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Academy Annual

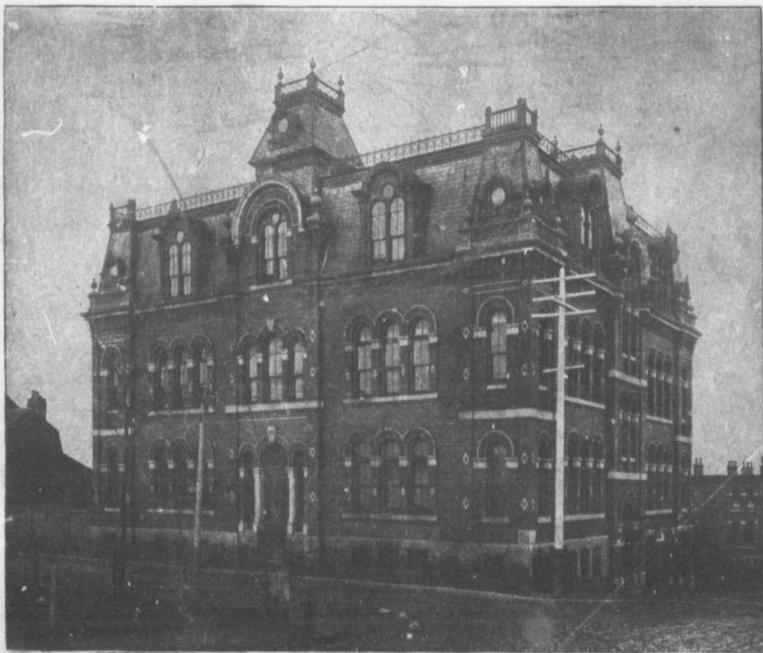
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HALIFAX, N. S.

CHRISTMAS, 1899.

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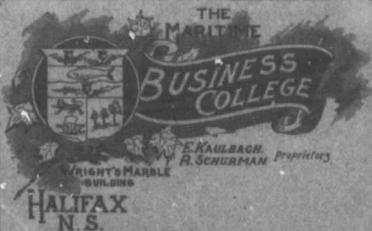
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The Academy Annual.

HALIFAX, N. S., CHRISTMAS, 1899.

Editors.

ELIZABETH B. MUMFORD EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

ANNIE E. CHRISTIE, Class B.	HATTIE B. DODD, Class C.
GEORGE N. BAKER, "	C. FRED GORHAM, "
HARVEY THORNE, "	GRACE O'CONNOR, Class D.
MINNIE L. BLACK, Class C.	LAURENCE TREMAINE, "
AMY K. PENNINGTON, "	ZILLAH MACDONALD, "
CHARLES T. BAILLIE, "	ARTHUR E. BOAK, "

FINANCIAL EDITOR GORDON CRICHTON.

ASSISTANT FINANCIAL EDITOR GORDON S. HARRINGTON.

IT is one of the duties of those whom the students have chosen to fill the editorial settee this term to say a few words by way of preface to what we have got together in the following pages of the **ACADEMY ANNUAL**.

No. 4.

We have tried hard to do the best we could and we hope that those who are sufficiently interested in our school and its sayings and doings to read over what we have set before them this year will do so in the same spirit of friendly criticism with which they have judged our previous efforts. We thank our exchanges of last year for some friendly words which they found themselves able to say about us. A certain college paper with a cover in yellow and black was kind enough to say that the "youngsters of the High School," (meaning us) had good success in making their paper pay. We don't deny that we do make the **ANNUAL** even what we hope is an 'honest penny' for us, but we make no secret of that, and if those big editors will deign to call upon us at our office at the corner of Sackville and Brunswick Streets, "the youngsters" will be most happy to tell them how we manage things so as to have a balance (last year a balance of \$125) on the right side of the ledger.

It has been the steady aim of the **ANNUAL** for the four years of its existence to serve not only as a magazine of the best literary efforts of our pupils, but also as a means of giving some idea of all the interests—the whole life of the school we represent. Those who set our more formal tasks for us are too apt to look upon us as mere lesson-learning animals. They violate the axiom of geometry which says that the whole is greater than the part. If the dignitaries of the C. P. I. (we pass over our more immediate task-

masters) would condescend to be curious about the *whole* of our school-life and work, not solely considering the *part* they impose upon us, they might feel more disposed to listen to what we have had to say for the past four years about our studies. We think of these worthy gentlemen as 'sitting on the hills like gods together, careless of mankind' or, at least, careless of that *part* of mankind made up of the boys and girls. A person who will take the trouble to look through the following pages will see that there are many features of our school life altogether outside the limits of the cast-iron programme of work drawn up for us at the education office. This might suggest to any one familiar with the circumstances amid which our school life goes on, the necessity of taking a view of everything we have to do instead of looking upon the Curriculum as the sole object of attention with us from the beginning of September to the end of June. Our reason for bringing up this hackneyed topic on our first page is that the claims of those who have the care of our education to a share in the deciding of what that education should be, seem now to have some shadow of a chance of being recognized. We hear talk now of allowing more options—of turning a little Mathematics and Science out into the 'Optional' cold to keep the Languages company. The fines imposed upon those who wanted to study Latin, or Greek, or French, or German, seem now to have some remote chance of being removed. We know that we have very little influence, but we are glad to think that what little we have has always been used in advocating the rights of teachers and parents to a little say in what shall be taught.

So much then for the **ANNUAL'S** views on this important matter. Having unburdened our united editorial mind of this weighty subject, we begin to consider whether there is anything else worth the emphasis of mention in the space wherein the editors do air their views.

As to our numbers we are hardly so numerous as last term, although the size of the **E** class is somewhat phenomenal. We are sure the teachers must have learned since the term began to sympathize with the most unfortunate position of the

'Old woman who lived in a shoe
And had so many children she didn't know what to do.'

The teachers are really worse off than this 'old woman,' for the heroic measures adopted by her for dealing with the difficulties of her position are not available in the case of the B class.

WE ARE SORELY OVERCROWDED IN OUR PRESENT QUARTERS. Would that the School-Board would take the trouble to think for five consecutive minutes upon the many inconveniences we daily and hourly suffer from this cause! However, we manage to get along in spite of everything, and think that we don't do so badly after all. The *People's College* must be conducted with great regard to economy, no doubt, and so if we cannot always have what we like we must try to like what we have.

It is the last, but not the least, pleasant duty of the editors to wish that all who read our paper may have a merry Christmas time.

" Again the bells ring,
The same old strain,
Telling Christmas is here
With its pleasures again "

We come to refresh your memories (kind readers) with the mention of our existence, our interests and our aims, and to wish you all the joy and happiness of the Christmas season as well as every prosperity in the coming year.

OUR CLOSING.

On the afternoon of Friday, November the twenty-fourth, the Assembly Hall was well filled with students and their friends to witness the formal closing of the school term, which ended in July last. Mr. A. M. Bell, Chairman of the School Board, presided. Near him was our old friend, Governor Daly, from whose hands the winners received their prizes and medals; and also Bishop Courtney, Rev. Clarence McKinnon and Dr. A. H. McKay, the speakers of the afternoon. Others on the platform were: Colonel Clerke, Principals Forrest and Fearn, Professor Howard Murray, Rev. E. P. Crawford, Rev. H. B. McKay, Aldermen Gellert and Faulkner, Mr. Charles Archibald, Supervisor McKay and Secretary Wilson. Letters of regret at being unable to be present were received from General Lord Seymour, Mrs. Charles Archibald, Rev. Dr. Black, and others. Shortly after three o'clock Chairman Bell began his opening remarks, and in them he urged all to take Progress as the watchword in life. He gave examples of men of his acquaintance occupying positions of honor, who, in their boyhood, were not content with doing what the ordinary boy could do, but were resolved to attempt that which called forth the powers of exertion within them. To use his figure, they gained one round of the ladder of success, and finding themselves secure in this position, strove to grasp another higher up. Having gained the higher round they let go the lower. Thus ever upwards and onwards they went, till now they are looked upon as persons who made the most of their life. On the other hand, he knew many men who work hard and

make but little progress for they fail to seize the golden opportunities within their reach.

Mr. Kennedy being called upon for a report of the work of the term, said that the total enrolment was 348, as against 361 of the previous year. This number included 215 girls and 133 boys. Of the 230 who took the government examinations, 213 were successful in winning the certificates applied for. Altogether there were taken 225 certificates divided thus: 43 B, 97 C, and 85 D. Judging from this record, he regarded the work as up to the standard of that of other years. The course of study came in for some notice. He was not prepared to say that the work was excessive, but as the Education Office invites open criticism of the syllabus of study leading to an improvement, he had a suggestion to make, namely, to have more options in it. The arranging of these options is merely a matter of detail, but he thought that keeping the number of subjects necessary for a grade as at present, Latin, Greek, French, German, Physics, Practical Mathematics, and History and Geography should be placed in the optional list. Having fewer subjects we could do more thorough work in those we choose, and be all the better able to pass the matriculation examinations of the various colleges. After stating that the pupils' standing was determined by the government grading and not by the teachers, he asked the Lieutenant-Governor to present the prizes to the successful students.

This duty being over, Governor Daly made a few pertinent remarks. He had often taken part in our exercises and was always pleased to do so, but this was very likely the last time he would address us in his official capacity. He congratulated us on winning prizes and certificates, which, we are told, should be looked upon as rewards for diligent study in the past and incentives to greater industry in the future. To those that failed, his advice is to try, try again, for he hoped that no such word as final failure appears in the lexicon of the Academy youth.

Rev. Mr. McKinnon, in his remarks, impressed upon us the importance of intelligence and integrity, twin graces upon which our empire is built and by which it is guided, rather than by brave soldiers and dignified statesmen. Quoting Pope's line, "Man never is, but always to be blest," he said he looked forward with confidence. In accomplishing the great results of the future, perhaps it is to science and not to classics we must turn. At one time science was looked upon as a monster which would destroy ecclesiastical affairs, but now the genius of man has harnessed it to his services. He trusted we would go forth bearing the torch of knowledge till every hamlet and every valley reflected its glory.

Bishop Courtney, also, was happy in his remarks. He begged us to be accurate in our knowledge and to exercise our powers of observation. When facts have been acquired, draw deductions from them and go out into the world with eyes open. Take Dean Farrar's advice, "Know all you can about one subject, and something about everything else." The points made by his lordship were enforced by apt illustrations which will dwell in the minds of many present.

Dr. MacKay, Superintendent of Education, was the last to address us. He sought to inculcate the necessity of acquiring habits of industry, and in speaking of their work paid a merited compliment to the teachers in the elementary schools. Owing to the lateness of the hour the doctor's remarks were brief.



CLASS B, HALIFAX ACADEMY, 1898-99.

Before closing, Mr. Kennedy made an announcement, which was received with much applause. It was that Mrs. Charles Archibald offers a prize—a ten dollar gold piece—in competition to be determined by herself and the teachers. Particulars of this addition to the prize list are given in the proper column.

The musical part of the programme was well carried out. A piano solo was given by Miss Annie Layton; a violin and piano duet by Misses Grace Billman and Minnie Black; a solo, 'The Fairies,' was sweetly sung by Miss Tina Allen; 'Rule Britannia,' by the students, with Misses Annie Layton and Carrie Cunningham as accompanists on the piano, and Masters Gordon Crichton and James Thorne on the bass and kettle drums respectively; 'Soldiers of the Queen,' by the students, with Masters Frank Archibald and Kells Swenerton taking the leading parts, and Misses Tina Allen and Annie Layton accompanying on the piano; and the singing of the national anthem at the close.

The prizes and the winners were as follows:—

- The Chairman's Gold Medal: A gold medal offered by Alderman J. M. Geldert, Chairman of the School Board, awarded to the graduate making the highest aggregate in the subjects of the course.—GILBERT SUTHERLAND STAIRS
- The Blackadar Gold Medal: A gold medal offered by H. B. Blackadar, ex-Chairman of the School Board, given to the graduate making the highest aggregate in English, Physiology and History—four subjects.—ROYAL ELLIOTT BATES.
- The Mayor's Gold Medal: A gold medal offered by Mayor Hamilton, awarded to the graduate standing highest in Classics.—ALFRED EDWARD DAVIS.
- The Academy Gold Medal: A gold medal given to the graduate making the best aggregate in Mathematics and Physics—four subjects.—ANNIE MARY PAULEY.
- A Special Prize of Ten Dollars, offered by J. C. Mackintosh, Esq., for the best essay on "The Advantages of being a British Citizen." Not awarded.
- An Academy Silver Medal given to the student of the B class making the largest increase in the aggregate of the previous year.—ELLA GERTRUDE SHIELDS.
- An Academy Silver Medal, awarded to the student of the C class making the highest aggregate in the subjects of the course.—ALLAN POLLOK LAING.
- An Academy Silver Medal, given to the student of the C class taking the highest rank in Classics.—FRANK ROGERS ARCHIBALD.
- An Academy Silver Medal, awarded to the student of class C making the highest percentage in Drawing and Bookkeeping—one subject.—CAROLINE ANDERSON CUNNINGHAM.
- An Academy Silver Medal, awarded to the student of the C class making the greatest increase in the aggregate of the previous year.—KATIE OSMAN SANDERS.
- An Academy Silver Medal given to the student of the D class making the highest aggregate in the subjects of the course.—AMY KINGSLAND PENNINGTON.
- A Prize offered to the student of the B class for highest marks in Physiology and Universal History.—GILBERT SUTHERLAND STAIRS.
- A Prize offered to the student of the B class for the best aggregate in English Language and Literature.—JENNIE MORRIS FENN.
- Book Prizes offered to students standing highest in German: Class B—ELIZABETH JANE NAYLOR. Class C—LYDIA AUGUSTA FLEMING.
- Book Prizes offered to students standing highest in French: Class B—CLAUDINE FERNS SMITHERS. Class C—GERTRUDE CLARA LOUISE MITCHELL. Class D—AMY KINGSLAND PENNINGTON.
- A Prize offered to the student of the C class standing highest in English, History and Geography—four subjects.—CAROLINE ANDERSON CUNNINGHAM.
- A Prize offered to the student of the C class standing highest in Mathematics and Science.—FRANK ROGERS ARCHIBALD.
- A Book Prize, offered by T. C. Fen & Co. to the student of the D class making the highest aggregate in English—two subjects.—AMY KINGSLAND PENNINGTON.
- A Book Prize offered to the student of the D class making the best mark in Latin.—HARRY ELI BATES.
- A Book Prize offered to the student of the D class making the best mark in Drawing and Bookkeeping.—HENRY EVERSELY BOAK.
- A Book Prize offered to the student of the D class highest in Arithmetic and Algebra.—HARRY ELI BATES.
- A Book Prize offered to the student of the D class making the best mark in Science.—HARRY ELI BATES.
- A Book Prize in the D class to the student making the best aggregate in Geometry, History and Geography—two subjects.—RALPH SANDERSON BILLMAN

PRIZES AND MEDALS OFFERED FOR 1899-1900.

The list is nearly the same as that of last year. The following is added: Two Prizes of Five Dollars each, offered by Mrs. Charles Archibald, to be awarded to the girl and the boy who shall prepare the best original papers on the principal events in Canadian History of the current year, and read the same with best effect before judges. Only such pupils as are considered to read and speak satisfactorily in their ordinary class-work shall be allowed to compete for this prize. In 1, read A. M. Bell for Alderman J. M. Geldert. Nos. 6 and 7 are discontinued.

