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Academy Annual.

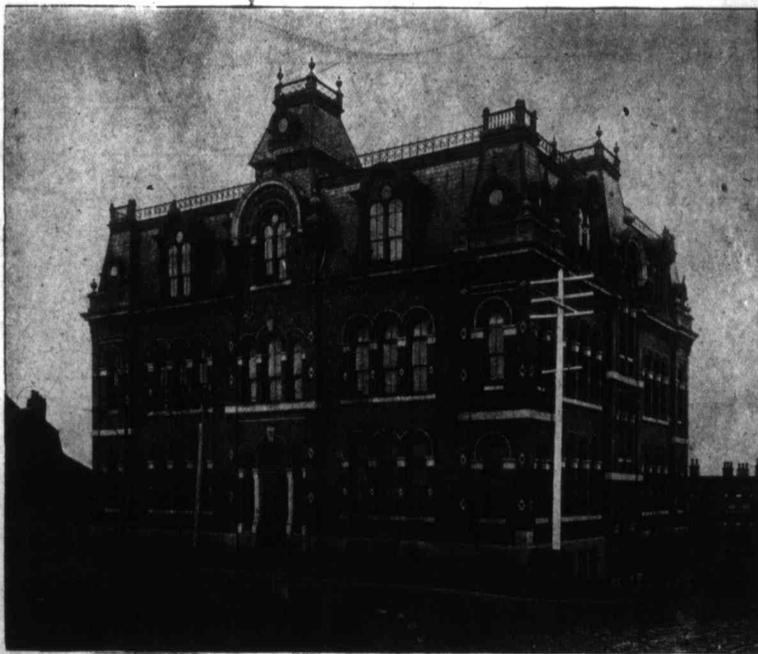
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CHRISTMAS, 1897.

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The Academy Annual.

HALIFAX, N. S., CHRISTMAS, 1897.

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SALUTATORY.

CHRISTMAS time is the signal for mirth and fun. Then the windows of the shops fairly burst with their show of pretty things. Then Santa Claus flies around with his team of reindeer and fills stockings with goodies, and hearts with pleasure. Then, also, the "ACADEMY ANNUAL" comes forth, and greets its friends with best-wishes for every happiness Christmas can bring.

With such a warm welcome waiting for us last year, who will wonder that we once more trust our little bark upon the sea of Literature? We are small and harmless, so the great steam-ships good-naturedly forbear running foul of us, and sometimes give us a kindly cheer as they pass by.

The current is in the right direction, the wind is fair. The harbour we have entered before and found calm and secure. With the pilot "Good Will" at the helm, and no sunken rocks ahead, we hope to sail straight into the hearts of the people, and drop anchor.

Do not make a mistake about us, and judge us by our imposing cover. We are young yet, and though feeling quite strong and well able to stand firmly upon our feet, we are not as learned as we look. Perhaps it is a good thing, for mistakes are easily corrected in the young, though almost

hopeless in the old. We have plenty of time to improve ourselves, and will not neglect our opportunities.

We are growing, too, and the people like us and want to see more of us. For this reason we will issue 500 more copies than we did last year. Next year we hope to add 500 more, and so on, until every home in Halifax, as well as many outside, will number among Christmas purchases the "HALIFAX ACADEMY ANNUAL."

THERE is a little flower, the Hyacinth, which blossoms once a year. In the summer, when the earth is bright with many gay and beautiful colours, this little plant is quietly sleeping and gathering strength in its tiny bosom for coming work. Then its dress is old and brown and very wrinkled.

But when the winter comes, and the snow pityingly covers the withered stalks of summer flowers, a great wave of life sweeps over the heart of the quiet plant, and thrills it to its inmost depths. Little rootlets push their way into the moist warm earth, gathering nourishment for the slender stalk pointing upward. Leaves and buds appear in quick succession and then a blaze of beauty transforms the sober plant into a fairy visitor. Fragrance loads the air and delights the senses. It is time for the fruits of that quiet sleep.

May we not liken our Annual to that other one? We bloom about the same time, after resting all summer, and surely the aim of both is to please. Dare we hope that we, though not perfect like the Hyacinth, can still be as warmly welcomed?

AFTER all expenses had been paid, the result of last year's effort was a clear \$140. This sum was devoted to the replenishing of the Academy Library. The latest works by the best authors have been added, making the number now something like 900 books. These books are all in good condition, and can be obtained by any teacher or pupil of the Academy for a reasonable length of time. The "ANNUAL" is a source of income as well as of pleasure to our Academy.

THE Merchants tell us they were well pleased both with the general appearance of their advertisements, and the results obtained therefrom. We have added one more page of advertisements this year, and two more of literary matter. We have no doubt but the intelligent constituency to which we cater will appreciate our effort. Come along, we will find room for you next time. Even though we may be crowded, there is always space for enterprise.

THAT is what we think about our "ANNUAL" and that is the reason we are trying so hard to make it a success. We want it to be worth more than the price, and we mean to make it so. There is no place for another poor Journal, even in Halifax where they are few. But "there is room at the top," and we would like to find our corner in the *cupola*.

At the beginning of the present school year, the School Board added a Preparatory Department to our Academy. Now we didn't want a Preparatory Department. We were perfectly satisfied with the principal's rooms of the different public schools as our preparatory departments. We think that those who cannot pass our entrance exams. from them have no right to an Academic education. Besides, we are crowded in our present building without having Grade VIII. pupils thrust in upon us. None of our class-rooms have seats and desks for more than 56 students, and yet our enrolled attendance at present in three of the classes is over 70. We need every inch of our Assembly Hall for our own use; and having got the Art School out of the building, we had visions of turning the room across the hall-way from the Armory into a comfortably-fitted students' reading room, supplied with magazines and other literature. But no sooner did the Art School make its exit than the Preparatory Department made its entrance. And we were not consulted either. What a shame! Who would think that our benign School Board would treat us in this way! Yet that they did is a fact patent to everyone of us every day.

But—and we mean the *but* to be emphatic—since they *did* decide to mar the appearance and usefulness of our Assembly Hall; since they *did* resolve to rob us of our crowded reading-room; since they *did* deem it wise to crowd still further an already over-crowded building; since they *did* conclude to furnish us with a Preparatory Department while we were thoroughly satisfied with those already at our disposal, they could not have found anywhere a better teacher than Miss Hamilton, nor a more agreeable lot of youngsters than those we have.

WE cannot say that we found our conflict with the government examination papers last July a wholly satisfactory one. It is true that we captured 31 grade B certificates, 54 of grade C, and 106 of grade D, or 191 certificates in all;

and this is not a record to be laughed at, if we do say it ourselves. But yet it doesn't satisfy us. Why? Because it isn't equal to what we expected to do. How do we account for this? Well, in several ways:—

1. Our work was broken up considerably, and that, too, at a most critical time, by the generous part which we took in the celebration of the Jubilee of our Gracious Queen, God bless her; and by the fact that our building was made the headquarters for that organization and practice which resulted, in the drill-shed, in the most successfully-managed large gathering of children ever held in Canada.

2. An epidemic of gripe and colds thinned our attendance very much during the months of March and April.

3. A hot wave from somewhere struck Nova Scotia just as the exams began. We were too much wilted, at times, to do what we might otherwise have done; and as we felt ourselves melting into pottage, more than one of us enquired what good, after all, would our birth-right do us!

4. Then, again, some of the questions,—but remember we don't complain, we are not that kind,—were just a little bit, of course a very little bit, *stiff*. There was hot weather, too, after the examination, and—who knows—perhaps the idiocyncrasies of the examiners may have been affected adversely. Anyway, we did not get the returns from some of our work which our experience at examinations led us to expect.

5. And lastly, some of us—of course *very* few, perhaps two or three, and perhaps two or three dozen, we don't know, the editors can speak only for themselves,—were just a degree or two more careless in home study than is entirely consistent with a good healthful feeling of satisfaction after results are out. We were perhaps in a little danger of thinking, from the record of former years, that as we were students of Halifax Academy, our success was assured. It is at such times that we fully realize that firmness and vigilance on the part of our teachers is a fairly good thing.

But let framers of questions, and examiners of papers, and all others concerned, take notice that next July, from the Halifax County Academy, a solid phalanx, 220 strong——. But why should we write history before it is made? Let us forbear.

OUR LIBRARY.

The Academy Library consists of about 900 volumes in good condition, and we doubt if any library of its size in Canada can show a better collection of books so equitably divided among those that entertain, instruct and develop literary taste. Many of them were selected personally by Mr. Henry Waddell, N. C. James, and Prof. Howard Murray, former teachers of the Academy; while the later ones have been chosen by members of our present faculty.

The books are arranged in seven classes as follows:—
A, Science; B, History; C, Poetry; D, Travel; E, Fiction;
F, Miscellaneous; G, French and German.

Besides those classified as above, there are a number of books of reference headed by the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

Of all the sections Class E. is most liberally patronized, for we must not forget that probably more than 100 of our students are under 15 years of age. But books of travel, as well as historical and scientific works, are called for to a very considerable extent.

In our B class, books are returned at 9 on Monday, in room 10, and given out on the same day at 1 in room 4.

In class C₁, books are returned at 9 on Tuesday in room 9, and returned at 1 in room 2.

In the C₂ class, books are returned at 9 on Wednesday in room 9, and received at 1 in the same room.

Class D₁, returns books on Thursday at 9 in room 5 and receives them at 1 in room 9.

Class D₂, returns books at 9 on Friday in room 5, and receives them at 1 in room 9.

Students are allowed to keep books for two weeks, but not longer without special permission from the librarians. Our present librarians, Messrs. Blois and Cooke, do their work in a most obliging and business-like manner; and under their control our library will be well looked after.

IN MEMORIAM.

"The flower in ripened bloom unmatched

Must fall the earliest prey;
Tho' by no hand untimely snatched.

The leaves must drop away.

And yet it were a greater grief

To watch it fading, leaf by leaf.

Then see it plucked to-day;

Since earthly eye but ill can bear

To trace the change to foul from fair."

It is our painful task to chronicle, since our last ANNUAL was published, the death of three of our fellow-students, all young girls.

MARY MORRISON, of Class B, died last April. Quiet and unassuming, faithful to every obligation, her teachers and class-mates remember her as one who never neglected a duty or merited a reproach.

EVERYBODY in Halifax remembers the tragic death of MYRTLE BROWN, drowned with her sister during the summer holidays, while bathing in the North-West Arm. She had been with us only one term, but in that time had endeared herself to all. Sensitive and upright, she was always an influence for good; and her bright face and eager interest are greatly missed among us.

SCARCELY less a shock was the totally unexpected news of the death of MARY BALCOM, of D₂, after a painless and seemingly slight illness of scarcely two weeks. The sunny disposition which made her so great a favorite with her companions, kept her bright and merry to the very end of her short life, and it may truly be said of her that her "day without a cloud has passed."

OUR CLOSING.

The giving out of prizes is always, in itself, an event of great interest to students and their friends. But the attractiveness becomes trebled when these rewards of merit are distributed at the hands of Canada's Prime Minister. Such happened on the first Friday of October last.

It was a happy thought on the part of the teachers to have the formal closing of the work of last year while Sir Wilfrid Laurier was in the city, and thus enable all the pupils to see and hear, and a few of us—the fortunate prize-winners—to clasp the hand of the first minister in the land. It was a red-letter day in the history of the Halifax Academy.

The premier entered by the Brunswick street door, and, passing through lines of our stalwart cadets—every one of whom feeling and looking every inch a soldier lad—was met by Mr. Kennedy and the members of the school board, and ushered to the principal's room, where a model lesson in geometry was being taught to the advanced class. Meanwhile large numbers had gathered in the Assembly Hall, and when Sir Wilfrid entered and took his seat on the platform, he was greeted with a storm of huzzas, youthful and otherwise. Never before had the stage held such distinguished people. Persons prominent in church and state and education graced the platform. The list is a long one. There were Hon. Sydney Fisher, the Minister of Agriculture, and Hon. Dr. Borden, the Minister of Militia, members of the Privy Council of Canada; Hon. J. W. Longley, the Attorney-General of this province; Mayor Stephen of our own city; Messrs. Redden, Faulkner, Hillis, Mosher, Barnstead, McKerron, Bremner, and Synnons, members of the school board; Consul-General Foster, the representative in this city of the United States government; Hon. L. G. Power, of the Dominion Senate; Mr. H. D. Blackadar, an ex-chairman of the school board and the donor of a gold medal for many years; Mr. George Mitchell, an M. P. P. of Halifax county; Dr. A. H. MacKay, Superintendent of Education, and alas! too well known to many of us; Supervisor McKay and Secretary Wilson, whose acquaintance all the pupils have made; Rev. Prof. Gordon, of the Theological College; Mr. John F. Stairs and Rev. Mr. Hockin, who are to be congratulated on having a son and daughter respectively, record-breakers in the prize-winning line; Rev. Messrs. Clark and Dolson, and, of course, our teachers to complete the list. There were also many leading citizens in the hall, but too modest to take a prominent seat.

Mr. A. W. Redden, chairman of the school board at that time, presided, and, in a brief speech, introduced the leading speaker of the occasion.

Sir Wilfrid, on rising, was greeted with renewed cheers. He was particularly graceful in his remarks. He said he was enjoying the most pleasant incident of his visit to

Halifax. It made him feel young again to look upon faces so bright and happy. (That's what he said, but he never saw us at three o'clock.) Words of advice and encouragement were not wanting. We had grand opportunities and should make the very best of them. Disappointments may come, but the natural buoyancy of youth would overcome them, and our life would be the better for having met and conquered obstacles. After all, of what avail are wealth and honor if not founded on a good Christian education! At the present time we may not fully realize what a chance for mental improvement we have, but the time would come when our present benefits would be rated at their full worth. He warmly commended the cadets for their trim and soldier-like appearance, and knew they were ready to defend their country if need should arise, which he hoped never would. Recalling some incidents of his own school-days, he said that when visitors came to the school they always begged that a holiday be given to the pupils. He therefore, would ask that boon for those he now saw before him. (Tremendous applause).

Principal Kennedy gave a brief and clear account of the Nova Scotia school system. He showed how the work of the common schools was preparatory to that of the academies and high schools, and how a student taking a B certificate could continue his studies in the colleges. Thus from the child in the primary school to the graduate from college, the chain was an unbroken one. In a few words he reviewed the work of the last term, and then called upon Premier Laurier to present the prizes.

As the successful student came forward, Sir Wilfrid warmly congratulated and heartily shook the hand of each prize-winner. If the prize was a medal, then it was pinned on the recipient's breast and a few neat complimentary words were added. If a prize of another kind, then some equally appropriate remarks accompanied the presentation. It must have been a particularly happy moment to receive a recognition of one's successful study from the hands of our country's chieftain and before the eyes of friends and distinguished visitors. The other students showed their appreciation of the honors conferred on the fortunate ones by generous applause. Following is the list of prizes as presented:

- (1) *The Chairman's Gold Medal*—A gold medal offered by Ald. Redden, chairman of the school board, awarded to the graduate making the highest aggregate in the subjects of the course—EDWARD KITSON HARVEY.
- (2) *The Blackadar Gold Medal*—A gold medal offered by H. D. Blackadar, ex-chairman of the school board, to the graduate making the best aggregate in English, physiology, and history, four subjects—HELEN TUPPER DENNIS.
- (3) *The Mayor's Gold Medal*—A gold medal offered by ex-Mayor McPherson, and awarded to the graduate standing highest in classics—WILLIAM MCCALLUM MOORE.
- (4) *Academy Gold Medal*—A gold medal offered to the graduate making the best aggregate in mathematics and physics, four subjects—JOHN HENRY BLCK.
- (5) An Academy Silver Medal, awarded to the student of the B class making the largest increase over the aggregate of the previous year—HELEN TUPPER DENNIS.
- (6) An Academy Silver Medal, awarded to the student of the C class making the highest aggregate in the subjects of the course—MABEL LAVINIA HOCKIN.
- (7) An Academy Silver Medal, to the student of the C class taking highest rank in Classics—CLARENCE VICTOR CHRISTIE.
- (8) A Silver Medal, offered by Miss K. F. Hill, to the student of class C making the highest percentage in Drawing and Book-keeping, one subject—MABEL LAVINIA HOCKIN.
- (9) An Academy Silver Medal, awarded to the student of the C class making the greatest increase in the aggregate of the previous year—ERNEST WILLIAM HAVERSTOCK.
- (10) An Academy Silver Medal to the student of the D class making the highest aggregate in the subjects of the course—GILBERT SUTHERLAND STAIRS.
- (11) A Fountain Pen, offered to the student of the B class for highest marks in Physiology and Universal History—HOWARD DAYNE BRUNT.
- (12) A Fountain Pen, to the student of the B class for the best aggregate in English Language—HELEN TUPPER DENNIS.
- (13) A Book Prize, to the student of the B class standing highest in French—EDWARD KITSON HARVEY.
- (14) A Book Prize, to the student of the B class standing highest in German—HEDWIG HOBRECKER.
- (15) A Fountain Pen, to the student of the C class standing first in History, Geography, and English, four subjects—EVA BLANCHE SICCOM.
- (16) A Book Prize, to the student of the C class standing highest in Mathematics, and Science—MABEL LAVINIA HOCKIN.
- (17) A Book Prize, to the student of the C class highest in German—BLANCHE VON SCHOFFE.
- (18) A Book Prize, to the student of the C class highest in French—HAROLD STEWART.
- (19) A Book Prize, offered by T. C. Allen, Esq., to the student of D class making the highest aggregate in English—two subjects—GILBERT SUTHERLAND STAIRS.
- (20) A Book Prize, for best mark in Book-keeping and Drawing in class D—GILBERT SUTHERLAND STAIRS.
- (21) A Book Prize, to the student of the D class highest in Arithmetic and Algebra—ARTHUR MURDOCK MCKAY.
- (22) A Book Prize, for best marks in D science—GILBERT SUTHERLAND STAIRS.
- (23) A Book Prize, in D class to the student making best aggregate in Geometry, History and Geography, two subjects—GILBERT SUTHERLAND STAIRS.

