



THE
High School Monthly.

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



Vol. I.

DECEMBER.

No. I.



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Edited and Published by the students of New Glasgow High School.
1890.

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THE HIGH SCHOOL MONTHLY.

VOL. 1.

NEW GLASGOW, N. S., DEC. 1890.

NO. 1.

How We Raced The Tide.

There were three of us. It was a beautiful evening in July and we were sitting on the balcony of an hotel in a little town on the shores of Minas Baisin. We were not watching the sunset. It was too late for that; and already the broad full face of the moon could be seen above the horizon shrouding the misty headlands with a ghostly light and silvering the shimmering waters of the Baisin. But we were not admiring the moonlight. We were simply cooling off after a rather long "tramp" across the country. As I have said there were three of us, and the two besides myself we may for the purposes of this story know as Jack and Frank. My friend, Jack was the Stanley of the party. He was a born explorer. It was he who had been responsible for the tramp of which I have spoken and from the effects of which we had not yet entirely recovered. The responsibility, however, seemed to lie lightly on his conscience, for he was already trying to beguile us into a fresh expedition for the following morning to a point some six miles up the shore.

The locality which Jack proposed to visit was one famed alike for its natural beauty and for its interest to the mineralogist. Not far from the shore two huge masses of rock rising precipitously out of the water, form two small islands and give a name to the surrounding district. With their rugged sides scarred and covered with trees, these islands seem designed as a pleasuring ground for old King Neptune when with flocking troops of Nereids and Tritons he comes to have a picnic on *terra firma*. The larger of the two islands—

perhaps about three quarters of a mile in circumference—is the nearer to the shore and is separated from it by a channel which at low tide is left bare and can be easily crossed by anyone who is not afraid of slippery rocks or of sinking an inch or two in the soft, wet sand. The neighboring bluffs and, to a less extent, the islands themselves are veritable treasure-houses of specimens for the mineralogist's cabinet and owe the great majority of the visits paid them to the zeal of specimen hunters.

Jack's plan was to start early in the morning so as to reach the islands about half-past eight. There was low tide at that time, he said, and we could walk to the larger islands and have some time to explore its caves and cliffs before the tide forced us to retreat. Then, after doing the island, we were to walk home along the beach and examine the various cliffs and sections on our way. It was clear that this plan involved a pretty early start and a pretty plentiful supply of walking. It scarcely suited my taste; but I knew it would suit Frank's still less. So, like Brer Rabbit, I lay low. Frank seemed to be listening patiently.

"Look here" he suddenly broke out in a tone of disgust, "I like that idea of yours. Did you ever try how long a mile on a sandy beach is after you have scrambled all day among cliffs and stones?"

Jack modestly laid claim to some little experience.

"Well," continued Frank sadly, "I am not ambitious. I prefer to die at home. I made up my mind to that just three miles from here this afternoon."

Rather than break up the party Jack said he would forego the pleasure of the

tramp along the beach and that we could then drive up in the morning and back again when we wished.

"Glad you appreciate good company, Jack, my boy," said Frank patronizingly.

"For the company's good," retorted Jack, as he proceeded to arrange the details of the expedition.

We were tired, and the morning came all too soon. Several hours too soon, I thought, as a loud knock at my door aroused me. The sad experience of the author of "Three Men in a Boat" was mine—I seemed to have just dropped asleep when somebody commenced banging at the door. Jack was all ready when I joined him; but no Frank was to be seen. "He begged me to spare him just this once," remarked Jack scornfully. I am afraid that I secretly envied Frank at that moment. But I made a brave effort to repress the feeling, and we started.

It was a glorious summer morning: and our road, winding along the shores of Minas Baisin, led through as fair a scene as this fair Acadia has to show. On our left extended for miles a high wooded ridge of the Cobequids, spurs from which intersecting our path at short intervals terminated abruptly at the shore in bold headlands or rugged cliffs. Behind us great Blomidon reared its sloping head; and opposite it, like a giant watch-dog, Partridge Island crouched submissively. On our right lay the broad expanse of the Baisin, its waves sparkling and dancing merrily in the sunshine; while from its surface the fresh morning breeze, breathing upon the shore, filled everything with joyous life. I began to feel very sorry for Frank.

