

W. L. L. Strickland
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THE Page 30

Academy Annual

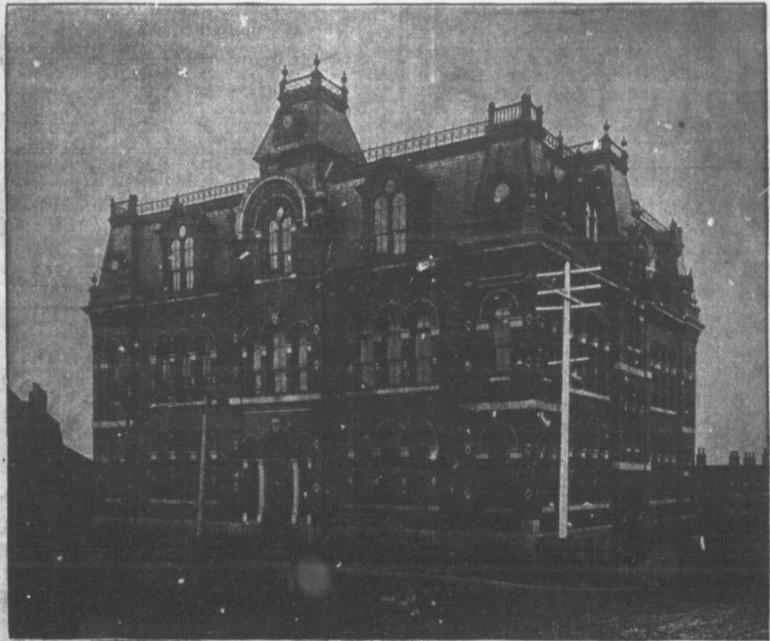
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HALIFAX, N. S.

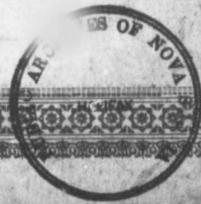
CHRISTMAS, 1900.

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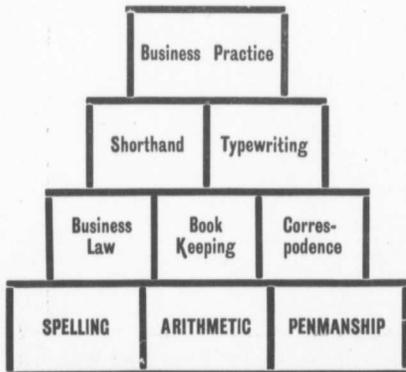
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AN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBIT.
A MEASURE OF THE FINANCIAL RESOURCES OF THE MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK.

Capital of the Bank of England Dec. 31, 1899 \$86,047,935	Funds held by the Mutual Life Insurance Co. for the payment of its policies Dec. 31, 1899 \$301,844,538
Capital of the Bank of France Dec. 31, 1899 \$36,050,000	
Capital of the Imperial Bank of Germany Dec. 31, 1899 \$28,560,000	
Capital of the Bank of Russia, Dec. 31, 1900 \$25,714,920	

J. A. JOHNSON,
General Agent, HALIFAX, N. S.

The Academy Annual.

HALIFAX, N. S., CHRISTMAS, 1900.

BLOWEMOFF'S THEORY.

CC **T**HERE'S nothing new beneath the sun."—
It was a sage who said it:
And sooth, when all's been said and done,
It's somewhat to his credit.

But still I own I scarce could see
How there could be progression,
Till Blowemoff explained to me
The route of Time's procession.

Says I, "You'd think the world would lag,
(Whereas it moves perditionous);
—Old Chronos sprintin' in a bag
Were almost sack religious!"

But Blowemoff looked wise and said:
"Change comes through combinations
Of that which was and is, instead
Of any new creations.

An' if things ain't what they should be,
How may we hope for better?
Why that's as plain as A. B. C.
Or any other letter.

For when from Time's vast whirligig
Some bad flies off tangential,
The good which takes its pace grows big
Like series exponential.

Thus better shall give place to best
In things of mind and matter,
Till finally there comes a rest
From all this din an' clatter.

And now to sun up I shall try,
My friend, if thou permittest,—
True progress cometh through an' by
Revelation of the fittest."

K. K.

A SUNDAY IN PARIS.

THERE were three of us and we were in Paris to see all we could. I am going to try to tell about a little of what we saw. It will be very imperfectly told, but you may be able to imagine it, if you have some point of departure, as they say at sea.

On Sunday afternoon we left the Exposition about five and, calling a fiacre, went for a drive in the Bois de Boulogne, a large and lovely park and the play-ground of Paris. It is threaded by hundreds of smooth straight roads which are usually thronged with carriages, bicycles, and automobiles. The latter are very plentiful in Paris and one soon becomes accustomed to the rattle and bang which they make and to the ease with which they are twisted and turned among the crowds of vehicles in the streets. This is harder because of the reckless driving of the French cabbies. It is said of them that a man is no driver at all unless he has run over at least one person. But to return to the Bois, its chief beauty in my eyes is its long vistas of trees and shady walks, where one can roam at will with no sign to "keep off the grass." This makes it a perfect haven of delight to children, and to grown-ups too, who love to escape from the heat and

dust of the city to the cool and shady Bois. There are chairs to hire for a sou but regular frequenters always carry their own stools, and any number of people may be seen seated calmly in the woods, or romping willy through them. As we drove along we saw picnic parties by the hundred, generally near the lake. People were tossing a yard-long loaf about and drinking from the same bottle. It seemed strange to see everyone when having a lunch in picnic fashion always with a bottle of wine. Then too we met some fine people taking an airing before dinner, but very few of the fashionable people were in town in August. About six as we turned outward again a coach-and-four passed us which was coming slowly home from a long drive to Versailles or Fontainebleau. Then we told our *cocher* to drive us back to the Village Suisse.

By this time we all felt like attacking a good meal, so when the cabby was paid off, (the price was three francs fifty which is not dear when compared with Halifax prices), our first care was to find a restaurant. But one has not far to look either for food or drink in Paris or London, so one was quickly found. There we rested our weary limbs and had a very fair dinner, and were amused by a parrot which was part of the establishment and could call "garçon" with the best of us. Mme. la proprietaire was very proud of her pet and brought it for us to admire.

Then refreshed in body and mind we went into the Exposition by way of the Swiss Village. This was really a side-show, to which the entrance fee was a franc, and it was connected by a bridge over the street with the main grounds. As far as I am concerned I consider the Swiss Village the most picturesque, carefully executed and interesting thing that I saw. It was an exact reproduction of a village in Switzerland, and while some of the buildings were built of the plaster, by far the greater part were real buildings which had been taken down, transported to Paris and there set up again. The most careful attention had been given to details, grass was growing in odd places, moss covered stones were just where one would expect them, the very brook was slimy in its pools, and even the village church with its tiny harmonium and carved benches was there, so that backed by a panorama of lofty mountains, the whole was as perfect and beautiful as one could well imagine. The gateway opened into a street on which were the post office, an inn, some shops and the house in which Napoleon I. spent a night when he crossed the Alps. Among other things of interest they showed a large arm-chair which he had used, but we were not allowed to sit in it. At the corner where the street divided was an inn, doing duty as a café, tables were set outside and in the balcony to which two stair-cases led. The maids were dressed in their native costume and with the motley crowd of Moor and Soudanese, Scandinavians and Russians, Chinese and Japanese, country French and Parisians, American tourists and English trippers, they made a stirring, swaying crowd of such picturesqueness and grouping as it had never before been my luck to see. The lights and lanterns threw a glamour over the scene and the gloom cast by the houses hid any defects which may have been there, leaving a scene of colour and beauty to which the

Don't
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made

mountains served as a fitting background. In the cafes they sold drinks of all descriptions and in the tiny shops curiosities of every kind, chiefly wood carving, jewellery and watches. The houses themselves were for the most part low, and built of logs and the roofs projected about four or five feet giving the houses rather the appearance of mushroom-roofs. These wide eaves are a protection against snow and the roofs are further guarded by large flat stones, both to keep out avalanches and to keep them on in storms. In one of the barns was a herd of the Nestlé's cattle. They have a large herd and farm in Switzerland and had transported a cow stable with its whole paraphernalia of dairy, pails, big bells and all. The bell cow in Switzerland wears a bell about a foot high; they were extraordinary looking things and must be very heavy. All this time we had wandered among a crowd all interested, and all interesting. At last we had to leave the fairland around us and went our way across the bridge back through the village. We stopped at a chalet to have a drink of milk, which was so fresh and sweet, the first I had drunk for months it seemed. We had looked at everything from every side and found it very good, but we had a hard day before us; so, though loath to leave, we passed from the *Village Suisse* into the Exposition grounds.

Then tired out we were very glad to sit down in the fauce which we secured after some difficulty, as we had come out a back door, so to speak. We had a pleasant drive through the brilliant streets of "Gay Parée" and then, after a long drink, a long climb, for we had rooms "au quatrieme," gentle sleep ended the day, which I have tried, but I am afraid with scant success, to bring before the mind's eye of your kind readers.

G. S. S.

LAST TERM'S CLOSING EXERCISES.

THE formal closing of the term, 1899-1900, took place in the Assembly Hall on Friday, November the ninth. The afternoon was stormy and many were unable to be present. At three o'clock Mr. A. L. Wood, the senior School Commissioner, (now Chairman of the School Board) took the chair. Near him on the platform were Hon. A. G. Jones, our new lieutenant-governor, Dr. G. Carleton Jones, his private secretary, Rev. Dr. Forrest, Principal of Dalhousie College, Rev. Dr. J. S. Black, Dr. A. H. MacKay, Superintendent of Education, Supervisor McKay, Secretary Wilson, Commissioner M. E. Keefe, ex-Chairman A. M. Bell and the teachers.

Chairman Wood made a few appropriate remarks and asked for a report of the year's work. Mr. Kennedy stated that the enrolment was 333, divided thus: 96 B's, 114 C's, and 123 D's. Two hundred and thirty-eight took the government examinations and of these 214 obtained the grade for which they applied. There were 55 B certificates taken, 80 C, and 79 D. The B Class last year was the largest in the history of the Academy, and that of the present year bids fair to surpass it in numbers. Good work cannot be done with classes so large and accordingly the Board had sanctioned a division of the class and appointed Mr. J. B. McCarthy to the teaching staff.

Governer Jones after awarding medals and other prizes to the leaders in their classes and offering them his hearty congratulations made an address. This was among the first of his official acts and none had given greater pleasure. It was his duty to show an interest in the cause of education

in which all people are concerned. He was glad to see so many girls able to compete with the sterner sex on the other side of the room. He enjoined upon all to realize the advantages we have over those of olden time and to set a high aim before us, thus deriving greater pleasure and increasing our usefulness in life.

Dr. Forrest had words of consolation for those not winning prizes. Many leaders in schools do not follow up their success and later in life are not found in prominent positions. After all it is the faithful plodding student that makes his mark in the long run. Education if it is worth anything teaches you to help yourself. He urged us to begin systematic work after leaving school, to cultivate the habit of reading, and to remember Beecher's words, "Half of the success in life is by saving the odds and ends of time."

Dr. Black was happy in his remarks and was well received. He advised us to adopt three principles: Obedience, Truth, and Kindness.

The Superintendent of Education followed and in the course of his address stated that out of the 100,000 pupils attending school in Nova Scotia, about 3,500 are High School students, that is, three and a half per cent. of the total enrolment in the Province pursue studies beyond the common school grades. These students are being educated at about half the cost of those in similar schools in the United States. He referred to the fact that our building is not large enough for present uses and that our accommodation is inferior to that of some other schools in Nova Scotia. He advised us to cultivate the habit of thinking out things for ourselves and thus to depend less upon the teachers.

Mr. Bell was the last speaker but owing to the lateness of the hour his remarks were brief. He thought the curriculum should be extended to include a course of Practical Politics whereby the people could be trained to be intelligent jurors and be able to cast their votes to secure purity in politics.

The musical part of the programme was as follows: A piano solo by Miss Bertie Sturmev, two choruses, "The Khaki Heroes' Welcome Home," and "The City by the Sea," by the students, and the National Anthem at the close.

The prizes were awarded as follow:—

1. The Chairman's Gold Medal: A gold medal offered by Mr. A. M. Bell, Chairman of the School Board, awarded to the graduate making the highest aggregate in the subjects of the course. Winner.—GEORGE MOIR JOHNSTONE MACKAY.
2. The Blackadar Gold Medal: A gold medal offered by Mr. H. D. Blackadar, ex-Chairman of the School Board, given to the graduate making the highest aggregate in English, Physiology and History. Winner.—HARRY LEO FORBES.
3. The Mayor's Gold Medal: A gold medal offered by Mayor Hamilton, awarded to the graduate standing highest in Classics. Winner.—WINTHROP PICKARD BELL.
4. The Academy Gold Medal: A gold medal given to the graduate making the best aggregate in Mathematics and Physics. Winner.—LULU DORA WALLACE.
5. An Academy Silver Medal: Awarded to the student of the C class making the highest aggregate in the subjects of the course. Winner.—ELLEN FLETCHER GOULD.



CLASS B. HALIFAX ACADEMY, 1800-1900.