There were also other speakers. Mayor Stephen showed us that all the speaking talent was not out of Halifax, but that he possessed a good share of it. His address was excellent and rang with tones of patriotism. We had a heritage to be regarded with pride. Canada is our home. We are proud of our Empire and its Queen, of our Dominion and its distinguished statesmen with us to-day. Let us honor our land and its leaders, and above all let us honor God.

Hon. Dr. Borden was the last speaker. As Minister of Militia he was greatly interested in the cadet corps, and thought his department made no mistake in encouraging our boys in their military drill. He complimented them on their bearing, and remarked that the future of a nation depended on the character of its young men. On its being pointed out to him by Mr. Kennedy that the Royal Military College at Kingston—which comes under his jurisdiction—was the only university in Canada that did not accept our B certificate in lieu of their own matriculation examination, he promised to look into the matter and, if possible, remedy this defect.

The proceedings were interspersed by students singing patriotic selections, and ended with "God Save the Queen," and rousing cheers for those who had favored us with their presence.

To those who knew of Sir Wilfrid Laurier's charming personality, it was a foregone conclusion that he would win all hearts. Such, indeed, was the case. Many may differ from him in political matters, but when it comes to personal

qualities they are all an enthusiastic unit. One thing he may be sure of. When he next visits us, a cordial reception and an appreciative audience will be found at the Halifax Academy.

Let me add a word or two on the date of closing. Hitherto it has been held just before the Christmas holidays. This is a season in which young people are very busy and cannot give their whole attention to school work. If in addition they are asked to make special preparation for a closing, it becomes a burden to them. And again, regular studies are interfered with. Now this, to a large extent, is obviated when our closing takes place earlier in the term. We would, therefore, respectfully suggest that in the future all such affairs take place within a few weeks after the summer holidays.

M. A. V.

CALLED BACK.

A PARODY.

I laugh aloud; the silence was unbroken
A stillness reigned 'till came that laugh of mine;
My pencil drops; another silent token,
I've not been writing history all the time.
Oh! can it be the teacher has not heard it!
That I have not been noticed, can it be!
Vain hope! a voice with stern and cold decision,
Informs me I can "call again at three!"

Call again at three! call again at three!
Ah! that I might for once do what was told me,
That I might merely call again at three.

I bend my eyes upon the crowd of figures
Upon the blackboard lying strewn about;
I study logarithms' quite intently
While all the while my fingers hold a note;
Ah me! I had forgotten he wears glasses;
Two pairs of eyes have seen through desk and me.
In accents firm, yet with some hesitation
I'm told that I can "write my notes at three."

Write my notes at three! write my notes at three!
And who indeed would be there to receive them,
That I should wish to write my notes at three.

My thoughts are centered on that group of circles,
That illustrate some hideous theory;
I strain my listening ears to understand it,
But only hear a whisper teasing me.
I turn to answer in a similar fashion:
That teacher—Argo-eyed—has "dropped" on me,
He demonstrates his reason for desiring
My much sought company again at three.

Company at three! company at three!!
I try to smile, it is a dismal failure—
I can't forget I'm to report at three.

With unknown qualms, I clutch my Latin Grammar,
And down to number 4, I hurry me;
I rise to read with many inward quankings,
Oh, Caesar! my translation is too free.
No Hercules could overcome these trials;
Laocoon was not a patch on me,
A demi-god, himself, would have assented
When ordered back to study yerbs at three.

Study yerbs at three! study yerbs at three!
Oh! shades of Caesar, Cicero and Virgil,
Come back, and help me learn my yerbs at three!

C. M. M.

PICTURE STORY.

(From an Etching by Walter Webb.)



ACADEMY POLITICS.

When it was decided to hold an election in the Halifax Academy, there was great rejoicing among some 300 pupils. As older people collect in groups and discuss government affairs, so did the scholars of the Academy.

It was decided at a general meeting of the students (of course all meetings were held in the afternoons) to nominate six candidates, three on each side of politics. This was done so as to give each grade a candidate. It was also decided (for we hold some queer political views in this Academy) that the girls should have the same political rights as the boys.

The next thing was the choosing of delegates to select candidates. Six were chosen from each class, three on each side. These met in different rooms on March 29th, and selected the following candidates. They are named in order beginning with the B:—

Lib.	{ THOMAS FYSHE, GEO. CHRISTIE, HOPE BLOIS.	Cor.	{ EDGAR STEWART, ROBERT LAYTON, GILBERT STAIRS.
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John Reid was chosen chairman, and Harry Cox

secretary of the Liberal party. The Conservatives chose William Grant as chairman and Geo. Gampbell as secretary.

April 2nd was fixed as nomination day, Mr. Kennedy consenting to act as Sheriff. Hugh Upham nominated the Liberals, and George Campbell the Conservatives. Both did their part in a very creditable manner. The speakers on the occasion, besides the candidates, were James D. MacKenna, Liberal; William Grant and John Power, Conservative. Never before in the history of the world did such speakers address such an audience as on this occasion. Never before were the differences so great. On the one side were peace and plenty; on the other side, plenty and peace. The opposing sides also were in striking contrast. On one side were 150 boys and girls; on the other, 150 girls and boys. It remains to be told how the contest ended.

Through the campaign short meetings were held at 1 o'clock. Henry Munroe was one of the principal speakers on these occasions. He was an ardent politician, and never failed to come to the *scratch*. At one time it was thought he was aspiring to the position of ladies' best man, but this he afterwards publicly denied. He was, however, a very warm admirer of a certain portion of the school. He is now teaching in Pictou Co., and is much missed by his class-mates.

The Liberals trusted too much to the fact that one of their leaders looked like Sir Wilfrid. They found out when it was too late that they had been trusting to a broken *reed*.

The young ladies held a meeting on April 7th, presided over by Miss Mackintosh. The speakers on this occasion were Miss Allan, Miss Hutchinson and Miss Maud Fanning, Liberal; Miss Miller, Miss Boak and Miss Dennis, Conservative. Those who had the pleasure of listening to the speeches of this meeting were convinced that the speakers understood, and were interested in, the government of the country. And right here it might be stated for the benefit of those who deny the ladies their political rights, and doubt their ability to understand these matters, that the girls who lead their classes in school are not the dunces in political matters that some people imagine. The speeches on both sides were clever and to the point. After the ladies had spoken, short speeches were made by William Grant and Hope Blois.

Friday, April 9th, was election day, Mr. Kennedy again acting as Sheriff. This election was a model one in some respects. (1) It was a representative one, no distinction being made as regards sex. (2) It was free from hoodle, rum and tobacco. Much might be said in this connection if space permitted. The polls opened at 4 P. M., and by half-past five all had voted. By six the votes were counted, and the results announced as follows:—

Lib.	FYSHE, 119.	Con.	STEWART, 156.
	CHRISTIE, 116.		LAYTON, 157.
	BLOIS, 115.		STAIRS, 159.

It was a clean sweep for the Conservatives. As the papers would say, the Grits were completely "snowed under." Those who had voted for peace and plenty were satisfied, while those who had voted for plenty and peace were heard to say, "if those on the other side can stand it, we can." The boys then bounced the successful candidates amid loud cheers, and thus ended our Academy election.

H. H. B.

ON Thursday evening, December 9, Mr. Brooks of Manchester, England, lectured most acceptably before some 500 of our students and their friends in our Assembly Hall, on the South African question.

WHEN MOTHER FRIED THE PANCAKES.

When mother fried the pancakes,

Oh! I tell you then 'twas fun,
To stand by the stove and watch her,
As she turned them one by one.

We'd run to the door, we children,
Tom, Kate, Sue, Gert and me,
And ask every five or ten minutes,
"If it wasn't near time for tea."

Till mother'd lift up her head crying,
"Now children you must keep away,
I can fry the pancakes without you
Run out in the yard and play."

And then we'd all troop out the doorway,
And quarrel to pass the time,
Except Gertie the eight year older,
Who thought fighting a downright crime.

So she'd shout from the back of the garden,
And her voice was loud and strong;
"Mother, Jack and Tom are fightin'!"
And, "Mother, you said 'twas wrong!"

And, "Mother, Jack's teasin' Susie;
Oh! mother, Jack's pinchin' me!"
Till sometimes, our mother looked tired,
When she called us at last to tea.

Then when the tea bell had sounded,
We all through the gateway would grin,
For whoever came late to the table,
Got the least little bit of jam.

But Kate was a little Angel,
As good as she could be,
She never called for a lot of cakes,
Like Gert and Tom and me.

She never told tales when we quarrelled,
Dear little kind-hearted Kate!
I can see her yet, helping mother
Pile the pancakes on the plate.

It always happened, somehow
That the blame was laid on me,
But I made up for bagging this burden,
When I came the time for tea.

Gertie would stand by the fire,
and hinder all she could,
And Tom the sly young rascal,
Would fill the box with wood.

For well he knew that mother
Seeing her helpful boy,
Would give him more jam on his pancakes,
And fill his heart with joy.

But it didn't last long, this devotion,
For slipping quite near him, I
Would give his ear a pulling
And near his ear would cry,

"Ha! you are a cute one, Thomas,
What a good little boy you be,
To fill the wood-box each evening-time
That pancakes are for tea."

And Tom would chase me down stairs
And out the garden gate,
And when I sauntered town-ward,
He'd call out "don't be late!"

But tea-time would find us seated,
Each with a well-filled plate,
The five of us loud in our praises,
And declaring the pancakes great.—SADIE HURSTIE.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBIT.

THE Exhibition which took place a short time ago was universally considered a success, but, as few things in this world ever attain the height of perfection, so in this case there seems to have been a few defects.

Many people, in examining and criticizing the exhibits, complained that for a university of such high standing as the Halifax Academy, the exhibit displayed was decidedly not up to the mark.

If so, why not?

This is the question with which we have to deal. It appears, from the standpoint of the pupils, a question easily answered. Not that we were particularly proud of the exhibit: that was not so by any means. It was no surprise that the exhibit did not come up to the expectations of the public, as it was altogether unlikely that it could be a good one.

During the summer vacation, which is so well earned in most cases, we are too busily engaged in attending to the pleasures and festivities afforded by the country, when in its bright holiday apparel, to bring our minds to bear on anything which requires care and time, as a good exhibit undoubtedly should. Besides, we need the rest.

Perhaps some one will say, "Why, it would be only a pleasant diversion to draw a map, or illustrate the physiology," or do something equally as profitable and tiresome. It might be imagined that such persons had forgotten their school-days, and what a pleasure it was to lay aside all their books with the secret determination not to open them again for eight whole weeks. How is it on the return to school? Why not do something then? In this case it is even worse than before. The lessons are so numerous and difficult that it is all one can do to get them studied without having extra work added. In studying, it is absolutely necessary to take some out-door exercise to keep from getting brain fever or something worse, and with this and the lessons there is little or no time remaining for other work. The only thing left seems to be to give the pupils a few holidays in which to do the work. But it has been learned by sad experience that if time be spent in working for outside interests,—take for example the Jubilee celebration—instead of adding on a week's holidays for the extra work, the authorities take a week off. Is it any wonder, after such a display of ingratitude as this, that the Academy should be a little indifferent about spending their very valuable time in working for the gratification of such thankless persons? With regard to improvements for the coming Exhibition, it might be suggested that the schools should not be asked to give an exhibit, as we have no time to attend to such things; and besides very little notice is taken of them by the majority of people.

We may add that whenever there is a celebration of any

kind, or an Exhibition, the Halifax schools are expected to make themselves conspicuous, while most of those in the country do nothing. One result of this was that the pupils of the Halifax Academy were unjustly handicapped at the last Government Examinations. These were unusually severe; and just because we had lost some time in the patriotic and brilliant celebration of the Jubilee, so of course many failed who otherwise might have passed, had there been a reasonable examination and no Jubilee. The next time "Our Gracious Queen" celebrates her Jubilee, we had better follow the unselfish, generous and thrifty example of some other places, and celebrate when it suits us, not her.

E. M. S.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was Christmas Eve. We were all sitting around an immense fire, roasting chestnuts and thoroughly enjoying ourselves.

Mother and father had gone, by train, to the nearest town, about forty miles distant, to purchase (as we surmised) Christmas presents for us children. My sister Lily and I were left in charge of the two boys, Harry and Charlie, and the two babies.

Harry and Charlie had been amusing us since tea time with thrilling ghost stories, which made us all feel quite nervous and creepy.

I noticed that Lily glanced quickly once or twice at the half-opened door, but, thinking that she was getting excited by the boys' uncanny stories, I took no more notice.

But what was that smell slowly forcing itself upon us? Still worse, glancing up, I saw, to my dismay, a thin line of white smoke curling around the door.

What could it be?

In an instant we were all at the door, when, to our horror, we saw that the hall and stairs were enveloped in smoke. But worse than all, from where we stood we could see a dull red glow which could have but one meaning—our house was in flames.

At the first glimpse of the terrible sight, Lily, our gentle, timid sister, staggered as though she would have fallen, exclaiming in a terrified voice: "Oh, Mary, the children; it comes from their room."

What could we do? Even as we stood gazing, the flames burst out with relentless fury on the landing above.

"Thank God!" for at that moment we heard the rumble of the engines as they dashed up to the front of the house. The flames must already have been seen and the alarm given.

We were soon hurried outside, where, in my relief, I forgot for a moment the peril of the babies up-stairs. But where was Lily? Did she not come outside with us for safety, or was she still in the burning house?

I would have rushed madly back into the glowing flames in search of our darlings, but firm hands held me back, and pitying voices told me it would be madness to attempt such a thing, as that part of the house was one mass of flame.

My struggles for freedom soon ceased, for at that moment a mighty cheer went up from the assembled crowd. Looking up to the spot to which every eye seemed riveted, to my horror I saw my sister Lily, a vivid picture against the glowing flames, but holding the two children, as yet unharmed, in her young arms.

Willing hands soon relieved her of her burden, the children being carried safely to the ground; but, ere help could get to her, our brave girl, with one faint cry for help, fell back into the burning room.

Who would brave those terrible flames to rescue the heroic girl?

The question was passed from mouth to mouth, but all held back, for it seemed certain death for anyone to enter that burning pile.

But hark! What is that? A man comes rushing up the street, scattering the crowd right and left in his agony. Never before had I seen a face so haggard and drawn.

With one murmured prayer for help, and one great cry of "Oh God, my child!" he sprang up the ladder, and into the room where Lily had just been seen.

A few moments of awful suspense, during which I prayed silently on my knees, and then he reappeared at the window with Lily's motionless form in his arms.

A brave young fireman bore Lily to the ground, and father, though in a half-fainting condition, was brought safely down.

But why was Lily so still?

I clasped her hand. It was limp and nerveless.

What could it mean? Had she only fainted, or was it something more, too terrible to mention.

The doctor was sent for, but his services were in vain. Her gentle spirit had fled forever. Lily, our brave, heroic, little sister was dead. She had truly made as great a sacrifice as was ever made, in laying down her life for others.

THE OLD LOCOMOTIVE.

Daylight's panorama passes,
Cloudland's curtains sweep the sky,
Dark comes down in moving masses,
Men and things have now no classes,
Landscapes all in oneness lie.

Down an unused railway siding,
Now I groping weed my way,
Vaguely thinking, nothing biding,
Iron rails my footsteps guiding,
Scarce I reck it night or day.

Suddenly a form outstanding,
Full athwart my path I see,
Dazed, yet quickly fears disbanding,
Half imploring half commanding,
"Thing," I ask, "what may you be?"

"Have you ne'er seen locomotive!"
Comes the answer through the night,
"Aye, but by what offering votive,
The grimy 'smoko-gotive'?"
Dost thou win from toil respite!

Why hast thou no headlight gleaming
Courseer swift 'twixt east and west!
Why no furnace brightly beaming,
Why no throbbing, hissing, steaming,
Fullest thou in nags' besthest!