Prizes can be won only by students who succeed in taking their certificates. In case of a tie, reference will be made to marks made at the quarterly examinations during the term. The winner of any medal is excluded from winning a second medal.

LAST YEAR'S B CLASS.

Where they are, what they are doing, and something about some of them.

LIZZIE BARNABY never seems to be in a hurry. She believes in doing her work thoroughly and well. She takes her time about the business of education and is with us as a B student again this year.

MARY BARNSTEAD was a very good student and may be depended upon to do her best in all her undertakings.

LIZZIE BAXTER never had the appearance of a girl who was taking her student life too seriously. She has her B certificate to show for what she knows about our Course of Study, and is now adding a knowledge of domestic economy to her other numerous accomplishments.

KATHLEEN BENNET pursues the even tenor of her way in her home in the city.

EDITH BROWN is at her home in the city.

MARGARET BROWNE is taking the work of the B class over again, in which she will, no doubt, become very thoroughly versed.

WINNIE BURBIDGE has not had enough of books yet, and is now spending her leisure time in getting up the work imposed upon her by her college masters.

NELLIE CHAPMAN is at Normal School. She will make a good trainer of the young idea, for she was herself a faithful student.

MAY CHURCH, the "interrogation point" of the Academy, has left us for the "city of culture and baked beans." From that as a working base she is propounding *posers* to the President of the United States.

EDITH CLARKE, after a quiet uneventful three years of high school life, is now at her home in Bedford.

MARY COLTHER never seems to be worrying over course^s of study. She is in the B class again this year.

BESSIE CONNOR was a very good student, and always bright and cheerful.

ANNA CURRIE is a general student at Dalhousie, and will no doubt be successful in any studies she may choose to take.

JENNIE FENN did very well at her leaving examinations, and is going on with Latin and Greek.

MABEL GRANT takes the B work a second time.

VILAH HALL used to talk a good deal in the "optional" rooms. She is at her home on Victoria Road, city.

MILLIE HANCOCK, "one of our youngest," is a marvel of precocity. She couldn't bear the thoughts of leaving school so young, and accordingly is again enrolled among the famous B's.

LOTTIE HART was a faithful student and could always be relied upon to do her best.

MAY HART, owing to irregular attendance last term, is again with us.

EDITH HAZLE is wielding the *birch* at Beech Hill school. Success to her efforts.

LENA HEARTZ continues her studies at Sackville. The reputation of our school is safe in her hands.

ANNIE HUESTIS never could consent to be grouped or labelled among the acquiescent. We have a good word to say of her in another column.

LOUISE HUTT is resting from her school labours at her home in Dartmouth.

GUSSIE KELLY accompanies her friend, Miss Grant, to and from school with a fair degree of regularity.

JEAN LINDSAY is enrolled in the Freshman class at Dalhousie.

CHRISTINE MACDONALD is teaching at Windsor Junction.

JEAN McHEFFY is teaching in Hants Co.

FLORA McNUTT attends Dalhousie as a general student. She probably takes the same classes as her friend, Miss Currie.

ALICE MAXWELL is teaching.

MABEL MOONEY is at home. We are glad to hear that her health has improved.

ANNIE PAULEY was a clever girl and a favorite with all. She carried off the Mathematics medal.

LOUISE PENNINGTON was only with us for a part of the term and is making up for lost time by good work on the B syllabus this term.

FLORRIE PHELAN was dissatisfied with her progress last year, and is now making up for lost time in the B class.

CARRIE PUSHE is studying music at the Halifax Ladies' College.

SADIE RICHARDSON didn't recover sufficiently from the shock of parting with Miss VonSchoppe, to be a very hard student. She is again in class B.

ELLA ROSS is teaching at Sheet Harbour.

BLANCHE VONSCHOPPE is in Boston.

ELLA SHIELDS took a medal for doing so much better than she did in the term before. She is now at Normal School.

HILDA SLAYTER was a clever student and passed a very creditable leaving examination. She is now at home in the city.

OLLIE SMITH is at Sackville. She was one of our best students.

CLAUDINE SMITHERS took the prize in French. She is staying at home now.

EDITH WOOD we expect to have with us in the B class after the holidays.

ETHEL WOOLLARD is teaching in Mooseland. We expect to hear of her success in the profession.

MISS WITHROW is teaching at Scot's Bay Road, Kings County.

CLINTON ANNAND paid dearly for his education as he was obliged to come in on the cars every morning with a whole bevy of students. He is now pursuing his studies at Dalhousie. We wish him success in keeping up with them.

ROY BATES came to us from over the Border—from Uncle Sam's domain. His speciality was pretty nearly everything, but perhaps Latin and Greek had the largest share in his favour. Last year's ANNUAL was indebted to him for some clever writing. After a severe conflict between his wish to be a Bachelor of Arts and his wish to be a Bachelor of Art, the latter prevailed, and he is now a student at Victoria Art School preparatory to studying abroad.

NORMAN BAXTER was a specimen of an almost extinct species, for he was always ready to answer questions put to the class at large. His was the voice that often broke the ominous silence that followed the request of the Physiology teacher for "opinions." He is now at Dalhousie.

MARTIN GAY BLACK often got so gay, and *would* do so many things that were out of order in class time, that he was invited from the modest seat he had taken down at the back of the room, with the words, "Friend, come up higher." The rest of the term he spent under the awful eye of the teachers. He is now "At Home" in Dartmouth.

HOPE BLOIS could always prove any exercise in Euclid so clearly and rapidly by the *indirect method*, that he often dazzled our feebler intellects, and muddled us so that we were not quite sure what he had proven when done. He figured prominently as Editor of last year's ANNUAL, member of Debating Society, and lecturer on Political Economy. We hear that he now joins in the U-pl-dee, and pursues his studies and the sophomores at our University.

CLARENCE BUCKLEY was a good average student. You could always make a pretty good guess at what he knew about the lesson, for you could read his writing. This could not be said of many of the class. He now deals out pills and biters over the counter at Buckley Bros.

JOHN CHISHOLM was one of the most eloquent speakers of our Debating Society. He was very fond of conning Kipling in his corner while the class were reading Greek. He can now be consulted at his home in Dartmouth.

HARRY CONROD was as well liked as any member of the class. He persisted in sitting curled up like a caterpillar, and was the cause of many a lecture on keeping the shoulders back, chest out, and chin in. At the Commercial College, he is laying the foundation of future prosperity as a business man.

HARRY COX. One might have thought to hear Harry Cox sing that he was fond of music, did they not know of his aversion to *keys* in any form. He read Latin well, but brought forth the wrath of the Long Suffering Man because he would not speak loud enough to be heard two seats away. Now at home at Isaac's Harbor, Guysboro Co.

ALFRED DAVISS, commonly known as "climber," was a study. Although never even *slightly hurried*, relying on his former knowledge, he got through in July with a good margin and not with a *close shave* as some of us did. He was the bravest one in the class, for although he was constantly threatened with being *raced* to the ground, he never swerved from the path of duty, but carefully tilted and cultivated what will some day be his pride. He is now assistant professor of classics at Dalhousie.

GEORGE HUNTLEY GORDON, like Milton, was born an age too late, for he was a firm believer in the "Divine Right of Kings." A good fellow, scholar, and writer, he was never known to be a stone's throw from his chum, Gib Stairs. We hear that in Dalhousie he has forsaken the Greek in which he revelled, and has taken up French.

JOHN HOBBS, little known because much absent, was a quiet, peaceable fellow, and had not an enemy in the class. He is in the B class again this year.

DOUGLAS HUNTER, or "Dug," was a general favorite, because he was the funny man of the class. No one ever spoke to him that he didn't make them laugh. Instead of keeping books as he is doing, he should be keeping his eye on Mark Twain, ready to jump into his shoes when Mark has no further use for them. He is now "financial manager" at W. & C. Silver's.

ELBRIDGE KIRKER was the crack mathematician of his class. He would adjust his spectacles, look at any exercise in the Algebra for a minute, and in another there it was done for you as nicely as possible. He is at home in Quoddy, Halifax Co., N. S.

FRANK "BARBAROSA" LAYTON was a popular member of the class. His handsome neckties were never out of place, nor did a single hair of his head ever depart from the *straight and narrow way*, except on the memorable occasion when we rushed the D's. Then they were *ruffled*, and the broad white band that served as a choker for his slender neck was so wilted and crushed that it was no longer of its usual height, but only $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. He is now "running" a large publishing house in Boston.

ALEX. MACDONALD was a beautiful blonde from Cape Breton. His hair never reached the twelve inch length, but he made strenuous efforts in that direction. It is said that once he did look at the other side of the room where sat the daughters of Eve. We believe he is now enrolled among the "Meds."

GUS MACDONALD was the valiant Captain of our Cadet Corps, and well liked by all the Company. He is in swift pursuit of studies at Dalhousie, and taking Greek at the Academy besides, as he never was associated with that subject while among us, but preferred to loaf Greek hour.

ARTHUR MACKAY was the most shy and retiring member of the male persuasion in the class. In the Greek and Latin classes he was too modest to attempt a translation of the ancient writers owing to the inadequacy of our language to express his feelings of their sublime meaning. He is now at his home in Pictou Co.

JOHNSON MACKAY, although standing third in the July exams., has decided to take the "B" work over again, because he wants to make first in his class next year. Here's to his *health*.

JAS. MELLISH, although perhaps the smallest boy in the class, has by no means the smallest brain, as was shown by his taking a Dalhousie scholarship. He was always bright and cheerful, a smile on his own visage, and trying to put one on everybody else's.

GUY MITCHELL, alias Warren, was known by an unearthly and unprintable name. He maintained his good nature in spite of jest and joke at his expense. It was he who set fire to the Lyceum last winter, but the cleverness of his lawyers got him off.

ROBERT SLAYTER we could wish had stayed at school longer than he did, for he was well liked, both on the football field and in the class-room. He is filling an important position in the Bank of Nova Scotia.

GILBERT STAIRS is one of whom his class is proud. He has captured for us the first place in the Province every year since his entrance to the Academy. Captain of the Football Team, Lieutenant of Cadets, and financial editor of last year's ANNUAL, he was perhaps as popular as any boy in the class. Continuing his record, he took the first scholarship at Dalhousie, and we feel confident will make a good lawyer and politician.

HUGH UPHAM was a good sober student. He was never known to whisper nor to get into a scrape. He has developed a desire to become a preacher, and will undoubtedly one day be one of our greatest pulpit orators. He was respected by all.

JOHN WELDON was another who came to the Academy to study rather than scribble, although he was good at both. A good student, and a fellow known by all and disliked by none. We are uncertain as to his present whereabouts, but have heard rumors to the effect that he is going west to try ranching. Success to you, John!

FRANK WOODBURY, the last on the list, and the last one in the world whom you would think of as adopting the heathenish profession of dentistry. He was always bright and cheerful, and we can hardly think of him as pulling teeth after the gentle way in which he could pull a young lady's hair.

SAMPLES of choice (?) English from examination papers:—

- (1) (Speaking of camping out) - "We were three miles from civilization of any kind *except* wild animals."
- (2) The people were afraid that the corpse would be burnt to death, so they removed it.



LIEUT. C. C. WOOD,
Killed in battle near Belmont, South Africa, November 19th, 1899.

RECOLLECTIONS.

Being somewhat of a dreamer, and being alone with my thoughts, my memory reverts to my school-days, and to my school-mate, the late Charles C. Wood, of whose death "on the South African battle-field," I have just been reading. My recollection of the two years we were together at school and gymnasium, are at present very vivid. I fancy I am again at school, and that this jolly, genial fellow is in the midst of my other school-mates. He was a great favorite with the teachers, as with us, "his school mates." I can in my imagination see him and his particular chum, Will Gordon, as they sat together day after day in the various class-rooms; both very intent upon their studies; for Wood was very thorough, and always up to the mark with his lessons. Then when recreation time came, he was always in for any sport that was going, and was very enthusiastic about athletics of any kind whatever. We were all sorry when he left us to enter the Kingston Military College, when he started to train for his chosen profession in life. At Kingston he was very successful, coming out eighth in a class of fifteen, thus gaining a lieutenancy in the British army. It seems sad to think he should fall so early in this campaign, for I am sure that all his school-fellows think like myself, that had he been spared he would surely have risen in this, his chosen profession; nevertheless, although his career has been short, he met his death gallantly fighting for his Queen and country. Therefore, all his class-mates while regretting his short career, must to-day feel proud of their former school-fellow, Charles C. Wood.

[The above cut represents Lieut. Wood as he appeared when a student at Kingston Military College.]

THE LIBRARY.

"MAY blessings be upon the head of Cadmus the Phœnician or whoever it was that invented books."—*Thomas Carlyle.*

Thinking that it would interest last year's as well as this year's pupils to know how the funds contributed to the support of the library by No 3 of the ANNUAL have been expended the librarian has written down the following

brief statement of some improvements and additions made during the past term.

1000 new catalogues were printed at an expense of \$22. New books were added to the value of \$62. [The total number now in the Library is 1030]. Donations to the amount of \$15 were received from friends of the school. This we mention here thinking that it might suggest to others the desirability of their going and doing likewise. The library was open for the pupils' use from Dec. 2nd to May 17th last term, during which time 135 books on an average were given out each week. Mention must be made of the assistance given last term in the work of exchanging books by Miss Annie Pauley, Miss Ethel Woollard, Mr. Johnstone McKay and Mr. Norman Baxter.

An addition to our shelves which we are not ashamed of is a number of Ruskin's books by his authorized English publisher, George Allen. Our limited means usually drives us to consider *cheapness* in the selection of new books but we have this small shelf's end just to show that we really *know* how a good book ought to be made. The grim old hunter and slayer of Shams whose words we have quoted above would have fine scope for his invective if he could see the gaudy wares set out on our booksellers' counters. This suggests a word of caution to the users of our books. Do handle them carefully. The life of a book passed in a school circulating library is short at best. Don't make it unnecessarily brief by ill-usage. In throwing a book across the room for instance try to have it alight on its side and not on one corner so that it twists its back and is apt to break the binding. Speaking seriously however we think that the books might be handled a little more carefully than they now are. Let each student feel the responsibility of taking good care of a book as a part of his or her own property, as it really is, and help to make the life of a good book as long as possible.

Coming back to our report however: the Dicken's shelf on which the ravages of time were sadly apparent was filled up by the addition of the lost or worn-out volumes. Later novels by Stevenson, Weyman and Doyle were added and something easier for the younger boys and girls by Henty, Ballantyne, and the writers of girls' juveniles. Lack of space forbids further mention of new books. They will all be found in the new catalogue.

The School Board has appreciated the efforts of the pupils and has gone to a slight expense in fitting up a room on the third floor for the better accommodation of our books and the work of keeping them in order and looking after their 'going out' and (more important still) their 'coming in.' [N. B.—There is any quantity of room in our new quarters so that any who are disposed to donate us anything whether books or money need be in no fear of putting us to the slightest inconvenience through over-crowding.]

THE IDLER.