6. An Academy Silver Medal, given to the student of the C class taking the highest rank in Classics. Winner.—WALKER STEWART LINDSAY.
7. An Academy Silver Medal, awarded to the student of class C, making the highest percentage in Drawing and Bookkeeping. Winner.—CHARLES ROSS SUTHERLAND.
8. An Academy Silver Medal, given to the student of the D class making the highest aggregate in the subjects of the course. Winner.—GRACE EVELYN O'CONNOR.
9. A prize offered to the student of the B class for highest marks in Physiology and Universal History. Winner.—CECIL CHURCHILL.
10. A prize offered to the student of the B class for the best aggregate in English Language and Literature. Winner.—BEATRICE EMMA FRYE.
11. A Book Prize offered to the student of any class standing highest in German. Winner.—HARRY WINSON MARTIN.
12. Book Prizes offered to students standing highest in French. Winners:—
Class B—HARRY WINSON MARTIN.
Class C—AMY KINGSLAND PENNINGTON.
Class D—DORA GUILLE FAULKNER.
13. A Prize offered to the student of C class standing highest in English, History and Geography. Winner.—MARION LOUISE BLACK.
14. A Prize offered to the student of C class standing highest in Mathematics and Science. Winner.—CAROLINE MCCOLL READ.
15. A Book Prize offered by T. C. Allen & Co., to the student of D class making the highest aggregate in English. Winner.—MABEL GOUDGE.
16. A book Prize offered to the student of the D class making the best mark in Latin. Winner.—MABEL GOUDGE.
17. A Book Prize offered to the student of the D class making the best mark in Drawing and Bookkeeping. Winner.—DANIEL KEITH ROSS.
18. A Book Prize offered to the student of the D class standing highest in Arithmetic and Algebra. Winner.—CHARLES SUTHERLAND JOHNSON.
19. A Book Prize offered to the student of D class making the best mark in Science. Winner.—MARY LOUISE MARSHALL.
20. A Book Prize in the D class to the student making the best aggregate in Geometry, History and Geography. Winner.—ARTHUR EDWARD ROUTLEY BOAK.

PRIZES OFFERED FOR 1900-1901.

Several changes are made in the list of last year. Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, and 20 remain. In 1, read Mr. A. L. Wood for Mr. A. M. Bell. No. 2, the Blackadar Gold Medal, is offered to the graduate making the highest aggregate in any eight subjects of the course. Then comes the following: The Archibald Gold Medal—a gold medal offered by Mrs. Charles Archibald will be given to the graduate standing highest in English and Universal History—three subjects. After No. 4 add: A Special Prize of Ten Dollars, offered by J. C. Mackintosh, Esq., for the best essay on "The Advantages of Being a British

Citizen." No. 9 will be given for the highest mark in Physiology alone. No. 10 is discontinued. In No. 14, Mathematics and Science are separated, a prize being given to the student of C class highest in Mathematics and also a prize to the one highest in Science.

Prizes can be won only by students who succeed in taking their certificates. In case of a tie, reference will be made to marks obtained at the quarterly examinations during the term. The winner of any medal is excluded from winning a second medal. Where sufficient merit is not shown a prize will not be awarded.

LAST YEAR'S CLASS.

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

CHRISTINA ALLEN is with us again. The Girls' Literary Club monopolized rather more of her time than was proper in her interests; but when her smiling face and merry ways were in evidence club affairs moved on oiled wheels.

CARRIE MAY BAKER is teaching at Wittenburg. No half ways for Carrie; her pupils either toe the mark or suffer annihilation.

HARRIET MUIR BAYER is taking the Arts course at Dalhousie. Hattie was one of our leaders. May she be as successful there as she was with us.

FLORENCE MAY BISHOP, better known as "Blondie," sojourned with us for a few months. She was one of the active members of the Literary Club and served a term as vice-president.

LURIE BROWNE was indispensable on a wet or gloomy day. Her fund of humor was inexhaustible. We are pleased to say she is with us again studying Latin and Greek.

LIZZIE BARNABY has fulfilled her mission by taking a splendid B certificate before leaving our ranks. She no longer mounts guard for her friend who skips from floor to floor.

ANNIE ELIZABETH CHRISTIE is a scientific B, helping the students of that class to merit their teachers' praise.

INA JANE CLARKE is leading the youths of Musquodoboit Harbour in the flowery paths of knowledge.

ETHEL MAY CONRAD, although she "loved Latin" did not wear herself to a skeleton on account of it.

WINNIFRED RAY-CONROD is now shining at Normal. She was one of the reserve force of our Supervisor. Her experience in substituting will no doubt be very useful to her.

ETHEL MAY CORKUM was the Science Master's right hand man.

Laura Crimp was a model of neatness and precision. She is now instilling her principles into the children of Grand Lake School.

CAROLINE A. CUNNINGHAM is picking up nuggets in the Klondike. Carrie was one of our prize girls.

OLIVE SUTHERLAND DELBOIS is finishing at Sackville. She and Winnie were great friends. Where one was, there was the other also.

AGNES MILLAR DENNIS is taking the whole course this year. A large part of her time is taken up with teaching Greek to her friend.

ALVIRA WINNIFRED DRYSDALE is helping to make a success of the *Mail* and *Herald*. She will probably make a career for herself for she was a faithful worker.

CLARA CATHERINE DUNCAN is teaching the "young idea" of Pope's Harbour "how to shoot."

BLANCHE MAY EATON is at her home in Dartmouth. Blanche was never in a hurry. What she could not do in one day she did in two.

LYDIA AUGUSTA FLEMMING is taking a second year in the B class. Unlike her namesake she was victorious in the fight and took a good B.

ALICE MAUDE FRAME is at her home on Brunswick St. It is whispered that she is a famous toast-maker.

BEATRICE EMMA FRYE is home teaching the younger Frye the way they should go. It was she who captured the English prize.

ELLA MAY GIBSON is teaching Mathematics at Beech Hill by the "plus and so on all the way to X" method. She was a very substantial little girl although a rumour was once rife that she "dropped from the clouds."

MAY ELIZABETH HART did not believe in afternoon sessions. In this respect she was the teachers' Fuzzy-Wuz.

BERTHA ANNIE HIGHAM is residing at Mount Hope. We would mention that Bertie is a nurse not a patient.

CHARLOTTE ANNE HIGHAM is seeing that the Imperial Oil Company keep their books correctly. Lottie was one of our laughers.

MARION SARAH HERMAN still graces our halls. She was a star in Composition and History.

ETTA MAUD HOGAN's whereabouts we are unable to trace, but satisfactory information can no doubt be given on application to Room 4.

ALICE HOWORTH has carried the fame of the Academy to Texas. She was an able and willing debater at all times and in all places.

SARA MINER HUTT was very good at Mathematics, especially proportion. She is putting this in practice by assisting the Dartmouth kindergarten teacher.

MARY ALICE LAWLOR is at her home in Dartmouth. "She's little but she's wise, she's a terror for her size (in study)."

MARGARET LEWIS LOW was with us only a short time. She is now studying Pharmacy.

ETHEL MAY MESSERVEY is teaching at Ship Harbour. Her dump of loquaciousness was well developed. It will stand her in good stead in her present position.

GERTRUDE LOUISE MITCHELL is taking the English course at Dalhousie.

MAGGIE CATHERINE MORRISON was with us for a short time last year and we are glad to have her with us again.

ELIZABETH BLANCHE MUMFORD was one of our most popular students. She was president of the Literary Club for ten months, the usual term being three. No other student has even been able to claim that honor.

HATTIE HILL MACDONALD was always ready when the English teachers asked for offers. She is teaching at East River.

ANNIE MACLEOD was one of the leaders of her class. She is now in Cape Breton.

EMILY MIRA PARTRIDGE, though as plump, was not as wary as that celebrated bird. She was often surprised in her scientific researches by the invitation to take a front seat.

LOUISE ALBERTA PENNINGTON is at her home on Smith St. Bertie intends going to Normal School in the near future and is spending the interval in learning a short method of taking notes.

ALICE PRESCOTT was a great favourite with one of the teachers if we may judge by the invitation "come nearer me" which often greeted her. Unhappily things are not what they seem.

EVLLEN GERTRUDE ROCKETT one would imagine was a highflyer, but Eva seldom flew higher than the ceiling of the Assembly Hall.

KATIE OSMAN SANDERS is teaching at Seaforth. We are lost without her alto voice to lead us in singing the morning psalms.

LILLIE STATHEN SEELEY has given up her intention of becoming an instructor of youth and is studying music.

MINNIE GRACE SPENCER is upholding the honor of the Academy in Dalhousie. She is one of those who say little and think much. The ANNUAL is indebted to her pen for many clever productions.

EUNICE COLEMAN STERNS is taking the B work over again. She gave all her leisure to the ANNUAL.

JESSIE FLORENCE WHISTON is at home to her friends on Robie St. She is turning her talent to dramatic art.

GERTRUDE MURIEL WILLSTON was a sunbeam in her class. But alas! she was often requested by the teachers not to shine quite so brilliantly as her radiance dazzled them.

SADIE CAROLINE WISDOM is taking the course over again. She is a disciple of Sir Christopher Wren.

LULU DORA WALLACE is teaching at Hillvale School. She was the leading Mathematician of her class and carried off that prize.

LENA WALLACE, "the lass with the auburn hair" was one of our quiet and dignified ones. She is teaching at Dalhousie, Kings.

GEORGE ALLEN ANDREW was with us only a short time, but our opinion is he will always "make his mark." He is now pushing with the "Freshmen" in Dalhousie's scrim.

EOBERT ANNAND was known as a quiet peaceable boy and stood well in all his work. He came to us from Musquodoboit Harbour, and we returned him safely with a B certificate which he is now using to advantage.

FRANK ARCHIBALD though a very mischievous boy was a good all-round student, and his high aggregate of marks shows he knew something about his books. He is now at Dalhousie and will no doubt surprise his professors when exams. come.

GEORGE BAKER figured prominently on the Editorial Staff of last year's ANNUAL, at hockey and in other things. We haven't heard anything as to his whereabouts.

CECIL LEROY BLOIS was such a little fellow that he was constantly surprising his teachers by knowing so much. He is back at the Academy studying Latin and Greek.

GORDON BRAINE left us early and went west where we believe he has taken up ranching.

WINTHROP BELL was the orator of his class. It was sometimes doubtful who was the real teacher in the English room. His high aggregate (over 900) shows he knew his books well, particularly his classics for which he won the medal. He is now starting his college career at Mount Allison.

CECIL CHURCHILL was preparing for a course at McGill, where he now is. Cecil was an expert in gymnastic exercises, as exhibited by him in the yard at recess.

GORDON CRICHTON was also one of our contingent to McGill. He never found a place where he could't talk, and for this reason could generally be found sitting in "lonely solitude" in a far corner of a class-room. He will be missed by his class mates,—and others.

FRED DAT was always sure of being plucked, but when the results came he found he knew more than enough. He was a general favourite among the boys, especially as a footballist and Cadet officer. He is now a first year student at the Medical College. Fred has a sure place in the affections of Academy boys for the way he stood by us at football.

BREXTON EATON was a boy in whom his sister had "perfect confidence." Her trust in him was not disappointed as he successfully passed his exams. and is now studying at Acadia.

HARRY FORBES was a faithful student in *all* his work, and well liked by all. He was a "star" at Mathematics and carried off the English prize for the term. He is we believe studying engineering at St. Francis Xavier's, and we wish him every success in his future work.

CHARLES HOBART was a quiet studious boy. He is now at Sydney whither our best wishes follow him.

GEORGE HOLDER felt so big and awkward and so far past school years among the smaller members of his class that he left us early and entered Clayton's as night watchman. Burglars, beware!

JAMES HOBBS delighted in tying chairs together or some such amusement during class hours. If anything funny occurred we knew "Jimmie" was not far away. He was liked by all.

DONALD JOHNSTON was a quiet boy in one way though noisy in another. His voice could frequently be heard in angry disputation with his seat mate in the Physiology class. Donald is still with us.

ELBRIDGE KIRKER studied college subjects at the High School. He is now back at school beginning school subjects. Better late than never.

WARREN KIRKER had a very great liking for the opposite sex which sometimes interfered with his attention in class. He among many others was greatly astonished when he found that he was not plucked in his exams. He is now rusticiating at Quoddy.

ALLEN LAING always did excellent work with us. He is now at McGill where he secured a valuable scholarship. All wish him a brilliant career.

FRANK LOGAN was a quiet but popular boy and always made good marks. We wish him success in his B. A. course at Dalhousie, after which we understand he intends to study medicine.

ARTHUR MORRISON is working at land surveying. He is one of quite a number of our "old boys" who helped us

make up the School team for this season's games. All wish him well.

JOHNSTONE MACKAY was our leader at the Leaving Exams. of 1900, carrying off a gold medal and, later, capturing a scholarship from Dalhousie. He was a good student in all his classes and always took a great interest in anything for the good of the Academy. As Cadet officer and footballist he was very popular. He is now at Dalhousie whither our best wishes follow him.

HARRY MARTIN was a small boy with a huge brain. He was one of our best students in all subjects, excelling in French and German for which he took prizes. He is now living with his family in New York.

MALCOLM NICHOLSON was a "plugger" in every sense of the word. As a good honest student he left us and is now "wielding the birch" at Iron Mines, Inverness Co.

JOHN NICHOLSON like his brother knew his work well, Mathematica being his favourite study, and the one in which he excelled. He is also teaching at Newport, Hants, County.

HERBERT PAISLEY always had an answer for any question (except in Geometry) when he condescended to appear in class. He is a clever boy, and we believe is developing his literary powers at Mount Allison.

ROBERT SLAYTER came to get a few pointers to gratify the curiosity of the Medical College examiners in which he was successful.

KELLS SWENERTON was the joy of our classics teacher because he could speak so as to be heard at the other end of the room. He could, however, be with difficulty kept quiet, which failing will probably account for his frequent change of seat. He is now at Mount Allison.

FRED TAYLOR was only with us a short time, having left to keep matters straight at the Union Bank. Success to you Fred!

HARVEY THORNE was a great upholder of the "Divine Right of Kings," greatly to the annoyance of the English teacher. If there was any fun going Harvey was sure to be in it. He is now studying at St. Andrew's School, Toronto.

ARTHUR WOOD, better known as "Mickey," always got along well, although it is hinted he did not believe in "burning the midnight oil." He helped us out at football, altho' we believe attending Dalhousie.

WILLIAM WOODBURY was a very quiet boy and always knew his work well. He excelled in English as shown by his class work, and his excellent essay on "Imperial Federation" which won Governor Daly's gold medal. He is back at school again getting up his Latin and French for the Medical Matriculation Examination.

STUART WISDOM delighted almost solely in the dark ways of Science. He will no doubt startle the McGill professors with some of the wonderful results of his researches.