Then the sullen sable giant
Croaks with hoarse cavernous clang;
But withal some notes defiant:
"Those so long on me reliant
Pass me by without a pang.

Years of labor unremitting
Save me not from saddest fate.
Man, that creature, ever flitting,
Yet in judgment ever sitting,
Deems the scrap heap my estate.

He, in prejudice deep rooted,
Thinks my music naught but noise.
Always grimest when he's sooted,
Has to me all life impoised;
Says my smoke his pleasure cloyes.

Then sarcastic, yet half joking,
As if hinting reasons why—
"Man would fain do *all* the smoking,
While of others' faults he's croaking,
So, my furnace fires must die."

Answer I: "E'en whilst reproving
Man for direful words and deeds,
Subtle thought 'twixt thou wert moving
Through my mind: 'Tis not behooving
Him to halt when science leads.

Thy such dealings may seem drastic,
(Changes ever must be made,
From thy frame so tough yet plastic,
He will fashion forms fantastic,
Summoning the 'fire-ghost's' aid.

Then he'll take, with wings extending,
Giddy flights through every zone."
Turn I then, and homeward venturing
Leave my friend with fears portending,
Sitting sullenly alone.

KARL KRÖNER.

*Fire-ghost is the Anglo-Saxon word for electricity.

SAMPLE LETTER FROM ROOM 7.

LIEDER FRANZÖSISCHER KAMERAD.

Ich habe irgendwo gelesen, das die alten Einwohner von Gallien sich die Haare einzulien und den Körper mit ranzigem Butter zu beschmieren pflegten, und dass sie in kleinh elenden Hütten ohne Fenster bewohnten, und dass sie niemals frische Luft hineinließen, so dass die Atmosphäre darin ganz verfault war.

Nun frage ich: Verhält es sich so, dass du nicht mehr in Civilisation fortgeschritten bist als deine Vorfahren!

Ich würde es nicht glauben, nachdem ich in das Zimmer nummer 7, nach einer französischen Lektion eingedrungen habe. Man vernimmt da eine Mischung von Odeuren, Rauch, Oel, Kohl, Geruch von Brantwein und Schmutz von den Strassenecken, Kloaken, Hinterhöfen, mit einem Worte, alles was der Nase unangenehm ist. Aber vielleicht irre ich mich, wenn ich dir diesen Uebelstand zuschreibe; dann aber würde mir eine Erklärung sehr verbunden machen,

anderenfalls werde ich mich gezwungen sehen dir Krieg zu erklären und als Waffen würde ich die alten Smith'schen, deutschen und französischen Principia, die alten Tintenfassern, die Blöcke des Frauleins K. H. . . . und die Vasen mit den verfallenden Blumen, vorschlagen.

Doch hoffe ich, es wird nötig sein zu diesen Aeusserlichkeiten zu gehen, da wir die Sache durch Schiedsgericht entscheiden können und zwar einen Tag da Herr R. J. W. . . . oder das Bau-Comité keine Erkältung hat.

Dein ergebener Freund,

WOHLGERUCH.

BIEN CHER CAMARADE ALLEMAND.

Avec la politesse qui distingue les Français, je m'étais gardé de vous accuser de corrompre l'air de la Chambre No. 7, bien que vous y soyez, le lundi et le mercredi, avant mes camarades des classes de français et avant moi. J'ai remarqué que les odeurs que émanent, je ne sais d'où ne sont pas de l'eau de Cologne ou de la "Peau d'Espagne"; mais je me suis abstenu de publier que cela pourrait bien être dû aux pipes allemandes à la bière allemande, au poisson allemand, à la choucroute allemande dont vos ancêtres étaient si friands.

J'ai fait une investigation et voici ce que j'ai découvert — Un chimiste distingué, qui a ses bureaux au-dessus de nous, a contresigné et approuvé le résultat de mes recherches :

Au No. 7, nous respirons sur cent parties—

1. Acide urique.....	40
2. Emanations de résidu fécaux.....	40
3. Carbonate de chaux.....	10
4. Salpêtre.....	10

Total.....100

Air pur : tant que vous voulez en mettant la tête hors la fenêtre.

Comme vous le dites fort bien, il est regrettable que ces messieurs qui ont mission de voir à notre santé, aient toujours le rhume quand on leur fait inspecter le No. 7. Mais, patients, une bonne fièvre typhoïde viendra peut-être bientôt nous donner raison, on nous enlevera la faculté de souffrir on la leur enlevera à eux.

C'est ce que je vous souhaite de tout mon cœur,

BEL AIR.

MISS CHALK MAKES HER MARK.

"I can make marks all over the board, and you can't," said the Chalk with a sneer.

"But I can rub out all the marks you can make," retorted the Black-board-brush.

"Yes," said the Chalk, patronizingly, "you are the drudge of the school-room. You are my servant. I make anything I please, and you clear it up."

"Well," said the Black-board-brush, peevishly, "it isn't my fault that I am what I am, nor anything to your credit that you are what you are. Man made us both."

"Mar. must have liked me best, then," said the Chalk, "for he made me ornamental as well as useful. I have a white face and a clean hand. How could beautiful chalk-figures and handsome pictures be made without me?"

"H'm," said the Brush; "but how charming would your chalk-pictures be, I'd like to know, if I didn't clean the board for you the whole time?"

"Ah! It's a good thing I'm in the world," said the Chalk, virtuously, "for if I were not, you'd be a nice, lazy thing."

"So would you if a human hand didn't guide you," said the Black-board-brush, learnedly, "so don't crow."

Time passed on. The summer holidays arrived, and Miss Chalk and Mr. Black-board-brush occupied the top of the book-case, together with some members of the aristocracy, such as the pencils, rubber and drawing book.

"Now, then," said the Chalk, who could never keep still, "what good are you? There's nothing in the world for you to rub out."

"Pat," said the Brush insolently. "You're no good, either, for you haven't made a mark for three weeks." "But I could if anyone were here to guide me," nonchalantly replied the Chalk.

"And I could rub out if you'd make marks for me," said the Brush; "so we're about even."

Now Bridget, passing by, jerked the book-case accidentally, and off flew the Chalk on the floor.

"Fell down, didn't you," said the Black-board-brush, tauntingly.

"Not at all," said the Chalk, airily. "I took lessons in gymnastics last winter. I was in a girl's pocket, and every time she jumped, so did I. I thought I'd jump a little now for practice."

"Why don't you jump up again?" said the Brush, insinuatingly.

"I don't want to. High altitudes don't agree with me. We are fearfully and wonderfully made (see 1st Book of Teacherisms, III Chapter, 5th verse). Anyone can see by my complexion that I'm delicate," said the Chalk, sweetly. "But suppose you come down."

"Thank you," said the Brush, cuttingly, "but I don't care to lower myself."

"That's because you are so lumbering that you couldn't jump if you would," said the Chalk, tartly.

"Perhaps," said the Brush. "But anyway, if I fell down I wouldn't pretend I jumped."

"O well;" remarked Miss Chalk, contentedly, "what does it matter whether I fell or jumped, so long as I'm not broken."

"Lucky for you you're not," answered the Brush, scornfully. "But everybody knows you're cracked."

"And everybody knows you're a block-head," politely replied the Chalk.

There was a silence, and then the Brush said, in a deep voice, from the top of the book-case: "I'm glad I'm in a position to look down upon you."

"It's only your position brought about by chance that makes you look as if you could," squeaked back the Chalk.

"Now, I'm staring right straight into your face, but I'm sure I don't truly look up to you."

There was another pause. The Brush yawned. "A-h-a-h."

"Did you speak?" enquired the Chalk. No answer.

"What did you say?" persisted the Chalk.

"Nothing," said the Black-board-brush.

"That's what you generally say," said the Chalk. "I have never heard you say more than that, often as you talk."

"I couldn't very well say less," said the Brush, with languid scorn.

"I don't want you to say less, said the Chalk, obligingly. "Just say nothing, without making any noise about it, and I'll be perfectly satisfied."

"Cease your foolish talk," said the Brush, tartly.

"Fo-oo-fish!" said the Chalk, and rolled over in a fit of laughter at the bare idea. "Why, I have done Latin

exercises, geometrical problems, artistic designs, mathematics, trigonometry, and even caricatures of some people. I am an intimate friend of Miss Egan's, while you are only a great, lumbering brush who goes out scrubbing."

"He doesn't go *out* scrubbing, he takes it in, I guess, by the looks of him," said the Pencil, who was a sworn friend of the Chalk.

"So he does, so he does," agreed the latter.

"When aren't you talking?" sighed the exasperated Black-board-brush, in despair.

"When I'm silent," said the Chalk.

"When *are* you silent?" enquired the Brush, superciliously.

"When I'm not making a noise," said the Chalk, promptly.

"Isn't she provoking?" said the Pencil eraser to the Brush, sympathetically. "That is just the way the Pencil is to me."

Now, the Eraser was a sworn friend of the Black-board-brush, and was said to be rather a softy, who couldn't see a joke to save his life. He felt this infirmity keenly, and tried to remedy it by being always on the look out for jokes. Consequently, he often made the mistake of taking serious things in a funny fashion.

"Don't be so smart, Rubber, or I'll run into you," said the Pencil, sharply.

"I wish you'd all run away," groaned the Brush, who was vainly trying to find something squelching to say to the Chalk.

"Hey, what, what?" cried the Eraser, feverishly. "I don't see the point."

"Perhaps I can make you feel it, if you'll come nearer," said the Pencil.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shrieked the Eraser, hearing the others laugh and feeling that this remark was surely a joke. "That's a good one, 'pon my word. Give it to us again. Ha! ha! Give it to us—"

"Certainly," said the Pencil; "anything to oblige you," and immediately stuck into the Rubber, in a way that made him see stars, and find it was no joke, after all.

Meanwhile the conversation went on between the other two.

"You would never admit," said the Brush to the Chalk, "that I was better than you are, but now you see I am much higher."

"Ah, poor thing, it's as near Heaven as you'll ever get," sighed the Chalk, meditatively.

"Well, I'm nearer to it than you are," growled the Brush, angrily.

"Seems to me I hear voices," said the Chalk, dreamily. "Could it have been the Brush? Perhaps it is *light* headed. His remarks have no *weight* with me, anyhow. I do believe he's a little—ahem—you know—upper story—and all that."

At this the Black-board-brush fairly trembled with rage, and, a gust of wind shaking the book-case, he flew from his high position and fell upon his enemy, crushing him to pieces and giving Mrs. O'Shaughnessy a smart knock as he fell.

"Dear me," said the irate lady, "if it isn't school-girls, its brushes," and she picked up the Brush and put it back again and swept up the mangled remains of Miss Chalk into a dust-pan. The Brush, in spite of the indignity he felt at being classed with school-girls, felt a glow of triumph in his

soul, and, thinking the ghost of his vanquished foe might be travelling round in the atmosphere about him, he howled out rapturously: "Ya-a-a-h! How do you feel now, smirty? How do you like having your body carried out in a dust-pan, and interred in a cooking-stove? How is that white face of yours by this time? I'm glad things have been made hot for you at last. I crushed you flat enough that time, although everybody knows you always were as flat as a pancake, anyway. Where is your usefulness now, I'd like to know, and your beauty? He-e-e-y!"

Then a faint but stubborn voice came out of the stillness. "I don't care," it said, weakly, "I did something you couldn't do."

"What's that?" roared the Brush.

"I made a mark," said the spirit.

The Brush looked down in a rage, and sure enough, even the conscientious broom of Mrs. O'Shaughnessy had failed to erase the white blur on the floor.

This story has a moral, (i. e.), *Don't give in till the last minute, and, whatever you do, make your mark in life.*

IN DEAD OF NIGHT.

What sounds are those that haunt my listening ear,

In dead of night:

What gasps, what cries, what wailings of despair,

What dismal groanings does the darkness hold,

Enough to erase the weak and tame the bold,

What are those sounds, so weird, so dread, I hear

In dead of night!

I rise; my trembling fingers clutch a light;

A darksome scowl

Comes deeper, blacker from the slumbering night,

As if she wished to hide the sounds she bore;

The housemaid's thin, expostulating snore,

The cook's deep guttural growl.—A. C. A. D.

A SCHOOL GIRL'S SOLILOQUY.

To learn, or not to learn, that is the question:—

Whether 'tis safer and better after all

To let our ardent fellow-students study

Year after year, their 'ologies and 'isms,

And we drop out, or cram and toil and labour,

And by persistent effort conquer all.

To vanquish nature 'tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wished. To loaf, to doze

No more; no more to dream:—there's been the rub;

For in those oft-snatched naps what dreams have come

Of lessons yet unlearned—and never learned;

Of standing helpless in Geometry,

Or murmuring soft "aram, ens, a rat,"

Our teacher's indignation to arouse.

Thus go our lessons all the morning through

And then we're ordered back at three o'clock.

To study them in truth, beneath their eyes

Whose consciences make cowards of us all.

—HATTIE MUIR BAYER.

THE DIFFERENCE.

As mother led Jerry-boy slowly upstairs'

The bright roguish eyes were swimming with tears;

She said, gazing sadly upon his bent head,

"You never see *baby* cry, going to bed!"

With wisdom quips formed in four and a half.

The sweet rosy lips learned a half scornful laugh;

"Boys don't like to sleep, and cry when you make 'em.

But babies *do* like it, an cry if you wake 'em."

A TALK AMONG ANIMALS.

Some very extraordinary things happened in an uptown barnyard the other day. I know about it because, well—because I do; but I can't tell you because I promised not to.

It was haycutting time, and all the folks were in the fields, so there were no meddling people to interrupt the conversation of the animals.

The yard was larger than usual, for the staid old barns, when they saw that their inmates were in an unusually frolicsome mood, had retired a short distance.

Just in front of the hen house, in the shade, lay old



Dog Bruno, who was watching through his half closed eyes, two young roosters who were squabbling over some grains of corn.

What a noise they did make to be sure! Squall! squeak! backbite, front-claw, and so forth.

"Look here," said Bruno, "If you kids don't quit that disturbance, I'll come and make you."



"Whom are you talking to?" saucily enquired Big Beak, who was the youngest of the birds.

"Well," drawled Bruno with a yawn, "not much, to be sure, but you had better take my advice, or as I said, I'll come and make you!"

"Will you though?" muttered Red Comb, the other rooster, as he sauntered off.

"Oh never mind him!" said Terrier, "he feels so almighty big because he sleeps in the house, that he thinks he is capable of bossing the Universe."

"Please sir, what's the Universe?" said a small voice which proceeded from a timid brown

rabbit who was usually called Bunny.

"Well," said Terrier, "I thought even you knew that, I learned it in the kindergarten. They teach all those things to babies there."

"Yes," pleaded the rabbit, "But what is it? My mother was too poor to send me to school."

"Oh, he doesn't know himself! Can't you see that?" piped the squirrel from his perch in the apple tree.

"Look here!" retorted the terrier. "If you don't stop being so saucy, I will bite you."

"Will you, dear? All right. Come right up here and begin operations as soon as you like."



"But, please, sir, you haven't told me what universe is yet," again ventured Bunny.

"No!" snarled Terrier, "And I don't intend to. Do you suppose a person educated as I am, is going to waste his time answering your idiotic questions?"

"No, especially when you don't know the answers. Oh dear! to think that Bunny should pose you," said the squirrel.

"Oh, let him alone! He's daft," said Big Beak.

"Hath much learning made him mad?" inquired the timid voice of the rabbit.

"That might be the case," answered Red Comb.

"No!" said Big Beak, "the entire absence of not only learning but the wherewithal to acquire it, is what's the matter with him."

"Correct!" exclaimed the squirrel.

The Terrier scornfully turned his eyes up to the squirrel. "I should think," said he, with a contemptuous curl of his nose, "that a person with such a ridiculous tail as yours should like to keep quiet and not attract attention."

"Well, I would rather be tailed, than curtailed as you are," frisked the squirrel.

"I'm not a cur!" I'm a thoroughbred," indignantly protested Terrier.

"A curtailed one nevertheless," remarked Bruno, who had been present when Terrier had been deprived of his caudal appendage some years before.

Terrier shot a withering glance at Bruno and marched off. "Great times these for the dogs when they are trained up so that they can see everybody's stupidity but their own," clucked a comfortable old grey hen, named Biddy.

"Is that why the stable-boy said that these were dog days?" queried the timid rabbit.

"Spects that's about right, young 'un," said Big Beak.

"With all his education," said the horse, "Terrier has got about as much solid stuff in him as—"

"Yeast," suggested Red Comb.

"Yes, yeast!" assented the Horse.

"Yeast," remarked the squirrel, who was sometimes called Chipmunk, with an abstracted air, "is the elixir of life."

"How do you make that out, Chipmunk," asked the Horse.

"Well, it raises the staff of life, doesn't it?"

"Hear! hear!" cried all in chorus, "where did you hear that?"

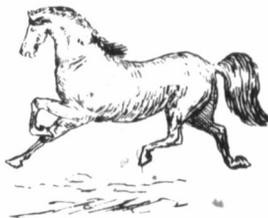
"That's original," replied the squirrel, cracking a nut.