Sing heigh-ho! Nothing to do!
The little brown squirrel runs up the tree,
And the leaves are merry and nod at me,
And an idle song comes in from the sea,
And the cloud-boats float about in the blue—
Sing heigh-ho! Nothing to do!
Sing heigh-ho! Nothing to do!
Above my head as I lazy lie
Is the friendly, gentle face of the sky:

The breeze steals past like a quiet thought,
 And care and trouble are all forgot.
 I am a child, and I love to look—
 All the earth is my picture-book,
 And days are happy and dreams come true—
 Sing heigh-ho! Nothing to do!

Sing heigh-ho! Nothing to do!
 Glad and fearless the talk that passes
 From little people among the grasses!
 The cricket hides in the shade and sings,
 The sea-gulls drift on their silver wings.
 I lie and dream all the sweet hours through—
 Sing heigh-ho! Nothing to do!

Sing heigh-ho! Nothing to do!
 Butterflies curtsy and pass me by,
 Green is the grass, and blue is the sky;
 The joy of wind and the strength of tree
 Call to the youthful and strong in me;
 Hark! the rush of the wild-bird's wings!
 Strange and sweet are the notes he sings;
 The earth is fair, and the hours are few—
 Sing heigh-ho! Nothing to do!

Sing heigh-ho! Nothing to do!
 This I dreamed by a glowing grate,
 When the wind was high and the night was late;
 The trees in the wood were bare I knew,
 With storm-clouds frowning their branches through,
 And the gruesome fingers of frozen rain
 Made dreary music against the pane—
 But for me the bright-winged summer flew—
 Sing heigh-ho! Nothing to do!

ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS.

A FOOTNOTE IN ACADEMY HISTORY.

In a "visitor's book" (dated January 7th, 1879), which may be seen in the library, there is the following interesting entry in the handwriting of Dean Gilpin, then "Head Master":—

[Heading.]

"HIGH SCHOOL FOR THE CITY OF HALIFAX."

Visitor's Book.

- "The new building was opened with ceremony, January 7th, 1879.
 "Edwin Gilpin, D. D., Head Master, Senr. Canon of St. Luke's Cathedral and Archdeacon of N. S.
 "Herbert A. Bayne, Ph. D., Second Master, Teacher of Mathematics and Physics.
 "W. H. Waddell, Third Master, Teacher of English.
 "Jas. Liechti, Fourth Master, Teacher of Modern Languages.
 "The large room was filled with visitors. There were 79 boys present. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Allison, Supt. of Education, the Lieut. Governor, the Bishop of Nova Scotia, the Chief Justice Rev. "Geo. Hill."

On the following page are the autographs of these distinguished speakers:—

"Adams G. Archibald, Lieut.-Governor, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

"David Allison, Supt. of Education.
 "Geo. W. Hill, Chancellor of University, Halifax."

[The autograph of the Chief Justice (Young) does not appear.]

Following these names on this page and continued on the three following are the autographs of other visitors present on this occasion, among whom we notice:—"Jas. J. Bremner, Chairman of the School Board; L. G. Power; "Wm. Ackhurst, Chairman Teachers' Committee; Wm. Taylor, Chairman North District Vis. Com.; M. J. Power; Joseph S. Belcher; Jas. W. Murray, Assistant Commissary General; W. H. Keating, Registrar of Deeds; "John Padfield, Principal of St. Margaret's Hall; E. N. Keating, City Engineer; John Forrest; Robert F. Burns, D. D.; James Sharp, Methodist Minister; George B. Dodwell, Prov. Exam. in Languages; Thos. Duncan, St. Andrew's Church; John Silver; J. Taylor Wood; B. Curren, Supervisor; Allan Simpson, Presbyterian Minister; "P. G. McGregor, Presbyterian Minister; Jas. B. Morrow, Vice Consul of France; Alex. McKnight, D. D., Principal "of Presbyterian Theological College."

These are some of the men who came to the Academy twenty years ago to see work being in the "new building." What a change the short space of twenty years brings about! At our last public function not one of these teachers was present, and of the list of visitors Dr. Forrest was the only representative. And where are the "79 boys?" Scattered no doubt over all the continents of the globe, while some inevitably must have passed not only from the High School we know, but also from the school of life itself. So passes the glory of the world.

WINTER.

Now the whispering leaves have vanished,
 And the trees stand bleak and bare,
 And little frosty breezes
 Come shivering through the air.

Oh! Summer's days were pleasant,
 And the summer sunshine sweet;
 But not the less with happiness
 The winter days we greet.

How could we do without them,
 Their beauty and their light,
 The glory of new fallen snow,
 The frosty stars at night!

Oh! Childhood's years were happy,
 And the days of youth are dear;
 But to loving hearts and simple
 Life is happy all its year.

Now our life is in its summer
 With its warmth, and growth, and glee;
 But no less need we find goodness
 In the winter days to be

There'll be beauty in the falling
 Of the snow so pure and white,
 In the days of rest and loving,
 And the glorious stars at night.

Though the whispering leaves have vanished,
 And the trees stand bleak and bare,
 These are merry little snowflakes
 That come dancing down the air.

M.

THE QUEER EXAMINATION.

One Saturday morning mother sent me across the field on an errand to Aunt Susie's house. It was very hot and on the way home I sat down under a big beech tree to cool off a bit. After a while I heard voices near me that I hadn't noticed at first, and when I looked round to the other side of my tree I saw a lot of the boys and girls of our school and some of the teachers too, sitting round a well which I am sure was never there before. The well was full up to the very top of the clearest water I ever saw, and at first I thought of running home to tell mother about the beautiful well for I knew that a bother she always had with the water in the house well, but then I wanted to see what all the people were doing, so I went over and asked Ted Larkins, my chum. "Why!" he said, "we're goin' to have the examination here." "What examination?" I asked. "You duffer!" Ted replied, "Don't you mind old Shaw said yesterday that the grammar examination would be at this well to-day?" "I never heard such a thing," I said, "and what well is this anyway? It never used to be here." "Where's your eyes?" snapped a big girl near me. She pointed to a sign board over the well which had these words painted on it in big gold letters, "The Well of English Undefiled." Then I noticed a man I didn't know standing close to the well and looking into it. His face looked kind and wise and stern all at once, and when every now and then he looked up I saw that his eyes were so bright and clear that they seemed to see right through one.

I felt very solemn, and I suppose looked it too, and perhaps Miss Lane, our English teacher thought I was frightened, for she said kindly, "You needn't be afraid, Jerry, for you always know your grammar real good." I wished she hadn't said that for the man looked up very sharply at us both, and I thought "Now he'll expect me to answer very hard questions" and I just sat still and looked into the well and tried hard to remember the Rules of Syntax.

As I stared into the well I began to notice a very odd thing about the water. All the crowd was chattering round me and I saw that everything that any body said was reflected in the water—just like a sort of echo. I watched for awhile and then I saw that some things were reflected just as they were said and others with a difference. My cousin, Amy Thompson, was quite near me and I noticed that whatever she said was reflected exactly as she said it, but when she asked the girl next to her when the holidays were to begin and the girl said, "They begin Friday but I am going home Thursday," what I saw in the well was, "They begin on Thursday but I am going home on Thursday." As I was reading that I noticed poor Miss Lane's sentence further on, but it was changed into "You always know your grammar *very well*." I happened to look at Miss Lane just then and saw that she was reading her sentence and blushing dreadfully and looking ashamed, and I felt sorry for her.

Then Lottie Campbell asked Tom Smith what he was to do in the holidays, and he said "I most always go to Grandfather's but this year I am going to stay home and help make hay," but what was written on the water was "I almost always go to Grandfather's but this year I am going to stay at home and help to make hay."

So it went on for a long time. Everything that was correctly said was reflected just as it was said and all the

incorrect things were corrected. By and by the well was quite covered with these written echoes, and one of the teachers said to the man who had been standing reading all the things in the well and making marks in a book, "When will the examination begin?" The man pointed to the water and said shortly, "The examination is over, and very few either of the teachers or scholars have passed." He looked tired and sorry, and angry too. "But," said the teacher, "You have not asked a single question." "There was no need," said the man, "The way in which people speak shows what their knowledge of grammar is worth." Then he stirred the well with a silver rod and all the writing vanished, and the water sparkled more than ever, so that everybody felt that he was very thirsty.

The names of those who had passed were then read, and they were very few, all the teachers, even, were not mentioned. Cousin Amy's name was one of the first read, and to my surprise, my name was read too. I must have saved myself by saying so little. Prizes were given to all that passed, and the prizes were all alike—beautiful little cut glass mugs, filled with water from "The Well of English Undefiled." We were all so thirsty that we drank the water immediately, and I never tasted such water in my life—it quenched my thirst and made me feel so happy, and when I looked at the others I saw that as each drank something of the man's look seemed to come into his face and he grew taller and straighter and happier looking.

Then the man turned to those who had not passed and told each what his punishment must be. Some had to eat grammars for dinner or sleep on them for pillows or carry a pile of them on their backs. But Ted Larkins! Oh, poor Ted!—who had never failed in a grammar lesson in school or spoken a sentence correctly out of it—there he was, with a huge book, called the Standard Dictionary of Slang, tied round his neck like a stone, and his pockets stuffed full of grammars so that his back was nearly bent double. I ran to help him, for it seemed too bad that just because I had said so little I had got through, while he, who could have answered any number of questions in grammar, had failed. As I ran a branch of a tree caught my shoulder and I fell, and then Ted and all the others and the well were nowhere, and I opened my eyes to find sister Alice shaking me and laughing and saying "Little Boy Blue, is that the way you mind your sheep?" And I was so glad to waken and find it was all a dream. M.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

1. L. M. *Ques.*—What is the most suitable and fashionable way for a girl of sixteen to wear her hair? Should she tie it?
Ans.—Most decidedly. She should tie it under her chin in a bow-knot, or else wind it around her neck and pin it with a stick-pin. The latter is preferable for out-of-doors, and then the hair is usually dyed the colour of any of the fashionable furs, gray fox, chinchilla or Sable being most in favour.

2. SNOWFLAKE, TRURO. *Ques.*—Is a box of candy a suitable present to give a young lady at Christmas? *Ans.*—No. Candy is out of fashion. A box of sardines, each sardine decorated with the crest of the recipient, and the box tied with broad blue or pink satin ribbon, or an onion in a fringed silk doyley, is a prettier and more popular fancy.

3. FREDERIC. *Ques.*—Should a gentleman when making a call put his hat down or hold it? *Ans.*—He should either hang it on the piano lamp (if lighted), sit on it, or put it in the coal-scuttle. The last is considered the best.

4. CHARMING JANE. *Ques.*—What is the proper pronunciation of the word Dance? Dãnce or Dahnce? *Ans.*—Neither. Dawnce.

5. MATRON. *Ques.*—On your usual reception day if you happen to be otherwise engaged, should you have on your card on the door, "Not Receiving" or "Not at Home"? *Neither.* Your maid should be trained to open the door just wide enough to allow her head to be thrust out, and say very distinctly, "Aint in." Of course the white cap is indispensable for such ceremony.

6. GINX'S BABY. *Ques.*—Should gentlemen when making afternoon calls assist their hostess by passing around the tea? *Ans.*—Goodness, no! If they were to begin such a practice the ladies would be obliged to give up going to see their friends. What women in our country can afford a new gown after every call they make?

7. ACTON. *Ques.*—On which side of a lady should a gentleman sit at opera? *Ans.*—On the other.

8. JIM. *Ques.*—What is the difference between the American, Canadian and English ways of pronouncing *car*? *Ans.*—Cah—Car—Caw.

9. MARY L. Shubenacdie. *Ques.*—In what position should a lady hold her hands when she sits down? *Ans.*—She should hang one over her shoulder and keep the other in a pocket made specially for the purpose.

10. DANDY. *Ques.*—Should a gentleman smoke on the street? *Ans.*—Certainly. The pipe or cigar should be removed only if it prove a serious obstacle to desultory conversation with his companion; and a well-bred adept will take pains to give the person with him the full benefit of the smoke. While passing ladies he will be careful to replace the pipe or cigar if he has happened to remove it.

11. GUBBINS. *Ques.*—Do you consider a coat of arms necessary to a good position in society? *Ans.*—By all means—provided it be a coat of two arms. Even a man with one arm has two arms to his coat. Stranger still, a man with two arms has been seen in public places with two coats to one arm. A coat without arms has not yet been admitted into select circles.

12. L. G. *Ques.*—May a young woman accept presents from a man to whom she is not engaged? *Ans.*—Yes, but vegetables and snuff-boxes only.

13. ANXIOUS ENQUIRER. *Ques.*—Should people go to left or right in passing one another on the street? *Ans.*—In Halifax it is the custom for two persons to dodge each other for half an hour, after which take whichever side you can get. If time be an object, use the gutter at first.

14. ALICIA. *Ques.*—Two ladies meet a gentlemen whom one knows. Should the one who is not acquainted with him bow when her friend does? *Ans.*—Certainly. She should lift her hat.

15. CLEVELAND. *Ques.*—How should a young man conduct himself at dinner? What general directions can you give for manners at table? *Ans.*—On reaching the dining-room he should turn around three times and bow to his hostess, after which he will endeavour to be the first of the company to be seated, drawing his chair very far from the table so as to obstruct the passage of the servants and to allow his back to take a graceful bend during the meal. He should tie his napkin around his neck, ask to be served a second time with soup, tip over his finger-bowl in his neighbour's direction, and use a spoon with pie. He should take wine and that frequently, and declare his preference for what is not provided. The words, "If you please," should be used very sparingly, and "Thank you," not at all.

16. MRS. D. *Ques.*—How should a hostess withdraw herself and guests from table? *Ans.*—She should cough, smile uneasily, rattle her spoon in her cup, and say in a refined accent, "Have you all had enough?" or, "Are you all fed?" If her guests reply in the affirmative, she will say, "Well, get up, then," and set the example.

17. GENTLE VIXEN. *Ques.* Should a lady remove her hat at the theatre? *Ans.*—Not at first. The lady or gentleman directly behind her should be provided with a curry-comb or some other instrument with which the hat may be forcibly lifted from behind a few times, drawing the hair with it and causing as much pain as is possible. After this the sufferer will cheerfully remove the obstruction.

18. DEVOTEE. *Ques.*—Should a church-goer smile at and treat pleasantly any stranger found in her pew? *Ans.*—No. She should stand at the entrance and beckon the stranger out before taking her seat.

20. CHESTERFIELD. *Ques.*—Should a middle-aged gentleman be expected always to raise his hat to a young girl? *Ans.*—Not when he is so tall that it is a effort to reach it; and never unless he happens to be a gentleman.

21. MOLLY GIBSON. *Ques.*—Two ladies are leaving a public place as two gentlemen enter. Should the gentlemen step aside to let the ladies pass, or vice versa? *Ans.*—Unquestionably, vice versa. A true gentleman will always think of himself first. He will never inconvenience himself for anybody else.

JACK'S GRIEVANCE.

I've been deceived; I always thought
Girls did not care a rap,
Whether I lifted from my head,
Or simply touched my hat
To all the gay and bright young maids
That one is sure to meet,
If he decides to take a walk
Upon a city street.

But now my sister Sue has said
While tying my cravat,
"Tis laziness, dear Jack, to touch
Instead of raise your hat."
"You know," I said, "it hurts the rim
And puts it out of shape;
Still just because I meet a girl,
Why I must bow and scrape."