ACADEMY BOYS AT MCGILL.—The Academy is well represented among McGill students. In Science, there are Gordon Crichton, Stewart Wisdom, and Cecil Churchill; in Arts, Allan Laing; in Medicine, James Fyche and Edgar Douglas; while two others, Charles Lindsay and Sam Allen, have been fortunate in securing good positions as Demonstrators in Chemistry.—*Flourant omnes!*

A LITTLE GIRL.



LITTLE girl in our town,
 (And she was scanty-wise),
 Said, "Laughter is for summer-time,
 "And winter-time for sighs."
 "For summer laughs with all its brooks,
 "And every bush and tree;
 "And Winter, with its haggard face,
 "Is bleak and sad to see."

A little girl in our town,
 She sat her down to muse
 On what was fitting time for mirth,
 And what the time for blues.
 But when she thought her few years o'er
 She found it to be true,
 That, Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
 She'd laughed them through and through.

"Ears catch the strain they listen for,"
 (So sang she, merry-wise),
 "And often what you think you've seen,
 Means but mis-seeing eyes.
 Sweet flowers grow in winter-snow,
 If you will heedful be,
 And friendly hands will wave to you,
 From every bush and tree."

"For happy hearts find happy things;
 They leap in every clime:
 And bitter thoughts find woefulness,
 Even in Summer-time.
 Let but our hearts be fresh and kind,
 Our thoughts but glad and good,
 The sky and sea will seem a-light,
 And joyful field and wood."

For so within her heart she sang,
 And knew it to be true.
 Let skies be gray with coming storm,
 Young eyes can see them blue;
 They look with hope, they look with faith,
 And joy in what they see.
 God keep us young, and keep us glad,
 Whatever age we be!

A. C. H.

Annie Campbell Jewett
 CARROTS' BETTER.

397 WINCHESTER ROAD,

20th Dec., 1900.

DEAR ROOSTER,—Mother says I may ask you to spend the holidays with me, so come, will you? Lots of fun, skating on the lakes, hockey, tobogganing, sleighing—we have a rattling good horse now, I tell you; and the pantry's full, with such eatings; and there's to be a good play at the theatre, and a Symphony Concert, maybe; and, to set the whole thing off, I'll introduce you to Lady Harvey.

You'll never see anything like him anywhere else, if you wait a hundred years. He's nearly been the death of us since the first day that he glided into school. You don't hear him walk, you know, because he's nervous, and wears rubber heels, to prevent a jar. There are jars, however, lots of 'em, that rubber heels won't save a fellow from, when he gets into our distinguished company; and Lady Harvey wasn't long in finding that out.

We nearly set up a cheer, when we found that our class was to have his ladyship; and as he was given a desk right in front of bluster Emerson, he has had plenty of attention.

You've seen Bluster, and you can imagine *how* attentive he'd be to a fellow of that kind. But I haven't told you the kind, after all. Well, he's tall, rather, but about as slim as they can be made, and beautifully dressed; and his face is pale, and his hair is light, with a pretty little wave in it; and his eyes are blue, soft and sweet, young now, like a three year old girl's. That's in a general way; but when he's frightened, as, thanks to Bluster and the rest of us, he is, a decent part of the time, they have a way of fading out that isn't pretty, as we tell him; and just once or twice, I've seen 'em black with a glow as if there was a live coal behind 'em, and then you want to see what's coming. And he's polite, always. And he speaks very low, and draws, and can't pronounce his r's—he'd call you Wooster, and me Cawots; and he always knows History and Latin by the page, and is regularly floored by anything that looks like mathematics, and so, whatever the lesson may be, there's always breathless silence while he keeps the floor, and most of us are choking at the end. When we don't give him a very warm invitation to join us at recess, he sits at his desk and feasts his mind on history, and his eyes on Nell—my sister, Rooster, the prettiest girl in school, and the slickest at getting into scrapes, and out of them.

When we do get him out at recess, we generally have a scrimmage, and toss him. Moses, how he hates it! We tell him he owes it to us for getting us brought back so often, for paying him the attentions due to his sex and attractions. When he sees us getting ready, he turns a more sickly white, and his eyes fade out, and he shuts his hands and his mouth tight, and shivers, and looks at us. He struck us so funny the first time, that at first we couldn't do anything for laughing, and then Bluster yelled, "Oh, isn't he a Wabbit?" And we all took it up, and yelled, "A Wabbit! A Wabbit!" before we tossed him. But another day, Bluster had chosen Baby Simms to toss, and the youngster looked ready to cry, when Lady Harvey got in front of him somehow, and pushed him towards the stairs, and stood stiff and white, with his eyes black, and that red coal burning away behind them. Bluster doubled up, and roared, and said, "Why, is it the Wabbit? Boys, is it the Wabbit?" "You ought to know best, Mr. Emerson," drawled Lady Harvey, in his soft voice, "you're such a Bwute yourself, you know."

Bluster stopped laughing, and looked ready to fight, but the rest of us thought it was too good, and were cheering the Wabbit, so Bluster thought better of it. But Lady Harvey always called him the Bwute, after that, and so did the rest of us, when he wasn't near to hear us.

But we had a big time here the other day. There's a cross old man that comes in two or three times a week, to do the rough cleaning, after school. He's all doubled and twisted with rheumatism, and his temper's as much twisted as his body. A lot of us were brought back for getting into a gale over Lady Harvey's new suit, and doing things forbidden, and the master who had us back—Mr. Richards, or Dickey, as we call him—had left us, to go into town about something. It was a stormy day, and got dark very early; and when we heard old Gray stumbling up to the floor above, Bluster proposed a joke. We didn't let Lady Harvey hear, since he was a muff and a Rabbit, but the rest of us went out quietly to the hall, and stayed there a few minutes. We thought Gray'd come right down, as usual, and listened from our desks; but I'm an Injun, if Dickey didn't get back first. We were in a fix. Bluster sent Baby

Simms up to say he'd had salt fish for dinner, and was thirsty, but it didn't work. Then he sent him up again, to say he was awfully sick, but before he got to the desk we heard old Gray coming down, and while Simms was explaining how sick he was, there was a yell, and a crash, and a thud, and a sound as of rivers of water, and a smell like a bad chemistry day, and groans. Dickey jumped up and ran out. We heard him speak in the hall, and then he came to the door, and in a voice that made us turn somersaults inside, invited us out. He had lighted the gas; and there were two ends of string trailing over the steps, an over-turned water-pail and an empty ash-pan, a great puddle of water, and a wide area of wet, smoking ashes, and in the middle of it, with his hand to his head, groaned old Gray, wet and dirty from head to foot. His head was bleeding, and he looked silly and wretched. And when we looked at him, and then at Dickey, I think Gray was not the only one who felt silly and wretched.

We got him up, among us, and Mr. Richards helped him downstairs, and we saw him put some money into his hand, and tell him to go and clean up, and then we scuttled back into the room. Mr. Richards came in and sat down, looking tired and angry, and something else, that made us squirm—scornful, I s'pose. For a long time there was silence. Then he got us all up—Lady Harvey joined in—and opened court. Now you know Buster—the Brute—was the top, and bottom, and back, and front, of the whole thing, all but the *hands*; but he's a deep and cautious chap, and it came out that Baby Simms was the real culprit, "the unspeakable coward," as Dickey put it, among other enjoyable what-do-you-call-'ems, who had got and placed the water and the ashes, and tied the string. Mr. Richards lashed him with his tongue, before he got out the "Waler," but it was strange to see that while he talked to Simms, he *looked* at Bluster. Lady Harvey, very white, and off colour about the eyes, had sat down without leave, but the master took no notice, and presently ordered the rest of us to our seats, and little Simms to prepare. There was a great quiet. I watched Lady Harvey, I don't know why. As Baby Simms cowered and blanched, and the master drew the leather through his hands, I saw the Rabbit's face stiffen, and his eyes blacken and take fire; then, as the lash hissed through the air—fell, and *missed*!—up jumped Lady Harvey, crying out, "Stop! Stop! STOP! It wasn't Simms, Mr. Richards. It was—it was I!" (He never forgot his grammar.)

Baby Simms dropped on the edge of the platform, and sat with his head against the big desk, and his eyes closed. We were all on our feet, you may be sure; but Mr. Richards' voice was just as calm and even, as if he was giving out a lesson. "You, Mr. Harvey? Then come and take your reward."

So Lady Harvey went up, shivering, and breathing hard, but with the same fire burning in his white face. He put himself in position, and I don't know what the rest of us might have done, but suddenly, Bluster—the bully, the Brute, the boy that we all suspected to be a coward, with all his bull-strength and brag—*Bluster* pushed his way up in front, and in a strange, thick, horribly-frightened voice, called out, "I'm the one to punish, Mr. Richards! The Wabbit wasn't there at all, and Baby Simms only did what I made him!"

You don't know Mr. Richards. He has a stern, hard face, that seldom smiles; but some of us have seen him with

his mask off, and it came well off then. It was like a sun-burst out of a black cloud. Down dropped the Waler on Baby Simms—guess it didn't hurt him though—and he grabbed Lady Harvey's hand, and Bluster's, and worked them hard. "Emerson!" he said, "If you *know* how I've been longing for you to wake up and know yourself, as you do now! Boys, give a brave and honest fellow,—that's what Emerson is, now and forever—give him a cheer!"

His voice was very kind, but when he turned to Lady Harvey, it was soft and sweet, like molasses.

"Do you think, my boy, that I am blind, or an idiot, that I should believe such a lie as yours? Do you know that you've worked a miracle? Boys," he turned to us, with a hand on Lady Harvey's shoulder—"Boys! Here's your Rabbit! Look at him. He hates noise and roughness, does he, and turns sick when you toss him? Yet he's the first one among you, though the only innocent one, to offer himself for one of *my* floggings. If you knew the reasons I could give you for what you have dared to call his cowardice! Here's your Dandy! Fond of nice clothes, isn't he? and likes to keep them neat. But I walked behind him the other day, and behind some of you, following and making your stupid jokes about him. He was with one of our girls—the prettiest, and the proudest, and the quickest to make fun, for all her kind heart—and I saw him excuse himself after a struggle with his wishes, and cross the street to carry a heavy, dirty board, for an old woman—to drag it through the mud, splashing his light overcoat, and ruining his kid gloves. What fun it was for you, wasn't it? Especially when she stumbled against him and knocked his cap off, and he apologized to her for letting her do it. She was very deaf and very dirty, and he is your fastidious Dandy; but he made her hear him as gently as if she had been the greatest lady in the land. He's a likely chap to set a trap for a lame old man, that might have meant a broken arm or leg; now, isn't he? Where are your cheers, boys?—Give them for your Rabbit, your Dandy, your Lady Harvey, and do your best, every one of you, to be some day as valiant a gentleman as you know him to be—though you don't know half!"

Goodness, Rooster, I didn't know it was so late. How shall I ever get up to-morrow! Good-morning. Come for sure, and have the best of good times with

Yours ever,

CARROTS.

P.S.—Emerson took the Waler like a good 'un. Old Gray's all right. Mother and Lady Harvey are great chums.

WHAT THE BIRDS SAID BEFORE FLYING SOUTH.



HE birds sang in the tree tops,
Above the empty land,
And of all they said in sweet bird speech
This much I could understand.

They sang of happy days gone by,
The days of youth and spring,
When all that life could need they had
In strength of love and of wing.

They sang of the dear nesting time
With its trembling hopes and fears,
Of the patient brooding of faithful love,
Of fluttering of anxious cares.

They sang of troublous days that came,
When winds beats fierce and high,
When rush of rain and shriek of gale
Drowned the fledgings' piteous cry.

They sang, sad and low, of empty nests,
When the dear young had flown,
Of shortening days and long cold nights,
And the frozen earth like stone.

But then their song took a gladder note:
Dark days had their brightness too,
For Love had gone with them all the way,
And turned grey skies to blue.

And then of the Paradise of Birds
They sang, full glad and high,
Where they were going, to live and love
Beneath an ever bright sky.

Thus the birds sang in the tree tops,
Then spread their wings and flew
Away from the land of wintry blasts,
Away to the land where summer lasts—
How I wished I were going too!

M.

TENNYSON.

WHO that has read this "Sweet Son of Song," has not felt ennobled by the purity of language, and lofty sentiments expressed in his poetry, and cherished, besides, a deep love and reverence for the man who could have aroused in us such high aspirations?

The remarkable purity of contemporary English poetry, as compared with that of former periods, is largely owing to the influence of his writings, which are singularly chaste and noble.

For a long time, people refused to acknowledge that Tennyson equaled Byron; but at length, "the rotten pales of prejudice" gave way, and our Poet-Laureate stood in the full light of his splendor. Poe agreed that he was the noblest-minded poet that ever wrote. His three great characteristics as an author, are: Order, Nobility of Thought, and Simplicity. This order is shown in his treatment of natural scenery. In the power of description, and felicity of expression, Tennyson is without a rival.

A passionate believer in immortality, he had no patience with skeptics. He himself said, "What the sun is to the flower, Christ is to my soul."

In Tennyson's hands, the rugged English tongue becomes an instrument of delicate harmony, capable of expressing, with the utmost nicety, the finest shades of thought and sentiment. He is one of the greatest lights in English literature in the nineteenth century. He has comforted more broken hearts, and dried more tears, than any other poet. Sappho of Lesbos sang no more sweetly than he; he has sounded the depths of profound despair, and brought out jewels of hope. The two chief reasons for Tennyson's popularity as a poet, are: That he is a representative English poet, and a consummate artist.

His greatest poems are "Idylls," and "In Memoriam," both of them breathing a deeply religious spirit, and showing that the great poet fully realized the meaning of his own words, in "The Princess":

" 'Tis better not to be, at all,
Than not to be noble."

LAURA CARTER.



OUR WELCOME TO THE RETURNING SOLDIERS.

At an early hour on the morning of Nov. 1st, while our city was still sleeping, the transport "Idaho," with the returning soldiers of the first contingent dropped anchor in Halifax Harbour.

It was not very long before the whole city was astir with excitement and anticipation of the day's programme of welcome. Many thronged on the piers along the harbour front watching the steamer's huge bulk lying motionless in the water just south of George's Island.