"We are going to walk across the to island," I said to a dull-looking youth where we left our horse, "how long have we to stay there before the tide comes in?"

"Most three hours, sir, I guess," he replied.

"Quite sure of that?" asked Jack.

"Yaas, sir. Wuz there whips of times myself this summer," he said.

I was satisfied: and so was Jack. At

least he seemed to be; and I always believed that Jack knew all about the tide.

As we stood on the beach the island looming up afore us seemed scarcely a stone's throw distant. It was really a good quarter of a mile away, however, as we presently found. When we reached it we strolled leisurely along the beach picking up pebbles here and there or snipping off coveted fragments of rocks with hammer and chisel. We grew deeply interested in our work and were fairly successful. Poor Frank! What he was missing! We had perhaps spent an hour and a half in this way and had wandered around to the farthest point of the island—about half a mile from the shore of the mainland—when our attention was aroused by a dull ominous roar.

"Hullo!" we both exclaimed at once. "What's that?" No need to answer: the tide of the Bay was coming in.

A great poet observed some time ago that there was a tide in the affairs of men. But the reader must have lived a part of his life at least on the shores of the Bay of Fundy to realize the full depth of meaning in those awful words. What the Delphic oracle was to the ancient Greeks the tide now is to the dweller by the roaring Bay. It is the master of ceremonies. It rules their outgoings and their incomings and orders the chief affairs of their lives. To the stranger the tide phenomena present a curious and interesting spectacle. When the tide is out the harbor is a mud flat; the rivers are yawning mud-lined ditches; the wharves seem groups of ill-conditioned telegraph poles; schooners, barques, barges, vessels of all sizes and conditions lie stranded in the mud, each with a rakish lean, the picture of forlorn helplessness. Six hours later the scene is changed. The tide has returned; the harbor and rivers are brim full; and the ships ride proudly at anchor or sail gaily on the wings of the wind. Seeing this our stranger will doubtless thereafter think of a Bay of Fundy tide with becoming respect. But if he would have that respect indelibly

impressed let him but once find himself in the position in which Jack and I were now placed.

Meanwhile the low white-crested wave of the coming tide, still some distance off, was rapidly approaching. It was clear that either the tide or our boy informant had blundered. It was probably the latter: the circumstantial evidence was strongly against him. At any rate, there now lay before us the pleasant prospect of twelve hours imprisonment on the island, without even the scanty prison fare of bread and water. There was one chance of escape. It might yet be a minute or two before the tide would enter the channel at the other side of the island, which separated it from the shore. It was a race for freedom and we entered upon it with considerable spirit. The beach, covered even in its smoothest parts with stones and rocks of all sizes, sharp and slippery, had evidently not been originally intended for a race-course. But the sullen roar of the tide, growing ever louder and louder in our ears, supplied an incentive to speed which made light of trifling defects in the track.

We had just reached the channel side of the Island when, attracted by the sharp clinking of a hammer, we saw a man on the cliff above us intent on some specimen and evidently unconscious that he was about to be made a prisoner.

"Come on! Tide!" we shouted individually and collectively.

The stranger turned in apparent surprise and we heard him say somewhat coolly that there was plenty of time—in fact, an hour yet. For answer we pointed to the tide which had just entered the channel and was now bearing down towards us like a broad river, with the speed of a mill-race. The stranger took out his watch. He was evidently in an argumentative mood and prepared to debate the point with all comers. But we held on our way. The footing was now better than on the beach; and we were perhaps half way across when the first wavelets of the tide reached us. They

were only ankle-deep however, and we splashed wildly on. The water rose rapidly and very soon our walk became a mixed flounder and scramble for footing, for the current was uncomfortably strong. The situation began to grow a little perilous. But the only way out now was the way we were going and we pushed on. It was with something like relief that we at length began to find the water growing shallow. And when a little later we reached the beach and scrambled out breathless upon the sand, we felt that we had not been too soon. Looking back we saw that our late companion, moved rather by our evident earnestness than by our arguments, had followed our example and was struggling with the water. But he was too late. We waved him back and this time he accepted our advice. A few minutes later a signal of distress fluttered from the top of the island; and we knew that underneath lay our brother explorer, like Enoch Arden, "A shipwrecked sailor, waiting for a sail."