"Tis very well for you to say—
'A little thing to do';
If you should have to lift your hat,
Now, how would that suit you?
Say, if I met you on the street
With half-a-dozen girls,
And you all had to lift your hats
And muss your lovely curls?"

"I tell you this, when I meet you,
Because you've lectured now,
I'll just politely touch my cap
To you,—to others bow."
"And Jean," said Sue, "detests the way
Those lazy men all do,
With hand or cane just touch their hats,
Not lift them off to you."

I must confess my anger grew
At those last words of Sue's—
Of all her friends I liked Jean best,
I therefore had the blues.

To think that *she* should side with Sue
Was more than I could bear;
I tried to smile and said to Sue,
"I am sure I do not care."

"When I meet you two on the street
I'll simply touch my hat,
And only lift it when I choose—
So please remember that."
As fate would have it, the next day
I started off for town,
And as I walked up Clayton Street,
Those girls were coming down.

Of course I'd only touch my hat
I had quite firmly said,
So as I saw them coming near
I proudly raised my head.
But—just my luck! for when I passed,
The wind was very high—
It raised my hat from off my head
And whirled it towards the sky.

Did ever wind such anger raise
Or play a trick so mean!
It made it all the worse to think
The girl with Sue—was Jean.
"Why, Jack," said Sue, "you overdo
This lifting of your hat.
Pray do not send it down the street,
We don't require that."

Of course I laughed, for really there
Was nothing else to do—
But I blessed that wind and vowed I'd have
A reckoning with Sue.
And since that day if there's a wind,
Those girls torment me now,
And tell me just to touch my cap
If I don't *choose to bow*."

SADIE M. HUESTIS.

PEACE AND GOOD-WILL.

Christmas Day was nearly over. The smaller children began to weary of their play, and nestled around Grandma's chair for a story. The fire gleamed brightly on the tired faces of the little ones, and the kind old lady smiled pleasantly as they eagerly begged for their story: "Do Granny, dear, please do. Tell us about Christmas."

"Are you not too tired, to-night?" she asked. A chorus of "oh no's" was the answer. So after a moment of thought she began. "It is a story, I heard years ago, when I was a girl.

Along the crowded streets of Bethlehem, two little children hurriedly made their way. The streets were thronged, for on that day all Judaea had come to pay its tax to Caesar—each man to his native place. Crowds had been coming into the town all day from afar, and often, anxious voices were heard inquiring for a night's lodging.

It is little wonder that these two homeless orphans feared for their shelter from the cold night wind, so they hurried toward the innkeeper to see if they might sleep

again in the Cave, which he kept for travellers. Around the principal inn of Bethlehem, the crowd was so great that Mary and her brother were forced to stop. An anxious look swept over her face, as she put her arm with a protecting gesture around the blind boy's neck. "Oh, Baruch! We cannot get near for the crowd is dense. I fear the keeper will forget us." Mary's voice trembled.

"Be not cast down, oh my sister," Baruch said cheerily. "Perchance if we sing he may hear our voices and not forget his little friends." "Truly," she said quickly, "thou mayst be right. Choose thou what we shall sing."

Above the din of the busy crowd, the two childish voices rang, in an old Jewish melody. Stern and anxious faces in the throng relaxed into kindness as they glanced at the little singers.

They formed a pretty but pathetic picture. Each face was marked with strong Jewish features; but the thinner face, and the dark sightless eyes of the boy showed that he was dependent on his sister.

Touched by the sight, one Judean stopped, handed them a small coin, and said kindly to Mary, "Art thou troubled, my child? Hast thou lost thy friends?" Mary, with gentle timidity, told him their fears. Not long before, he said, he had heard the innkeeper give lodgings to one, Joseph of Nazareth, in this cave. They were too late. "Peace be with you," the stranger said, as he passed on. Mary answered not, but her eyes filled with tears, as she turned to her brother. "Baruch, my brother, thou hast no resting place, surely we are afflicted without cause."

"Nay Mary, be not so disheartened," the lad answered. "Our Heavenly Father hath some wise purpose. Forgettest thou the words of the psalm of David we have just sung? 'The Lord raiseth them that are bowed down, he relieveth the fatherless.' Let us arise, and go into the fields of the shepherds that we may sleep beneath His sky, and remember that, as He careth for the sheep, so also will he care for us." Ashamed of her hasty words, Mary said softly, "We will go."

It was not far, but they were very tired. It seemed a long way off—longer than ever before. At last, seeing a pile of brush in the distance, they chose it as their resting place. It was a rude shelter, hastily erected for the shepherds. Beside it Mary and Baruch thankfully laid themselves down.

Worn out with the long walk the girl fell asleep; but Baruch's head ached. Sleep would not come to him. For a time he listened to his sister's quiet breathing, then sang softly to himself, and thought of his mother's last words, "My boy, my only son, thou shalt be called Baruch, for thou hast been blessed with great faith. Thou shalt be favored of God, even though He hath taken from thee thy sight."

Hardly had the thought left him, when the darkness, before his eyes so long, broke away. He saw the stars shining in the sky, as clear as crystals. Gradually their light faded away, as a greater light dispelled the darkness; and from out the brightness, an angel of God appeared. Baruch stretched out his hand, and felt for his sister's face, but he could not speak.

Borne down by the wind came strains of heavenly music. The angel spoke. "Fear not," he said, "for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign

unto you. Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

The angel's voice was hushed, as the Heavenly choir sang, "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will towards men." Earth and sky were filled with the glory of the celestial singers. Stronger the anthem rose. The stars came swiftly back to their accustomed place, and the echoes of the hymn alone remained—peace on earth good-will toward men. Darkness came over Baruch again, but with it a new peace.

When day came, and Mary woke, he told her his story. As he finished he said, "Mary, I know the Holy One was born in the manger of the cave in which we slept. Are we not truly blessed. We may tell others the glad tidings."

Mary scarcely believed it to be real, so she said, "We will go first into the city and see if it be true."

Before the door of the cave, they found the shepherds and heard their wonderful story confirmed. Then with simple earnestness Baruch repeated the glad tidings of the Messiah's coming.

From distant ages until now," concluded Granny, "these glad tidings have brought joy and peace to mankind. It is our privilege at this Christmas season to remember the Gift, that has been given to us, and to show in all our words and deeds that peace and good will towards others."

The little hearers said, "Thank you, Granny," in sleepy tones, and kissed her good-night. *M. G. S.*

A FABLE.

Two travellers, Pride and Ambition, determined to set out on a journey on the flowery road to the city of Knowledge. In fitting themselves for the journey they provided themselves with a large store of the bread called Literature. When they started they were filled with the hope of great progress and the anticipation of great achievement. They had not gone far however ere they came across an obstacle in the way called Latin Verb. Here the walking was very bad and wherever they planted their feet they sunk in a bog called in the language of the people who had waded through, Conjugation. When nearly through Pride began to despair, and to fret saying that a man could get along very well in life by taking a shorter path to prominence which was not so beset with impediments, telling his companion of the success of his brother Merchandise, who had risen to great fame in his native town as a trader in ribbons etc. And of his cousin Cash who was a teller in a bank where he got high wages and could get what he wanted. This did not however discourage his companion, who seemed to be made of sterner stuff, kept in advance of his companion, Pride, and pressed on. At last they got over the mire Conjugation, pretty nearly discouraged particularly Pride who seemed to be so tired that he sat down on a pretty green bank of moss called Ease and soon was sound asleep. Being a man to be depended on, Ambition tarried till his companion would awake. To while away the time he began to dream day-dreams and was soon in a deep reverie.

Above the place on which they tarried there was a large flashy-looking building called the Castle of Pleasure kept by a Giant called Laziness.

This Giant was a big strong fellow who was always on the lookout for young pilgrims who walked the flowery Path of Knowledge. While the two wayfarers thus waited

at the spot called Ease, he came upon them and, before they knew it; they were bound. The Keeper of the Castle of Pleasure took his prisoners and told his jailor Self-Content to put them in a cell and feed them.

That night Pride and Ambition thought a great deal in their gloomy cell. They were greatly afraid. Ambition said to his companion, "We must leave this place to-night." Then Ambition told Pride that he had with him a Key called Industry and a cudgel called Determination. The Key was made of such ingenious workmanship that it would open any lock.

About midnight the two arose and opened the door of the cell. When Ambition opened the Gate of the Castle the prisoners got out and were so refreshed by the clear cool air that their spirits rose and although they met with other obstacles they were so strengthened by what they had gone through that they easily overcame them and at last arrived at the City of Knowledge. *X. Y. Z.*

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

Charlie and I were two boys living on West Street, in a suburb of London. Our father was a broker. I was fifteen years old and Charlie a year my junior. We were sitting up reading fairy tales one wild stormy night in December, the rain coming down in torrents. Father had telephoned us, that he would remain in town all night, on account of the weather. Our mother had been indisposed all day and had retired early, not to her own room but to a quieter one in the back part of the house. Father had told us to let the groom sleep in the house instead of over the stable, but we thought that there would be no danger, and so did not obey instructions. Nevertheless we were a little bit nervous, and looked over our shoulders a good deal.

It was near eleven when we at last dropped our books and started for bed. We locked all the doors and windows and went upstairs. As we talked for a long time that night, it must have been about one when I fell asleep.

I was awakened by the voice of my brother "What's that?" he asked. "We listened intently and presently heard a low noise as if somebody were moving down below. "I must find out who it is," I whispered. Creeping to the door I saw the outline of a man standing on the stairs. "What shall we do," I gasped. "I have it," said Charlie "You can get out of the window, on the verandah, slip down to the ground and run for help while I stay and keep the thieves here as long as possible." "No," said I, "they might shoot you if you stay. As I am the older I shall stay and you run for the police." After much persuasion, Charlie consented to go. He hastily drew on his clothes and clambered to the ground and I soon heard his footsteps die away in the distance.

I put on some clothes and crept to my mother's room. The ruffian on the stairs had seen me, and I hurriedly closed and locked the door before he tried it. He muttered a deep curse and began trying various keys in the lock. I hid in the ashes as much of the jewelry as I could find. I had just covered it over, when click went the lock and in came the burglar. Covering me with his revolver, he told me to be quiet. Just then an accomplice entered. While one kept me covered with his pistol, the other began searching for the valuables. Returning unsuccessful he seized me roughly, and with the aid of his companion, he bound

me fast. I was utterly helpless. Then with the revolver at my head, he asked me where the jewels were. Just then I heard a noise on the street. I fairly leaped for joy, and resolved to tell where the jewels were, hoping the robbers would be caught before they could get off. I pointed to the ashes where the treasures were found and, with his companion, bearing the jewels in his hands, the burglar hastily left the room.

At that moment I heard a pistol shot, then another and then all was silent for a few seconds to be succeeded by the sound of a fierce struggle. In a few minutes Charlie dashed into the room, and soon set me at liberty. I was trembling still. He asked me if mother was safe. We ran to where she was sleeping and found that she was asleep and knew nothing about the whole affair. Charlie said that he had found two policemen, about a quarter of a mile off. They ran to the rescue, had come in through the open window, which the burglars had left, and had seized one fellow while attempting to make off with the plate. The rogue fired twice before he was captured, but missed both times. The other two were only overpowered after a hard fight.

It was a very rough shaking-up for two quiet chaps like Charlie and me, and, altho' we dislike monotony and are fond of a bit of hazard now and then, we don't sigh for a repetition very soon of such a thrilling experience as that of our MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

R. C. W.

VACATION EXPERIENCES.

(By an Old Pupil.)

Did you ever hear a person make remarks like the following: "Oh, there is a book agent, don't let him in." "Agents are the most provoking people one could meet." If so, listen to one while I tell you a few of my experiences in the field as a book agent.

One fine morning in May, with grip, umbrella, mackintosh and my book well read, I proudly started out to make my fortune, although my heart sank at the thought of leaving home and friends. But book-agents must wear a smiling face so I buried my feelings and tried to look forward to the future, confident of success. I believed in my book and had studied it well. All I had to do was to talk people into my way of thinking and give them the idea that without my book life was not worth living.

The first day's journey was very pleasant, and after spending the night with a friend, I started for my territory.

On reaching my destination, I first learned the whereabouts of the Post Office, then went to the hotel, left my things and started to call on any clergymen that might reside in the village. There were three who all proved very kind and sympathetic. I left my book with one of them and he promised to look over it and give me a recommendation if it was good. The second minister ordered the book at once and the third gave me a great deal of information about the place and some good advice.

Next move was to begin to canvass in earnest. Oh! how I wished I was at home; but that was weak, so I hunted up a secluded spot in one end of the village, and unseen by mortal eye I stripped off my coat, transferred the bag holding my prospectus from my pocket to my shoulder got my coat on again and I was a book agent indeed. Looking like an ordinary individual I went to work.

The first man I called on took the book, advised me to board at the hotel and gave me encouraging reports of my territory. The minister who had examined my book gave it a good recommendation and altogether the sun set on a brighter day than I had expected.

Time slipped on with some dull and some bright days. If I got six or seven orders in one day I was happy, but when you only averaged three or four in a week the world looked blue indeed. Think of walking seven miles calling on twelve families, and talking, talking till you are tired only to be turned out with a provoking smile and a positive refusal to take the book. It makes you feel angry, but if you want to make a success of this business you must swallow your anger and thank the people for their patience and then get out, look happy and try again. I will not bore you with reports of work done. Will just tell you some of the comical happenings and some of the hardships I witnessed and endured during that memorable fifteen weeks.

The brightest day in the week was Saturday when I received my mail from home. But sad to relate most offices are not always to be depended on.

One Saturday I started for the Post Office, which was eight miles away, only to find when I reached it that the post-master had left at four in the afternoon with the key in his pocket so there was nothing to do but go back disappointed and homesick and come back early Monday morning. While standing on the steps of the office Monday morning reading a letter from the company, telling me to start for my next station, the boat that I was to have taken sailed down the river before my eyes. I got over the eight miles back to my stopping place, packed my things, hired a team, and started for a station seventeen miles away in hope of catching a train that would take me to my town. But no, the train had just left. I took the next which landed me fourteen miles from my desired haven, and, as there would be no connection till late at night, I hung my valise on a stick, put it over my shoulder, threw my mackintosh over my arm, and using my umbrella as a cane started to walk. After eight miles of weary tramping a man in a wagon kindly picked me up and carried me to the end of my journey.

I called on a man one day and talked to him quite a while and he seemed so interested that my spirits rose in anticipation of the order I was about to receive, but, alas! with a peculiar smile he told me to see his wife and what ever she decided would be right. My heart sank a little but I tried. She seemed pleased but demurred a good deal. I told her at last that her husband had advised me to come to her. She then smiled sweetly and told me that *she* was "Agent-proof." Needless to say that finished that call.

I came across a man who wished to have the book but he had so many now that they could never get them all read. I argued with him, told him that this book would be different from those he had and that he would find it very interesting to pick up to read in odd minutes. No, no, he had such a number now that he really could not think of getting any more. Imagine my astonishment when he showed me his huge collection to find that it contained twenty books, owned by himself and his son. It was useless to talk any longer so I left in disgust.

In L—, I made the acquaintance of a young man who knew everything (or thought he did). He had been educated abroad,—in a town not five hundred miles from his home. His knowledge of literature was very extensive, he could give a quotation from Burns' "Ode to Toothache," which was profane.