We all came to the Academy at the usual hour—but not to work. All eyes were directed on the steamer from the upper windows of the Academy. Soon the transport was seen to start from her moorings and to proceed slowly up the harbour. Then the guns from the citadel boomed forth, and the whistles from all the craft in the harbour rent the air with blasts of welcome and acclaim.

As the "Idaho" steamed in to the dockyard we left the Academy and gathered in Cunard's field, which point of vantage had been provided for all the school children of the city to watch the procession pass.

The procession was about half a mile long, consisting of the regular troops, the militia forces, the navy and other representative bodies, all the bands that could be procured, with the returned soldiers in an irregular tumultuous crowd bringing up the rear.

After the parade passed and we had given three lusty cheers we marched to the armouries, took our places quietly and in order along the southern and western galleries, and waited the entrance of the soldiers.

After the Thanksgiving Service on the common (just in front of the armouries) the boys in khaki marched into the armouries and were drawn up in three sides of a square facing our position. Then we sang our song of "Welcome Home" and "The Maple Leaf Forever" accompanied by the 66th band. Two large bouquets were presented, one to Major Pelletier by three young ladies of St. Patrick's High School, the other to Capt. Stairs by three young ladies of the Academy. The latter, namely, Amy Witter, Gertrude Frazee and Dorothy Hartz, were dressed in white, decked with red, white and blue ribbons and maple leaves. Major Pelletier then called upon his men to give three cheers for the school children of Halifax, and the armouries' hall resounded with their hearty peals. It was a moment that will never be forgotten by any of us. The ends of our mighty empire seemed brought together as we had never felt before.

The soldiers were then conducted to the banquet prepared for them by the ladies of Halifax. Our part in the memorable event was finished and we were free to enjoy ourselves for the rest of the day as we thought best. G. E. O.

DREAMS.

NEXT summer's leaves lie in their dull, dark buds,
Their life is feeble, and faint, and low,
They cannot look on the face of the sun,
Nor feel the free winds blow.

In their sleep they dream a deep, deep dream
Of days that yet shall be,
Of smiling skies and clear, sweet air,
Of clothed earth that now is bare,
Of singing birds and blossoms fair,
And fresh winds blowing free.

Our life is narrow, and dark, and dull,
Our thoughts are feeble and cannot rise
Beyond the bounds of our own dim day
To their true home in the skies.

In our darkness we dream a deep, deep dream
Of days that yet may be,
Of a Father's face and perfect trust,
Of loving hearts now sleeping in dust,
Of heavenly treasures that cannot rust,
And lives from sorrow free.

Lo! the leaf's dreams come true, and may ours not too?
When the weary days are done,
Shall we too not stand in the summer land,
And open our hearts to the sun?

M.

THE WIZARD'S JEWEL.

ONCE upon a time there lived a woman, very learned, very gentle, with money more than she could count, and friends far too many. Yet, in her heart, she was poor, and ignorant, and lonely. Sometimes she prayed to God, but not often; for God was silent, and invisible, and far away.

There were things she loved—little shoes, half worn, little toys broken, little dresses with creases in the sleeves, at shoulder, and elbows; a soiled bib, a blue hood, a picture that laughed from a wall. The wall was high and wide, and the picture was little. He had gone out in the dark, without his Mother, and no word came back to tell her of the way he went.

They told her she would see him some day. They talked of Heaven, of the good God. They said she would be glad, sometime, that he was safe from all the troubles of this wicked world. "God has sent you this as a discipline," said they; and then, with comforting voices, pictured him to her, with face afloat and glorified, and wings that made music as they moved.

She thanked them, but her heart said bitterly, "What pleasure is it to me, to believe he was content at once away from his Mother? What do I want with an angel? I want my human child, my baby. I should like to think he cried, when he found himself alone. I want to know that he missed me—that they had to comfort him.

"He is safe from all sin," they told her, earnestly, but she thought, "I could have kept him safe, awhile; God might have let me keep him a little longer."

By-and-by they thought her comforted, for she seemed to grieve no more. She smiled; she laughed; she took pleasure in beautiful things; she could be glad, when joy came. Yet, through all the years, little feet ran and leaped in her heart, little hands beckoned to her from the dark, little rushes of laughter fell across heavy silences. At night, she dreamed of the things she would have taught him; child ways, child games, were with her through the day.

A Wizard lived on a high hill, overlooking the sea. He looked down, with his wise eyes, and saw the woman, sitting alone, mending a little red stocking.

"Why do you mend the stocking?" he said to her heart. "The hole has been there many years. The baby is dead. He will never wear it."

"We are never too old," said she, "to take comfort in Make-Prend," and she hung the stockings before the fire, to get them warm for little feet that would never come. She turned down the quilt of the cozy cradle; she shook the pillow up, and close beside it put a Noah's Ark and a box of tin soldiers. Then she sat down and sang a low little song, which broke in the middle. What need—what need to sing him to sleep? There was nothing at all to do for him now. God wanted him—but God had so many, and she had only one! She flung open the window, and looked up through the dark to where the lights of the Wizard's house twinkled on the high hill. "A great earth, a great sky, and cruel mystery around both!" she thought, and leaned her head against the sill, and covered her face, and cried.

In the morning, two women came to her, with eager faces. "The Wizard will show his treasure to-day, after all these years!" said they, "Come with us and see it!"

Now the Wizard kept, in a secret place, the most wonderful jewel in the world. It was a ruby, some said—an emerald, others. Two rarely agreed about it, but all who had seen it said it was very wonderful.

So when these two asked the Woman to go with them, she started at once, and, panting, they climbed the high hill to where the grim, gray house overlooked the sea.

The Wizard's face was strong and sweet, full of the quiet grayness of shadows and the after-peace of storms. He held out his firm hand to the Woman, and looked at her keenly, as he helped her up the steps. He looked, and saw beneath her smiling face, for out of it her eyes shone honestly, full of grief unconquered, of the silent bitterness that comes, after long years, in place of the first rebellion and despair.

They stood together on the step, and let the others pass in. "The old restlessness?" he said. "Can't you suffer patiently yet?"

"Oh, I could be patient," she said, "if I could know one thing! God knows so many, and will not tell one—no, not to keep a heart from breaking! The dark laughs at me when I look out, the silence mocks me when I call. Oh, I could be content to have him safe and far away from me,—if I could know one thing—just one!"

"What is it?" he asked her.

"He has been dead thirty years," she whispered. "I have changed. Will he know me? He was a baby then, is he an angel now—tall, strange, glorified? Wings—wings, they said! What are wings to me? I want my baby—my baby, with his human look, his child ways. If I could know that things would be the same—!" The Wizard looked at her small, strong hands, that clasped and unclasped, and fell mournfully to her sides. Restless, lonely hands—pitiful hands, in spite of the rich rings that sparkled on their fingers.

"You have red stones in your rings," he said.

"They are rubies," said she, "I like them better than any others."

"You have not seen my jewel," said the Wizard. "No," she answered, "but I have heard that it is very beautiful."

"It has a glory that no other stone has, or shall ever have," he said.

"What jewel is it?"

"What do you most wish to see?"

"A ruby," said she, "with a beauty greater than all of mine. I can like beautiful things still."

"You shall see it," said the Wizard.

The woman looked at him, with wonder in her eyes. "Is it a ruby," she cried. "There will be many disappointed, then, for each wished it to be her favorite jewel."

The Wizard turned his face to her, and smiled strangely, as he went to give his hand to an old woman, climbing the steps. "If you see disappointment in any face, tell me," he said—"How are you, old Nanny? Is the trouble fresh yet?"

The wrinkled, peevish face, lifted itself slowly. Young wistfulness looked out of the old eyes. "He died when he was twenty-eight, and me no more'n nineteen, and I'm eighty now," she said. "Will he be young, and me be old, at the last day? Will he see this old face, or the young one he left? Will he be twenty-eight, and just the same to me, or older—and changed? I want to go where he is, but—seems if it would be cold and lonesome-like, among a lot of glitterin' angels. I never keered for glory."

"In spite of all, then, you don't want to die, old Nanny?"

Old Nanny looked about her apologetically. "Seems if I kind of got used to the earth," she said, wistfully. "It's sort of homelike to me, and I don't want to be caught up in the air, if I should live till the last day. 'Twouldn't be natural—now would it? And—it's a wicked sin to say it—but—"

"No more than to think it; so say it, old Nanny."

"Well, I could ab'en content without any Heaven. Heaven's so starved-like, and all of a glitter. Him and me could have lived here, right enough, where its homelike, and all. We could have borne troubles, patient, if we'd had each other. And seems like—" she colored, and whispered it—"Seems like Heaven wouldn't be homelike without a dish of tea."

The Wizard did not laugh. He smiled quietly, as if, with all his wisdom, he understood.

"What do you think my treasure is, Nanny?" he asked.

Old Nanny's face brightened with interest. "I kind of

hope it will be a rhinestone," said she. "They say rhinestones aint of much account, but—" She lifted a ring, that hung on an old chain round her neck, and held it out in the sunlight—"he gave me that; there's only two left in it. I try not to value it too much. It aint easy to keep a person's mind from pomps and vanities. But—if it's the most beautiful jool anywheres, I'd like it to be the one he gave me. I'm hopin' to see a rhinestone, sir."

"Oh, no, Granny, a turquoise!" cried a girl, who had come with her. "A pretty blue turquoise, like this that I wear—but bigger and bluer."

"An opal!" said a restless voice behind her. "I hate your stones that are always the same. Give me an opal, with swift fire, and the cold shine of moonlit water, and then a sudden green or blue shooting across it. Let me see the most beautiful jewel in the world, and—let it be an opal."

"Come, then!" said the Wizard, and led them all to a small door in the middle of the castle. A small door—but when he opened it and they looked through, they shuddered and drew back, for it led into darkness—hollow, dreadful darkness, into which, when they spoke, their voices went with a lonely, wailing sound, and shivered away into silence more awful. They shrank at first, then, summoning courage, moved forward, but the Wizard put an arm across the door way.

"One at a time," he said.

So they went one by one. The young girl first, with head high, and clenched hands, and swift, frightened feet. They heard her steps a little way, and then there was silence, and a chill wind blew in their faces. Old Nanny went next, with fear in her heart, and courage on her face. She was going into the dark, she dreaded—alone. Then the Opal Woman stepped forward, with careless interest in her eyes. "I have known darker places than this," she said, with her mocking smile. "It will be a change." And she hummed a little song, recklessly, to herself—and it died away, with her step.

So one by one they went, until only one woman was left.

"Are you afraid?" said the Wizard to her.

"I don't know," she said. "I think I am too curious, to be afraid."

"It will be comfortless, going alone," he suggested.

"It is comfortless here!" she said. "I shall be no more alone there, than here. Each of us is always alone, shut up in herself." So she, too, went into the dark. As she stepped forward, the chill wind, which had blown in her face at the door, died away to a hushing, tender sound, that she knew. She put out one hand to feel her way, and touched a little wooden rail, which rocked under her fingers.—And she knew it was her little child's cradle, waiting there, in the sweet, cool dark, with the singing winding around it—waiting for her hand. She went further, and little fingers stole into hers; familiar fingers, that clung as if they loved to touch her. It was *not* dark and cold. It was *not* strange and awful. She smiled as she went on, and dreaded to reach the end of it.

Soon she came to another door, which swung heavily open for her to pass into a place filled with soft light. The others were there, waiting. Their faces, as they turned to her, were full of glad surprise.

"Would you believe it," said old Nanny, with something quivering and sweet, in her old, cracked voice.—"As I came through, something brushed against my dress, and when I put my hand down, if it wasn't our old cat, that we had when I was young! I knew its fur, right off. And as true

as I'm here, I heard a fire crackle, like my hearth fire for all the world—and I smelt tea!"

"I smelt heather," said the Turquoise girl—"the very kind that grows on the moss at home,—and spruce, too. It made me think of the runs we used to have in the woods."

"Someone laughed," said one. "It was a laugh I knew long ago, and had forgotten. It was so sweet and queer to hear it—to remember it suddenly, after all these years!"

"Did you hear that strange wind that blew in the dark?" whispered the Opal Woman. Her face was mocking no longer; her eyes had reverent wonder in them.

"I heard it," said the Woman.

"What was it?"

"It sang a lullaby."

"No," said the Opal Woman, "It was full of strange things."

"What things?" asked the Woman.

"Things that meant music," said the Opal Woman, and her eyes shone with strange, sudden tears. "Music I have wished all my life to hear—and never heard till now. It was not gentle, like a lullaby; it had storm and change in it. And yet, perhaps it *was* a lullaby, for it hushed me. What happened to you, to fill your face with such a light?"

The Woman smiled to herself, and shook her head. She could not tell. She looked down at the palm of one of her hands, lifted it, and put it against her cheek, and the throbbing of her heart was like the rocking of a cradle. "It was homelike," she said, and the words went to the hearts of the others, like a smile.

"Yes, that's what it was—homelike," said old Nanny.

At that moment the soft light went out, and they stood in utter darkness, silent, waiting, listening. Then, out of the dark, some great thing, far off, and yet near, leaped into sudden light. It glowed in the darkness like a fire. It turned round and round before them, with a thousand strange gleams shooting out on all sides. The light from it fell across the watching faces, and held them for a moment, spell-bound. Yet its brilliance did not dazzle them; it was a restful thing to see. They leaned forward—they stretched their hands out to it—it drew them near. Then, suddenly, their arms dropped; they were still. Hushed, in the beautiful silence, they stood and gazed, and worshipped, and wondered.

Behind it the Wizard waited, his strong, gray face in shadow, his watchful eyes on each of them in turn.

"What do you see?" he asked.

"It is a diamond," said one.

"No—a sapphire," said another.

"It is a turquoise," cried the Turquoise girl, "something like mine—but prettier."

"It is a black diamond," said another. "I have dreamed of a stone like this, but I always thought that if I saw it, the glory of it would make me hide my face, and be afraid; but it is restful, *homelike*; I feel as if I had seen it before."

"Ah, it is an emerald," cried one, "it has the green tints of the sea."

"It is a moonstone," said another. "See! The long, strange beam, falls across my feet!"