But it was some hours before the wish-for sail appeared. And in the meantime all our efforts to relieve our distressed brother were in vain. There was simply no boat to be had within two or three miles. At length, however, a passing fishing-boat was attracted and shortly afterwards the imprisoned scientist rejoiced in liberty.

"I thought we were in for a good ducking at one time," said Jack as we drove slowly home in the moonlight. I intimated the hope that he would try to bear up under the disappointment. "Wouldn't our little adventure be sport for Frank?" he suggested in reply. We were agreed on that point. And so it happens that when Frank sees the HIGH SCHOOL MONTHLY he will find out for the first time the story of "How we raced the tide."

Teache. in etymology:—"Give the definition of the word 'restaurant.'" Hungry boy:—"Res, a thing; taurus, a bull—a bully thing.—Ex.

Reminiscences Of a Country School.

In the little village by the sea in which the earlier years of my life were spent, there were two school houses known as the Lower and Higher or oftener Little and Big. The "Little" school was situated on a swampy spot of ground, at the lower part of the village from which it probably derived its name. Of schooldays spent here, I have but faint recollections. One occurrence was impressed upon my mind of a gray-haired inspector, who shall be nameless, asking some questions in Geography of the older scholars, such as "What is the Capital of New Brunswick?" The scholars with one accord shouted "St. John." The teacher never noticed the mistake and the nameless inspector turned and smiled at a visitor near him, the smile was returned and we younger scholars wondered what the joke was about.

We all with one accord dreaded that visit; when we heard the inspector was around we shuddered and shivered and wished ourselves thousands of miles away and when we saw his back vanish through the door, we gave a sigh of relief.

When I was promoted from the "Little" school to the "Big" I felt as if I owned all the village. The first teacher, I think, we had in this school was a Mr. M., a man who could neither govern the scholars nor anything else; he was under the impression that school could not be taught without a strap or stick and as there were quite a number of willow trees growing near the school, he was well supplied.

One event in his reign, which I remember, was of a girl called Kate, who was a sort of character in the village, not knowing her lesson one day he kindly and sweetly requested her to hold out her hand she, not seeing the sweet part, calmly kept her hand by her side, he tried to take it but she was too quick for him and giving him a severe kick on the shins ran around the schoolhouse and out of the door. The astonished teacher,

with his eyes wide open, and his shins stinging, got breath enough to call to the scholars "stop her! stop her!" none of them cared to, or knew better and let her pass; after sitting on the grass for a little while, she came in and the teacher did not care to discuss the subject any further. He left at the Xmas holidays, probably thinking there were more things enjoyable than that school, and we saw no more of him.

A succession of teachers, good, bad, and indifferent followed, a Mr. S. came, he is an M. D. now I believe. These always seemed to be something exciting about him and so one day it turned out to be, whether the teacher had inspired any of the scholars with some of his fiery nature we do not know but this we do know that something very unusual happened. One bright morning in school a boy, evidently wishing to gain honours in the way of an Italian Bandit, stuck a knife into another boy. Boy No. 1 was nearly paralyzed with fear and boy No. 2 was not far behind him. The rest of the scholars gathered around No. 1, (while No. 2, was being carried to a neighbouring house,) and terrified him by telling him he would be hung sure next morning but as it was purely accidental and not very bad at that No. 1 was relieved and nothing up as he expected to be. These were only a few of the many strange and comical things that were constantly occurring at school.

