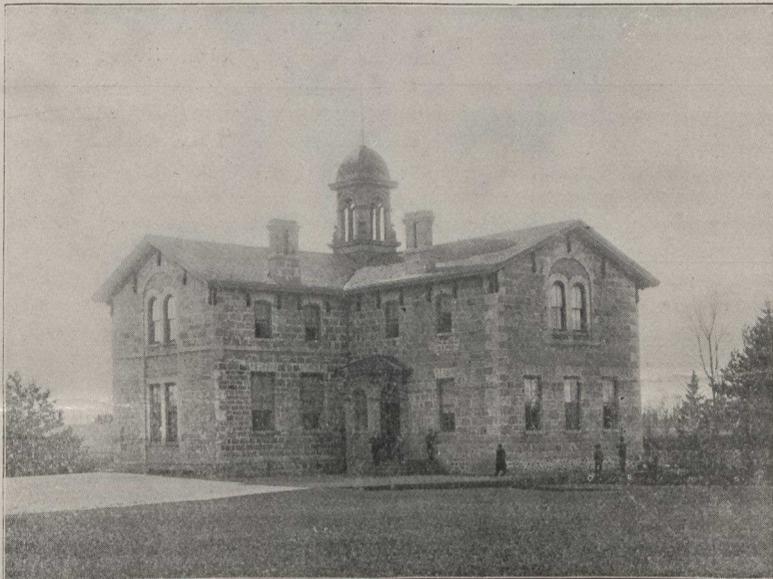
A. Ten after one.

Thanksgiving—Then and Now.

By J. D.

The original Thanksgiving and the modern, though not materially changed, show a marked contrast in the order of things. Then, it was a devoted and grateful company that assembled at some cabin in the wilderness to publically and unitedly acknowledge their benefits, not only material, but also spiritual. Thanksgiving and thanks giving are unfortunately somewhat opposed to each other. The luxuries that are now enjoyed, and the pleasure of roaming

the woods in search of the small game that yet remains are inferior to what they then enjoyed. But aside from this it is a noble institution. It is a solacing expectancy to everybody, and lessens the chill of routine life by the pleasant assemblage of kith and kin. It might justly be called the mother's high carnival. It serves to dispel the frost of ingratitude for the many good things that we receive from our generous benefactor.



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