But the Opal Woman stretched forth her hands, and moved them swiftly to and fro. "Look! Look! she cried, "The colors of it are all over my fingers! It is like a rainbow. It may not be an opal—but it is most wonderful—Oh, most wonderful! It is what I wished to see!"

"It is a ruby, blood-red," said the Woman. "Look at the depth, the fire in it." But only old Nanny stood dumb

before it, with a great content, a tender triumph on her face. She stood and gazed, and did not hear a word they said.

Then the darkness covered it again, the great door swung open, and they all went back through the dark passage, to the little door. They went silently, full of wonder of what they had seen. Only one, in the darkness, a thin voice spoke.

"It *was* a rhinestone," it whispered, tremulously, "somehow, I *know* it would be."

The Woman stood on the stone step, after the rest had gone, and looked at the strong, gray face, with eyes as keen as his.

"What is my jewel," said the Wizard, quietly.

"It is a poor little rhinestone," said she; "and a jewel of the first water. It frightened none of us; it dazzled none of us. It seemed as if we had seen it before, and as if, in us, there had been something beautiful, hidden all our lives, but drawn to sight by what we saw. What each wished to find, she found; and as she had pictured it, so it was to her. And the hope we felt outside the little door did not end in disappointment beyond the great one. The only mistaken thing was our fear of the dark way. Yet it was not cowardly of us, for how could we know what might be in the darkness?"

"And the lesson!" said the Wizard.

Then a great, shining happiness looked out of the Woman's eyes, and laughed across her cheek in sudden tears. "I shall see him, my little, human child. He will be small and weak. He will be my child, and I shall be his mother. Whatever he may be to others, he will be my child to me. Not an angel, with glory in his face; or, if there is glory, it will be so gentle, and gradual, and sweet, that it shall fall across us like soft light, and we shall not be awed by it. We shall be a part of it. Old Nanny will find her man, and he will see her as a girl; yet her grandchild, looking in her face, will find the wrinkles she loved. What we have wished for, we shall find, and as we wish to see it, it shall be."

"And does it matter where?" asked the Wizard.

"No," she said; "if we find what we seek, can it matter *where*?"

"And is it homeless and strange?"

"It will be full of sweet, half-forgotten things," she said, "full of strange things we have never dared to wish for—things we *have* wished for, and never hoped to find—things we dreamed of by ourselves. *And we shall miss no face we wish to see!*"

"And what would you call it?"

"Heaven, I suppose," she answered.

"And where is God?" he asked her.

She was not startled. "Everywhere is God," she said. "I never understood before. God is everywhere, and wherever God is, is Heaven; so there is no Hell, and we shall all come together at last."

"Was the passage between the doors as terrible as it looked?" he asked. She turned her glad eyes away, and broke into sweet, low laughter.

"Ah, the little cradle!" said she; but she put her hand against her cheek, and smiled to herself, as if she kept the best of all hidden.

Then she turned, and went down the steps, and over the hill, and the Wizard stood at the door, and watched her out of sight.

"So," he said, "God is everywhere, and wherever God is, is Heaven, so there is no Hell, and we shall all come together at last."

Halifax, N. S.

ANNIE CAMPBELL HUERTIS.



THE GIRLS' LITERARY CLUB.

THE time having come for us to appear before the public—in writing I mean—at least one page of our ANNUAL must be given to our Literary Club.

Oh yes, indeed it is worth it!—perhaps more this year than ever before. The girls of the Academy know now the benefit the Club is to them in encouraging them to develop their latent abilities and tastes, and making them self-reliant.

Our meetings this year have been well attended, and some very interesting afternoons have been spent.

One meeting was given up to a member of our Club who talked to us of China, where she has spent the greater part of her life. To make it doubly interesting Miss Mateer brought with her some Chinese articles of dress, idols, beads, and a few pieces of painted china, in the cup and saucer line I mean. She also showed us a purse which we thought exceptionally large for such an article but when we saw the money we no longer felt surprised.

And we even had a Chinese girl, or at least one in so far as a Chinese dress could disguise one of our own number. Nothing was lacking in her appearance except perhaps the size of her shoes, her understanding being too great to be cramped in so small a space. It is needless to say we enjoyed her talk immensely; it fairly carried us away to that far off Oriental Kingdom.

Another afternoon Miss Blackadar of Trinidad delivered a splendid address on the manners and customs of the people with whom she has been so long. She told us many laughable anecdotes and described the life of a girl in the East Indian Islands. We appreciate her kindness exceed-

ingly in coming to give us this delightful talk; and we sincerely hope the rumour about that we are to have one or two more ladies speak to us is not altogether without foundation.

And do you know we are starting a Hockey-Team, and fine sport we expect to have with it! An old member of the Club suggested it to us one day and all the girls seemed to like the idea. At once a team was got ready, sticks were procured, and we were all impatient to begin. But where? This question puzzled us. Then our good friend Supervisor McKay was appealed to and, as usual, not in vain. He told us we might ask the Board to allow us the grounds of Morris Street School. We did so and our request was kindly granted. Thus our difficulty was removed and on we went with our games.

One afternoon Miss Hill told us that the W. C. A., were starting a gymnasium class conducted by Sergeant-Major Long, and that the ladies were desirous of forming a class of Academy girls. A large number thought it would be very beneficial to them to take a few lessons, and so a class was started.

As usual we have very interesting debates, mixed programmes, and afternoons which we devote to some special author.

One feature of this year's meetings is having the girls write original papers on new occupations that are being opened for girls, by following which they may have a successful career. These papers have proved very instructive not only to the writers, but also to the hearers. When they have been read, questions are asked and the papers criticized. Very good suggestions are given in this way.

- 1 Bertie Stearny
- 2 Dora G. Fawcett
- 3 Flora H. Power
- 4 Ellen F. Gould
- 5 Jean Mateer
- 6 Grace Harris
- 7 Effie Wood
- 8 Jennie Brown
- 9 Annie Christie
- 10 Agnes O'Connor
- 11 Jean Wood
- 12 Amy Whitten
- 13 Estlin Dodd
- 14
- 15 Margaretta
- 16
- 17 Amy Remington
- 18 Minnie Black
- 19 Winnie Barnard
- 20 Grace Billman

So you see we are progressing, and as we grow older we grow wiser. And with the New Year and New Century upon us we push forward in our work and will try to do better still.

H. B. D.

Harriet Bann, Dobb

"A VANISHED HAND."



NCE in the wood I saw her. She
Was singing wild and merrily.
I asked her where so fast she sped?
In her swift eager way she said,
Oh, there was music calling her!
She heard it in the leaves astir;
In little winds that here and there
With friendly fingers touched her hair;
In wistful bushes rooted fast
That tried to stay her as she passed.
And in each little patch of shade
A fairy piper hid and played
With notes so strangely gay and sweet
She could not check her dancing feet.
(Oh little heart, that leaped and stirred
To every happy sound it heard!)
And unseen folk the whole wood through
Seemed calling her and dancing too.

"Oh there are faces in the sky
That smile at me, I know not why;
And strange wind-voices near and far
That call; I know not what they are:
While from that far quiet sea
A thousand dreams drift in to me,
And God sends earthward, me to bless,
A sweet and solemn loneliness!"

Oh silent Night, were you about,
And did you hear her stealing out?
Oh Winds that loved her, were you nigh,
And did you see her slipping by?
Beautiful Leaves, say did she stand
And wave to you her eager hand?
And did she turn, grim Rocks, and sing
Once move to set you echoing?
Oh Woods, where she will roam no more,
Oh quiet Fields, Oh lonely Shore,
Where are the careless feet that strayed
Into the darkness unafraid?

Oh wild sea-dreams, drift in and sing,
Sing of a strange and cruel thing;
Sing of a little heart, Oh Sea,
That beat so high and happily;
Sing of a hush that overbore
Its merry music evermore.

Hush! for the air is full of dreams!
Almost, Oh aching heart, it seems
That I shall hear the woodland stir
To music at the sight of her!
Hush! for I see her here and there
With shifting sun-glints in her hair,

And in her eyes the changeful gleams
Of eager wishes, solemn dreams!
Oh little friend, the nights and days
Are full of ghosts of all your ways.

ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS.

WAS IT A GHOST?

"THAT," said my Uncle Hugh, "depends on what you mean by a ghost."

It was so long since I had asked my question that I had almost forgotten I had asked if he had ever seen a ghost.

"Oh, a ghost is the spirit of a dead person," I answered readily, for I had lately read with eager and shuddering interest a bulky volume called "Spectre Tales," which I had found in my grandfather's bookshelves, and so was primed with ghostly information. "He comes and lays icy fingers on you in the dark and speaks in a hollow voice, and generally something dreadful happens to you after you see a ghost."

"Then I never saw a ghost," said Uncle Hugh, "but I'll tell what I did once see. When I was a boy of about your age I spent the summer holidays in a pleasant country place about thirty miles from home. It was the most delightful summer I ever spent, and quite upset my previous ideas of the comparative advantages of city and country boys.

I had few companions of my own age, for in the house where I lived there were no young people and the neighbourhood was thinly settled. But I found one comrade to whom almost immediately my soul "clave," as indeed I think his did to me, after the manner of David and Jonathan. This was Dick Grey, the sturdy little son of a farmer who lived on the other side of the river. He was the merriest and liveliest of boys, with closely cropped, brick-red hair, and a round, chubby face. He was younger than I but much stronger and cleverer, and he was besides really the most sensitively honourable and truthful boy I ever knew. We spent nearly all our time together, and many a happy day we had. We fished and swam and made hay and picked berries and climbed trees and spun yarns, and did everything that could make time pass pleasantly for two such jolly boys and good friends.

But holidays come to an end and I had to go home. Our last ramble together, the day before I left, was to our favourite haunt, a deserted, tumble-down house far back in the woods, where a mysterious foreigner had lived and died many years before. It was supposed that he was a French political exile, and whether or not he was as wealthy as rumour would have him, he certainly had built a house and lived in a style much beyond the means of his neighbours. The house had now, as I said, fallen into decay, but the garden, though of course weed-covered and running wild, was still a charming place to us, with its broken stone dial, its gnarled trees, once trimmed and trained into studiously fantastic shapes, but now merely grotesque, and its air of old world quaintness amid its present decay.

We sat a long time that day in a ruined arbour or garden house, spinning romances of which the long ago dead Frenchman was always the hero. It was nearly dark when we started for home and quite dark when we got there. After bidding Dick an affectionate farewell I trotted along my way alone, when on slipping my hand into my pocket I

found that my knife was gone—my beautiful knife which my father had given me when I left home! That knife was the treasure of my heart, with its four blades, scissors, file, and everything else such a knife could have, and Dick of course had never seen such a knife. What was I to do? It was dark now and I was to start early in the morning. I ran back to Dick's house and told him of my loss. He was very much distressed, the more so that we both remembered that he had borrowed it during the afternoon. It was too late now to go back to look for it and rain had begun to fall. There was nothing to be done, and we said good-bye again with heavy hearts.

The next day I went home and in the excitement of return to friends and school the thought of my knife gradually faded from my mind. But it was not so with Dick.

Several weeks after my return I was coming home from school in the afternoon and thinking, as I often did, of my friend Dick, when to my intense astonishment I saw him coming towards me. Yes, there he was, and a comical little figure he made on the city street, but that did not matter to me—he was my dear Dick and I joyfully ran to meet him. I noticed that his chubby face was drawn and pinched as I had never seen it before and his lips were blue. When I was almost near enough to touch him, he burst out in a shrill, thin voice, quite unlike his usual cheery tones, "Hugh, Hugh, your knife is under the seat in the Frenchman's old arbour!" He seemed to fall forward into my arms, but I did not feel him touch me, his face and figure grew dim and faded away. I felt shocked and confused and ill, and hurried home to tell my story. My father, whose interest in uncanny things seems to have descended to you, wrote to Dick's father that night, telling what I had said and asking if all was well with Dick. In a few days a reply came. "Poor little Dick, his father said, had never been himself since I left. His honourable little mind had fretted about the loss of my knife and he spent much of his time in looking for it, and it was thought that he had taken cold poking about all the places we had been in that last day. He soon fell ill of typhoid fever and in his delirium he constantly spoke of me and my knife. Nothing that could be said or done soothed him. He grew weaker and weaker till a day came when his parents felt that Dick was to leave them, when suddenly, after lying for hours with scarce a sign of life, he broke out with the very words I had heard him speak—"Hugh, Hugh, your knife is under the seat in the Frenchman's old arbour!"—and immediately fell into a quiet and healing sleep. He had gone on improving from that hour and all bad symptoms had disappeared though it would be long before he would be strong again.

"But what of the knife?" I asked. Uncle Hugh smiled. "When Dick got well enough to be moved he came to stay with us for a while, and the first thing he said to me was "Here's the knife, Hugh, a bit rusty to be sure, but otherwise as good as ever." His father had found it just where Dick had said it was, among the dead leaves and moss in the old arbour, and laid it on the bed near Dick where he saw it when he first awoke to consciousness.

"And Dick didn't die though you saw his ghost," I said. "I should rather think he didn't die," said Uncle Hugh, "but you would have died, my boy, but for him, when you fell off the roof of the schoolhouse last year. Don't you know that Dr. Grey's name is Richard?"

After I had got over that surprise I asked, "Did you ever

lose your knife again, Uncle?" "No," said my Uncle Hugh, "I never did. I have it yet, and I'll show it to you to-night if you promise not to ask me another question for a week."
M.

BOBS.

HERE'S a little black-faced cat,
Which is Bobs;
Battles with each dog and rat,
Our Bobs,
If it bites or kicks or roars,
He'll just catch it by the ears,
And he'll bring it soon to tears,
Won't you, Bobs?

He's a little hard on fish,
Mister Bobs;
Oh, he likes a slinky dish,
Don't you, Bobs?
And he's very fond of meat;
But I won't try to repeat
All the many things he'll eat,
Greedy Bobs.

In some midnight revelry
Giddy Bobs,
Lost some fur from off his knee—
Poor old Bobs!
He's been at it nigh two years,
And amassing souvenirs
In the shape of tattered ears;
Ain't you, Bobs?