At the examinations twice a year there were three old men who always said the same things. Then as now there were always speeches made at the close of the public examination. One of these three men solemnly rose up and with a be-good-all-your-life expression would say "Byes, byes, there's no riyal road to learnin'" when we heard this part of his speech we never paid very much attention to the rest. The 2nd. old man was one to whom the adage, "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise". could aptly be applied. He would rise, as it were, to the occasion and speak as follows "all great men walked a

long distance to school among whom was James Garfield, indeed, I myself walked 3 miles," he never seemed to notice the smile that went around the school. The 3rd., would inform us how he spelt take for instance the word comprehension com, c-o-m, that's com, pre, p-r-e that's pre, that's compre, hen, h-e-u th-r-'s hen, that's comprehen, si, s-i that's si, that's comprehensi, on, o-n that's on, that's comprehension. And although our school was pimitive enough in its way yet of this way to spell we were perfectly ignorant.

DICK.

The Private Sorrows of a Few Great Authors.

In reading a poem or writing of a familiar author, if we think of the writer at all, we are apt to imagine a person so far above the common every day life, that trials physical and mental are far beyond his reach.

But let us look into the private lives of a few of the great English writers.

Milton the great epic writer, who has been equalled by no one in the world unless it might be Homer or Virgil, this man with such a glorious mind was denied seeing the light of day. And what greater affliction can there be than blindness?

Later on we come to Pope. Poor, little, deformed Pope called an interrogation point on account of his unshapely body. His life was "one long disease." But, he has left to us one of the finest essays ever written in verse.

Samuel Johnson, so celebrated for his dictionary, "Lives of the Poets" etc, became so poor that he spent eight nights writing, "Rasselas" to pay the expenses of his mothers funeral.

About the same time that Johnson wrote, poor Oliver Goldsmith was wandering round the country, owning nothing save what he stood in, earning now and then a few pence or shillings for his writings which are now prized so highly.

Sir Walter Scott the great novelist and poet was compelled to write many of his books to pay his debts.

And while Lamb was busy writing his essays he had to watch a deranged sister.

At a later period than Lamb's we find the celebrated essayist DeQuincey. His whole being is saturated with that terrible drug opium.

There are a number of others that we might here mention but time and space will not permit.

Examinations.

Below will be found the examination results for the month of November:—

LATIN. *1st year*: John Doull, 92; Thos. Johnson, 91. *2nd year*. Ira Cameron, 90; Jas. Connoly, 79. *3rd year*. R. McGregor, 81; A. Scott, 67.

FRENCH. *1st year*: Jean Patterson, 84; Isabel McKay, 82; Georgina McQueen, 82; *2nd year*. Bethia Webster, 87; Hattie Roy, 85; Bessie Simpson, 84. *3rd year*. Dollie McKaracher, 79; Clifford McLean, 75;

HISTORY. *1st year*. (Brit. and Can.): Johanna McLeod, 76; Lionel Stewart, 68. *2nd year*. (Brit. and World's.) Mary McDougall, 72; Bessie Simpson, 61. *3rd year*. (Brit. Hist. and Comp.) Christina Grant, 84; Wm. Sedgewick, 79½.

LATIN, (EXTRA): *2nd year*. Geo. W. Ross, 41; *3rd year*. Douglas McIntosh, 60.

GEOMETRY. (Senior): Douglas Macintosh, 89; Dollie McKaracher, 86; Ethel Stewart, 75.

GEOMETRY, (Intermed.): Bertie Webster, 70; (Jennie W. Fraser, George McGregor), 67.

GEOMETRY, (Junior): John R. Fraser, 93.

It is said that *The Pictou Academy* will soon be issued. From such a large number of students great things may be expected. We have a fond liking for the institution, one of us at least answered present there for one winter.

The High School Monthly.

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

Don. F. Fraser, Editor in Chief.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

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

FINANCIAL COMMITTEE:

W. M. Sedgewick. Miss Bessie G. Fraser.
John Bell.

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ADVERTISEMENTS:—25 cents per inch, one insertion; \$1.00 per inch, six months. If larger space is required reductions made according to size.

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

Address all communications to

The High School Monthly,

P. O. Box 224. New Glasgow, N. S.

Salutatory.