I showed him the fine pictures in the book. He had seen all the fine pictures "he wanted to," but did not seem to be the possessor of *one* so far as I could see. When I said that the articles in the book which I was selling were written by some of the best known men of the day and were something new, he protested that he did not need it as he took the latest magazines. One magazine was lying on the table, and to judge by appearance, not a first class one. At last he turned on me, told me that he didn't want the book, it wasn't any good, never saw a book that was, wouldn't give five cents for any book he ever heard of. We parted.

One day while walking along the road in Q— I heard shouting and the rattling of wheels. Turning, I saw a horse and covered buggy coming through a field at a terrific speed; the owner, a darkey, running behind and shouting to the horse to stop. The man had put a belt-lick over the top of the buggy and the horse catching sight of it immediately attempted to get away from it, but in vain. Two men tried to stop the poor creature but failed. They called to me to stand in front of him and shake my coat in his face. I did not take to the idea so I seized a fence pole and held it across his path; needless to say the pole was sent spinning. The buggy smashed up against the gate and was broken and the horse pursued his mad career down the road and was soon out of sight. The darkey followed saddened by the loss of his property.

The next excitement proved to be the crossing of the river which had risen so high that nothing but the railing of the bridge was above the water. There was nothing to do but walk the railing. I chose the one on the side from which the wind was blowing so that if I were blown off I should fall into the bridge and not into the river. I reached the other side in safety. Sometimes the river rises so high that the farmers who live in the low lands have to go from house to house in boats and either take the live stock to the higher ground or take them upstairs in the barns. The children are *tethered* to prevent the'n going too far away and getting into deep water.

I could relate many more of my experiences very interesting to myself although hard to describe in such a way that they would prove equally interesting to you; but I must not trespass further on the ANNUAL'S space.

I would not give the experience I gained of human nature this past summer, for any amount of money, but I think I shall never be a book-agent again. I met with much kindness as well as a good deal of hardship, and needless to say, I did not make my fortune. B. A.

A SCHOOL-BOY'S WISH.

(By one of our youngest.)

I wish I were a robin red,
To sing upon a tree;
From care and toil and lessons hard,
Always to be free.

I wish I were a sea-bird wild,
With ne'er a single thought
Of lessons given to prepare—
But which are sometimes not.

I'd rather be an anything,
With wings to fly away;
Than study here upon this earth
Hard lessons every day.

IN FRENCH CANADA.

The following incident which occurred while I was travelling through Canada last summer in the interests of a well known American technical journal, comes to my mind when asked for a contribution to the ACADEMY ANNUAL.

I had reached the town of Three Rivers, or more properly, Trois Rivières, Quebec, for the purpose of visiting a waterfall in this neighborhood, which I had previously ascertained was being utilized to generate electricity. The inhabitants of this town numbering some four thousand are almost exclusively French, with but few English occupying as usual the prominent positions, and some Chinamen with their unfailling laundry, and here the "patois" is almost exclusively heard.

On calling at the office of the Electrical Co., where happily I could make myself understood, I learned that the waterfall was some seventeen miles distant, the electricity for the town-lighting being conveyed from there on four small wires.

The following morning saw me on board a train, a freight to my discomfort, travelling to my destination. This train, I was informed, would set me down within a few miles of "Les Grandes Chutes," as the fall is called. A rather unfavourable incident of the journey was my being carried unknowingly beyond my station. Fortunately I was able to board a return train at the next stop.

I found three houses—forgive the word,—in a perfectly level and open country on alighting from the train at the station of St. Narcisse. This station consisting to all outward appearances, of a small shed, with the door locked and the key in the train-conductor's pocket, and not the slightest semblance of a platform.

A woman carrying a baby answered my knock at the first house, but to my sorrow could not understand one word of English. Here now was a chance to try the effect of my French, the French I had acquired during my early training at the Academy, from one (now probably unknown to you). I had been endeavouring to prepare myself for this ordeal and had managed to piece together three sentences, and now the time had come; so bracing myself I tried to say unconcernedly, "Avez-vous une voiture? Je veux d'aller à Les Grandes Chutes." Joy, oh! joy, she understood, smiled and spoke. Oh me! so well might I have tried to interpret Sanskrit as to understand those words. Nothing daunted, I repeated my questions, and much to my relief I received a reply, oui, and again that babble of words. My pleased smile was followed by a look of perplexity and I smiled sadly as I shook my head and mumbled something like "comprends pas." We are early taught the maxim, "try and try again," so I followed up my rather uncertain success, this time on a new track to discover if possible for how much she would hire their "voiture" (waggon). After much perplexity on my part and an amused smile on hers, accompanied by much gesticulating with her free arm, terms were arranged, and her father, a typical "habitant," began to harness up. During the delay so occasioned, I was kept busy trying to reply to the woman's questions. These replies were, however, strikingly alike, for they usually consisted of a single word, "comment," and then a shake of the head, until the horse was hitched to the waggon, which was a French-Canadian buck-board.

With this old gentleman as driver, a start was finally

made. Now, thought I, what a splendid opportunity to improve my French, so with this laudable end in view I would point to an object and ask for its French name, and then to be unselfish I would tell him what it was called in English. I endeavoured now and then to form sentences, but not being able to understand the reply, the conversation lagged. After a drive of eight miles which was accomplished in two hours, we descended into a beautiful valley, drew up at a barn, and half the journey was over. My intention was to return the same afternoon.

Leaving my charioteer to procure his dinner at leisure at the solitary house in the vicinity, I hurried over to the power house and there met the manager of the company who, though a Frenchman, fortunately spoke excellent English, and to whom I soon explained my errand. He had been compelled to camp out there while a broken dam was being repaired. We were soon discussing the subject in hand, "Electricity and its development by water power," over a meal prepared in his camp.

Within two hours of my arrival, I was ready to set out on the return journey, having procured all the requisite information about the plant, and would have done so had not a tremendous thunder-storm set in, entirely precluding all thoughts of an immediate departure. The storm was terrible while it lasted, but the sun soon shone brightly and had I wished I might have set out then, but I was prevented by the fact that the distance was too great to be accomplished by our steed in time to catch the last train to Three Rivers, so at the earnest request of the manager I concluded to spend the night in his camp and to take the morning train. With the sun shining brightly I wandered around in the refreshing atmosphere viewing the fine waterfall from various points. At this point on the river Batiscan, a tributary of the St. Maurice, there is a fall of seventy feet, which, for power purposes, has been developed by the construction of an immense masonry dam at the top. Behind this the water is stored and is carried as required in a huge iron pipe to the power house one hundred yards away. I will not weary you with a description of this plant, or any portion of it, but I cannot restrain my enthusiasm over the beauty and grandeur of a waterfall. It is a most fascinating sight—an enormous volume of water, pouring over a cliff, broken up into seething streams and flying spray. Logs in the very midst sail down calmly, reach the edge, pause, turn on end, and tossed to and fro, dive into the abyss beneath only to come up serenely to the surface as if they enjoyed the fun.

The time passed pleasantly. Night came and rain with it. Logs came down stream in large numbers increasing the pressure on the already weakened dam, but as nothing further could be done to strengthen it we retired, not knowing but what we should be awakened by the sound of its destruction and to see the flooding of that peaceful valley. Our slumbers were undisturbed however, and we awoke in the morning rejoiced to find the dam still in position. After breakfast a French lad piloted me to the first house, where a covered carriage was secured, as it was raining hard; the early train was caught and Three Rivers finally reached.

E. M. ARCHIBALD

JOHNNY, to his elder sister—"Did you ever live in Heaven?"
Sister, highly flattered—"No! Do I look like an angel?"
Johnny, who has visions of a lump of sugar, and who is fond of big words—"No! but you look like one of the "patriarchs."

EXPERIENCES OF A TENDERFOOT.

The name 'tenderfoot,' perhaps, is very suggestive. You will expect to hear of all kinds of queer mishaps crowding on some poor individual who seemed to have got out of his element, so to speak; but Dave did not think his mishaps either queer or funny. However, we shall leave the reader to judge.

David Greene was born down east as the western cow boy would say, and had just moved to Colorado with the idea that there was more sport to be had, and more money to be made in the sparsely populated west than in the crowded east. Having installed himself pretty snugly in his new home Dave began to think he would like some sport, and a deer hunt was his idea of what outdoor sport ought to be.

Now Dave had never hunted a deer in his life, much less shot one; but he had read many vivid accounts of how some pleasure loving citizen had laid low a noble buck, and had the head mounted and set up in his office as a trophy of those glorious days spent in the woods. And Dave had just enough of that trait of character known as conceit to think he could do the same. Accordingly he made arrangements with a reliable guide, whom we shall call Joe, to pilot him in his first deer hunt. Joe owned a log camp on the very edge of the deer country and Dave thought himself lucky to secure such a good guide and companion. Joe was to meet him at X— station and they were to walk from there to Joe's camp, some five miles from the station. And then for the hunt.

To say Dave talked of that trip would be putting it mildly. It filled his dreams at night and was his chief topic in the day. He started to prepare about a week before the time agreed upon, so, as he observed, he would not be rushing around like a clown on the last night. Every day he would bring home some article he imagined he would need until cans of meat, coffee, condensed milk and what not formed an awe-inspiring pile in the back room in which he intended to do his packing.

Finally the night for packing arrived, and Dave started in. He stuffed trunks, valises, portmanteau and carpet bag all of which you will remember have to be carried five miles. Dave did not. He perspired like a furnace stoker and wound up by saying he would have to leave 'ae canned meat and one of his seven suits of clothes at home. What was the good of taking meat anyway. Was he not going to shoot deer! Wonder he never thought of that before. Se unlike him to lose his head. Then he took an inventory of his luggage, read over a document which covered a side of foolscap and smiled a satisfactory smile saying "I guess that is all I need." He went to bed just as the clock was striking three. About an hour afterwards he came to his senses with a start, sprang up, and rushed down to the basement to get his ammunition which his wife had made him put there for fear, as she said, it might go off and put an end to his hunting trip by sending them both into eternity.

Dave was up and off next morning, requiring a truck and a cab to transport him and his luggage to the station. He arrived at X— and found Joe waiting with a rifle in his hand and a belt of cartridges round his waist vainly wondering what kind of a sportsman he was to be with for the next few days. He soon formed his opinion when he saw Dave hustling out of the train with all his luggage

coming after him in the hands of the baggage men. Now Joe was a quiet little man and did not like to say too much; but he told Dave plainly to address all that trash back home and strange to say Dave did, feeling somewhat crestfallen. Of the five mile journey over the rough foot path I will say little except that for the last mile Joe had one hundred pounds of luggage and Dave had nothing and could not keep up.

Dave slept more soundly that night on fir boughs in the log camp than ever he did on a spring bottom bed in his own comfortable home. Visions of deer with noble heads and far reaching antlers filled his dreams. He awoke in the morning to find to his sorrow that the deer heads he had dreamed of were probably on the shoulders of those animals who were parading the forest. Joe and his patron occupied their time for the first day setting the camp to rights, and resting, in order to be in readiness for the morrow.

The next morning found Joe and Dave on their way to a stretch of timberland in which Joe hoped to start a deer. On arriving Joe placed Dave in a narrow defile through which a deer it started would probably pass. He then entered the timber to try to start Dave's favorite game. Dave sat down on a log and prepared to shoot anything that looked like a deer. After waiting thus for about two hours he began to get cold and lonely. He stood up, beat his hands, and then, taking a mouth organ from his pocket, proceeded to pass the time by playing "She was bred in Old Kentucky" etc., remembering of course to keep a good lookout for deer. In the meantime Joe had started a fine deer which had made off in the direction of Dave and, feeling sure Dave would get a shot, hurried after. When he arrived he found him with his back against a tree playing the above mentioned song. Joe laid aside all reserve and told Dave in language more forcible than polite that he was a — — — great big pale shined down east tenderfoot and then started for camp, while Dave followed like a dog who had been beaten for an unknown offence.

Next day they tried it again. This time Joe was to take the center of the timber and start the game and Dave was to go along the out-kirts and shoot. Remembering his failures of the day before Dave resolved to shoot this time for sure. About half way along the timber Dave heard something coming through the woods like a cyclone or a eastern freight train. He clutched his rifle and the buck fever clutched him. He opened his rifle and instead of placing a cartridge in the chamber he put in his jack knife. Just then the cause of the noise appeared and Dave threw the rifle to his shoulder shut both eyes and pulled. When Joe appeared Dave was trembling with excitement and declared he had seen a buck as large as an ox and had hit him hard. Just then the knife slid out of his gun. Joe looked at the knife and then at Dave and remarked that the only difference he could see between a down east sportsman and a jackass was the shape. Dave does not know to this day how the knife got into his rifle.

Next came a day of rest. Joe said Dave needed it; his nerves were unstrung.

After this Joe decided to take Tom, his son, a lad of fourteen, who by the way was acting cook for the camp, with them and send him with Dave when they separated.

On the following day Dave and Tom had been waiting for some time at an opening in the timber which led to a

meadow-like swamp on which the deer like to feed. Dave kept his eyes riveted on the opening ready for the first deer that should appear. Suddenly he saw a deer's head bobbing slowly along through the low bushes not more than a hundred yards away. Quicker than thought he opened a broadside on that deer and before Tom could stop him he had put a bullet through the top of a hat worn by a man looking for stray sheep.

The man came out of the bushes and was going to wipe all Colorado up with Dave and then send him to Pluto for a reckoning, but for the timely arrival of Joe, who took charge of the offending Nimrod and led him back to camp.

On the following day Joe said he would give Dave one more chance. On arriving Joe kept him in sight and Tom acted as starter. They climbed on a ridge which overlooked some good clearings where the deer were liable to pass. They had not been there long when Joe saw a deer approaching. He pointed it out to Dave and told him not to fire until he told him. When Joe said "now" Dave cut loose and pumped lead into the air faster than ever man did before or since. He did not stop until his rifle had been empty some three minutes, and then stopped, Joe says, from exhaustion.

Meanwhile the deer had gone on up the timber and seeing Tom had started back. Joe saw him and told Dave he was coming. Dave filled the magazine of his rifle feeding as he did so a desperate resolve to shoot this time straight at the deer and not the other way. The buck came close by making a beautiful shot. Dave started, caught his toe, and man, stones and rifle went down the ridge. The rifle exploded, stuck upright in the earth, while Joe stood on the ridge above in fear and trembling. When Dave reached the bottom he jumped up and ran for his deer and Joe exclaimed "Just what I thought I'm one of nature's fools! and nothing in nature can hurt him." This was Dave's first and last experience in deer-hunting.

B. A. K.

SONS OF BRITAIN.

What do they win who fight for Britain's glory
In the wild lightning of a fearful night?

Is it for triumph sung in song or story,

That "Sons of Britain" may be writ in light?

They win a soldier's death—they die for Duty—
Nor her alone, for Truth hath clasped her hand;
They seek not wealth to gain, nor fame, nor booty,
But shed their blood for love of Motherland.

What is this death Britannia's sons are dying?

Is it vain striving for some bitter end?

The hearths forgot where wives and mothers crying
With wildest prayers the height of heaven rend.

Nay! Nay! the end is glory for old Britain,

Who—after God—in loyal hearts stands first;

And victory in every death is written

To show each mother what her love hath nursed.

How hold they hope when other nations perish?