And if e'er it comes to war,
Fighting Bobs,
He can lick the cat next door,
Can't you, Bobs?
Through he's little, and he's fat,
He's a terror of a cat!
All his foes remember that,
Don't they, Bobs?

Now I've made a little song
About Bobs,
Though it is not very long,
Is it, Bobs?
But I hope you know some more
Than you ever did before,
'Bout my pet, whom I adore—
Dear old Bobs

Jean Gordon Beyer
S. G. B.

UNE HISTOIRE EN FRANCAIS.

LE PETIT MARCHAND DE JOURNAUX.

ÉTAIT le soir d'avant Noël et tout Paris était engagé à préparer les fêtes du lendemain. Un pauvre petit garçon se promenait sur la principale rue avec un certain nombre de journaux sous le bras. Il n'arrêtait pas. Il arriva au théâtre où une compagnie jouait la tragédie "Cyrano de Bergerac." Là il attendit qu'on achetât ses journaux. Il était pauvrement vêtu, ce garçon, et il n'avait pas un sou dans sa poche; mais personne ne se permettait de le déranger. Déjà il était onze heures et il pouvait seulement rester jusqu'à minuit. Il avait donc un peu peur de ne vendre pas ses journaux et de n'avoir rien à dîner le lendemain. Hélas pensait-il, je ne vendrai pas mon paquet. Tout à coup un gentilhomme passe. Le petit garçon s'élança vers lui. "S'il vous plaît, monsieur, achetez un papier. En lachetera-t-il un? Oui, il met sa main dans sa poche et ne prend pas un sou, mais un franc, et il le donne à l'enfant

qui a seulement le temps de dire, "Merci beaucoup monsieur," avant que le gentilhomme ait disparu.

Il est maintenant onze heures et demie. Une demi-heure de plus, les carrosses arrivent à la porte. On commence à venir. Maintenant est le temps de faire de l'argent. De temps en temps, il est perdu dans la foule, puis il reparait. Quand il a tout vendu, il trouve qu'il a près de trois francs. Il va retourner chez lui, Il regarde le long de la rue. Soudain il voit un cheval venant sauvagement au galop. Sur son chemin et traversant la rue une demoiselle se retourne au bruit et voyant son danger essaie de revenir, mais avec un cri, tombe. Les gens restent où ils sont, car un petit garçon court vers la jeune fille et se jette au-devant d'elle un temps pour la sauver. Le cocher ne pouvait pas arrêter l'animal, le garçon seul est blessé. La fille est sauvée. Le peuple s'élança à l'endroit. On apporte un flacon de vin, dont on donne au garçon une gorgée et il commence à reprendre connaissance. Il y avait un médecin dans la foule qui l'examine. Il n'est pas blessé mortellement mais évanoui. On commande une voiture, qui ne l'emporte pas à l'Hotel-Dieu mais chez un riche monsieur, qui avait vu la scène, et attendu la fin. Quand il vit le brave garçon sauvant la fille, il fut touché et il commanda au voiturier d'aller chez lui où le garçon reçut toutes les attentions et le lendemain se portait bien. Le gentilhomme ne lui permit pas de s'en aller sans récompense; et lui ayant donné de l'argent et des aliments, il lui dit; "Venez à mon bureau lundi et je vous donnerai le poste de commis. Il n'est pas nécessaire de dire qu'il y alla.

Vingt ans sont passés. C'est encore le jour d'avant Noël et un homme que nous reconnaissons pour l'enfant qui bien des années auparavant vendait les journaux, travaillait dans son bureau. Le temps l'a changé; il n'est pas maintenant un homme pauvre, mais un des plus riches de Paris. En s'appliquant il s'est fait riche. Il commença à aller à une école du soir, et dans le même bureau où il débuta comme messenger et fit son chemin comme partenaire, il est maintenant le maître. Il est marié et a deux fils et une fille. Ses fils n'auront jamais faim, mais ils n'en sont pas meilleurs pour cela. Sa fille va à la meilleure pension de Paris. Il est respecté de tout le monde à cause de sa charité et est bien connu de près et de loin. Il ne cache pas son enfance; pourquoi la cacherait-il? Elle n'a rien de honteux. Pour cela il est aimé des pauvres.

DORA GUILLE FAULKNER.

A SARCASTIC CLERGYMAN.

A TRUE STORY.

IN the village of L—, in one of the northern counties of Nova Scotia, lived a Presbyterian minister, a Scotch gentleman, who was very gifted and humor-us, and was in the habit of preaching a sermon of an hour's length. He was short and stout, with small eyes, and a grizzly, bushy beard.

He occasionally preached in a county church about ten miles from his home. It was a small, square church, having three windows in each side, and, like most other country churches, had a rusty stove with lots of pipe.

The minister prepared his sermon, and drove out Saturday evening. The weather had been very cold, and Sunday opened exceedingly bitter.

He was to preach at ten o'clock, and the people were

gathering. The women entered and seated themselves. The men and boys stood in groups outside, talking and laughing.

As the minister approached the church, the doors of which stood open, he stumbled over a few birch logs. He walked in, and carefully shutting the door behind him, looked in the direction of the stove; but what was his surprise, to find there was no fire. He rubbed his hands together, and walked briskly up the aisle to the pulpit.

The men and boys now hurried in, and noisily took their seats, leaving the doors wide open.

The minister was slightly irritated, and also amused. The first part of the service being over, he arose, and amid clouds of his own breath, announced the following text—"Malachi 1: 10."

"Who is there even among you, that would shut the doors for nought? Neither do ye kindle fire on mine altar for nought." C. B. T.

BEST.

THE little pressed flower was weary,
For the leaves of the book were cold,
And the petals they crusted between them
Were withered, and stained, and old.
Oh the little pressed flower was weary
For the tender touch of the breeze,
For the nod of the grasses cheery,
And the murmur among the trees.
O little pressed flower, is your heart so true?—
The nod of the grasses is not for you!

An eager hand at the book-case,
And a hurry across the floor,—
O little flower, do you know it?
You are carried beyond the door.

A book to read in the garden—
And a wind to bear her afar,
(When she falls from the leaves that hold her)
Where the grass and the field-flowers are.
The warmth of sun, and the cool of dew,
O little pressed flower, are not for you.

And so she lay in the meadow,
Where the bees and the crickets play,
But the field-flowers did not know her,
And the grasses shivered away.
And the pitiless sky above her,
Was a face with a wicked leer—
And the wind was a scornful laughter,
That yet had a moaning drear.
And her heart had cried with a bitter cry,
For the friendly wind and the watchful sky!

The Shade Things came at the noontide,
With their tender, merciful blur,
But they rested under the tree boughs,
With never a touch for her.
It's, Oh for a leaf to hide her
From the cruel gaze of the Day!
O feet of the dark, be hasty,
And send her your shadows gray!
Alone and scorned—and she cannot hide,
Tho' the sky is broad, and the world is wide.

But out of the noisy meadow,
And over the dusty street,
A swift wind lifted her gently,
And laid her safe at my feet.
And here in my book I put her,—
Its leaves shall hide her away
From the careless nod of the grasses,
The cruel gaze of the day.
O little pressed flower, 'tis far the best
In the silence, and cold, and the dark, to rest.

A. C. H.

Annie Campbell Huestis.



*3 Boston
Hawthorne
Lawrence
4. Mr. Freeman*

The Academy Annual.

CHRISTMAS, - 1900.

EDITORS.

B CLASSES:

- 10 ELIZABETH MUMFORD, *Editor-in-Chief.*
- 11 LAURIE BROWNE,
- 7 EUNICE STERN,
- 2 WILLIAM WOODBURY,
- 1 GORDON MOORE.

C CLASSES:

- 15 MARY MARSHALL,
- 9 ERNIE McLELLAN, (*Dumarey*)
- 8 WILLIAM DOULL,
- 14 RALPH BELL.

D CLASSES:

- 13 LOIS MCKAY, (*Fraser*)
- 6 FRED A GRAHAM, (*Pengelly*)
- 12 RUFUS BAYER,
- 5 FRED GUILDFORD.

AS Yule-tide approaches, our friends and well-wishers are no doubt looking for the appearance of our now well-established representative, THE ACADEMY ANNUAL; and one of the privileges of the editors is to say a few words of greeting to its readers.

We are glad to present to you again our annual collection of prose and poetry, and also an answer to your question of friendly interest; "What news of our school?"

As a natural sequence of events, many new students have entered our ranks; and many have left us, the last taking with them their B certificates. Although we grant that these certificates have their value as a mark of scholarship, yet we all feel that the greatest benefit we get from our three years' course at the Peoples' College, is the ability for independent thought and action.

We take advantage of this opportunity to mention the changes which have taken place since last term.

We have now an option of any eight subjects in our course of study. This is a great concession of which we cannot say too much in expressing our

restis.

gratitude. There is now some freedom of choice as to the subjects which we are to take, and we think that the result of our studying will bring more credit both to the teachers and to ourselves.

A new science teacher has been added to our staff, whose advent caused the number of sessions per day to be changed from four to five; and a division of the phenomenally large B class, into B Scientific and B Classical. This new arrangement is much appreciated.

As our studies take up the greater part of our time, we have little to chronicle of matters outside them; but in this, the fifth number of our ANNUAL, we have tried to do our best, and we hope that our efforts have not been in vain.

Our advertisers have formerly expressed themselves as pleased with the manner in which their "ads." have been set up, and the result accruing. In common with Mr. Harrington and Mr. Tremaine, who have managed our financial affairs this term, we trust they may have even more satisfaction from this number.

In closing, we take advantage of our privilege as editors to wish all our readers a bright, happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

A TRIP THROUGH NORTHERN CHINA.

BEFORE I try to describe the trip, I must give a little idea of what I travelled in. It was neither a tram, nor any other wheeled carriage, but simply a *shenzia*. This *shenzia* is the mode of travel most commonly used by the foreigners, although there are also many others.

The *shenzia* is made of two poles, matting, bamboo sticks, and ropes. Two very strong poles are first obtained, then a large sheet of coarse matting is tied on with ropes, by means of bent bamboo sticks to keep it in shape; then, lastly, a network of ropes is made for the bottom, in order that we may not fall through. Our *shenzia* is then complete, and is attached, by means of a pack saddle, to the backs of two mules, one before, and one behind.

On a morning in February, 1896, we filled the bottom of our *shenzia* with comfortable bedding; then a well-provided lunch basket, a number of books, and articles necessary for a six days' journey, were added.

At last, when all was ready, and all the farewells had been said, I crawled into my little travelling-house, and started, with two Chinamen, who were to be my sole companions for six days. The distance we were obliged to travel, in order to reach our destination, was only two hundred miles, but as a regular day's journey was only forty miles, of course it took us longer than it would, if we were taking a journey in Canada. Allow one to mention here, that this was only shortly after the war with Japan, and the Chinese still cherished an ill-feeling towards the nation and people who had so completely defeated them. Many of the Chinese did not know the difference between other foreigners and the Japanese, and so concluded that all the foreigners must be "Japs."

We travelled along quite quietly all the afternoon, although the *shenzia* seemed unusually uncomfortable.

A gentleman once very appropriately described the motions we experience in *shenzia* travelling. He said, "In the *shenzia* we have the pepper-box motion (up and down), the sieve motion (backwards and forwards), and the cradle motion (from side to side)."

About dusk we neared the inn, where we were to spend the night. It is really wonderful how fast news travels, and we certainly find that out in China; for that night (and every time we stopped at an inn), crowds of men, women, and children, were running from all directions, to the door of the inn, all eager to catch a glimpse of the "foreign devil."

Of course one becomes accustomed to the strained necks, the glaring eyes, and also to the very complimentary (!) observations that are showered on us, as we walk from our *shenzia* to the inn door. Such remarks as "What a queer-looking thing she is," "Isn't she white?", "Oh just look at her big feet, how hideous they are!" (the usual length of a Chinese woman's feet, is three inches, and occasionally four.)

Time will not permit me to give a full description of the inn, but I will try to give a rough outline of the room we have to sleep in. All are practically the same.

The room itself was made of mud, and was of good size. As I entered the inner door, I looked to one side, and there I beheld the bed, also of mud, and covered over with a piece of matting. It extended the whole length of the room, and was attached to the wall.

The table was covered with dust, "almost thick enough to plant potatoes in"; the only "chair" was a hard bench; the only window consisted of a framework of wood, the pieces of wood being nailed about an inch apart, covered with thin paper, in order to keep out the wind; and the floor was just the bare earth. I shall not endeavor to describe the walls, lest it might shock someone.

After making my bed out of my bedding, and eating a hasty lunch, I retired; but it was not to sleep. The inn court was crowded with rough Chinese soldiers, who seemed to think it their duty to torment me as best they could. They declared I was a Japanese spy, and treated me accordingly; however, I survived their torments. The second morning I was awakened by the melodious voice of my Chinese servant, calling me to arise; it was then about four o'clock, and as cold as a winter morning could be.

We met with no adventures that morning, and at noon made the usual stop for the purpose of feeding the animals. That inn-yard was a regular menagerie; pigs, chickens, geese, cats, dogs, mules and donkeys, all put together, afforded us no small amount of music, while we partook of our humble repast. That same day, about dusk, we very unfortunately lost our way, and at last, after having wandered through many dirty swamps, we reached our next stopping-place, feeling very hungry, and a little bit cross.

The third morning, we arose, to find a heavy snow-storm blowing, and this made it very difficult to travel; it was three o'clock when we ate our breakfast, which consisted of hot water and a little steamed bread, and once more we started on our journey.

We were walking along at quite a rapid pace, when all of a sudden I felt quite a jar, and discovered that I had been entirely "upset." In the darkness, the front mule had caught his foot in a hole, and the consequence was, that we all went over.

We were almost two miles from the village where we

had spent the night, and were obliged to send all the way back, for help to lift up the *shenzia* again. While the driver went for the needed help, the servant and myself did our best to restore order; but as the snow was blowing in our faces, and our only light was a small lantern, it was not an easy task, for everything had to be taken out and re-packed.