This journal is issued in the interest of the students attending the High School; its aim is to bring those students nearer to the actual meaning of the word Journalism, and its columns will be largely filled by the students' own handiwork. The MONTHLY will be used as a medium through which the students may express their views on any subjects of interest to them. A record of the doings of the students in whose interest the venture is made, will appear each month together with examination reports as well as a column of the "humorous."

While this is the main object of the MONTHLY it is not intended that it will be wholly devoted to such matters. It is intended in addition to furnish articles on various subjects which the general reader may find interesting and perhaps instructive as well, although they may be the thoughts of immature minds and the work of unpractised hands.

Of course in this as in all similar enterprises help of a financial character is necessary, and we trust that in appealing

to a New Glasgow public on behalf of the students of the High School for this help we will not do so in vain. In return for such aid we will do our utmost to make the MONTHLY readable.

We expect that every student will furnish his or her quota to the columns of the MONTHLY and thus make it of personal interest to the friends of each and every one of us.

We readily acknowledge that our first number is not what can be compared with the great political dailies or such monthlies as the *Century* or *Harper's Magazine*. but still, it is our own manufacture and on calmly looking on what we have done, we are not without encouragement that better work will be done in the succeeding numbers.

While looking over a former issue of the Scholars' MONTHLY, we notice an article boasting of the attendance of our school, which at that time was about seventy. Could the writer of that article but have looked forward a few years and seen the state of things as they now are:—A registry of one hundred and twenty students; three teachers; a well equipped chemical laboratory; the foundation of a museum which even now is a credit to any school and many other advantages which few High Schools possess. One thing is lacking? Our High School building is little better than a disgrace. There is no earthly reason why we should not have an academy here, equal if not superior to that in our neighboring town. A few weeks ago some \$3000 was subscribed in New Glasgow for the funds of Dalhousie College. All well and good. Some of us no doubt will enjoy the benefit of this money; the most of us will not. Charity must begin at home, and in our humble opinion, it were much better if this money was given to our own School Board, who would then doubtless arouse from the dormant condition in which they are now existing and rubbing the sleep from their eyes, lay the foundation of the New Glasgow Academy.

The "Hy Skule."

There's a time to be jolly and glad,
 There's a time to be merry and wise;
 But the merchant who keeps ahead of
 time

Will be sure to advertise—
 In the MONTHLY.

Scene:—English Class—Notes on the
 Merchant of Venice. Teacher: "R—
 what is meant by snapped ginger?" R—
 (briskly): "Gingersnaps!"

One of our N. G. Dalhousians still
 clings to his childish ways. He loves his
Dolly.

Teacher in Chemistry:—"What is form-
 ed by the union of lime and water?" Small
 boy (thinking of the lines of picket fence):
 "Whitewash!"

Thistledown—Rubbing *Hen's* smoustache
 the wrong way.

Our bright little junior has given up
 kicking.

Which boy had the painful interview
 with the English teacher the other day?
Eh Chiz?

It is with great pleasure that we notice
 that one of our "boys", Mr. W. T. Pat-
 ton, has distinguished himself by taking
 second place in the teachers' examination
 for Grade B, open to Nova Scotia, making
 the very creditable average of 72 per cent.
 He is now teaching at Lyon's Brook, and
 if the young idea of that place fail to
 "shoot," it is certainly owing to no fault
 in their worthy pedagogue.

Mr. Alex. Ross, another of our boys,
 also passed a very creditable examination.

Mr. John G. McDougall, one of our
 B class of '89, has been appointed prin-
 cipal of the Albion Mines Public Schools.
 John is bound to get on.

T. M. Lewis, the lecturer for the Sons
 of Temperance paid the High School a
 visit last Friday. He gave some good ad-
 vice which we hope was well received.

The following was contributed by our
 devil:—

"Is the Editor in, asked a long haired youth.
 Into our sanctum he strode;
 If he is, I wish to see him, forsooth.
 I wish to sell him an Ode.
 Straight up to the editor's desk he strode,
 Took a seat with a childlike smile;
 And said to the editor, "I've an Ode
 On the Beautiful"—but the bile
 Of the editor rose, and he smote
 The bard a most terrible blow
 And kicked him into the office backyard,
 To die on the beautiful snow."