God moves his hand, and storms and battles cease:

This is the calm in time of death they cherish,

When, wars o'erpast, He smiles as God of Peace.

—Amy Kingstand Pennington.



A. M. BELL, ESQ.,

Chairman of the Board of School Commissioners for the City of Halifax.

THROUGH THE LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF.

THE afternoon sun was slowly sinking behind the western hills, as we stood on the platform of the Hamilton Station, waiting for the east bound train.

It had been an intensely hot day—the sun shining as only an Ontario sun can shine—so we boarded the train on its arrival and sank into the seats, tired, but thankful that for three days at least, we should not need to use our own propelling powers.

As we left the station, the waters of beautiful Burlington Bay appeared on our right, gleaming with the crimson and gold of the setting sun. Soon the little village of Dundas became visible, lying about three hundred feet below us, and looking like a Lilliputian town, as we gazed down upon it.

About an hour after, we reached the Royal City—Guelph, which, like Rome, is built on seven hills, the river Speed winding like a silver thread through the valleys.

Passing on we soon arrived at the town of Rockwood, the first glimpse of which brought Goldsmith's "Traveller" to our minds—"its uplands sloping deck the mountain side, wood over wood in gay theatric pride"—and it lacked not even the "temple's mouldering top between," for here and there on the sides of the hills the spire of a little church gleamed through the trees.

On we sped, and soon, "the glimmering landscape" faded from our sight, and our progress was marked only by the flash of lights in the farm-house windows as we passed.

About nine o'clock we reached Toronto, but we could not see anything except the bay and the Grand Union Station, which is similar to Halifax Station, only very much larger. We did not wait long as the trains connected closely.

The scenery between Toronto and Kingston must be magnificent when viewed by daylight, for its quiet beauty in the dim uncertain light was very impressive.

The site on which Kingston is built was formerly Fort Frontenac, which was founded in 1673 by Count de Frontenac.

Fair Luna was now shedding her radiance over all, and as the St. Lawrence broke on our sight, it looked like a sea of silver stretching along our course. There is always an awe-inspiring effect in moonlit water; but words almost fail one, when trying to describe that scene. Tiny wooded islets dot the river at frequent intervals, and between the trees the New York shore can be seen plainly, as the river is in some places only one mile wide. As the train rushes on, it only reveals new scenes of beauty.

We reached Montreal at seven o'clock next morning, where we changed cars for Halifax.

It surprises one somewhat, just after leaving Montreal, to hear the conductor announce that the train is nearing Victoria Bridge; but a moment afterwards the mystery explains itself—a rush and a hollow roar is heard and in a moment all is darkness with only a faint, flitting ray of grey light now and then from the openings overhead. We passed on for two miles and at length emerged at St. Lambert, from which the road diverges from the river-side and runs through a rich and fertile country, where quaint, foreign-looking houses and barns may be seen on all sides.

When we reached Point Levis a very heavy rain was falling, but, in spite of the inclement weather, everyone seemed smiling and happy, evidently caring but little for the rain.

Quebec loomed up through the mist like a huge fortification, the tall buildings looking like huge sentinels, and the highest part crowned by the citadel, which holds the key to the St. Lawrence.

The railroad once more runs parallel with the river and as we pass along every mile shows an ever-changing scene of beauty. The river grows suddenly wide—the isle of Orleans appears in the centre with a wide expanse of water on each side of it.

On rushes the train—past small stations where queer looking country people embark, chattering a strange mixture of English and French. One sees the "habitant" in his native place—with his own manners—his own language and costume. It all seems strange to an English-speaking Canadian, but one becomes accustomed to it after a time.

The storm kept on with unabated fury, and as the night fell, it began to thunder and lighten, which, with the inky blackness made it a veritable "Walpurgis night," the shriek of the engine filling the place of the witches' cries.

The storm was done by the time we reached Dalhousie Junction and the moonlight fell on the water of Bay Chaleur, revealing a scene of beauty never to be forgotten.

The route seemed full of surprises—ever and anon through the trees, a vista of matchless grandeur would present itself—each seeming more beautiful than the former one.

All Canadians are proud of their country; but after travelling through it and knowing whereof we speak we feel prouder than ever of the land that gave us birth.

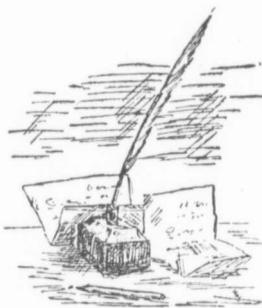
"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
That never to himself has said,
This is my own, my native land?"

PEARL SENELLE.



OFFICERS OF LITERARY CLUB.

THE GIRLS' LITERARY CLUB.



There is no use denying the fact; our club is a most decided success, as all the girls will say who have taken an interest and an active part in its welfare and doings.

The meetings of last year, which were held on Fridays, were on the whole very well attended, and the programmes rendered were always a success.

The *Monster* Monotony came

not within reach of our vision, for each day the meeting was varied and interesting.

At one time we would have a mixed programme in which different members of the club would read, recite, sing or play, according to their abilities. Then again we would spend an afternoon with some noted writer or writers of to-day, and this was always very instructive.

A favourite subject of discourse during the latter part of the term was, "Useful Occupations for Women." Several very good papers were written on this subject, and then dis-

cussed. This kind of programme gave each member a chance to speak and express her views on the subject in hand. Both in the papers and in the discussions valuable hints were given which will not soon be forgotten.

We had also a very pleasant afternoon, when Dr. Jane Hertz very kindly favored us with an address on Hygiene, the good advice of which will we hope, long be remembered. Then we had a "Mock Trial," and at another time a spelling-match. These latter, perhaps seemingly not "just the thing" at Literary Clubs, caused great amusement and aroused the spirit of humor in all.

This term, after the summer's sleep, our club aroused itself, as never before, to its duty. We find that it is a wonderful help in imparting courage, broadening our views and sharpening our wits, in which respects however, we still need improvement.

Our youngest class, the D's, although fresh to our ways, have taken hold of matters in a most surprising manner, and do not need either pushing or coaxing from the older and more experienced members. For this they have our sincerest thanks.

We have had our trials, but through them our friends and teachers, Misses Mackintosh and Peters, have been most kind and helpful, and most patient with our timidity and back-slidings.

To the ladies of Halifax, we extend a hearty invitation to visit us at all times; and we hope for once, a general invitation will be accepted by many, and that during this winter we may have some interesting and inspiring remarks from our friends outside.

We wish to announce for this winter, the attractions of debates, calisthenics, discussions on etiquette, practice in singing, Shakespearian readings and various other novelties.



OFFICERS OF CADET CORPS.

THE Academy Cadet Corps, with the above capable and energetic officers, promises to have a successful year. Drill was suspended during the football season, but is practised now as regularly every Friday afternoon in the New Drill Hall. We hope soon to have our rifles moved from the Academy to the Armouries of the New Drill Hall, which will be a much more convenient arrangement than at present.

A MERRY LITTLE SONG.

A merry little song was a-leaping thro' the window,
 A merry little song comes a-tripping from below,
 It danceth like the breeze, and it laugheth like the sunshine,
 And who it is that sings it, I'm sure I do not know.

A merry little song with a note of wildness in it,
 So suddenly it springs from the silence grim and gray,
 With a ripple and a rush, like a burst of happy laughter,
 It falls across the grave thoughts and frightens them away.

A merry little song with a thrill and trill about it;
 It quivers in my ears though I could not catch the rhyme,
 My lips begin to whistle and my idle fingers drum it,
 And it sets this brooding heart of mine a dance to keep the time.

Oh what are bitter thoughts—what are memories that sadden?
 And who shall say that pain is a giant fierce and strong?
 For they vanish in the dusk and are lost among the shadows
 With the ripple and the rush of a merry little song? A. H.

LEAF-SHADOWS.

Hush, don't you tell, little Dream-Child. They thought I should be frightened when I came home alone that night.

The road was long, they said, and the houses few and far between, and I must walk fast so as to reach home early.

And I said "yes" to it all, but I did not do it. I love the dark night. It is a strange, wild time, when lonesome things come out to play, and the acacia leaves shrink up and are afraid. I will tell you about it, little Dream-Child, for you will not laugh or disbelieve me.

Up on the top of a great yellow star, there always sits a *Strange Thing*. It is a *Strange Thing*, for no one has ever seen It's face. Yet I know that It is there, for the Wind told me and the Wind has been everywhere. The face is so bright that it lights up all the world, but so *terribly* beautiful that no one can go near it, not even the little birds that fly

so high. It is in the day-time that the strange thing looks down upon us, and the brightness of It's face is the sunlight.

There are wild timid things on earth among us. They hide away in the corners till the night comes, and then, under cover of the darkness, they steal out softly when other things sleep. The *Strange Thing* knows this, and It loves the little wild things and would not frighten them for all the world; so it draws a dark veil over It's face in the night time, and lets the earth grow gray.

Now, the hands of the *Strange Thing* have a wonderful power. Their palms are of silver, and they gleam like phosphorus on wet oars. All day long they are closed, but at night the *Strange Thing* lifts It's arms high and stretches them out over the world, with the palms earthward, and the light from them, quivering down to us, is what we call moonlight. Such a sweet and tender light it is that the wild things are not afraid of it, and do not run to hide their faces when it comes. The shadows, the Wind says sometimes, are the children of the *Strange Thing*, but at other times he tells me they are the ghosts of real things that have passed away. He is an odd fellow—the Wind.

They thought I should be lonely coming home—lonely! —and it was *beautiful*!

The *Strange Thing* had veiled It's shining face, and lifted It's arms high in Heaven, and across the fields and through the tree-boughs the silver light fell. It turned the brown road before me into a great, white pathway, and made the ugly things on earth look beautiful. The changeless stars came out to look down upon the changed earth, and I wished that I could be up there with them, to look down and see it, in all the trembling splendour of its light and shadow. O, there are voices, little Dream-Child, voices in the very silence of the night; and the thoughts that

come to us in the dark are not like the thoughts we think in the day.

But the thing which I stood and watched longest was the dance of the leaf-shadows on the road. There seemed to be a million of them,—they reached quite across the street.

The restless spirit of the day-time seemed to have entered into them, for they would not be still. Glad little shadow-leaves, how they leaped and quivered! They spoke no word, they made no sound, there was no tapping of their dark feet upon the white earth, but they danced to a strange, fitful music, which no one but themselves could hear. I cannot tell where it came from. Perhaps the Strange Thing sang to them from among the clouds. Perhaps the light from her shrouded face turned into music, and came stealing down to set the leaves mad, and make them dance. Perhaps the stars were merry, and the tune to which the leaves kept time was their chiming laughter. I do not know. But I know that each danced as if it were the happiest thing in all the world, and looking at them altogether, their movements were so sudden and so changeable, and so glad, that they made me think of laughter. It made me wild to hear the music that they heard, little Dream-Child—to be a leaf-shadow and die in a night.

"Come down," the shadow-leaves seemed to say to the living leaves on the boughs above them. "Come down and play with us."

"Not now," the others rustled back. "When autumn comes we will come and play, for then our work will be done."

"But it is a long time to wait," the shadow-leaves seemed to answer suddenly.

"Patience," cried the tree leaves, "we will play together yet."

All this was in the summer, little Dream-Child; but the other night as I came home, the ground was white with snow, and the Strange Thing sent a light down upon earth, that made the snowy road and houses gleam like diamonds out of the dark.

But that night I was lonely, for there were strange, bare shadow-boughs upon the road, that shook and quivered as if in pain. No real leaves rustled up above me. No shadow-leaves danced with noiseless footsteps on the snow.

The tree leaves had come to play in the autumn, but they were too late, for the shadow-leaves had gone. There was no trace of them; and in their bitter disappointment the tree leaves drooped and withered, till they lay brown and dead on the sidewalk. The road mocked them, saying, "You came down here after shadows and you found nothing. It is not well to chase a shadow."

But the Strange Thing sang a grand song from Heaven, a song of wonderful things that were happening in a Somewhere land; and the notes of the song were too beautiful for human ears to hear, and so they turned to snowflakes, and, falling softly, softly, covered up the tree leaves, and hid them from the gaze of the stars.

It would have made me sad, little Dream-Child, to think of the leaves that were gone, but the Wind laughed at me and told me a strange and beautiful thing.

"It is not a sad thing to die," it said cheerily. "Do you know that the shadow-leaves are the ghosts—the spirits of all the leaves that die? The tree leaves who died this fall will next summer be leaf-shadows; and they will dance on the road at night, to the music which only they can hear,

and talk, in their silent fashion, each with his own chosen friend in the tree above. And always till the world ends, the little shadow-leaves will call to the tree-leaves to come and play; and the tree-leaves will come, not knowing they are coming to their death, for the Strange Thing has ordered it so. It is not a sad thing to die, I know."

And I was comforted. And so must you be, little Dream-Child, for it is only a game that the shadow-leaves play in the summer nights—little spirit-leaves who are so happy because they hear and understand the music of the Strange Thing.

Do not tell me, O real things, with hard, stern faces, that there is no little Dream-Child, that she is not even a shadow, but only a creation of my own imagination. She is my little Dream-Child, and when all the rest of the world is far away, she comes to me and I tell her stories in the dark.

Dream children are better than real children, for real children must grow into men and women. And shadow stories are better than true ones, for true stories are sad. Hush, little Dream-Child, don't tell, for the world would laugh, but we will pretend to be shadow-leaves—glad shadow-leaves, dancing to the music of the Strange Thing in the white light on the road.

ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS.

FOR PEACE.

From out the rolling mist of years
Comes forth a joyous song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men—
Sung by the angel throng.

Long years have passed since first that song,
Sung by the angel hand,
Pealed forth to listening shepherd's ears,
In that far distant land.

And yet discordant sounds are heard,
And nations strive for night:
Man wars against his brother man,
And Wrong against the Right.

Oh, Prince of Peace! thou Gift of God,
Sent down from Heaven above,
Grant that the golden age may come—
The golden age of Love!

Oh, Prince of Peace in righteousness,
Thy Throne established be!
And may the nations of the world
Give homage unto thee.

May Discord's voice no more be heard,
And wars and tumults cease,
And soon the happy morning dawn
Of Universal Peace.

E. C.

A TRUE STORY OF A DOG'S KINDNESS AND INTELLIGENCE.

There is a place in British Columbia known as Atlin. It is a very hilly country—bleak, bare, and almost barren, rocks piled up like mountains, and mountains and gorges on every side.

Many rich gold mines have been found there, and many people have rushed into the place in the hope of getting a share of the precious metal. There are few roads in the country, and the chief means of getting from one place to another is in sledges drawn by dogs. There are very few

horses and they are not very valuable or very useful. A fair horse can be bought for \$10.00 whilst a good dog is worth \$75.00. The dogs take the place of the horse, and good animals are very highly prized. The breed is half wolf, half bear in appearance, and in character the animals are docile and easily trained, and when well treated are kind and affectionate. But when injured or provoked they are very ferocious and pugilistic.

In this country there were two splendid specimens of the best breed. They were brothers, very intelligent animals and very fond of each other. One was named "Bob" the other "Ben." And poor Ben although in every other respect a splendid dog was absolutely blind. He could get about the place and was all right in the team, but he was not able to secure food for himself and was liable to meet with accidents whilst other dogs in the place were prone to take advantage of his infirmity, and attack him when on his daily wanderings.