At last help came, and we were again sent on our way rejoicing.

The dinner we had at noon, consisted of several kinds of meat (chicken, beef, and pork, all cooked together, with plenty of grease), some very nice steamed bread, tea, sweet potatoes, and noodle soup.

That day was one of the weekly market days, and consequently, we found the inn we entered for the night, simply crowded; I was obliged to sleep in a tiny temple, used as the worshipping place for the inn-keeper and his family. The room was filled with idols, and was full of burning incense, the odour of which is rather unpleasant, especially when one has to inhale it for a whole night. My first act, on entering the room, was to destroy the incense, but the odour remained, to keep me company. The outer room, just adjoining mine, was crowded with men, who were drinking all night long. They also employed some of their wretched hours in swearing at me, for daring to sleep with their sacred gods. The fourth day we had plenty of excitement, for the mules broke through the ice in crossing several rivers, and in we went.

The fifth morning we started at two o'clock. It was beautiful moonlight, and the glistening snow did look so pretty, for that was all we could see, for miles around us.

The snow-drifts were so deep, that I walked for several hours, in order to make it easier for the poor mules; the ice was very slippery, and when at last I re-entered the *shenzia*, I felt sure of an upset at any moment. However, we went along without any accidents, for which I was truly grateful.

Now we come to the sixth and last day, which proved the most exciting of all. As I have said before, the roads were very bad, and in some places really dangerous.

That morning we were obliged to take all the high roads we could, for the lower roads were impassable.

We travelled quite comfortably, until almost noon; then we came to a swamp, and so ascended a high bank, in order to keep out of the mud. The driver supposed that, of course, there was a sloping descent at the other end of the bank, but there was none! It was simply one straight descent of over twenty feet. He then endeavored to turn the mules around, but all in vain; down they plunged, throwing him under their feet, and he screamed to me at the top of his voice, "You are dying! You are dying!" I certainly felt as though something dreadful was happening to me, but all I could do was to keep perfectly quiet, and cling with both hands to the sides of the *shenzia*. I fully expected it to end in a terrible crash, so imagine my surprise, when having at last reached the bottom, the mules calmly walked on, just as though nothing had happened.

It seemed, indeed, a miracle to me, and those splendid mules deserve a great deal of gratitude, for had they not been so cautious in that time of peril, I should not be here to-day to "tell the tale."

That evening we reached our final destination, and although I had enjoyed my trip very much, I was glad to get back into civilization once more, for I had not seen a white face for six long days.

Tr GIN BOW.

John Archibald Innes

IN THE GRIP.

IT stood and watched by my bed,
And its form was vast and strange;
It made me think of tales I had read
Of men whom an ignorant world calls dead,
Who far from their grave-stones range,
Of the Phantom Ship, and the Spectre Feast,
Of the Bishop's apparitional Priest;
Of the Wicked Earl in his hidden room
Condemned to play till the Crack of Doom;
Of the Headless Horseman who rides by night,
And the ghosts that fit in the pale moonlight
Through the halls of the Moated Grange.

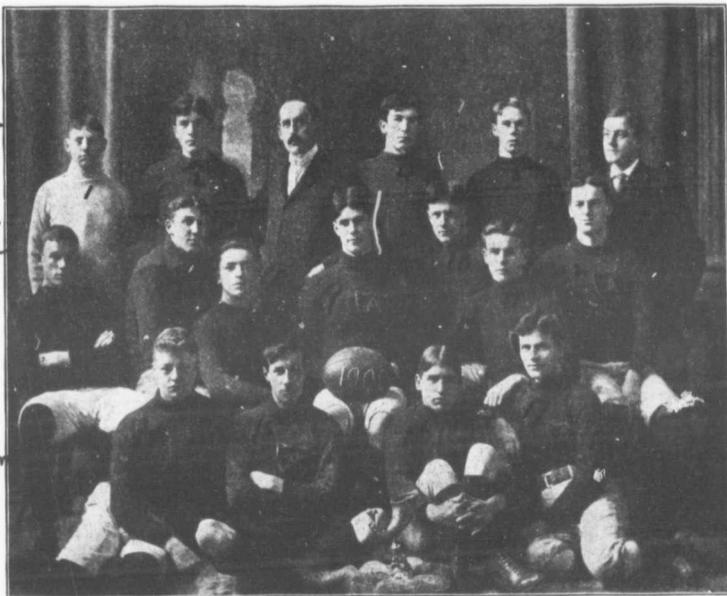
Gigantic, silent, intent,
With its keen face, lean and brown,
Turned half aside from the gaze I bent,
On its cowed head as it forward leant,
It *waited*, with brows a-frown,
The room was dim and the watchers slept,
The heavy hours like ages crept;
No sound, no change in that watchful pose!
What hope for me, should my eyelids close?
But the gray dawn steals through the pane once more,
And I know the Shape! Hung high on the door,
'Tis my old red dressing-gown! R.

GEMS FROM ACADEMY ENTRANCE PAPERS.

THE following letters were written as specimen applications for a situation, which the candidates for Academy Entrance were asked to write last year:

- (1.) HALIFAX, June 21st, 1900th.
D. J. MURRAY, Esq.
Dear Sir,—I have seen in one of the evening papers a vacant position for a young boy. I am 14 years of age and have a recommendation from my teacher.
Yours affectively H.— B.—
- (2.) HALIFAX, JULY 2ND, 1900.
MR. MACKINTOSH.
Dear Sir,—I saw your advertisement in the paper last night for a clerk, and wish to apply for it. I have been looking for a situation for a week, and could not find any open. I should be very glad if this is the one I have so long wanted. Yours sincerely, R.— B.—
- (3.) MR. A. J. BELL, Halifax, N. S.
Dear Sir,—Seeing in the "Evening Mail" your advertisement for an errand boy, I beg of you to try me. If I am not pleasing to you, I ask of you to get me another situation. I hope I will be satisfactory to you.
Yours truly,
- (4.) HALIFAX, N. S., June 2nd, 1900.
REV. MR. M. A. H., Pastor, Truro, N. S.
Dear Sir,—I, on observing your advertisement in last night's "H—" am now about to apply for the position mentioned. I am now about sixteen years old, and have completed the common school course in which I have obtained the recommendations which accompany this letter. I am not afraid of work, and I will do my best to please you.
Yours sincerely A. B. C.
1022 Church St.
- A fifth letter is too long to give in full. It concludes with the following bid for favourable consideration: "I have been working with Mr. Burbidge from whom I can bring a *recondemnation*."

- 1 E. Graham
- 2 W. Johnston
- 3 J. D. Logan
- 4 C. Johnston
- 5 Barnes - A. G.
- 6
- 7
- 8 Lloyd Fenerty
- 9 H. J. Walker
- 10
- 11 B. Baillie
- 12
- 13
- 14 R. Downing
- 15 Bullock W.
- 16 A. Wood
- 17 G. Baillie



ATHLETICS.

THIS season the boys took much more interest in football, than they have done for the last three or four years. After some consideration, it was decided to try for a place on the Junior League. Our application was successful, and our games were scheduled in the following order:

Oct. 6th.—The Academy boys were defeated on the above date, by the Wanderers, with a score of 6-0. The ground was very wet and slippery, on account of a heavy rain in the morning. Harris did all the scoring for the Wanderers, by his splendid running. There were quite a number of penalty kicks given during the game, for "off-side play." Mr. Henry gave full satisfaction as referee. The Academy team was composed of the following players:—Fenerty, Fullback; Bullock, Baillie, Barnes, Hampson, Halves; Wood, Gorham, Quarters; Walker, (Capt.), Johnston, W., Johnston, C., Brunt, Day, Twining, Longard, Gray, Forwards.

Oct. 13th.—Dalhousie blanked the Academy on the Y. M. C. A. grounds, and scored 14 points. Dalhousie had a strong team, and outplayed their opponents, as the score indicates. In the first "half," the College made two "tries," but failed to kick the "goals." The remaining points were made by two "tries" in the second "half," one of which Gordon converted into a "goal."

Oct. 18th.—The Y. M. C. A. defeated the Academy on their own grounds, with a score of 14-0. The largeness of the score was greatly due to the fine work of the Y. M. C. A. "halves." The Academy "forwards" played a splendid game, but were unable to hold their own in the "scrim," on account of the great weight opposed to them. Mr. Young, of Dalhousie, refereed.

Oct. 20th.—The Academy played such a fast game with Dalhousie, on the Wanderers grounds, that the Collegians were only able to score 6 points to the Academy's 3. During the greater part of the first "half," no score was made. At length Rankin made 3 for Dalhousie, but Gordon failed to kick a "goal." In the second "half," Bullock succeeded in crossing Dalhousie's line, and thus tied the score. It looked as though the game would result in a draw, but just before time was called, Malcolm raised Dalhousie's score to six. Mr. MacKenzie refereed.

Oct. 27th.—The Academy team won its first League game by defeating the Junior Wanderers, with a score of 9-5. The Academy had the advantage during the first 20, and last 10 minutes; the rest of the game was fairly even. Fenerty, in the first "half," scored 4, by a beautiful "drop" from the "twenty-five." During the second "half," the Wanderers scored 6 by a "penalty goal" and a "try," and it looked as though the Academy would suffer another defeat. In the last ten minutes, however, MacDonald made a "try" for the Academy, which was converted into a goal. Mr. MacCurdy, of the Wanderers, acted as referee.

Nov. 3rd.—The last League game which the Academy took part in, resulted in a victory for the Y. M. C. A. The Academy did not get to work until the last "half," before which time the Y. M. C. A. had scored 6. During the second "half," no score was made, and at the end of the game the Y. M. C. A. had 6, the Academy no points. The referee was Mr. Rhodes, of Dalhousie.

On November 17th, the Academy played a game with the Orients, on the Y. M. C. A. grounds. The score, on this occasion, was 8-0, in favor of the Academy. The day was very cold, and there were about two inches of snow on the ground. Mr. Logan acted as referee.

Nov. 22.—The Academy played the "Orient's" a return match, on the Y. M. C. A. grounds. The game resulted in a draw, the score being 6-6. Very few of the regular team played for the Academy, as they were unable to be present. Mr. Hopgood refereed.

OUR TRIP TO WINDSOR.

Nov. 24th.—The team decided that the proper wind up to the football-season, would be a trip away. King's College, Windsor, accepted our challenge for a game on the above date. The team caught the 7.30 train, and were met at Windsor by the King's College students, who showed the way to the College. The students entertained the Academy team at luncheon, at the College, and gave them a very good time.

The match was played in the afternoon, on the grounds behind the College. The field was rather wet, and the players were pretty well covered with mud, when time was called.

The Academy commenced the game with both sun and wind to play against. During the first ten minutes, the ball went backward and forward over the half-way line. At length the Academy worked the ball down to the College "ten," where it stayed for the greater part of the "half." Time after time, the ball was nearly across the King's goal line, but no score was made until the second "half."

On account of the coldness of the weather, both teams agreed to a short "half-time." The game gradually worked down towards the College goal, and now began the struggle of the whole game. The Academy, though the lighter team, worked together better than their opponents, and oftener succeeded in getting the ball out to their "halves." Time and time again the Academy halves tried to get through the opposing line, but to no purpose. Once Bullock got over the line, but the try was not allowed. At length Captain Walker succeeded in getting the ball across the line near to the "touch line." The try for goal was unsuccessful, and the King's men kicked off from the "twenty-five." After the "kick-off," the game settled back into its old place. It looked as though no more scores would be made, but just about five minutes before "time," Walker again made a try for the Academy. The Collegians put up a strong game during the last few minutes. Handsombody ran more than half the length of the field, before he was brought down by Fenery.

The following are the names of the players:

KING'S.			ACADEMY.	
Muir, (Capt.)	}	Back.	Fenery.	
Robinson,			Bullock,	
Hemmeon,	}	Halves.	Baillie,	
Handsombody,			Matheson,	
Hensley,			Hampson.	

KING'S.			ACADEMY.	
Graham,	}	Quarters.	Wood,	
Christie,			Bentley.	
Harris,			Walker, (Capt.)	
Bullock,			Johnston, W.,	
Clairmonte,	}	Forwards.	Johnston, C.,	
Hackenly,			Nelson,	
Elliott,			Day,	
Ambrose,			Twining,	
Corbin,			Longard,	
Casassa.			Morrison.	C. T. B.

OUR LITTLE HIVE.

Charles J. Pailin

LITTLE pair of glasses,
Little scribbling-book,
Make the little pupil
Wear a solemn look.

Little chairs all deskless
In the armory,
With the French and German,
Make the moments flee.

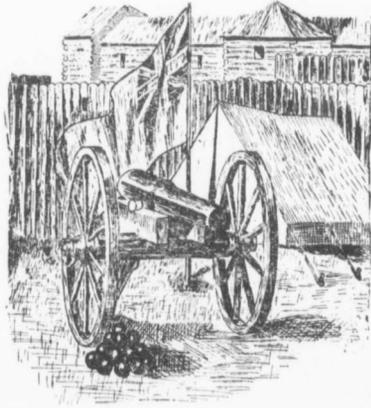
Little lines and circles,
Shadings in between,
Hint to the beholder
Genius yet unseen.

Little string with chalk on
Hanging from above,
Pointer and triangles
Are the things we love.

Little tubes and big tubes,
Chemicals—and rust—
Make a fine experiment
With the aid of dust.

Little words of welcome—
"Welcome back at three;"
Geography and History
Served up cold for tea.

DECIMUS.





THE prize for the best piece of Amateur Photography is won again this year by Harry Marshall of the B Class. The scene is on the brook flowing from Chocolate Lake into North-west Arm.

THE RAIN CHILDREN.

THIS is the story that the North Wind told as he whirled 'round and 'round the house in giddy circles, shook the doors and windows with his restless, invisible fingers, and howled through every crevice he could find, as if an enemy of his had hidden himself inside, and he (the North Wind) longed to reach him.