"What does original mean?" queried the monotonous voice of the rabbit.

"Oh, shut up! we're not a collection of dictionaries, you interrogation point!" snapped Biddy.

"I don't see why you call me an interrogation point," whimpered Bunny.

"Well, go, look in a mirror, and then you'll see why, for you are just the shape of one," said Big Beak.



"Hello, Chase!" neighed the horse as the hound stalked by.



Chase gave a surly nod and passed on.

"Oh dear!" sighed Bunny, "I wish you would leave the yard. He scares me nearly out

of my wits, when he looks at me out of the corner of his eyes."

"He couldn't scare you out of your wits, because you haven't got any!" cheeped a little bantam hen.

"Oh! have a little mercy on the poor little beggar," said the horse.

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It falleth like the gentle dew from heaven
Upon the place beneath,"

penatively remarked Chipmunk, from his twig.

"Oh! please then, I don't want mercy! I hate rain!" shivered Bunny.

"Agreed! Bun," cackled three or four hens who had



strolled along.

At this the rabbit, who was supremely astonished at anybody's agreeing with him, reared his ears, and dived into a hole.



"Hello! hello! friends," cried the wolf, as he came swaggering up with his boon companion, the fox. "How's your healths, sure?" he inquired.

"Oh healthy, thanks!" cried all in chorus.



"Where's Chase?" inquired Reynard, the fox.

"Don't know. Saw him pass about half an hour ago."

"Didn't I hear that he was running for office?"

asked a plump pullet.

"Most likely as you did; for that's what he be doin'!" answered the wolf.

"Well he will make a typical officer, for he is gifted by nature with the power of sniffing out what is best for himself," remarked Reynard.

"What office is he running for?" inquired the horse.

"Governor General," answered the wolf.

"I thought he wanted to be Poet Laureate," said a motherly hen.

"So he did," said Reynard; "but Austin cut him out."

"Well" grunted the wolf, "I does say as I hopes he'll get it. There's many as would do worse for the people than Chase."

"Really, Sir Wolf," sarcastically remarked Terrier, who had again joined the group. "Your English is about as choice as that in the *Halifax Harbinger*."

"Awful slap for Wolfie, that," remarked Red Comb, aside.

But Wolf, who read only newspapers, because that was the only dialect he knew, could not see the joke, and gazed innocently around the circle.



"Is Chase a Grit or a Tory?" asked Big Beak.

"Tory, hot as hot," replied the Wolf.

"What's the difference between a Grit and a Tory?" asked Bunny, who had again ventured out of his hole.

"Not a bad question for Bunny!" said Big Beak.

"A Tory," answered Reynard, "is a man who says that he agrees with the men who say that all the meat in the country belongs to about $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. of the population, who are in office and have a chance for first grab; and a Grit is a man who says that he agrees with the men who say that the meat and the bones shall be divided equally, when they are out of office, but who, when they become part of the official $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent., take good care to skin all the meat they can off for themselves, and pass the residue around to the remaining 99 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent."

"Strikes me there is not much to choose between the two," said the Wolf.

"Well, there isn't," answered Reynard.

"And to think that Chase is a Tory," whispered Biddy.

"I wonder how he came to get such ideas into his head," said the horse.

"I heard that he had been going with a crowd of downtown fellows who are rank Tories," said Big Beak.

"Long association with evil will change anyone," rejoined the horse.

"Thus a long communion tends
To make us what we are,"

corroborated Chipmunk, who was balancing himself on a twig.

Just then the hay carts appeared over the hill, and the barns sprang back upon their wonted position, and all the animals became as Sphinxes, until the next time the people were all away, and they had the yard again to themselves.

THE WAY ONE SEES IT.

(Written for the Annual.)

When Towser's anxious for a spat
He straightway seeks our neighbors cat,
To tease it.

If Chung, when pelted, calls out "cop"
The bad boys soon their missiles drop,
And "cheese it."

When Perkins' hopeful wants the moon
It howls, and nothing but the moon
Will please it.

If Eugene falls and hurts his head,
His mother gives him ginger-bread,
To ease it.

When Grimsby has a load to draw,
And can't persuade his horse to "haw,"
He "goes" it.

If Simpkins gets a grippie you know,
And goes to make obeisance low,
He'll sneeze it.

When Softley strolling down the strand,
Greet's his best girl, he holds her hand
To squeeze it.

If Skinfint sees the slightest chance
His hoarded treasure to enhance
He'll seize it.

When Fraud, no matter in what guise,
Attempts to win the man whose wise,
He flees it.

If Aspiration slights this earth,
And hunger comes to things of worth,
Appease it.

When friends and critics view this verse,
The cold-waive of their comments terse,
Will—freeze it.

KARL KRONER.

UNPLEASANTNESS ON PLEASANT STREET.

Everybody knows, or ought to know, that there is a rule in Canada that when carriages meet on the streets or on the highways, the drivers go to the left, and as the drivers always sit on the right-hand side of the vehicle, they can thus see that they are allowing each other sufficient room to pass, and accidents are prevented. The same law applies to bicycles.

The rule for pedestrians or foot-travelers, I believe, is equally explicit. *They are to go to the right*: and if this custom, which has the sanction of common usage and of law, was always observed, there is one young man who at this moment would be both happy and idle—happy because idle, like the majority of the fallen,—instead of laboriously drafting an account of a most painful incident to which he was the party of either the first or second part, he is not clear which.

Well, I left the Academy on Tuesday afternoon about 4.30, having been back voluntarily, of course, for some assistance in chemistry; and as I sauntered innocently along Pleasant St. (pleasant to me no longer), I met just an ordinary specimen of a fat old lady waddling innocently northward. In fact there were two innocents abroad, or at any rate not quite at home. Peace reigned in both our hearts, the light of the best possible intentions shone from our ruddy countenances, and our minds towards men and dogs and other passing events were as one. It is true that we knew nothing more of each other than do the "ships that pass in the night," and perhaps not quite as much; for with us the trouble was that we couldn't pass.

The great rule of my life, ever since I left my trundle bed and my mother's knee, has been that I keep to the right. On this occasion, as always, I set out on the path of rectitude, going to the right, but I found that I got left; for lo! the old lady, contrary to all principle, precedence and conventionality, went to the left.

Now, though I hated to swerve from the right, yet in deference to the old lady's feelings, (for I noticed when we bumped that she felt soft), and to a sermon in St. Luke's about giving way to others, I concluded to go to the left. But in this self-denying attempt I was left in two senses, for at the same infinitesimal point in the cycle of time, the old lady decided to go in the same direction. And there, in the sombre setting of the early November sun, the dance began. As I sidled to the east, she was before me, and as I waltzed to the west she was there. When I made a dive for the gutter, she headed me off, and when I dashed for the stone fence, she, like Messala in the chariot race, hugged the wall.

With marvellous agility we sprang right and left like two boys in a game of chase; we bowed and scraped like comic actors on a stage; and one of us even simpered, "I want to go home." I thought of asking her where she lived, that I might go and tell her friends what was detaining her; it even flashed on me—for how the mind does flash in

moments of tension and excitement—to invite her to come home with me to tea; and then, after a momentary pause, we went at it again. I ducked, but she of the waddling step ducked too. As we straightened again, with a sudden inspiration, and regardless of the spectators of the contest on the opposite side of the street, I clasped her in my arms and tried to lift her around me. But I found her heavier than a teacher's frown.

Among the Boers, where female weight is fair-sex beauty, and where wives can be had only by giving a *quid pro quo*, she would have cost more than fourteen sheep. Yet I did my best. I lifted around to the right, but she manfully tugged toward my left. I then swung towards the left, but at that instant she propped her foot against a brick, and staked her reputation on going to my right.

We struggled and braced and pulled in a way that would have done credit to the Wrestlers of Phillippi, or to Arbaces and Glaucus; her bonnet was on the back of her head, and my collar and necktie were awry; peace was fast leaving our hearts, but still we were of one mind. Indeed, we were exceedingly of one mind. We both wanted to get home, and to get there by the same part of the side-walk, too. We breathed hard and perspired; I felt her cheek slippery against mine, when—a big hand was placed on the shoulder of each of us, and a gruff voice said: "Well, what's the matter here!"

As the Policeman asked the question, still keeping his hands on our shoulders, he unconsciously moved around on the pavement. So did we. Then the good old lady, jerking her bonnet forward and wiping her glowing face, noticed that she was now on the north side of me, and that the coast, so to speak, was clear. So, with a happy smile and with the light of home once more in her eye, she told the officer "there was nothing at all the matter," and waddled comfortably off.

I wanted to sit down on the curb-stone and, like Niobe, dissolve in tears; but I was told to "move on." So I went out to the middle of the street and crept southward in the gathering twilight. But whenever I saw a fellow-mortal, or even a dog, approaching, I stood still and turned my back, and gazed towards the north star till he went by, thus forcing all risk and responsibility on the other party.

I kept my room for days, but am now convalescent; yet when I go out on the street I take my sister with me, (she thinks I have become a model brother), and when I see any unfeathered biped coming towards us, especially if it is a fat old lady, I politely step behind my companion, and the march past is performed in single file without music.

M. J.

MEMORIES.

"Lakeville," called the conductor, putting his head in the car door, and as this was the village for which I was bound, I gathered up my luggage and prepared to leave.

Puff! puff! went the engine. We had stopped and I was on the platform. Oh! what a change. A pain like the stab of a knife, shot through my heart, for I could see nothing in all round which reminded me of the home I had left. Strange faces greeted me, as I looked around and with a lump in my throat, I hurried down the village street.

How well I remembered the kind friends who bade me a sad farewell when, as a boy, I started for the city of B—,

full of pride and ambition, for I was to become a great singer. Now I had returned having gained my heart's desire, but mother, father, home and friends had fled, some to the eternal home, and others but for a journey here on earth.

It was Christmas time, and I had come to visit the home of my boyhood before making a long journey.

Hurriedly walking on, I soon came to an old iron gate and, turning hastily aside, I pushed it open. I entered and walking swiftly up the path, at last came to where the old granite Cathedral rose before me in all its shattered glory. In some places the bricks, crumbled with age, had fallen down, and some of the windows were broken.

The trees around were leafless, but I was reminded that nature had not forsaken the place, when a little bird fluttering to my feet looked up trustfully at me and burst forth in a song of praise to Him who made it. I waited patiently until the little songster had finished his carol, and then pushing open the door of the Cathedral, crept into our old family pew. Leaning back I shut my eyes, and my thoughts went back to a Christmas morn years before, when here I sang my first song.

For the first time I am to sing a solo and, dressed in my surplice I sit in the choir awaiting my turn. Soon it comes, and as the organ peels forth the prelude I step timidly forward. Glancing at the sea of upturned faces my heart sinks, but as I catch sight of my mother's face I take fresh courage and, raising my head, I began in a low, timid voice, sinking, then rising in soft ripples. The tone changes and my voice rings out wild notes; but soon it again changes and my heart seems filled with despair, which echoes and re-echoes through the massive building. Again the tones become pleading as if praying for a lost soul; and as the answer rings out sweet and clear, my heart is filled with love. All is still. My heart seems to rest above, and my very soul to fly upwards, as I pour forth my melody. Louder, it comes, higher, still higher; up, up, it goes until the whole air is full of the praise of our Father, as the choir boys ring out the chorus. Soon their voices cease and in a calmer voice I keep on in sweet peacefulness until softer, softer it becomes and gradually dies out.

I look down and seek my mother's face. Her eyes are filled with tears, yet she has a brave smile for her boy.

Suddenly the spell broke and I found I had just time to catch the return afternoon train. With one lingering look at all around me, I turned and left.

The following evening I appeared before the public for the first time since I had been trained. For weeks I had practised for it, but when I returned from the visit to my old home, I determined to sing the song of my boyhood. I told no one of my intention, except the organist.

As the first notes rang out, a thick gloom seemed to cover everyone, and soon I discerned the form of my mother. Involuntary I held out my hands, and looking upward poured forth my song of praise. Then as the last notes died away my mother's form faded, and glancing for the first time at the audience I found that strong men were weeping and women were sobbing aloud.

Afterward, when my master spoke to me his eyes filled, and putting his hand on my shoulder said, "What made you do it so?" "I was singing to my mother," I replied.

MINNIE G. SPENCER.

A MIDNIGHT VISION.

The clock had struck one, and Tommy,
Lifting his aching head;
Sat up and stared into darkness,
Holding the sides of the bed.

Before him with beckoning gestures,
Stood twenty-four books or more,
A pile in each of the corners
And scattered over the floor.

Up from the corner rising,
A grim Physiology;
And stretching one skeleton finger
Said, "Hush! now listen to me!"

"Sad and hurt, I've been feeling,
As you idly turned each page,
Because you loved not study,
As boys should of your age.

"To see you ever copying
The habits of lazy drones,
Ah! why not listen to me, now
While I tell you about your bones."

But Tom, with a yawning and sighing,
Settled down for a little doze;
When up from behind the bureau
Another book arose.

"Thomas," it said an accents
That haunted the room for years,
And now brought to the eyes of Tommy
Frozen drops that might have been tears.

"Thomas," it said, "I'm a language,
And people call me dead."
"Ghosts!" cried Tommy, wildly,
Grabbing hold of the bed.

"You must learn my verbs and my adverbs,
Say *ago* correctly all through,"
"Oh dear!" cried Tommy dismally,
"I wish I had died with you."

And he tried with his hardest effort,
To once more go to sleep,
But, from under the bed uprising,
Did the *Sketch Book* gently creep.

"Tommy," it said, and its accents
Were cherry, playful and mild,
"Come with me and I'll tell you stories,
Wake up, my dear little child."

Behind it *Geometry* followed,
"Let us reason it out," it said,
"Come Tommy! with a little exercise,
Let me help you out of bed."

"I am always dealing with figures,
And a figure you'd surely make,
Shivering and rubbing your eyelids,
Why you're only half awake."

But Tommie, his sigh was heavy,
"I am sick of it all," he said,
"I wish you would let me be quiet,
There is too much crammed in my head."

"No, no! that would never do, Tommie,"
The *Chemistry* then replied,
"I'm afraid that you'r nerves are fast weakening,
I must get you some Iron-Sulphide."

"I can teach you all the rubbish,
That you would care to know,
You must never speak of water
Except as H₂O."

But Tommie, his trembling fingers
At once put up to his ears.
And the *British History* advancing,
Thought he soon would be in tears.

"Listen Tommie," it whispered,
"There was once on a time a king,
Who cared not at all for study,
But was always just idling.

"He lived many years ago."
"Oh! dear!" cried Tommie, don't worry me.
"What do I care about those who are dead,
Tell me of living people," said he.

"I was willing to teach you," said *Botany*,
"All about flowers, but when you left 'D'
You flung me away, and here I lie yet,
My very existence you seem to forget."

"Ha! we are too easy on little boys,"
Said the green covered book as it fell with a noise,
"Now I, your *Arithmetic* my duty would do
A mathematician I'd make out of you."

"Come give me your brain,
Little Tommie," he said,
"I will cram all the problems
Straight into your head."

But *Geography* taking poor Tommie's cold hand,
Said, "Come with me, Tommie, to far away lands,
Far o'er the Ocean we will go,
And I'll tell you all that you want to know."

"Come little Tommie come with me,
Such wonderful people and lands you will see."
But Tommie, he turned his face to the wall.
"I am tired," he said, "and sick of you all.
A fellow 'bout almost as well be dead,
As have to be cramming so much in his head."

SARIE HUESTIS.

LIBRARY REORGANIZATION.

It seems to me that the following arrangement of the library of the Academy, would not only be most useful in facilitating the finding of books by the hard-worked librarians, but would be far and away ahead of the old system employed, and even now in use.

(The decimal system should be consistently used throughout, and charts weight and measures should be hung up in the Principal's room). A person wishing to find a book adds 10 to the date of the author's death, and upon referring to the Catalogue finds the number of a shelf opposite the sum obtained. This shelf will not in reality exist, but by drawing a line 10 kilometers in length from the place where it probably ought to be, at an angle of 50° to the vertical, the librarian discovers a shelf containing confined copies of the "Journal of Education." The prices of these must be added together, (if they cost anything) and reduced to centimes, all digits in the units' place being unofficial. The librarian, upon carrying his eye 5 decimeters to the right will discover a number corresponding to this sum (allowing 16½ p. c. discount except during leap year). The shelf corresponding to this last number will be always empty. Having arrived at this result, it will generally be found that the book is being read by somebody, which is highly satisfactory all round.

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

Christmas Eve and a bitter night!

The wind, which all day had been moaning drearily through the leafless branches, raised its voice and howled with rage and fury. Whirling clouds of snow thickened the frosty air and blinded the solitary wayfarer as he hurried along the almost deserted street. The Storm King strode abroad in wrath, and all Nature seemed still with fear.