Now Bob knew that there was something wrong with his brother and by every means in his power showed his devotion and care for him. He would hunt out old bones and carry them to him. He would walk a short distance behind when Ben went for his strolls and if man or beast attempted to interfere it was not long before Bob's teeth and claws were leaving their marks on the body of the foe. And with Bob,—he was like the Grey dog of Koumire,—there was no give in. He conquered or he died—but he always conquered.

One day poor Ben in his blindness strolled out to the end of a wharf, and missing his footing fell into the rapidly rushing river. He could not see the shore. He could not tell in which direction the landing was and all his efforts were only taking him farther away from help.

But Bob was not far off and as soon as he saw what had happened he jumped into the water, swam out to his brother, turned him in the proper direction and, after a big struggle in the cold water, brought him safe to land.

Ever afterwards Bob was a hero in the place and he had plenty of friends who were always ready to give him good things for himself and his blind brother.

K.

UNSELFISHNESS.

'Twas Christmas Eve
And I had leave
To go a-shopping without fear.

The sun was bright,
And I was light
As thistledown that floats in air.

I bought a drum
And also some
Most tempting looking 'lasses candy.

The drum for me
To heat you see
The candy was for brother Andy.

Unselfishness was such in me,
The fear that he so sick would be,
Compelled me soon to eat the candy.

And now Ma says that every cent
That I can save up during Lent
Must go to mission'ries and Andy.

A METALLIC JINGLE.

O, a merry wight was Billie Blue,
And if the cause you seek,
Why he'd owned a coin of bright A u
For part of half a week.

But a strolling circus struck the town:
Admission was not free,
And, instead of gold when sun went down,
Bill had some loose A g.

And then so slow he homeward went,
A pie-chop hove in view.
Soon he his money all had spent,
But a disk of dull C u.

In sorry plight was Billie Blue;
His heart was of P b,
That 'spendful' day he long did rue;
For the fates were like F e.

K. K.

MORTALITY.

A wilding rose drank deep the early dew
Awaking fair just at the rise of sun;
But drooping leaves no more of beauty knew—
A wild red rose had died ere day was done.

A tiny boat upon the tide of Time
Sailed on so swiftly o'er that troubled sea,
That ere the sun of morning reached its prime
It passed again into Eternity!

—Amy Kingland Pennington

OUR ACADEMY GIRLS.

Much has been said, at different times about how the boys of the Academy have distinguished themselves: but while we accord them their merited praise we must not forget that the Academy girls deserve their share of honorable mention.

Many of our former students are yet studying in the colleges, yet the following record will show that some have already made or are making successful careers for themselves.

Miss Ethel Muir took the degree of B. L. at Dalhousie, and two years afterwards the degree of M. L. She carried off a doctor's degree from Cornell, and is now teacher of Philosophy at Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley Mass.

Misses Mary MacKay and Hattie Jamieson are M. A.'s of Dalhousie. Misses Katie MacKay, Bertha Hebb, Jessie Campbell, Florence Wilkie, Lilian Marshall, Leila Davidson, Elizabeth Kennedy and Georgina Moody are B. A.'s of Dalhousie. Miss Gertrude Lawlor graduated last year at Dalhousie with First Rank Honors in Mathematics.

Miss Annie Huestis a former student is distinguishing herself in the Literary field. Her poetry has appeared in such well-paying publications as the *New York Independent* and *St. Nicholas*, besides in other papers and magazines of lesser note. The ANNUAL is indebted to Miss Huestis for what we think are some of the very best things that have appeared in it. Her genius is none the less appreciated because it has not been ticketed, 'certificated,' and estimated in percentages in the usual way. All her schoolmates join in wishing her an increasingly successful career.

This is a hastily prepared list of a few of the girls who have won honour for the school they studied at. We hope to mention others next year.



FOOTBALL TEAM.

BROOKSIDES vs. ACADEMY.

The Brooksidés played our team,
The result it didn't seem
To satisfy the gentlemen at all.
We beat them eight to five,
And all came out alive,
And somehow we were always on the ball.

The Brooks were doomed to fall,
For they couldn't find the ball,
And our hustling backs just ripped their line in two.
Poor Bruce he couldn't score
As he had done before,
And the blue and gold will float above the blue.

We played another game,
The result was much the same,
But a little more in favor of our boys.
With twenty-one to nought
A lesson they were taught,
It seemed to us we'd only played with toys.

The cheering it was loud,
Our Boys they seemed quite proud,
For to beat the Brooks had always been our aim.
And every one hath said it,
That its greatly to our credit,
That we beat the Brooks who have such wond'rous fame,

—H. M. W.

H. A. A. C. NOTES.

At the annual meeting of the Halifax Academy Amateur Athletic Club held on the 22nd. of September, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year :

Honorary President PRINCIPAL KENNEDY,
President FRED W. DAY.
Secretary-Treasurer G. M. JOHNSTONE MAC KAY.
Captain of Football Team FRED W. DAY.

FOOTBALL.

As it was thought best to form a team comprised entirely of this year's students, we did not enter the Junior League. But if the present team holds together well, there should be a good chance of its doing something in the league next year.

The first game of the season was played two or three days preceding the meeting reported above. This was a match between an Academy team and one from Dartmouth. The former was defeated by a score of 5-0.

As yet no regular Academy team had been formed, but the Y. M. C. A. Athletic grounds having been secured for practice, the boys settled down to work and a good fifteen was soon chosen. We generally had practice twice a week, when games were played between the various classes or between teams chosen on the grounds. The boys always turned up in force on these afternoons.

The first game the Academy played was a practice match with the Junior Y. M. C. A. on the 13th. of October,

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in which the Academy was beaten 3-0. Then we received a challenge from a city team, the "Brookside," to play on the 18th. We accepted their challenge and defeated them with a score of 8-5. After this game we played a return match with Dartmouth in which the Academy team was victorious with a score of 8-0.

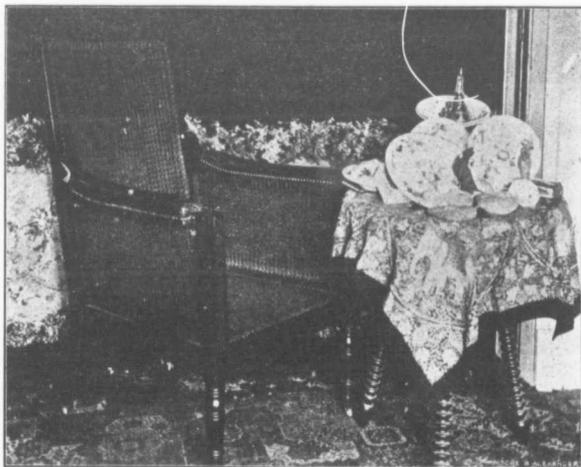
On the 8th of November we played another game with the Brookside in which they were defeated by a score of 21-0.

Soon however the weather became so unfavorable that we determined to give up playing for this season. But just after making this resolution we received a challenge from the Deaf and Dumb Institution to play on Wednesday the 22nd. November. In a well contested game they were defeated by a score of 8-0. The weather continued so open

that we played later than ever before, and on the 5th of December we wound up the season's play by defeating the Orients by a score of 12-0.

HOCKEY.

The weather now seemed to be fast approaching the ice-forming stage, so it is little wonder that the boys began to neglect football and to get ready for the Hockey season. A meeting of the Athletic Club was called on the 27th. of November when it was decided to apply for a position for an Academy team on the Junior Hockey League. A committee was elected consisting of one boy from each of the classes for the purpose of picking out a team after seeing the boys play. There seems to be very good material in the Academy from which an excellent team may be formed.



PERHAPS nothing is of more interest to lovers of the past than its relics—its real, substantial relics--treasures that can be seen with the natural eye, and not with that of the imagination only.

The mahogany arm-chair, a cut of which appears above, was once the property of Sir Walter Scott. It was brought from "Abbotsford" by his nephew Colonel Huxley, after the death of Sir Walter in 1832. Colonel Huxley dying soon after, the chair was bought by the late Judge Sawers, who was born at Crookham, Northumberland Co., England, on the fifth day of December, 1791, and came to this country in the prime of Sir Walter's literary career. The judge's niece, Miss Margaret Nixon, left her birthplace, Edinburgh, Scotland, in the year 1827, going to London, where she stayed until 1831, when she joined her uncle at Halifax, N. S., remaining with him up to the time of her marriage in 1848 with William Howe, Q. C., late registrar of the court of probate at this city, and nephew of the late Hon. Joseph Howe. On the decease of the old judge in 1869, the chair came into the possession of the said Mrs. Howe, and is still held by her. It is in excellent condition.

Sir Walter's writing-desk was formerly attached to one of its arms, and the space which the screw occupied is still visible.

Scarcely less interesting is the hand-painted chinaware which was at one time owned by the regiment of Sir John Moore, whose burial during a lull in the storm of war is so beautifully described by the poet Wolfe. This china was bought from the regiment by the aforementioned Judge Sawers.

TIM'S ANGEL.

It was cold, bitterly cold, with a strong wind blowing from the north. The streets were brightly lighted as it was nearly six o'clock at night, and the shop windows looked very gay, dressed out in their Christmas decorations. The side-walks thronged with happy faces—the air was filled with the usual excitement of Christmas week. But there was one sad, wistful, little face amongst the crowd, belonging to a small boy of about ten years, who was gazing in a pastry-cook's window with longing eyes. He was a ragged little urchin such as is often to be seen on the streets of any town, with nothing particularly noticeable about him excepting that he looked very ill. Tightly held under one arm was a small, curly-haired dog. Just at that moment a tall young man, who might have been twice the age of the small boy came down the sidewalk and paused to look in the window too. The owner of the dog turned, and having studied the young man's face for a moment, said in a plain voice, "Please sir, gi' me a cent?"

"What will you do with the cent if I give you one?" inquired the young man kindly.

"Buy a roll for Smut," returned the waif promptly, stroking the dog's head with a loving hand; "he's had nuthin' to eat for two days."

"And when did *you* last taste food?" asked the young man, looking down with a smile at the ragged scrap of humanity beside him. "Day, fore yes'day," said the child mournfully. "I can't earn no money now. I aint strong like I was las' year."

The young man's heart grew tender. A year ago his only sister had died—after one brief week's illness. Christmas therefore brought sad memories to him; though he hid his grief deep down in his heart and showed a smiling face to the world. His own loss, however, had made him far more sympathetic towards others, especially children, for had they not always been favorites of Daisy's! He looked at the waif for a moment and then asked gently "What is your name?"

"Tim," replied the child squeezing the dog still more lightly.

"Well Tim come with me and I will give you something for Smut and for yourself too." Opening the shop door he led the boy in and having ordered some rolls and other good things, stood aside and watched the child eagerly devour them; while Smut regaled himself with milk and biscuits. When their hunger was appeased he took them out again, and dropping a ten cent piece into the urchin's hand said, "Now run along and see if you can find a place to sleep in for the night." The child gave him a look of deep gratitude and murmured, "Me an' Smut is so happy. You is good! You must be an angel." The young man turned away with a smile. "Angel indeed!" he said to himself "I am a fine specimen of an angel! But I am glad the youngster enjoyed it," and "he added, the smile fading from his lips, "it would please Daisy." Here he gave a sigh, which was half a sob, and quickened his steps.

Christmas Eve—Snow had fallen heavily all day and everything lay wrapped in a soft, white mantle. Merry sleigh bells echoed through the streets, while lights shone out from the windows of various churches where service was being held. Outside one of these stood a small boy shivering with the cold, yet trying to protect a little dog from the frosty air by the ragged edge of his thin coat. It

was Tim who feeling half-frozen and strangely ill was longing to enter the church yet hesitated at the door.

What brought him to such a place at such an hour? This was the secret—something within him whispered that he and Smut would soon have to part, that he was going where Smut could not follow and he longed to see his angel once more. He was sure if only he could find his angel Smut would be safe from all trouble and hunger. In his childish mind churches and angels were in some way connected, so he had made his way to the nearest place of worship never thinking that with so many churches in the town, his chances of finding his angel in this particular one were very slim.

After a few minutes' hesitation he pushed open the door and slipped inside. A bright light lit up the porch and sounds of music came from within. Noiselessly opening an inner door he stood within the Church. What a sight met his gaze! Evergreens and holly adorned the walls and pillars on all sides while the chancel, to his bewildered eye, appeared a perfect mass of flowers. The pews were filled with people but he heeded them not. His eyes were fastened on the choir of men and boys, who in their pure, white surplices seemed indeed to this poor waif, creatures of another world. Suddenly he gave a gasp and clung to the door for support. Yes there *he* was—his own angel standing among the white-robed men, the light shining full upon his face. In another minute they had turned and were coming slowly down the aisle. Tim kept his eyes riveted on his angel, watching him draw nearer and nearer. Would he see Smut? Surely he would not pass so close without one glance!

Ah no! indeed he would not! for there he was looking straight at Tim with such a smile. Tim's fear vanished and holding out the dog with both hands he whispered "Please sir will you be Smut's angel? I know as you'd take care o' him if I could find you. Smut's"—here his voice broke off suddenly and he dropped senseless to the floor.

Tim's angel took him home and doctors did all in their power to save him; but it was of no avail. Poor little waif! He however was quite content so long as his angel held him in his strong arms and Smut lay on the bed beside him. And as the sun slowly rose on Christmas morning, colouring the snowy world with radiant hues, Tim passed away beyond the hills of time to where the sun would shine forever.

FLORENCE ANCIENT.

BOOK REVIEWS.

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review, is to bring electricity into use in hastening the process of education which still appears to move too slowly. The learned professor first gives a diagram or plan of the human brain with the position of the various powers of the mind clearly located as conclusively proved by the labours of modern scientists. The professor then proceeds to explain his remarkable education-hastening invention. He joins to an electric battery by means of knobs and wires the part of the brain where the increased stimulus is needed. Then by turning on the electricity a current passes through the part of the brain connected with the battery, and any degree of stimulus may be obtained for any faculty called into play in the preparation of school tasks. To take an example. In Chap. III. the writer speaks of the frequently heard complaint that too much time is taken up in the study of Latin. By connecting with the battery the section of the brain where the linguistic

faculty is situated, the lesson can be learned in half the time considered necessary. In the next chapter he tells of how a school-girl twelve years old learned fifty pages of Agricultural Chemistry in one night. In short, the professor proves that the time and expense involved in our present antiquated system are reduced by more than 50 per cent. All the needed appliances, including batteries of extra power for stupid pupils, may be had upon application to the publishers of this book, Messrs. Weeworkum & Co.

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THE ABOVE LITHOGRAPH IS FROM THE PIECE OF AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHY WHICH WON THE ANNUAL'S PRIZE THIS YEAR. THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN BY HARRY MARSHALL OF CLASS C. THE SCENE IS A BEND IN THE ROAD ON THE WEST SIDE OF NORTH-WEST ARM.

LIST OF STUDENTS ENROLLED AT THE ACADEMY THIS TERM.

CLASS B.