In the latest Montreal *Witness* prize
 awards for short Canadian stories, Miss
 Nettie B. McKenzie, of New Glasgow,
 won the Pictou County prize and Charlie
 R. McKean, of Durham, received, the
 school prize.

Miss McKenzie is a 2nd year student
 of the High School. The MONTHLY con-
 gratulates her on her success.

An exchange voices our sentiments
 when it says—In remitting for a subscrip-
 tion do not say, "please find enclosed,"
 etc. Leave off the "please." It is un-
 necessary to plead with an editor in that
 way. If there be any money in the let-
 ter he will find it, and don't you think he
 won't. If he doesn't, he is a bogus
 member of the profession and you are
 well rid of the paper.

We have not arrived at that stage in
 the Journalistic profession and we hope
 never shall when we can join in the
 mouthful tone of the poet who says:—

"Lives of poor men all remind us,
 Honest toil don't stand a chance,
 More we work we leave behind us
 Bigger patches on our pants.

On our pants once new and glossy;
 Now are shades of different hue,
 All because subscribers linger
 And won't pay up what is due.

Then let all be up and doing,
 Send their mites however small,
 Or when storms of winter strike us,
 We will have no pants at all."

Correspondence.

NEW GLASGOW, N. S. Dec. 5th., 1890.

To the Editor High School Monthly,

S. R.—Please give me space in your columns for the following remarks which I trust will not be without result.

It is my wish to call attention to the manner in which the High School is run.

It is now the month of December and most people that month is certainly the beginning of winter but evidently our school board have not awakened to that fact.

On Monday last, in one room the snow drifted in through a broken window making a nice pool of water upon the floor and lowering the temperature of the room to a very considerable degree.

I suppose the ground may be taken, that we should be thankful there was heat enough to melt the snow, all very well, but, when a pane of glass costs but five cents wouldn't it be better to have it put in, and make the shivering students as comfortable as possible.

Another matter which should be attended to is the ill-fitting condition of the doors. In two rooms these refuse to shut and the outside doors can only be kept closed by locking.

Now Mr. Editor, this is not what should be, in a school of one hundred and twenty students and presided over by three B. A.'s. The building should at least be comfortable so that both teachers and taught may be able to finish each days work as warm as when they began it. Oh, school board how long will you continue in your state of sloth!

If it be possible let your thoughts stray from your cosy fires and warm rooms, to the shivering mortals in the High School. Arise and be doing while it is day, for the time is coming when the present students will all be gone and it won't matter to them how fine the seats or tight the doors.

In closing I would like to add that there are two or three places where coal can

be procured, and it would be very nice to be warm for one day.

Thanking you, Sir for the space you have allowed me.

I remain, yours, etc.

STUDENT.

Notes.

We are in receipt of *The Student* the High School paper of Portland, Oregon. It is the best school paper we have yet seen.

We learn Mr. Vance, of Truro, is Editor in Chief of the *Pictou Academy*. A good choice. Here's our paw, Mr. Vance, fraternally.

We hope to see the students take a lively interest in our correspondence column, in which all matters pertaining to the school may be discussed.

For fourteen years Yale held the football championship over Harvard. But a few days ago it came Harvard's turn, she won a glorious victory over Yale; score 12-6.

In the city of Montreal, a week or so ago, the High School was burned. Loss \$30,000. Suspicion pointed to some of the pupils as the incendiaries and one a youth from New Brunswick made a confession in which two lads, sons of leading citizens, are implicated as leaders. The law will deal pretty sharply with the "scamps." The cause was an ill-feeling between pupils and teachers.

Why the New Glasgow second fifteen, did not come down Tuesday to play the fifteen of our town is a burning question with youthful Pictou. Arrangements were all completed for a game between the clubs on Tuesday and in response to a telegram from New Glasgow, the Pictou boys prepared to meet the former club at the 2.15 train, but to date neither the New Glasgow boys have put in an appearance or any word of explanation or apology been received.—*Pictou News*.

New Glasgow boys explain yourselves.

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