But inside the handsome houses warm fires cheered the rooms. Brilliant lights shed their radiance upon beautiful dresses and happy faces, and every heart beat high with pleasure. Warmth and cheerfulness defied the bitter wind and the threatening snow. Now and then a curtain was lifted from one of the windows, and a bright face framed in light, peered out into the dismal street. Generally one glance was enough, and the curtain closed the bright scene. But down upon the street, two pairs of eyes watched eagerly for that face, and two faces lit up with a little beam of pleasure.

Crouched against the steps of the marble residence were two figures. The eldest, a child (judging by his size) of about nine years. But the face! O, so old and worn! So starved and pale, and with such a hunted look in his sunken eyes! The other, a little girl some three years younger, pinched and pale like the boy, but with a child's trusting look still lingering in her face. Yellow curls, heavy with snow, hung upon her tattered cloak, and the large eyes, turned upon her brother's face, were filled with tears. Close to her breast she clasped a tiny dog. Thin and hungry, he nestled against that loving heart in pitiful companionship.

"Tim's so cold," she whispered, and the tears fell one by one. "He's awful cold, an' so'm I. But I'm 'fraid Tim's coldest. He shivers all the time."

"Never mind, Daisy, he'll feel warmer soon. We'll hug him up close till the snow can't touch him, an' en' we'll watch an' see of the little fairy comes to the window again, an' of she does we'll let Tim see her, too," said the boy in as cheerful a tone as he could muster. And so both poor, shivering children pressed closer to one another to protect the starving dog.

In the church, across the way, singers were practising for to-morrow's anthem, and their blended voices rose into the angry night.

"Do you hear that beautiful music, Daisy, in that big church over there? Doesn't it sound like angels 'ud sound of we c'd hear 'em?" said Jim, trying to divert Daisy's attention from the dreary fall of the snow-flakes.

"Yes, they're singin' about Heaven and flowers and plenty of peace," said Daisy. "I wonder if Heaven's far away. I'm so tired, I'd like to go there an' get warm, an' never be hungry any more. An' Tim, too—he'd like to go. He'd have lots of bones an' meat, wouldn't he? An' you'd never have to sell any more matches, an' we'd have a house to live in, an' no father to get drunk an' beat us an' kick us about, would we?"

"I guess not," said Jim, doubtfully. "But I don't quite see just how we'd have a house an' lots to eat an' be nice an' warm without father 'ud find us an' turn us out again."

"Oh!" said Daisy, despairingly, "ef he'd have to come we'd better not go, had we? I'd like it better to stay here an' be so awful cold an' hungry. Praps he couldn't find us," hopefully, "of its big 'nough."

"I guess it mus' be big," replied Jim, "'cause all 'em people what goes to meetin' are goin', an' I guess mother went, too, 'cause she said she'd wait for us there."

"Oh! I wish we c'd go to her now," said Daisy, crying bitterly. "Tim's gettin' too cold—an' the snow's comin' again."

Jim's pale face was now of a livid hue. He had put his ragged coat around Daisy, and his thin shirt was full of holes. He was shivering violently, but poor little Daisy was too young to notice his condition, and faithful Jim tried to confine her attention to the moaning dog.

And now the piercing wind died into a whisper. The clouds broke away and a few faint stars struggled out. The street was disclosed, filled with drifts, which crowded the children even in their narrow shelter.

There was silence now. Daisy, still clasping her dog to her breast, leaned her drowsy head against her brother and closed her eyes. His head had fallen against the door. His arms were clasped around his helpless sister, and his face, with the light upon it, was as the snow itself.

Another star appeared. The moon struggled through the broken clouds. A ray fell upon the faces of the sleeping children, and the dog was still.

Then the stars disappeared. The lowering clouds closed over the face of the pitying moon. The wind, gathering fresh vigor from its brief rest, rose again in mighty wrath and hurled the snow-drifts down the silent street. And the snow fell.

But the children felt it not. They had entered into the haven of rest. They had found that place of warmth and brightness where hunger and want are never known; where Peace and Plenty reign supreme, and where the lost are found again.

The little dog, creeping from his now cold resting place, licked the hands of the silent sleepers and cried piteously in missing their carresses, then crouched by their side in dull sorrow. While in the big church across the way the anthem rose higher and higher,—

"Peace on Earth; good-will to men."

C. M. M.

H. A. A. A. C.

<i>Hon. President</i>	PRINCIPAL KENNEDY.
<i>President</i>	ERNEST BLOIS.
<i>Sec'y-Treasurer</i>	FORRESTER McDONALD.
<i>Capt. of Foot-ball Team</i>	MR. LOGAN.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

On October 9th, the team played its first league game. Our opponents were the Wanderers, the champions of '96. The result was disastrous, as we are obliged to acknowledge. We were defeated by a score of 21—0, three goals and two tries. The only reason we can advance is that we were not in condition; but away with excuses, we were outplayed. Our team lined up as follows:—

Full Back, Harvie. *Half Backs*, Mooney, Archibald, Campbell, McDonald, W. *Quarter Backs*, Harrington, Stairs. *Forwards*, Logan, Capt., McLeod, Blois, Walker, McDonald, F., Lindsay, Stewart, Hay.

McDonald, Harrington and Stairs all played well, while for the Wanderers, Forrest T. Wood and H. Stephen excelled.

On the 16th, we met Dalhousie, the crack team of the year. We pulled together in this game, and with such effect that from start to finish it was anybody's game. Our forwards more than held their own with Dalhousie's giants. S. Murray scored for Dalhousie within five minutes after the game started, and things looked blue, but the boys were not discouraged, and went to work with a will and from that on outplayed their opponents. Dalhousie scored once again in that half. Before the whistle blew for half-time, Stairs, who played a brilliant game, scored a try. No goal was kicked, making the score 6—3. The second half was a series of desperate scrimmages about centre field, in which Dalhousie was worsted. But luck was against us, and before the whistle blew for time, Dalhousie scored another try, making the score 9—3. For the Academy, Archibald and McDonald at half, Harrington and Stairs at quarter, and Stewart, C. McDonald and Blois all played splendidly. For Dalhousie, Hebb, S. Murray, McLeod and Cook played well. The result of this game was very satisfactory, as subsequent events proved. Dalhousie swept everything before them, defeating all the other teams by large scores.

On October 23rd, we met our old opponents, the Columbias, on the Wanderers' grounds. We succeeded in defeating them, after a very close and poor game. In the first half we had things very much our own way, and F. McDonald scored a try. No goal was kicked. In the second half the order of things was reversed, and we were on the defensive the whole time. They nearly scored on several occasions, but the tackling of our halves saved us. On one occasion Carr, of Columbias, having cleared the field, was within two yards of the line and sure to score, when, to make more sure of it, he passed to Crockett, but he had passed forward and the ball was brought back. We soon forced it back and kept it out of danger until the whistle blew for time. Score 3—0. Our team was without W. McDonald, C. McDonald and Lindsay. The former had his collar bone broken in practice. His place was taken by Reynolds, who played a very strong game. J. McDonald and H. Blois took the vacant places in the forwards. McDonald, Archibald, C. Blois, Harrington and Mooney all played a first-class game. Anderson, at full-back, is a corker. For the Columbias, Carr, Morrison and Crockett all played well.

We played our last league game on October 30, against the Y. M. C. A. We were again victorious, after a hard-fought game. The first half was in favor of the Y. M. C. A., but we kept them from scoring, and our boys were in much better condition at the end of the half than at the beginning. Shortly after the beginning of the second half, we rushed it up to their line, and F. McDonald shot across for a try. The kick for goal failed. We were satisfied after that to keep them from scoring, and only once was our goal in danger, but a free kick for handling the ball in the scrimmage removed the danger. The game ended with the score 3—0. The feature of the game was the manner in which Harrington handled the old Dalhousian, Barnstead. He was no match for "Buck," who played all around him. C. McDonald, Blois, F. McDonald, Harrington, Stairs, Mooney and Archibald all played good football. Anderson played a magnificent game. For the Y. M. C. A., Hugill, Crocker, Woodworth and Ewing all played well.



CHAIRMAN GEO. E. FAULKNER.



SUPERVISOR MCKAY.



C. McKEAY, ARCHIBALD, H. BEGS, F. MACDONALD, ANDERSON, MOONEY, PARVIE,
 WILSON, McLEOD, E. BEGS, STEWART, CAMERON, W. MACDONALD,
 MR. LEAN, STABLES, GINDAY, HARRINGTON.

OFFICERS OF ACADEMY CADET CORP.



Drill Instructor Lockhart. Lt. A. McDonald.
Lt. Archibald.
Sergt-Maj. Nickerson. Lt. Stairs. Capt. Cox. Lt. Christie. Capt. F. McDonald.



Clara Miller. Bessie Connor. Jean Egan. Eva Sircom. Olive Smith. Nellie Chapman.
Blanche McQuinn. Flora McNutt. Mabel Spencer. Winnie Conrod. Winnie McKenzie.
Ina Bentley. Pauline Parker. Ethel Boreham. Lillie Boak.

The league standing this year is as follows:—

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------|
| 1. Dalhousie..... | 8 points. |
| 2. { Academy
Y. M. C. A. }..... | 4 " |
| 3. { Wanderers
Columbias..... | 0 " |

From this it will be seen that we have advanced a place on the position of the last two years. We will make a bold try to land on top in '98. Most of our old players will still be with us, and there is plenty of new blood. We must get to work earlier next year, and play more games before the league matches are on. We must even play games with some of the teams of the senior league. We succeeded in securing the Y. M. C. A. grounds for two days in the week, but it was not until after we had lost two games, so let us resolve now to get to work as early as possible in the season of '98, and although conjecture is useless, I feel that we will be nearer than ever to the coveted trophy.

GEORGE CAMPBELL.

THE GIRLS' LITERARY CLUB.

<i>Hon. Presidents.....</i>	{ MISS MACKINTOSH AND MISS PETERS.
<i>President.....</i>	MISS ETHEL BOREHAM.
<i>Vice-Presidents.....</i>	{ MISS NELLIE CHAPMAN AND MISS CLARA MILLER.
<i>Secretary.....</i>	MISS WINNIE KONROD.

LITERARY Clubs are generally composed of people who are anxious to improve their taste for literature. It was for exactly the same purpose that the girls of the Halifax Co. Academy, undertook to form a club, bearing the name of "The Girls' Literary Club." Besides wishing to improve their knowledge of English,

they were desirous of cultivating their talent for Music and Elocution, of bringing the members of the different classes on a nearer footing, and thus making them better acquainted with one another.

The first meeting of the Club was held last year, in October, and the meetings were adjourned shortly before the mid-summer examinations.

The Club was a complete success, and it was with great pleasure that the pupils looked forward to the meetings, as although last year was the first, the society has already done for its members a great deal of good.

The programmes for the different meetings were varied and interesting. For instance, there were addresses by three distinguished women, musical programmes, discussions

on different authors, and original papers. The debates, particularly, did a great deal of good, as besides giving information to all, they greatly improved the elocutionary powers of those who took part in them; not only helping to speak in an easy and intelligent manner, but giving confidence to those who are naturally timid and who had hitherto never spoken before an audience. Several debates were held last year, all of them very interesting.

Afternoons with the best authors, ancient and modern, perhaps did more towards developing a knowledge of literature than any other topic. Besides discussing their lives, several characteristic selections were read, which were then open to the criticisms of the members of the club.

The musical afternoons were a very pleasant change from debates, and literary programmes, and helped to improve the talents of those girls, who would perhaps otherwise not have had the chance.

The meetings in general did a great deal to make new comers feel at home and perfectly at ease with those who had entered the Academy before themselves. They also created both a feeling of interest in the pleasure and benefit of others, by contributing to the programmes, and also one of independence; and, in addition, gave the pupils an opportunity of learning how to conduct a meeting themselves, if ever called upon to do so.

The second term of the Club began October 1st, and it was agreed that the meetings should be held once a fortnight. This first meeting, contrary to all former ones, was decidedly like a Quakers' Meeting that the hopes of the pupils for their future success sank almost to zero. Indeed, to secure the co-operation of the pupils it was suggested that those who wished to attend the meetings should sign a pledge, promising to do all they could to keep up the good record of the Club. But even this suggestion seemed to show how careless they had grown, and the next gathering was such a success that the rest of the meetings promise to be better than those of last year.

Although "The Girls' Literary Club" has been so successful, there are a few grievances, though slight, about which I should like to express my opinion.

1st. All should feel it their duty to do all they can to help the committee and the meetings, by contributing to the programme, or if really unable to do anything themselves, to get others to assist in their place. A great deal has been said about this, but I don't think it can be too fully impressed on the minds of those who do not do their share.

2nd. There are several persons who continually whisper, and interrupt by so doing. I advise that they should consider, even for their own good, whether or not it is best to exercise a little ordinary politeness.

In conclusion, I will add the opinions of one young lady, as to what good the Club has done among the pupils. She said:—

"It makes us independent. Before the Club started most of us were afraid of our lives, but it has developed our self-respect to such an extent, that now, we dare to hold and to express an opinion on matters. Further it develops our elocutionary talents."

The picture of the officers of the Young Ladies' Literary Club was taken by Mr. Reginald Corbett of the D₁ Class. He very kindly brought his camera several times to the Academy and spared no trouble to get a good photo. The officers wish to thank him heartily for his kindness.

ONE OF THE COMMITTEE.



LAYS OF SCHOOL LIFE.

THE OLD STAIRCASE.

It is old, and bare, and paintless;
Smooth-worn by tramping feet;
I see the old school staircase,
In dreams half sad, half sweet,
And sometimes sigh for the old-time ways,
The old-time hopes and fears;
With the surge and strife
Of the gay school life,
About those flights of stairs.

On the high and broad-silled windows
Some used to lean and talk;
While others through the hall-ways
In groups were wont to walk.
But what we loved the best of all,
When freed from studious cares,
Was to sit and chat
On the topmost flat,
Above those flights of stairs.

On the first floor we learned Latin—
Ah me! those days are past,
When Cæsar and Æneas
Their spells around us cast.
And in another room we learned
To mind our own affairs:
So that soon from "D's"
We might pass as "C's"
Up two of those flights of stairs.

There were many deeds enacted
Upon those four old flights,
Such scenes of deadly conflict!
Such scrimmages! such fights!
Sweet secrets, too, were whispering told,
To sympathetic ears,
And 'twas with a sigh,
That we said good-bye,
To those dear old flights of stairs.

FLORENCE ANCIENT.

HOW I DIDN'T GET MY LICENSE.

Yes, I have come to the conclusion that I will let the world know. My bosom burns with indignation when I think upon the baseness of the whole matter. I have been the victim of a fraud which will stand out unique in the annals of crime, and be handed down to posterity as an example of the degradation to which mankind can descend. Bribery and corruption have reigned, and doubtless still reign, in high places, (they say it rains frequently on the mountains), and to expose the matter and make the world tremble like a frightened jelly-fish, I, Theophilus Gum, consider it my bounden duty.

Like a great many other misguided victims I had been persuaded to take the annual Government Examination held at the Academy, in order to get a license. Having thoroughly prepared myself for this examination three days beforehand, I went up in due course. Being so well prepared, I had every confidence in myself; then, again, these examinations are largely a matter of luck, and you must rely a great deal on your own native wit and readiness, of which I, Theo. Gum, have a large share. "Therefore" as our Euclid master would say, I repeat, I had every confidence in myself and was greatly surprised to find my fellow-seekers after licences didn't seem so sure. Still, everybody isn't equally brilliant, and if people will elog their brains with study months before the Exam., what can you expect?

Having seated myself at my desk (kindly provided for the occasion by the Nova Scotia Furnishing Co.—price 50c.), I proceeded to survey the Exam. paper which was on Latin. The first question was:

"Would you call Latin a live or a dead language?"

With my usual sagacity I promptly wrote *both*; but then I paused for a moment. "Surely this must be a catch" I said to myself. "Consider for a moment, is Latin a dead language?" Of course I knew what a dead language was—one which wasn't alive; and on the other hand, a live language was one which wasn't dead. But Latin couldn't be dead and buried, because it was taught in all the schools to the best of my belief; and it couldn't be alive, because I never saw a language alive and kicking yet. This was plainly a catch, so with great satisfaction I crossed out *both* and added *neither*.

The next question on the programme was:

"Give the meaning of *bonus*, *In Africa*, *olim*. Write a full explanation." Really this was absurdly easy. Of course everybody knows what *bonus* means, so I wrote:

Bonus—a premium, as on a loan or other privilege (*vide* Dictionary, English).

In Africa. As far as I could see there was nothing in *Africa*, so I confined my attention strictly to the *in*, which as far as I know is a wayside pub, so I wrote accordingly.

Olim. This means in English "oil him." While Homotius was defending the bridge against an immense army, "in the brave days of old," he went quite faint all of a sudden like. The fact of the matter was a fly had bitten his nose and raised a lump thereon, and the crowd shouted with a mighty shout from the walls of Rome "Oil him!" "Oil him!" (N. B. If you don't believe this look up "Brays from distant Home," by a Mr. Muckerly).

Next we come to the third question:

Who was Brutus?