Girls—Christina Allen, Carrie May Baker, Lizzie Fredrica Jessie Barnaby, Harriet Muir Bayer, Florence M. y Bishop, Laurie Browne, Margaret Elizabeth Browne, Annie Elizabeth Christie, Ina Jane Clark, Mary Colter, Ethel May Conrad, Winnifred Ray Courod, Ethel May Corkum, Laura Crimp, Caroline Anderson Cunningham, Carrie Isabel Dauphiney, Olive Sutherland DeBlois, Caroline Inglis DeWolfe, Agnes Miller Dennis, Alvina Winnifred Drysdale, Clara Catherine Dunc-n, Blanche Mary Eaton, Lydia Augusta Flemming, Alice Maude Frame, Beatrice Emma Frye, Ella May Gibson, Mabel Laurie Grant, Mildred Claudine Hancock, May Elizabeth Hart, Bertha Annie Higham, Charlotte Annie Higham, Marian Sarah Herman, Eta Maude Hogan, Alice Howorth, Sara Miner Hutt,

Florence Augusta Kelly, Mary Alice Lawlor, Margaret Lewis Low, Ethel May Messervey, Gertrude Clara Louise Mitchell, Maggie Catherine Morrison, Elizabeth Blanche Mumford, Hattie Hill MacDonald, Annie MacLeod, Emily Myra Partridge, Louise Alberta Pennington, Florence Phelan, Alice Prescott, Sadie Hopewell Richardson, Evleen Gertrude Rockett, Katie Osman Saunders, Lillie Statham Seeley, Minnie Grace Spencer, Ennice Coleman Sterns, Jessie Florence Whiston, Gertrude Muriel Williston, Sallie Caroline Wisdom.

Boys.—George Allen Andrew, Egbert Annand, Frank Rogers Archibald, Winthrop Pickard Bell, Cecil Leroy Blois, Walter Gordon Heartz Braine, George Nelson Baker, William Taylor Burton, Cecil Churchill, Gordon Lithgow Crichton, Frederick William Day, Brenton Eaton, Harry Leo Forbes, George Stewart Gould, Charles Grant Hobart, James Walter Hobin, George Hunter Holder, Donald James Johnstone, James Matthew Warren Kirker, Allan

Pollok Laing, Frank Robert Lygan, William Joseph Lowry, George Moir Johnstone McKay, Harry Winsor Martin, Arthur McLutry Morrison, John Nicholson, Malcolm Nicholson, Herbert Frater Starr Paisley, Ralph Kells Swenerton, Fred George Taylor, Harvey Thorne, Stuart Wisdom, Arthur Wood, William Weatherspoon Woodbury.—Total in Class B., 91.

CLASS C₁.

Girls.—Elith May Crowell, Constance Katherine Darrab, Margaret Vanstone Dennis, Margaret Eleanor Dickson, Lydia Jane Drake, Laura Frances Evans, Helen Martha Forrest, Winifred May Fraser, Ellen Fletcher Gould, Helen Joyce Harris, Olive Muriel Hill, Jennie Mabel Hubley, Annie Eva Jamieson, Alice Mary Johnston, Flossie Maud Kierstead, Beatrice Olive McGrath, Anna Meikle MacKenzie, Alberta May McLeod, Minnie Isabella McLeod, Laura May Maxwell, Amy Kingsland Pennington, Caroline MacColl Read, Ala Maud Reynolds, Gertrude Muggie Settle, Lula Erma Wiswell, Jennie Eliza Ward, Maggie Blanche Adams, Grace Winifred Kaye Billman, Minnie Louise Black, Grace Evelyn Bowman, Helen Stirling Barton, Annie Grassie Creighton, Mabel Sophia Cook.

Boys.—Charles Tupper Baillie, Gordon Payzant Bars, Harry Eli Bates, Ralph Sutherland Billman, Henry Eversley Book, Roy Clifford Buckley, William Bullock, Henry Jeraman Creighton, John William Davidson, Lloyd Hamilton Fenerty, Gerald Gorham, Gordon S. Harrington, David Burke Lawlor, Walker Stewart Lindsay, Henry Herbert Marshall, John Morrison, Douglas Graham Oland, William Charles Ross, Otto Rupert Sharp, George Roy Soulis, Carl Black Thompson, James Hall Robeleigh Thorne, Richard Chapman Weldon, Jr., Cameron Risby Whitehorn, Edward Rhind Woodhill.—Total in Class C₁, 58.

CLASS C₂.

Girls.—Mary Lillian Angevine, Mary Helen Archibald, Winifred Glen Barnstead, Blanche Gertrude Brunt, Marion Amelia DeWolf, Harriot Barnes Dodd, Mary Cruickshanks Dunbrack, Henrietta Evelyn Garroway, Elith Margaret Grant, Bertha May Gray, Elsie Dora Howell, Bessie Louise Keeler, Pauline Leona Murray, Katie Morrison, Catherine Macdonald, Mary Elliot McLennan, Nellie Sheppard McLennan, Clara Beatrice Pirie, Mable Publicover, Ruth Richardson, Mary Christina Robinson, Elizabeth Helena Ross, Bertha Maud Smith, Rebecca Elizabeth Turner, Lizzie Walsh, Hattie Beatrice Webber, Amy Glen Witter, Euphemia Mary Wood, Jean Isabella Wood, Emma Matilda Mumford, Lucy Viola Mitchell, Sadie Katherine Webber.

Boys.—Arthur Austin Bentley, Harris Harding Bligh, Frank Heber Calder, Paul Henry Creighton, Charles Louis Ekersley, Charles Frederick Gorham, Cyril Herbert Gorham, Walter Alton Henley, John Rentforth Kelly, Edward James Longard, Leland Stanford Lydiard, Robert Thomas Lynch, Charles William Macaloney, Vivian Martin, Gordon Carliss Moore, Ross Tilton Mosely, James Edward Noonan, Rupert Henry Judson Settle, Charles Ross Sutherland, Karl Casoni Vossnack, Henry John Walker, James Duggan Walsh, Herbert Thornton Scott Whiston, Robert Albert Wood, John Henry Congdon.—Total in Class C₂, 58.

CLASS D₁.

Girls.—Janet McLaren Auld, Bertha Alice Barnstead, Ethel Mary Beattie, Florence Mary Bell, Nellie Brown,

Mary Constance Chapman, Bella Gray Chisholm, Lydia May Colbert, Laura Maud Conrad, Charlotte Bertha Daniel, Beatrice Eleanor Davis, Addina Evelyn Duncan, Dora Guille Faulkner, Reta Minerva Fraser, Jessie Isadora Garrison, Mabel Gentles, Maggie Gillies, Ethel Mary Grant, Mabel Goudge, Elyth Helena Hardy, Ethel Evelyn Hubley, Minnie Blanche Jodrey, Ruby Maita Kaye, Mary Louise Marshall, Estella Dora Michaels, Ethel Rosamond Mills, Elizabeth Burchell Moir, Beatrice Morris, Mary Morrison, Blanche May MacDonald, L-titia Ann McDonald, Queenie Eliza MacKenzie, Winifred May McLean, Hilda Mowbray McLellan, Jessie McMillan, Jennie Clinton Nisbet, Grace Evelyn O'Connor, Marion Carrie Ouhit, Belva Lenore Parks, Jean Amelia Poyous, Annie West Rogers, Mabel Sims, Violet Cassiels Smith, Alberta Wier Sturmy, Eva Gertrude Sutherland, Mary Ellen Talloch.

Boys.—Ralph Pickard Bell, Duncan Carroll, William Geoffrey Doull, R. y Kenneth Elliott, Frederick A. Grant, Alexander Daniel Morrison, James A. Mowatt, Burns MacLean, Charles Loren Smith, Frederick Charnley Smith, William Burton Spencer, Laurence Charles Purves Tremaine, Thomas Robert William Pelham Thorman.—Total in Class D₁, 59.

CLASS D₂.

Girls.—Sarah Mateur Archibald, Sara Van Baskirk Bingay, Alberta Loraine Black, Margaret Chisholm, Gladys Reynolds Clarke, Clara Avica Crease, Alice Phoebe DeWolfe, Laura Elizabeth Eastwood, Vera Fielding, Amy Barron Foote, Jennie Drummond Fraser, Helen Lindsay Grant, Eva Agnes Goudge, Charlotte Graydon, Bertha Holley, Ethel May Keating, Mary Olive Keating, Mary Jeanette Kirker, Hazel Muir Mason, Laura Jean Macdonald, Zillah Catherine Macdonald, Ernestine Loraine McLellan, Edna Blanche McNutt, Winifred May Nicolle, Euphemia Mary Nicholson, Pearl Maude Senelle, Elizabeth Smith, Lillian Jeanette Spencer, Laura Mabel Stephens, Lily Mary Thomas.

Boys.—Albert Johnson Barnes, Rufus Osborne Bayer, Arthur Edward Book, Charles Foran Burton, Robert Roy Campbell, Edward Foster, William Hamilton Foster, Franklin George Greig, Alfred Stanley Helchie, John Dexter Hills, Harry Douglas Holland, Alfred Edwin Jamieson, Charles Sutherland Johnson, Charles Campbell King, Daniel Lamont, Frederic Warren Miller, Alexander Morrison, Walter Scott Mulhall, James Edmund Myers, Judson Stuart McGregor, William Ross McKenzie, Frank Harris McLean, Roy Nicholson, Clinton Ashworth Proctor, Wilbur Bertrand Proctor, James Grant Stenhouse, Frederic Osborne Sturmy, Robert Sedgewick Hutchins.—Total in Class D₂, 59.

Total number of students in attendance this term 325.

HOW MICKEY DID THE WASHING.

Mickey did wash the clothes and gave them a good washing too. But I think in future mother will dispense with his help and will continue to have the week's laundry done in the old way.

Mickey, which by the way is not his right name, is the big brother of the family, and has so far advanced in his studies that he is in the highest class at — Academy, and thinks he is just chock full of original ideas, and he will some day startle the world with his wonderful achievements.

All Students are cordially invited to come and see us at the old stand and inspect our great display of brand new stock of Xmas Books, including all the principal Annuals. Also Xmas Cards, Calendars and Novelties in great variety. A Grand Fountain Pen, just out, "The Hustler," only \$1.75, satisfaction guaranteed, otherwise returnable. A full line of School Books and Fine Stationery constantly on hand. No trouble to show goods at

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Mickey, as he says himself, is almost a Watt, or Stephenson or one of those men, and he will one day revolutionize the world by his labor saving devices.

Somehow or other Mickey managed to get a small engine and boiler and a various assortment of belts, pulleys and shafting so spread out over the barn, that it is more than one's life is worth to go out when Mickey has steam up, which is pretty nearly all the time.

Mickey no longer chops wood, he has a saw rigged up, and cuts up everything in sight, valuable or otherwise. But, as Kipling says, "That is another story."

Mickey thought the week's washing could be done up, in short order by machinery, and much more nicely than the old conventional way.

I am not going into particulars as to how Mickey improvised his wonderful creation of a washing machine. Sufficient to say it was a complicated arrangement of water-tight barrels, which went first this way at lightning speed and then that way, and sometimes both ways at once. And what with belts and gear-wheels and stop valves and hot and cold water, steam valves and that sort of thing, Mickey thought it was a thing of 'beauty' and was to prove a joy forever to his mother.

Monday afternoon Mickey was most industrious. He gathered in all socks and flannels he could lay his hands on, table cloths and napkins, all the good blouses in sight, collars and cuffs, a dirty old horse blanket, two or three pairs of overalls, all bespattered with engine grease, his football suit and a few other things. All was wheat that came to Mickey's mill.

All were dumped together into the washing machine. Then Mickey filled it up with water, fastened the trap-door, turned on the steam jet and let her go.

After giving the clothes a thorough good boiling and shaking up, Mickey slowed up the engine, and changed the water. And if you could judge from the look of the water the experiment was going to be a "howling success," for the water was as black as your boots. But, oh my! how was poor Mickey to know that the children had been playing with his washing machine, and emptied a bottle of shoe blacking in the interior, as well as driven a score of nails in various directions around the circumference of the inner barrel of the machine. So Mickey was elated if somewhat surprised as well, at the amazing amount of dirt which could be got out of a small wash of clothes. He therefore proceeded to fill the machine up again with water, and turn on the steam.

He again emptied the water and found it much cleaner than before. So he filled it up again for a final scouring and started the machine once more.

After a couple of minutes something seemed to have gone wrong. Mickey said it was the governor. Anyhow whatever it was, it certainly was unmanageable, for just about that time commenced a race against time that was simply awful. Round and round went the machine faster and faster, and for a few minutes Mickey lost his grip of the situation, until he recollected that by shutting off the steam the machine would stop going sometime during the afternoon which it eventually did. Mickey undid the fastenings and took out what once was a pretty good assortment of clothes. Just here is where he discovered that the children had been driving nails.

It almost breaks my heart when I think of my nice blouses, alas blouses no longer, for they were torn into

ribbons by the sharp nails and discolored with the dye out of the other clothes.

Everything that went into the machine, even the greasy overalls, were washed clean, without a doubt. All the woolens were shrunk, at least the part that was not torn into rags. Yet Mickey did wash the clothes and he gave them a good steaming too.

But I have to record, unwillingly though it may be, that as a Laundry man, he is not a success. "BIRDIE."

AN ACADEMY GIRL'S SONG OF HER WORK.

With fingers weary and worn, with eyelids heavy and red,
A school-girl sat in her rocking chair, wishing that she were dead.
'Tis cram, cram, cram, till the brain is all in a whirl,
And still with a mind determined to win, plods on the tired school-girl.

Work, work, work, till the clock is striking ten,
Work, work, work, when the daylight comes again.
'Tis Latin, Geometry, French; Algebra, History and Greek,
Till the welcome sound of the one o'clock gong, brings us the freedom we seek.

Work, work, work, in the drear December light
Work, work, work, when the sun is shining bright.
Its oh! from nine to one, Its oh! from three to four,
Till one almost feels like banging the books and flying out the door.
Oh! teachers with sisters dear, oh! teachers, so learned and wise,
It's not only books we're wearing out, but our bright and fresh young lives.
Oh! stop, stop, stop, consider our pitiful state,
And beg the Board to lighten our tasks, or soon t'will be too late.

GOAKS.

By one of our incorrigibles still at large.

WHAT is the greatest obstacle in the B. Class? Laing's Neck.

WHICH student would make the best Shepherd? Miss Crook.

WHO is the greatest magician in the school? Miss Herman.

WHO is the most spiritual young man in the Academy? Mr. Soul is.

WHAT girl in the C₁ Class is the best archer? Miss Bowman.

WHAT student studying medicine would be a quack doctor? Miss Dr.-he.

WHAT boy in the C₁ Class is most likely to be found near a rose? Mr. Thorn(e).

WHY should the B. Class be well supplied with bread? Because it contains two bakers.

How does the D₂ Class resemble the Russian emblem? Because it has a Bear (Bayer) in it.

WHY should the B. Class be the most learned? Because it contains *Braine* and a double supply of *Wisdom*.

WHY is recess in the Assembly Hall like a poultry yard at evening? Because there is a rush for the perch.

FORMULA for computing number of pupils in the Academy. $d + d^2 + c + c^2 + bn$ (where $n = \text{infinity}$.)

WHO is the most dangerous boy in the Academy? Robert Wood, because he is always calling out to 'Lynch.'

It is said that the C₂ is going to present the Principal with a cushion for his chair in the Assembly Hall. W-l-t-r H-n-l-y has taken the contract for supplying the hair.

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