I wrote: "Brutus was so called because he was a brute. His history runs thus: He and Cæsar were great friends until they played a game at poker one night, and Cæsar won all the money. Then they quarrelled, for Brutus was a mean cuss, and stingy as an old miser. From words they came to blows, and Brutus, pulling out his pocket-knife stabbed Cæsar in his right eyebrow. Whereupon Cæsar sank to the ground as gracefully as a hippopotamus, exclaiming with his last breath; "Hate-you-brute."

Then came:

"Parse, crudeliter, puniebam, Vere, De, quercus."

What! Could I believe my eyes! What did it all mean! Was I dreaming? Brilliant thought—of course these were evidently misprints. Yes, these were mistakes made by some Johnny or other, I said to myself. Look at the last word "quercus." The printer while typeing must have been watching a brother printer, and, having come to the conclusion that he was a "queer cuss," promptly recorded the same on this Exam. paper in like manner (not understanding Latin—as I did) he must have garbled the others. So I went up to the Examiner, and with a smile of pained surprise, pointed out the misprints to him, saying I couldn't possibly answer *that* question. He *parsed* parsed, I should say, eyed me with a glassy eye and a stony stare, and then to my intense astonishment advised me to try the next question, if I couldn't do that one. This I accordingly did, completely flabbergasted.

The next question was:

"What nouns of the first declension are masculine?"

This was evidently a puzzle set by some weak-minded but amiable Examiner, who had nothing better to do, and having no time to waste on such silly questions, I wrote, "Give it up, Sir."

Well, there were ten questions in all, and I had come out of the ordeal as I expected—triumphantly, for I had answered eight out of the ten, and considering my unique and original answers, I thought I had got at least 10 p. c. above the average number of marks assigned to each question.

What was my complete petrification some time later to find that I had not passed. What! I, Theophilus Gum, plucked like an innocent bird! O ye Gods and little fishes could it be true! So great was my chargin that I instantly tore out three handfuls of hair, and stared for three consecutive minutes at nothing.

This is the true history of a vile plot to pluck. From henceforth and for evermore the Academy and I are strangers.

SOLON.

PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION NOTES.

Dear Editors:—Immediately after the Provincial Exhibition closed, our highest (B) class was called upon to write essays thereon, keeping in view two special points: (a) noticeable features, and (b) suggestions as to how future exhibitions could be improved. As the writer was allowed the privilege of seeing these essays, she is able to give the public the benefit of unprejudiced criticisms from what may fairly be called a very intelligent class in the community, the wisest and oldest pupils of the County Academy.

The first point having been dealt with at the time, both exhaustively and exhaustingly by all the newspapers, we pass it over and proceed to enumerate the improvements suggested.

1. The sale of liquor on the grounds was denounced as a disgrace to Halifax, and an insult to the sober part of the community. To repeat some of the remarks made on this might bring blushes to the cheek even of some of those who authorized the sale.
2. There should be one or more drinking fountains where people could find them. It was easier for grown people to get liquor than water.
3. Many more electric cars are needed.
4. The cars should go right up to the entrance.
5. More entrances and exits are required.
6. The paths on the grounds should be properly made and kept watered.
7. Grounds should have grass or gravel, and it would be better not to have them ankle deep in dust, as they were.
8. The grounds should be better lighted at night.
9. Have no silly side shows, or pedlars, or fakirs, and particularly no gambling and betting games.
10. Have a boarding house on the grounds for the country exhibitors and visitors.
11. Have benches on the grounds, and seats for the exhibitors and visitors.
12. Let the price for admission take people into all parts of the Exhibition, and have no extras, previously announced or otherwise.
13. Have some good restaurants on the grounds.
14. Have parlors both for ladies and for gentlemen, to rest or to meet their friends.
15. Prohibit smoking at least in the buildings. Ladies

and gentlemen usually deprecate having smoke puffed into their faces.

16. Allow no spitting or throwing around of rubbish on the floors of the buildings. Keep the floors clean.

17. Have more obliging officials.

18. The roof of the main Building should be of glass, and have no windows, thus saving much valuable space.

19. Enlarge some of the buildings, as they are now too small.

20. More buildings are badly needed, both to gain more room, and to prevent confusion. There should be a Fine Arts Building, Education Building, and some place to put stoves, etc., so that they shall not lumber up Machinery Hall, where they are out of place.

21. Outside exhibitors should not be allowed to take up all the best places, to the exclusion of our own people. Why should Americans exhibit at our Fair?

22. Exhibitors, in person or by deputy, should be at hand to explain and give information about their exhibits.

23. Articles should be properly arranged, classified, and taken care of.

24. More prizes are needed in Educational department.

25. There should be more competent judges, as some awards were ridiculous. Ladies should judge the work of ladies, as prizes were unfairly awarded in some instances.

26. It would be well to have the prize bread displayed show some appearance of being fit to eat. Most of the bread exhibited looked as if it would 'kill at a hundred yards.'

27. There should be a chance for the Cooking School to exhibit.

28. More space should be allowed, and more prizes should be offered, for manufactures.

29. Have an elevator to the top of the dome of the Main Building, since we have neither a Ferris Wheel nor Eiffel Tower.

30. It might be better not to have the same concert every night.

31. In the catalogues, there should be a plan of each of the buildings showing the location of the different exhibits and giving the name of exhibitors.

32. Exhibition should be held earlier.

33. It should not last so long.

34. There should be a free day for the poor people.

35. Have children's day before half the exhibits are spoiled or have been removed.

36. Begin *now* to get ready for the next. [A. O. D.]

"MEMORIAL LINES."

I found recently among my grandfather's school books an old Latin Composition, which proved to me a very interesting relic. Some extracts might prove of interest to those of my classmates who sympathize with the school boy in *Punch*, who when asked by his teacher what advantages the Romans had over us, said, "Please, sir, they understood Latin." In my father's time school-boys did not seem to be required to know everything as at present, but Latin was a *sine qua non* of Education, and many were the devices to which recourse was had to instil the idioms of the tongue of those olden days, into the dull heads of a later generation. One of these devices was turning into rhyming lines (I had almost

written poetry), the rules which we con, with more or less diligence, in drcary prose. E. g.,

*For crime let crimen never come,
But scelus, facinus, flagitium.*

We should say as a ready illustration of this rule that "*scelus, facinus, flagitium*," would certainly, therefore be the proper word to apply to such a couplet.

Tears, we fear, were a too frequent ingredient in Latin lessons then as now; but surely there was the addition of a smile when one was asked to commit to memory the following:—

*Let that translated be by quo,
When with comparatives it does go."*

["It does go"!]

Or take the following:—

*"Vereor ne, I fear he will;
Vereor ut, I fear he won't;
Turn future by Subjunctive present
After fear: forget it don't."*

I should think one wouldn't after such a quaint warning.

What do you think of this!—

*"The boy has but a stupid head,
Who always for a but puts sed."*

In those days of "optional" Latin, "the boy" clears himself of the charge of having a "stupid head" if he can even remember among the thousand and one other things with which his head is crammed, that *sed* is EVER the word for *but*.

Just one more.

*"By ut translate infinitive,
With ask, command, advise and strive;
But never be the rule forgot:
Put ne for ut when there's a not"*

On the *English* of the last two lines we might add, just to show that the art of memorial verses is not completely lost,

*Use forgotten not forgot,
For participle past 'forget it not.'*

SOLON.

SECRETS.

BY CLAUDIA.

"Really, father, I have done my best." The blue eyes were clouded, the sweet lips grew tremulous.

"Don't talk to me about doing your best! Your mother was but seventeen when I married her, and never—no never! even in the first year of our married life, did she set before me such a meal as you have to-day. I tell you plainly, Mildred, I can't stand it. Week in, week out I come home after a hard day's work, and am forced to choose between raw beef, burnt fish, and going hungry. There! there my girl! don't cry about it. I didn't mean to be unkind. Good gracious, what babies some women are!" and the fussy, middle-aged gentleman rose hurriedly from the table, upsetting in his haste the direct course of his wrath—a dish of pasty, greasy substance, which Millie honoured with the name of gravy, but which Mr. Ross dubbed "swill."

For barely two minutes Millie sat struggling with her tears. In the next she had seized a knife and was scraping the offending mixture from the cloth, and the close of the fourth found her singing "Rosy O'Grady," with a bright, happy light on her bonny face. "How happy I'll be," warbled she, as a lump of grease, roused by her energetic

movements, soared upward and plastered itself upon the dimple in her charming chin. "For I love sweet Ro—o—" The slamming of a door in the front of the house brought the singing to an abrupt close.

"Poor papa!" sighed she, raising her apron and hastily rubbing the grease spot before she went to the window to watch his progress down the street. "Oh! I say Jack, come in here this very minute; Jack! Jack!" throwing open the window, and trilling after the retreating figure in a very unlady-like manner. "Oh! I beg your pardon, sir; I was sure you were my cousin Jack." In some confusion Millie closed the window, and turning, beheld in the mirror opposite, her own pretty face, adorned with a great black smutch across the chin. "I don't care one bit!" with a stamp of her foot; for this much-tried young lady's temper was getting the better of her by this time. "Jack's never 'round when you want him, anyway. I won't tell a single soul about it; I'll do it all myself."

A long room, brightly lighted, spotlessly clean, and peopled by a bevy of white aproned misses, gathered in groups of four about unpainted wooden tables placed at regular intervals. Up-to-date gas ranges and other cooking appliances ranged along one side, and, flitting hither and thither, a tall, stately lady with a sweet expression, becomingly costumed, like her pupils, in a dark dress, with white cap, fichu, cuffs and apron. "Cup of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, four eggs. Yes, Miss Ring, I have everything I want, thank you. Cup of but—; Lillie, pass me that wooden spoon, please. Don't you think these big white aprons are awfully becoming? Oh, dear! I will have to get another egg," and Mildred Ross made her way swiftly and gracefully among the busy, happy throng of girls to the provision table at the end of the room.

For nearly three months had our young house-keeper been attending the cooking school, and still did she call the secret her own, as far as all outside of that institution were concerned. Mr. Ross congratulated himself, every time he sat down to his well-cooked meals, upon the splendid effect of his hastily-delivered lecture, and his daughter received all compliments with a demure face, but a roguish light in her sparkling eyes.

"Lillie, got any Christmas presents made?" she asked, deftly cracking the last egg into a china bowl.

"Oh, have you?" whisking them lightly with a wire spoon; "wish I had! I shall have to buy all mine; I am so busy, you know. Papa is going to bring a gentleman home to dine with us Christmas day, a Mr. Fairfax,—awfully clever, they say, and I am going to cook the dinner all by myself. Lillie, don't you think that's light enough? So kind of Miss Ring; she is going to let me cook my turkey here Christmas day, under her supervision. She says she has to be here, anyway, and I am so anxious for it to be nice. Please tie my apron strings, again? You see, it is such a short run in the cars, and I can place it right in the oven again when I get home. Yes, Miss Ring, I am coming," and the little chatterbox once more threads her way among her fellow-pupils, bearing a pan of cake to the range

"Hello! seems to me I have seen that face before! By jove, I have, too! It wasn't as clean as it is now, either," and there is a suspicious twinkle in the eyes that meet Mildred's horrified gaze, as she, slightly panting under her rather heavy basket, is helped into the cars. She has recognized him too, but will never betray it, she inwardly determines, closing her firm little teeth together, and thus giving her mouth a stubborn curve. How long the car seems! and the only vacant seat is quite down at the end. Horrors! what a lurch! she gave that time. She has lost her balance. With a frantic gesture, she clutches for a strap, then resigns herself to the inevitable, and gracefully seats herself, basket and all, upon the lap of the very gentleman she has determined to avoid. "Oh! I beg your

pardon, sir, I'm sure," she exclaims, hurriedly, springing up and casting an indignant glance at two girls who are convulsed with laughter in the corner. The gentleman, lifting his hat, rises, and with a composure strongly contrasting with her confusion, gently places her in his seat, taking for himself the one at the further end of the car. When the conductor calls out — "St. she springs to her feet, forgetful of the precious basket lying near, and is on the pavement almost before they come to a stand-still. The stranger rises too, and in a leisurely way picks up the abandoned burden and follows her.

"You have forgotten your dinner, have you not?" he says, catching up with the flying figure.

"My dinner!" gasps Millie, then her cheeks flush angrily. "What right had you, sir, to look in my basket? Hand it over, please!" A neatly-gloved little hand is put forth imperiously.

"Will you not allow me to carry it for you? It is somewhat heavy," he replies, in no-wise perturbed.

"Thank you, no!" very icily. "The a-a family to which I am taking the basket do not live far away." Without another word it is handed over, and Millie speeds on her way once more.

She is so busy when she gets home that the incident almost passes from her mind, but it is recalled in a rather unpleasant manner when she is introduced to Mr. Fairfax and finds that he is the same gentleman from whom she parted so abruptly a short time ago.

Although Mildred thinks herself very much annoyed with him, yet, for the time being, she puts the feeling aside, and exerts herself to make the time pass pleasantly. A brilliant little hostess she makes, and a very happy trio do justice to her well-cooked dinner. Mr. Fairfax is a splendid conversationalist, and our little chatterbox finds herself quite contented to listen.

"You do your teacher great credit," he murmurs in a low tone intended only for Millie's ear, as they rise from the table.

"Oh! how do you know! and how much do you know?" she exclaimed, hardly knowing whether to feel annoyed or amused; but the stranger shakes his head and smiles.

"You do not want me to disclose the secret, to your father, do you?" he asks, mischievously, and they pass from the room.

The evening speeds away all too quickly with singing, playing and talking, and the time comes when Mr. Fairfax must take his departure.

"I have spent this day very differently from last Christmas," he says, pausing a moment on the threshold to take another glance at the cosy room, which a slight income and Millie's slender fingers have rendered home-like and beautiful.

"Oh, I know you have another story to tell us. Were you in Africa or South America? Do sit down and tell it," pleads his hostess.

"Indeed, I was a great deal nearer home, not very far from this city," was the reply. "A party of us went on a sleigh-ride. There were two teams—the large one occupied mostly by ladies, and the other, a smaller one, with young men, including myself, and one married man. We were bound for a cove some miles out of town, and, by accepting the advice of one of our party, the wrong road was taken. We pretended great anger against this poor fellow when the mistake was found out, and, being full of spirit and in for a good time, decided to have some fun with him. Stopping the horse, and lifting him out of the sleigh, we bound his hands and feet tightly, and held a council of war over our helpless victim. 'Duck him!' suggested one. 'Oh, I say, the water's cold,' ejaculated the culprit. 'And wet,' put in the married man, and we decided to abandon that idea, as it was attended with too much risk. 'I move we tie him to a tree and let him swing till we come back,' shouted one of the youngest. This original idea was received with acclamations of savage joy from the remainder. 'I move,' came weakly from the prostrate figure, 'that we cut these ropes and join the other party; they will be tired waiting for us.' But at this juncture someone called out, 'gag him, he talks too much,' and he promptly subsided. The reins were taken off the horse, passed round his waist and knotted firmly so that it would not slip; then, passing them under his coat up

to the back of his neck, we tied them to the bough of a strong tree growing on a slight elevation on the side of the road, and stood off and surveyed the dangling figure. Just then we caught sight of a team in the distance, and not yet content with our day's sport, we bade our victim good bye, in spite of his entreaties, telling him we *might* call on our way back. The young man afterwards told us that, when we left, he tried in vain to release himself, but, after a short time, he heard approaching sleigh-bells, and resolved to give us a great scare. He distorted his face, assuming an agonized look, and lolling his tongue far out. The sleigh approached, and had nearly passed, when a loud shriek was borne upon the air, followed by a man's voice. 'Keep quiet, Maria; poor fellow! What an awful sight! Here, hold the reins; I will have to cut him down.' The 'poor fellow' tried to make an explanation, but it was a long time before it would be accepted. I will not attempt to describe our *sorrow* (?) when we arrived upon the scene," finished Mr. Fairfax, once more rising to take his departure.

"Miss Ross, I believe I owe you an explanation," turning to his hostess. "I did not open your basket, but I am acquainted with your fellow-pupil, Lillian Sims, which fact will probably explain many seeming mysteries."

"Oh, Papa!" cried Mildred, after their guest had gone.

"I have something to show you," and she handed him a roll of papers, neatly tied with blue ribbon.

"What is this?" mutters her father; the cooking school diploma! "Oh!" his face clears, "you have been attending it, you little witch, have you? Well! well! this is the cause of the sudden and wonderful change for the better, is it? But," the puzzled look returns, "these," handling some small papers, "are receipted bills. You did not make any demands on me for money; how is this?"

"I did without some little things I wanted, and paid it out of my pocket money," Mildred replied, timidly, and with flushed cheeks. "You see," getting bolder, "mama had her mother to teach her and I had no one, so I thought you would be pleased, Papa."

"God bless you, my dear," is all Mr. Ross says as he stoops to kiss the sweet face, and Mildred goes to bed with a happy heart.

Mrs. James Fairfax keeps a splendid retinue of servants, but she has no cook, preferring to act in that capacity herself, and prepare her husband's meals to his satisfaction.

A THOUGHT FOR THE BAD.

Oh! I tell you it's a comfort,
When the lectures all are done,
Just to scribble in a corner,
And to just make fun,
There's a spirit in your pencil
That a solace is to you,
And it makes you laughing happy,
When you feel cry-blue.

Oh! I tell you 'tis a comfort
When the clock is striking one,
And you know that scrapes and lessons
Are alike all done!
There's a gladness in the sidewalks
And a freedom in the air,
For the happy heart within you,
Makes the world grow fair.

Oh! I tell you it's a comfort,
When the time for scrapes all past—
You can laugh, and sing, and whistle,
And be free at last!
And it's oh! to be a wild wind,
Made of nothing but the air,
For the wind with naught to check it
Whirls eth every where.



[A Student was asked by one of the teachers why he had not brought a certain exercise to class. He replied that in leaving home that morning he was "slightly hurried" in order to catch the boat. The answer suggested the following lines.]

SLIGHTLY HURRIED.

Not very many years ago, as the clock was striking eight,
A student rose in Dartmouth in a 'slightly hurried' state;
And he dressed himself more quickly than it takes for me to tell,
For he was 'slightly hurried' by the ringing of a bell.

From home he made his exit, - in his hand a piece of cake,
For he was 'slightly hurried' and his breakfast could not take;
And as he runs he munches, and muses on his fate,
As he rushes down the hillside with a 'slightly hurried' gait.

Soon he's seated in the cabin, with his head as light as lead,
Wishing he'd been 'slightly hurried' off the night before to bed.
Very soon, the voyage over, he has reached the western side,
And our student climbs up George St. with a 'slightly hurried' stride.

Now at length the school he reaches and the steps with bounds ascends;
To the Principal, the first hour, he most carefully attends,
Lessons being 'slightly hurried,' next he hastens down below,
But his prospects are quite bluish for his Greek he does not know.

Soon again those steps he faces, for the Chemist's room he's bound;
By some 'slightly hurried' paces in his class he's safe and sound.
But he now is scarcely seated, when a voice across the main
Whispers softly through the classroom "here's a paper with no name."

Then our student quickly rising, shows that he is wide awake,
For he says that his handwriting no one ever can mistake.
We unto that youth whose paper in the room across the way
Is examined by our student in his 'slightly hurried' way!

In the room across the hall way soon our hero takes his seat,
And anon the teacher ask him if he brought that foolscap sheet:
"No I haven't," was his answer, "for this morn - the truth to tell -
I was slightly - 'slightly hurried,' by the Dartmouth steamboat bell."
H. M. U.

TRURO vs. ACADEMY.

Dear Editors:—On the 6th of Nov., all the League games in which we were concerned having been played, the Academy team went to Truro to play a match with their town team. The Truro players have improved with very rapid strides the past two or three years, and had acquired a great reputation just a fortnight before, by playing a drawn match with a team from the men-of-war stationed here. We had talked from the beginning of the season of a match with

Truro, but were somewhat dismayed when we heard of their increased prowess. Accordingly we strengthened our chances by the addition of Frank Stephen in the half-back line, and Edgar Douglas as full-back, the services of both of whom were lost to the Academy this year on account of their well-deserved promotion to the First Wanderers' team. The presence of these two old Academy boys added great confidence in us as to the result of the day's battle. Arrived at Truro, we put up at the *Stanley House*, where we were very pleasantly entertained by the genial and popular proprietor. At three o'clock we repaired to the T. A. A. C. grounds situated in a very agreeable position in the south end of the town. Hardly had we arrived there when the clouds which had been threatening rain all day, began to pour forth their gathered strength in torrents. The game was called at 3.30. Our team lined up as follows. Harrington, whose absence from our ranks, on that day, we all regretted very much, had his position at Quarter supplied by Frank Foster, who had played on the Y. M. C. A. team.

Full-back! Douglas. *Half-backs,* Stephen, Mooney, Archibald, Campbell. *Quarter-backs,* Foster, Stairs. *Forwards,* Logan, Blois, (E), Stewart, MacDonald, (C.), Lindsay, MacDonald, (F.), McLeod, Blois (H.). *Tough judge for Truro,* W. R. Campbell. *Tough judge for Academy,* Frank Walker. *Referee,* Geo. Pyke.

Truro scored a try in the first five minutes, and things looked very badly for us: but the scale soon turned in our favour. We drove our opponents inch by inch down the field in the face of the wind and pelting rain, until by a brilliant dash which has been witnessed in many a well-contested match this season, Stephen carried the ball across Truro's goal-line. No goal was kicked, the wind and the slippery ball rendering goals almost impossible. Near the end of the first half, Stephen again got possession of the ball, from a clever pass by Stairs and carried it once more into goal. Soon after the referee's whistle blew for half-time and the players soaked with rain, had a few minutes respite, and shelter in the club-house.

The second half was characterized by determined, obstinate, dogged play on both sides. The Academy were on the defensive during a greater part of the time, and some great fighting went on too near our goal-line for comfort. Several times Truro came within an ace of scoring, but the Academy boys fought as for their lives and protected their goal obstinately and successfully. The fighting was mostly in the forwards, as the conditions of the field rendered half-back tactics almost impossible. There was a good deal of fumbling by the halves of both sides. No long runs of any account were made, The referee's whistle at last ended the combat, with the score 6—3 in our favor.

In the Truro team, Murray, the bantam quarter, Bigelow, an old Dalhousian, a star forward, and Capt. MacKay, at half, deserve the hearty praise which the true sportsman loves to give to foemen worthy of his steel.

On the Academy team, as was to be expected, the lion's share of glory belongs to Stephen and Douglas, and we shall not forget the handsome manner in which they helped us win the day. Beyond that it would be almost invidious to mention names where all did so well. Cheers for everybody were in order on our way back to the hotel, and needless to say, we had full possession of the car we occupied as we returned home that night. Walker, whom we discovered that day, was the life of the whole party, and

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kept, not only the Academy boys, but everybody in the car in roars of laughter by his wit and drollery.

I think I am speaking for all, when I say that the Truro trip will remain in the minds of all who participated in it as a very pleasant memory. *Forntan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.*
BLUE AND GOLD.

THE DREAM OF MISS NEVER-DO-RIGHT.

ANNIE CAMPBELL HUENTIS.

Outside, the sky was dark with clouds, and the clouds were heavy with rain that would not fall. No breeze rustled the leaves on the trees; a death-like stillness reigned; the wind seemed dead.

Inside, strange things were happening, and I, a solitary figure, sat and watched them with a feeling half of amusement and half of interest.

Beside me (how it came there I knew not) lay a starved bird, with claws drawn up and glazed eyes which somehow seemed to reproach me. The desks around me were, as I have already intimated, empty, the one in which our teacher generally sat was also unoccupied.

But in spite of the absence of the untidy pupils who generally filled the room with whispered noises and scraps of paper, the room was in a strangely disordered state. The chairs, announcing in determined voices that they were tired and sick of being nailed always to the same spots in the floor, walked out into the aisles, and one of them, even more discontented than the others, flung herself on her back and declared she would have a nap for once in her life.

The ink-bottles, feeling unwontedly hilarious, with one accord turned upside down and splattered their contents all over the clean boards. The pens, never happy away from the ink, flung themselves out of their boxes and stood up straight wherever they chanced to fall, much to the discomfort of the floor or desk into which their points penetrated. The pictures on the wall professed themselves weary of staring into space, with motionless features and still tongues, day after day, and began making faces at each other, and talking as fast as if they were alive, just for the sake of a change.

Unchecked, I leaned my elbows on my desk, and watched the progress of events. I was in my element, for I was alone and could do as I pleased, and things new and strange were happening. Upon the black-board, looking quaintly life-like and companionable, stood a collection of triangles, circles, arcs, straight lines, and other geometrical figures, which at any other time would have filled me with despair, but which now I regarded with interest and amusement, for they were conversing among themselves, as if the hand which made them had given each a voice. The voice of the circle was round and full, that of the triangle, thin and grating, and the arcs stuttered and stammered as if they couldn't remember what they had meant to say after they began to say it.

"Keep away from me, old lady," said the spiteful circle to the maiden lady triangle, gruffly; "your elbows are just like needles. You'll spoil my shape if you don't look out."

"Indeed?" said the maiden-lady triangle, (which by the way was a long drawn out isosceles) sharply. "It seems to me that if I were like a full moon, I'd consider my shape spoilt already."

"I don't object to being called a moon," said the spiteful circle, sternly, for that seems to imply that I am a bright and shining light, but when you say I am *full*, I most decidedly protest. I would, have you know that I am a temperance man, madam."

"O, never mind. She meant to say half moon," said the arc, peaceably. Now there was no particular point in this speech, but everyone knew that the arc was not all there, so no one snubbed him.

"Don't waste any words on those vulgar circles, sister," said the other lady triangles, scornfully. "He is not worth it. His ideas are bounded by 360 degrees."

"Well, thank goodness, I'm not all angles, anyway," like some people," said the spiteful circle, bitterly.

"Children, dwell in unity," said the jolly circle, piously. "Life's too short for such little bickerings."

"Those triangles are always putting in their oar, anyway," said Brother Spiteful. "Trust a woman to wag her tongue at the wrong minute."

At this the triangles all cried out "shame," and the maiden lady wept, while one of the two parallel vertical lines, who had never been known to deviate from the straight and narrow way, said solemnly: "Brother Spiteful is unjust. He commenced the conversation himself, if I remember rightly."

"Of course he did," said the maiden lady, virtuously. "Brother Straight Line is an upright man. He would not lie."

"Well," said the spiteful circle, thoughtfully. "I will admit that he has none of the crooked ways of the triangle family."

"Well, I never," ejaculated the maiden lady triangle, in an offended tone.

"Didn't you, ma'am?" said the spiteful circle, stolidly. "If you didn't then it's the first time you kept your fingers out of anyone's pie, that I know."

"What in the world is the matter with you all, anyway?" I asked, from my solitary seat, and my voice sounded strange after theirs. "You're about the most discontented crowd I ever saw."

"It's all very well for you to talk," said the eight-sided figure, pertly. "You can be contented, and ought to be, too, when you are able to move about as you please. Perhaps you wouldn't be quite so saintly, though, if you had to stay just where you were put and not move an inch."

"But you're not there forever. You'll be rubbed out sooner or later," I ventured, as a consolation.

"Yes, but someone will come and put us on again," moaned the triangles, wretchedly. "We are the servants of school-children, and it isn't fair."

"If I didn't have to associate with the circles, I could bear it," said the maiden lady triangle, mournfully. "But really, it is very disgusting to have to mingle with our inferiors."

"That's what I think about the triangles," said the spiteful circle.

"What do you think about it?" I said to the jolly circle, curiously.

"I never think," said the jolly circle. "I —"

"No," said the maiden lady, simpering. "He — ahem — he has not that which is necessary for thought, sir, you perceive."

"My theory is 'laugh and grow fat,'" said the jolly circle, cheerfully.

"Indeed," said one of the triangles, acidly. "If you get any fatter than you are now, I'm sure I don't know what you'll be."

"I know," said the jolly circle, mildly.

"What!" cried the triangle, contemptuously.

"Fatter," said the jolly circle, and then roared with laughter, as the triangles pretended not to hear.

"We silly people are of use in the world, even if people do get out of patience with us," said the jolly circle, confidentially to me. "I consider that I am a sort of discipline to the triangle family. They wouldn't be half so perfect if it wasn't for me."

"That's comforting," I said, "for I'm a silly person myself. Now I see what I was born for. Well, it won't be hard for me to live up to my vocation."

"Sometimes people call me a 'flat' or a 'smarty,'" said the circle. "But we don't mind, do we?"

"Not at all," said I, much amused. "I have a better time than you have, I believe, for when I get especially hilarious, I'm 'sent home,' and that gives me an opportunity of examining the shop windows, and saves me the trouble of a trip to town in the afternoon."

"The triangle considers herself above me because she has two right angles," said the spiteful circle, unwilling to remain silent. "She swears by the 32nd proposition of the 1st book, and I never can convince her that the 31st of the 3rd book is correct. Now then, if you draw a diameter in me, can't you prove that the angle in each of my semi-circles is a right angle, and haven't I, therefore, two right angles just as Miss Triangle has?"

"Certainly," said I, glad to be asked for once something that I knew.

"There, now," said the spiteful circle, triumphantly. "She has studied geometry, and she knows."

"Well, I don't have to know because she knows," said the triangle, coldly.

"Now, isn't that just like a woman, disagreeable to the last!" asked the circle, scornfully; but (being a woman myself) I was obliged to differ.

Just here a pathetic, stammering voice came from one of the arcs who had sprawled uncomfortably on his back, and now looked around, vacantly. "O, where's the rest of me?" it moaned, piteously. "I've lost all the other part of myself. I'm not all here. I know I'm not all here. O, where's all my circumference?"

I was very sorry for him, and promised to restore his other half to him, if I saw it wobbling about anywhere. Then a triangle, inscribed within a circle, besought me to take it out, and the circle, in its turn, cried out that the triangle was crowding his circumference all to pieces, and sticking into him, besides.

All this time the dead bird lay still beside me, its glazed eyes seeming to look up at my face reproachfully.

But suddenly a silence fell upon the occupants of the board, and a strange, expectant stillness settled over everything.

Then came a terrible clap of thunder laughing wickedly over the roof, a sudden flash of lightning smiling horribly in at the windows, and the wild rush of a multitude of rain drops against the panes. The walls rocked, the floor trembled, the whole building seemed about to fall, the pencils and rubbers flung themselves off the desks in a perfect agony of terror, and a strange thrill passed through the dead bird beside my hand.

I looked at the black-board, and the sight that I saw there fairly turned me dizzy, and yet made me smile.

The circles had started in a wild rush across the board, and were rolling frantically over and over; the straight lines were after them in as hurried a march as their dignity would allow; the arcs, (pitiful indeed it was to see them) unable either to walk or tumble, rolled helplessly from end to end, like boats on a troubled sea. The parallel-grams stared at me, rigid with terror. The triangles, mad with fright, hopped about wildly, first on one point, then on another, performing these feats so rapidly that they had the effect of a most unrighteous jig, which tickled me immensely, and I thought I heard the Jolly Circle chuckle as he hustled himself along. The triangle inscribed in the circle moaned out in terror that her head was dizzy, although which part of her she called her head, I'm sure I don't know. The spiteful circle, seeing the maiden lady triangle twirling violently on one point, called out as he passed her: "Hello! Had a drop too much, haven't you? Seem to be sort of off your base, hey, old lady!"

Again the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed, and the torrents of rain fell. Straight lines, triangles, circles, arcs, parallel lines and quadrilaterals flung themselves together in one wild mass. There was a mighty crash of circumferences against one another, a sharp clashing of straight lines, and a grating noise as the triangles collided; but up from the desk, with a flash of lightning illuminating its quivering wings, and a burst of exulting song rising clearly above the thunder and the clattering of the rain drops, the dead bird rose higher—higher—as if new life had come to it.

A third clap—and with one horrible grind the roof fell in, the walls came together, the floor dropped, but not before I had seen the bird fly out, straight through the white ceiling, on strong, glad wings, into the fresh air.

And I—where was I! I was in the back seat of the Principal's room, far from all others, so that I could carry on no conversation with them (which was *his* arrangement you may be sure, and not *mine*). Puzzling over the 8th Proposition of the 3rd Book of Geometry, I had fallen asleep and dreamed, and what now awakened me was the familiar order:—

"Miss Never-do right, if you cannot sit up straight, as your class mates do, you may leave the room," which I did, with outward dolefulness and secret joy, but as I passed, two prim triangles stared at me sternly from the board, as if to remind me that if I had been off my base (so to speak) they hadn't been off *theirs*.

This is a parable. If you cannot solve it, do not blame the author, but consider your own stupidity. If the writer of it has written in an unintelligible fashion, she has only followed in the footsteps of one who is now dead and gone, and who never yet has been thoroughly understood by anyone. We have been advised by our English teacher to study the best authors. I have studied Browning to the best of my ability, and I have decided that he is the one whose style I shall copy, for then I may write anything I like, and it will not matter whether I'm understood or not.

And having delivered this up to the clutches of the critical public, I now close, hoping that henceforth I shall be famous forever.

Yours,

MISS NEVER-DO-RIGHT.

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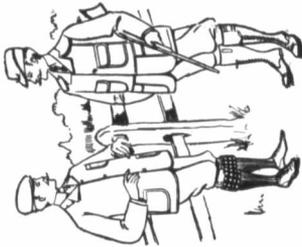
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REMINISCENCES OF LAST TERM.

BY E. K. H.

I doubt if the Academy will see such a B class as last year's ever again. The class of '97 was a record-breaker in many respects. It was the most numerous of any B class which had preceded it, and (so far) of any that has followed it, there being about seventy-six on the roll. Also, there was a larger proportion of boys to girls in the class than at present.

The class was a lively one, for what else could a class be which had in it J—R— and F—F—? With the sportive John as leader, the class was ready for anything, and many a wild hurly-burly recess was spent with him the centre of it all. If a stranger, passing by and happening to hear the noise, had looked in at these times, he would have fled from the scene in dismay and hurriedly telephoned for the ambulance or the police. "For surely," he would think, "the pupils must have risen *en masse*" and be attempting to murder their teachers or one another." But it was no such thing. We were merely enjoying ourselves—mildly.

The '97ers had plenty of class spirit. This first began to show itself towards the end of the League Football games. When an Academy match would be going on, one might always see a mass of them eagerly following the game and almost turning the air blue with cheers and Academy yells. Especially was this the case during the last match with the Crescents, which we won with a score of six to nothing, (6-0), and which settled our position in the league (third head). Coming home from that match, a party of us renegaded Spring Garden Road with different Academy yells that manufactured on the spot. We could at least boast that all that street knew the score well, and would not be likely to forget it soon, either.

Next morning there was quite a lively time in the Academy, and the B's nearly drove poor unsuspecting Mr. L—s crazy, by counting out the score several times in class with voices "which," as Mr. Kennedy pathetically complained, "could easily be heard down on Barrington St." Of course when Mr. L—s was told the cause of our jubilation, he forgave us on the spot.

There was quite a lot of interest taken in football last term, and a little mild betting went on as to the results of the matches. Indeed, I have heard it rumored that a certain member of our class became so excited over one match that he wagered his much-beloved mustache against a quarter-dollar that his favourite team would win. And he lost! At all events it is certain that next day he came without it. "Left it home on the piano," was what he dolefully said when questioned.

Talking of mustaches leads me to mention a most noted member of our class—William Grant, the leader in all class matters, politics, etc.: all except rackets. It was hard to persuade William to take a hand in the rackets, but when he did there was fun. He was probably the largest of our class, though, unfortunately, he joined us too late to be in the football team.

He and W. E. Stewart had a great deal to do with starting what was undoubtedly the most important feature of last term, the ACADEMY ANNUAL. And, although he was not an editor, he did much to get it into shape when once it was an assured thing. I will not say anything much about this paper now, as it is well-known what a great and well-deserved success it was. Besides bringing in a large sum towards our library, it was a great help to us in our English and Composition.

Immediately after the issue of the ANNUAL, the winter closing ceremonies took place in the Orpheus Hall. It was a brilliant affair, and many pleasant speeches were made, but what we boys most remember is that famous march-out afterwards. What fun! The hordes of Academy boys in regular order marched with trumpets, etc., through the principal streets, and gave vent to their exuberant spirits in very frequent Academy yells:

"Ho! Ho! Hax! Rim! Rim! Roe!!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Academy!!!"

rang through the streets. That night at least woke some people

up to the fact that there is such a thing as an Academy in Halifax.

When school commenced, all was quiet for a time, till someone started the idea of "tossing." This is quite harmless the way they did it, and is just as good fun to the "tossed" as to the "tossers." But the victim always put up a hard struggle for his liberty, and here is where all the fun came in. Many's a hard struggle we had before "the giants" gave in. Who will ever forget the stupendous efforts of "St—m—p" before he succumbed? or the mighty deeds of G—t, when told his turn had come? Many a time they tried the latter, and many a time failed; but at last they succeeded, and more than once, too. But it is with deep regret that I have to say there is one who remained unconquered. In vain were the tremendous efforts of "Racer," "Laurier," "F—st—r," "Waverly Tom" and "L—d—y, aided by a swarm of valiant men. B—s remained firm, and simply wiped up the floor with the best of them.

When we had run through the list of those up-stairs it occurred to someone that the D's were not getting their share. The idea caught and spread like wildfire. A mass of B's and C's piled down-stairs and into the cap-room, where the astonished D's were assembled. Seizing the most important, they endeavoured to bounce him. But the D's were indignant. "A rescue!" they cried, and pluckily set to to eject the B's. A wild scene ensued but the B's came off victorious with one prisoner, whom they triumphantly carried on their shoulders up-stairs. This started the practice of "scragging the D's." But these scrimds did not happen so often as to disturb the Faculty too much.

But once we can remember how a certain teacher (fearing, I suppose, for the lives or safety of the D's) endeavoured to interfere, and with difficulty wormed his way to the centre of the scrim. As soon as the combatants saw him,

"Contigere omnes intenteque ora tenebant,"

all except our leader, who was "engaged on business" with about a dozen D's, and had his head buried in the remnants of others. Feeling the grasp of the teacher on his shoulder, and thinking it was merely another "D" John gave a finishing clip to those with whom he was engaged, turned around and bravely tackled the teacher around the waist, intending to lay him low! He nearly succeeded, too, before he saw his mistake! Just imagine the scene!

Late in the spring a rage for politics seized the students, and on the suggestion of Grant and others, and with the consent of the Faculty, an election was appointed to take place three weeks later. In order to teach the students how the regular elections take place, it was resolved that everything should be carried on exactly as in the regular government elections. Liberal and Conservative associations were formed, with J. Reid and W. Grant as presidents. The ladies were asked to vote, and canvassing went briskly on.

On the afternoon appointed for the balloting, the Assembly room was crowded with students. After having voted, and while waiting for the returns, a dozen or so drew their chairs in a circle and started up a rollicking chorus. The idea took finely. All crowded around and, under the leadership of Swenerton and MacKenna, the whole crowd were soon lustily singing college songs and negro melodies. Thus the time passed happily. About a quarter to six the returns came out. The Conservative candidates, W. E. Stewart, Robert Layton and Gilbert Stairs were elected with a splendid majority.

As summer came on, much interest was shown in the cadet corps, which had been steadily drilling all winter. The uniforms came out and were snapped up by the students as fast as they were made. The corps made a splendid showing at the Exhibition, Public Gardens, and especially at the Jubilee Review. At the latter the Cadets excelled themselves. They marched so straight and well, and kept such good step, that everywhere the spectators burst into hearty applause, a thing not often done by undemonstrative Halifax.

Altogether, what with the cadet corps, and the institution of the ACADEMY ANNUAL, the term of '96-'97 will long continue to be famous. The Academy will always be proud of her

graduates of '97, and all such graduates will be proud of the Academy. Anyone who was lucky enough to be "one of us" last term will always vow that the happiest year of his or her schooling was that of '96-'97. In the words of a famous college song, slightly altered:

"Here are we! Here are we!
The best class under Heaven!
Academy, Academy!
The class of ninety-seven!"

WINTER

The winter, he is coming
With his coat of grey and white;
With his hard, and smooth complexion
With his breath of keenest might.

For him we're gladly waiting,
For his face of silver grey;
For his gracious gift of skating,
And his merry dancing way.

To him we have intrusted
All the fun of day and night;
So we won't be found all rusted,
By the Spring, who comes so late.

B. M. B.

OUR GRADUATES OF '97.

*Lives of great men all remind us
We should emulate their feats,
And leave other marks behind us
Than our names cut in the seats.*

MAUD NICKERSON is teaching, we believe, in the city. Always happy.

MAUD FANNING is attending Normal School. We congratulate Truro.

MABLE HOLESWORTH, our delightful acquaintance from Shub-nacadic, has taken up teaching as a profession.

MINA HUCKLEY is at home recruiting her health after her three years' dissipation in study. She looks well.

FLORENCE ANCIENT was the poetess of the Academy. Her song in last year's ANNUAL was really beautiful. She is "meditating the muse" at her home on Smith Street.

BERTHA MORRISON, the "loquacious Bertha" is gladdening some quarter of the globe with her bright smile. The reason it doesn't "haunt us still" is because there are so many others. We wish her success.

BESSIE OLAND was another one of the girls who took an active interest in politics. As an editor of last year's ANNUAL she did good work. She is now teaching at Eastern Passage.

HARRY BLACK never took German. It is strange considering this, that his wink and the translation of *Schwarz* were identical. Harry was good at all subjects and succeeded in obtaining a number of Medals.

ANNIE O'DONNELL and BEATRICE ANGINW are two of the girls who are taking a post-graduate course. We hope they do not find it "positively hateful." They don't appear to. We are glad to have them.

JOHN READ was an omnivorous reader, a fact which he couldn't conceal. (John couldn't conceal anything, least of all the moustache.) It is a pity that he should not have had a better delivery. Yet he was a good whole-souled fellow.

HENRY CROWE was a boy of wavering ambition. At one time, it is said, he was thinking of the stage as a scene for future activity. He gave this up chiefly, it is said, on account of opposition from the home circle. He studies at present in Dalhousie.

WILLIAM GOULD, like Mr. Hare of '96, delights in original research. Already he has experimented with Strychnine as an antidote to longevity, and H₂S, as an aid against unwelcome visitors. He is a quiet boy and does lots of thinking.

THOMAS WILSON was the boy from Waverley. Early in life he developed a peculiar attraction for prizes. Wherever he went the prizes seemed to follow him. At present he is studying Science at McGill. He has no use for Arts' courses.

HOWARD BRUNT was an authority on History. Swinton of "World History" fame, is reported to have made friendly advances to our graduate. These were firmly but kindly refused, since he disagreed as to the founding of Rome with that historian. He is now a successful teacher at East Jeddore.

MAX FYSHE was the boy who played the bugle, and some other things, in the Cadet Corps. He was, ex officio, relieved of all work (at which, by the way, he was mightily pleased). He is now studying in Germany and giving the Emperor pointers on telegram writing.

You mustn't think that WILLIAM ANCIENT is an *oldish* fellow. There is nothing ancient about him except his name. He has a true boy's spirit. We are glad to have him in the B class for another term, where he will be sure to make his mark.

RALPH DUNLAP usually had his lessons up well. The "usually" comes in on nights when there were tea meeting or magic lantern shows at church. On these nights the lessons could exercise their own judgment as to the propriety of being learned.

ROBIE SIMSON is the boys with the curly hair, and ruddy cheeks. No one in good health and fit for death would call him a hard student. Some might go to the other extreme. We prefer to place him with the great majority (of living, that is). Robie is at times attending classes at Dalhousie.

HELEN DENNIS (middle name Tupper) could not help being a conservative. In the election of last winter she did considerable work for the party. To her lot fell the English and History medals. She is now studying English at Dalhousie, and at times doing journalistic work.

ALLAN CLARK was small in body, but O my! Only his most intimate friends knew what a trial it was for him to keep himself from being always at the head of his class. Yet he felt that his health was of more importance than many medals. If he is better he hopes to be able to study at Dalhousie this winter.

EDWARD HARVIE was the leader of the class. Following up his habit of prize-winning he obtained in September the McKenzie Bursary at Dalhousie, although he had spent most of his time during the summer yachting. Ed. was a quiet boy and few knew him well. Those who did could appreciate his worth.

INA BENTLEY was the shining light of the literary club. Of this matter I, who am of the opposite sex, cannot speak, but from hearsay. The ANNUAL is much indebted to her clever pen. Any who wish to learn further may inquire at her home or at ———'s art studio, where she is studying drawing.

GEORGE CAMPBELL made a reputation as half on the Academy team this year. He is one of the coming players of the city. He is a little light in weight as yet, a defect which time, of course, will remedy. He is attending Dalhousie, but still has a warm side for the Academy—and ladies.

ARTHUR HOCKIN was one of the cleverest boys in his year. His forte was Mathematics, but when he chooses he could excel at everything; (on after thought, I remember it was very seldom he did not choose). He couldn't express himself very well in speech but give him pen and paper and he was quite at home. Captured a bursary.

LILLIE BOAK was the only young lady who tried for a bursary at Dalhousie. Although not coming first, she succeeded, obtaining a good place in the list. She was the pride and despair of all her classmates, and could construe Cæsar in a way which made boys of the Cadet Corps envious of her powers of insight and expression. We expect to see her name well up in Dalhousie's Exams.

Wherever EDGAR STEWART went honors fell heavily on him. But he was the most quiet and modest boy of the whole class. He came to our help at football, too, altho' a

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graduate, and he as well as others of former classes who helped us fight our battles this season, has a warm place in the hearts of loyal Academy boys. He was Editor-in-chief of the first Annual and not only wrote the *Sabulory*, but also enlivened the succeeding pages with his ready wit.

ARTHUR SWENERTON was the "sweet singer" of the Academy. Every school morning his voice could be seen picking out cracks in the ceiling of the Assembly room. After the election, there being considerable noise upstairs at that time, several flakes falling from the ceiling attracted attention. On chemical analysis they were found to be musical notes (chiefly D or F sharp) which had been lost during concert practice. He is a football player of some note at Mount Allison.

WILLIAM MOORE would have you all know that he is Irish, being descended from a line of celebrated kings bearing the name of McCallum. But his royal blood did not seem to object to Latin or Greek, inasmuch as he obtained the classical Gold Medal. He is at present assisting the firm of F. D. Corbett & Co. in business matters. He had a brilliant record right through, and on "off-days" never disappointed the teacher who called on Master Moore as a last resort in a ticklish translation or difficult question. M. A. L.

SPICE.

DAN'S quite a boy, if he is bashful.

WHO burst the camera? The Girls' Literary Club.

THE teacher noted for his plain speaking,—Prof. L(j)anos.

WHAT young ladies give colour to the B class? Gray and Brown.

WHO gets a good word for a bad exercise? John Wel(l)don(e).

WHY should the modern language room be carefully guarded? Because it contains *Jules*.

WHO is the heaviest man in the school? Our science teacher, because he is a *ton* at one end and *more* at the other.

WHY would Martin Archibald be no good as a coal hawker? Because he could only call Wood! Wood!

WHY should the D class be more clever than any other class in the Academy? Because they have Braine and Wisdom.

SINCE bicycles have come in, the old proverb is reversed. It is no longer *monkey on a stick*.

WANTED—By one of the Librarians, a new step-ladder, large enough for his feet.

According to an illustrious student of C, the principal parts of the verb "may" are *do, did, done*.

WHY does Mr. W-l-k-r always have his trouser legs turned up? Oh! it is muddy in London, don't you know.

WHY is the soap in the girl's dressing-room like X? It is an unknown quantity.

WHY should the members of the D class be more likely to get into heaven than any other students? Because Peter's got the key.

WHEN our chemist, sailor and mathematician condescended to ask Mr. Barnes the other day what *stable* equilibrium is, we cannot but put him down as a sad humourist.

WE observe that A - c L-n-s-y is already endeavouring to raise a football crop for next year. He says it's a Christian endeavour, so we accord him our sympathy and encouragement.

SINCE Mr. F — L — —'s arrival at the Academy, we have understood, for the first time, the opening words of that grand old hymn, "Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound."

WHY were not the pupils of the 'B' and 'C' classes drowned in the recent flood in room 2? Because they had a Mackintosh over them.

"Omnes decet recte agere," as everybody knows, means: "It becomes everyone to act rightly;" but an ingenious pupil of ours translated it as follows: "It is right to do everybody well."

WHAT young gentleman in the B class has shown the greatest power of risibility (riseability)? The *cooke* who has attained to the position of Librarian.

WE are informed that some folks object to young people paying attentions. Such a one would be silenced forever if he heard Lieut. Christie's brainy defence on the morning after the church social.

It has come to our official ears that we have been likened to a mill, grinding out Literature instead of grain. The crop being abundant, we suppose is the reason for appointing a *Miller* to separate the wheat from the chaff. (We have decided that this is too personal, so it will not be allowed to have a place.)

CAPTAIN MCD —, the war-like son of Mars, (at the quarterly meeting of C E., to which he had been invited by a young lady) paying compliment: "I thought they were going to have something to eat, (giggle) but, don't you know, since I've got you I don't mind" (two giggles).

(Ed. note.—One a-piece?)

MR M — N to the students of Physics: Give an example of the use of the X-rays.

Student: Why-er people can examine eggs with them, and-er count their chickens before they're hatched.

L. B. says that the principal is growing very cautious, as she heard him say to Prof. Lanos (who asked him, as they went out at one o'clock, if it were going to be fine to-morrow): "I'll think it over, professor, and let you know in the morning."

Vide; quattuor.

Come girls, please take those seats in front;

Why sit away back there?

[*Lower*] Whenever girls *go back* on me
It drives me to despair.

Eras novus discipulus et filius poeta erat octavus was said to be Latin for, "Thou wast the ninth pupil and the eighth son of the poet." The meaning of *dominus*, according to *Collar and Danziel*, is "lord," which, we suppose, is the reason why the Latin teacher was shocked the other day to find the following translation of *Bone domine est hora prima et discipulus est defessus*: "Good lord, it is the first hour and the pupil is tired."

EXTREMES OF B.

The first is a kid, and I surmise

You naturally wish to know his size;

He's seven foot ten by two foot three,

His name, we may add, begins with B.

The next is a man, and unless you tell lies,

You know you are anxious to learn his size;

He's three foot one by one foot three,

His name, in addition begins with B.

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RAH! Rah! Bax!

Rim! Rim! Ree!

Hoorah!! Hoorah!! 'Cademy!!!

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