He was not telling it to me, but, I think, to the house and trees, for he generally talked to them. I heard him making his usual commotion, as I sat beside the fire, with nothing to read and nothing in particular to think about, and, I found to my surprise, that I understood every word he said. He is a strange fellow, this North Wind, but there is something very fascinating about him. I like to hear him howl in the dark nights, I like to see the boughs of great trees bend and sometimes break, and know that it is his mighty breath that is doing it all. His voice has the power of driving things mad. Even the fallen leaves go quite crazy and fly here and there and everywhere, in wild confusion, when he comes. If your window is open the papers near it will leap up and out of doors before you know it. The very hair on your head can't keep still, when you open the door for a look at the storm. There is something in the voice of the North Wind—there is surely a something—that drives things mad. Why, sometimes, the little flowers feel so strange when they hear his voice,—when the music of it fills them,—that they can't bear it; so their hearts break, and they die.

That night, as he howled and shrieked and whistled, I noticed that his voice was not the same as usual. If you have ever heard a garrulous old woman talk, you will know what I mean. It seemed to say that he was in a gossiping mood, and had a story to tell; it seemed to be full of memories. And I sat there doing nothing, for I loved the

Wind's wild mood. I could not bear to look at the quiet fire, with its prim little flames going decorously upward, never thinking of going anywhere but up the chimney—never thinking of flying here and there and everywhere. I said to myself that this wind was just the right kind of wind, that it woke a person up, that it just suited me. I thought of the Summer Wind, and smiled scornfully. What is a Summer Wind? A little breath of air, which sighs about, steals about, with timid, gentle feet. But the North Wind with its "blow" and "bluster"—ah! that was the wind for me. Yet, when, after a while, its voice grew softer and sweeter, and its howling changed to moaning, I liked it still, and I listened to every word that it said, although I knew that it was not speaking to me.

This is the story that it told. I cannot tell it as he told it, but I will do my best. Listen.

"Oh! the Rain Queen is sad," said the North Wind. "Her heart aches." And its voice sobbed and wailed among the trees, as if it were itself a breaking heart speaking. "She is beautiful—the Rain Queen, and has many children but her heart aches for the children who died many years ago. A sorrow hundreds of years old is hers, but it is as new to her as if she had felt it for the first time, yesterday. There is no comfort for her anywhere. The sun smiles brightly at her in the day time, and the moon tells her sweet stories in the night, but she sits on her dark cloud, weeping—weeping for her children.

Many years ago when the earth was first made—before the snow fell—Ah, well, it was the first Springtime—it was the fourth week of the earth's life. Now, men say they know all things, that they have read all about how things began. But what are books? Have I not lived since the world was made? Do I not know more than the books? There had never been any rain, the sun had scorched everything, and the little flowers were dying everywhere. Was

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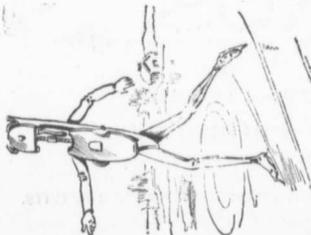
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there no help? they seemed to ask, lifting their poor, faded faces to the sky. So the Rain Queen (whose heart is very tender and who knows all things), as she floated on a dark cloud far away, tried to think of a way to bring fresh life to each. Now it is well known that the Rain Queen and her children have the power of healing and freshening all things that live. It was given to her by the One who made the world. She called all her little children to her, and talked to them very gently, and they, hearing a quiver in her voice as she began, knew that what she had to say was going to be a hard thing for her to tell, and a hard thing for them to hear.

"My children," said she, "on the great earth there is sorrow, there is death. All the flowers are fading, all the streams are drying up. Things will not grow; there will soon be no water and people cannot live. Now, shall we stay up here and be happy when there are restless, aching hearts below that we can still, and dying things that we can bring to life?"

"No," said all the little rain-children, very low, and clung to her, for they feared they knew not what. Then the Rain Queen unclasped their arms and pushed them away with her brave hands when they tried to come to her.

"No, my little rain-children," she said. "There is work to be done. Will you do it? Will you go down to the dying world and touch the flowers with your magic hands and dance upon the earth, so that the touch of your feet may heal it, and bring it back to life and health again? This is your work. Will you do it?"

And all the little rain-children said, "I will," and they turned away and sprang into the air. Down, down they went—far, far from the light of their mother's face, and she watched them all the way.

The Wind's voice sounded full of tears as it repeated the words sadly to itself, "and she watched them all the way."

"But the Rain Queen had an enemy," cried the Wind, and its voice grew strong and wrathful, and the doors and windows of the house shook, as if they were afraid of him. "An enemy, the great Frost-King, who hated her because she was so sweet and gentle, and because the sun and moon and all the stars loved her; and he came stealing out of his home in the cold North, where there are stiff, strange people, with staring eyes and frozen hearts, for they are dead. All the things in the Frost-king's domains are dead, for he loves death and takes no pleasure in the warm, living things that the Rain-Queen cares for. So he crept out of his chilly palace, with a still cold gleam in his eyes and a smile on his set lips. On he came with his bony hands outstretched,—not as I come, with laughter and shrieking and dancing, and my breath making a howling noise as I whirl along,—but slowly, silently, steadily, with a cold deadly breath which no one hears. And the Rain-Queen saw him coming, saw the glitter in his cold eyes and the shining of the icicles in his wild hair; and she wrung her hands and besought him to stop, but he would not. Down went the little rain-children—down, down, but the Frost-king came steadily on. When he was quite near them, he stopped and fixed his eyes on them and they paused and stood trembling in the air, for they were afraid to move. Then the Rain-Queen hid her face, for she saw in his hands the awful gift which he gives to so many—the worse of all gifts, death. He brought death to the little rain-children and he stole away their souls. He brought death to the little rain-children, for he breathed on them with his icy

breath and they could not live after that. And the Rain-Queen, lifting her head, saw their ghosts floating silently downward—the white little ghosts of her children, floating downward.

"Rain-Queen," the Frost-king said, and his voice was full of triumph, "you will have many children but those dearest to you shall become mine, for I will have their souls. Each year, when the summer is over, I shall steal your children from you, as they come to earth—as they must come. Yes, I will have their souls, and their ghosts you shall see floating downward as you now see the ghosts of these." Then the Frost-king turned and moved toward his home, shaking his head till the icicles hanging from his hair struck each other and made a sound like laughter.

And the Rain-Queen sat on her dark cloud and saw the white silent ghosts floating downward—the beautiful ghosts, which the world called *snow*. A. H.

HALIFAX.



THIS is the reason why I sing
Because the whole wide sky is blue,
Because the birds are on the wing
And we are merry—I and you!

This is the reason I am glad
Because the flowers all are sweet,
Because the world is laughter-mad
And happiness is so complete.

This is the reason, this, I say—
For when I rest, a lullaby
Floats in, about, up and away
And leaves its notes for such as I.

Here sing I, dream I; all is good;
And all things sing or dream with me.
The wild, sweet folk that fill the wood
And Life that dwells in every tree

I need no more; I know the wild
White heaving waves that call to me!
This is true home; and I the child;
This is the city; that, the sea!

AMY KINGSLAND PENNINGTON.

THE LIBRARY.



ABOUT \$50 was spent last term upon the library from the amount provided from the sale of last year's ANNUAL.

During the summer vacation a new book-case, a piece of our skilful Mr. Morris' best work, was put in, running down the middle of the room and giving accommodation for about 1000 new volumes. We hope in a few years to see it filled. For this we are indebted to the School Board. Among the first books to be placed on the new shelves was a complete set of "The English Men of Letters" series, comprising short biographies and literary criticism of Dryden, Byron, Sidney, Hawthorne, Gibbon, Thackeray, Defoe, Milton, Bentley, Scott, Gray, Bunyan, Chaucer, Hume, Burke, Southey, Locke, Shelley, Fielding, Landor, Goldsmith, Carlyle, Popo, Addison, Lamb, Macaulay, Swift, Cowper, Byron, Sterne, Johnson, Keats, Spenser, Burns, Dickens, DeQuincey, Wordsworth, Sheridan and Coleridge.

A complete list of additions made recently will soon be issued in the form of a supplement to our last catalogue. We hope to make the Library increasingly useful and more

readily accessible to all students who can profitably avail themselves of its advantages. The large number of students prevents its being of the free use which we should like to see it put to. The reduction of our numbers is one of the reforms which must be attended to in the near future. The new elevator which Dr. Black is going to give us when he gets rich will also be a great improvement.

Many books which were worn out from constant use were replaced by new copies. Johnstone McKay performed the work of assistant-librarian very satisfactorily last term. Wm. Woodbury is his successor this year.

"In old days books were rare and dear. Our ancestors had a difficulty in procuring them. Our difficulty now is what to select. We must be careful what we read, and not like the sailors of Ulysses, take bags of wind for sacks of treasure—not only lest we should even now fall into the error of the Greeks, and suppose that language and definitions can be instruments of investigation as well as of thought, but lest, as too often happens, we should waste

time over trash. There are many books to which one may apply, in the sarcastic sense, the ambiguous remark said to have been made to an unfortunate author, 'I will lose no time in reading your book.'

It is wonderful indeed how much innocent happiness we thoughtlessly throw away. An Eastern proverb says that calamities sent by heaven may be avoided, but from those we bring on ourselves there is no escape.

Many, I believe, are deterred from attempting what are called stiff books, for fear they should not understand them; but, as Hobbes said there are few who need complain of the narrowness of their minds, if only they would do their best with them.

In reading, however, it is most important to select subjects in which one is interested. I remember, years ago, consulting Mr. Darwin as to the selection of a course of study. He asked me what interested me most, and advised me to choose that subject. This, indeed, applies to the work of life generally."

—Sir John Lubbock, "Choice of Books."



The above is from a pen-and-ink sketch by Laura Evans of Class B, which takes the ANNUAL'S prize this year for this class of Original Work. The other pen-and-ink sketch on page 21 is by Jennie Nisbet of Class C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BELINDA. *Ques.*—Is it usual to eat pie with a fork? *Ans.*—No, pie is much better alone. A fork is apt to cause dyspepsia. In fact only jugglers have been known to masticate such a combination. Pie may be eaten with Worcester Sauce or Tomato Ketchup, but forks are strictly prohibited by medical as well as fashionable authorities.

SCRIBE. *Ques.*—How large a margin should be left on a letter to a friend? *Ans.*—About two inches on the right-hand side of the paper should be allowed for writing. To be ultra-fashionable one word on a line is all that is considered necessary. It is quite good form however to fill in the margin with postscripts.

SWEETEST. *Ques.* Miss Popinjay arrives late at a literary evening. Should her hostess introduce her to each guest or should her name merely be announced on her entrance? *Ans.*—Her hostess should take Miss Popinjay by the arm, lead her to the middle of the room and say, "Be quiet, please, this is Miss Popinjay. Get her a chair somebody." Upon which all the ladies should fix her with their eye-glasses, while the gentlemen put their hats on and bow—except one or two who will say audibly, "Who on earth is Miss Popinjay," and "Get her a chair, Jones. I 'aint gonter." After which events will proceed in a desirable manner.

ANXIOUS MOTHER. *Ques.*—What remedy would you advise for a child with bandy-legs? *Ans.*—Stilt walking is generally prescribed for a case of that kind. The little one is most likely to fall and break one, if not both legs, which can then be straightened without any difficulty.

SPEECHLESS TOMMY. *Ques.*—In what way should one take leave of one's hostess? That is to say, how can one express one's appreciation of the evening? *Ans.*—Shake hands with her long and heartily (English pump handle shake). Say, "Awfully glad I came. Elegant turkey! Never had such a supper! Got a piece of pie in my pocket now. Bye-bye."

DELINQUENT. *Ques.*—At what hour is it customary to leave a friend's house where one has been spending the evening? *Ans.*—In answering Delinquent's question it depends a great deal upon the friend visited. I should advise however as a general rule staying well on into the next morning for fear of giving the impression that you are not having a good time and are anxious to leave. If your hostess yawns and looks sleepy don't go by any means. She will appreciate your staying all the more under such trying circumstances.

MARTHA. *Ques.*—Mamma is going to have me presented to the Queen. Please tell me what is considered the thing on such an occasion? *Ans.* Walk towards her with easy friendliness, revolving three times before reaching her so as to make a

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good all round impression. After allowing her to kiss your hand say to her, "I have always so longed to see your Majesty, Really it is marvelous how well you look for your age. Good-bye, dear old soul! Do come and see me."

WEARIED BEAUTY. *Ques.*—I have dark hair and eyes and am possessed of a very nervous and hysterical temperament which shows in the expression of my face. What colour do you think should be most becoming to my style of beauty? *Ans.*—From your description I should recommend yell-ow as most suitable.

ARTY DEAR. *Ques.*—I should like to be a poet, kindly inform me as to the manner of beginning and continuing the divine craze. *Ans.*—Let your hair grow until it hangs well over your collar. Cultivate a listless expression. Be absent-minded at meals, spreading your bread with preserves, and eating butter with a spoon, and passing milk when you are asked for sugar. Look often at the moon. Be eccentric. Rhyme, rhythm and spontaneous flow of words are a secondary consideration for the instructions given will mark you anywhere as a poet of the first degree. Your first effort should be entitled, "Oh Waning Moon!" "Ode to a Fair One" or "Flower't of the Vale." First find your title, then words to rhyme, then struggle for ideas.

BLUE-EYED SUSAN. *Ques.*—Seeing in a paper your offer to read character from hand-writing, I send you a page of my best for examination. *Ans.*—The specimen of calligraphy you send us shows hypochondriacal tendencies, a love for the study of hippopathology and leaning towards hippogamy. Doubtless on account of the arrogant character of your friends you have contracted the deplorable assestude of bratium fulmen. However do not despair. This may be overcome in time by the exercise of the extraordinary will-power so evident in your writing.

LIST OF STUDENTS ENROLLED AT THE ACADEMY THIS TERM.

CLASS B_a.

Girls.—Christina Allen, Mary Lillian Angevine, Blanche Gertrude Brunt, Helen Stirling Burton, Cecil Marie Carten, Laura Carten, Annie Elizabeth Christie, Edith May Crowell, Effie Elmira Davidson, Martha Ellen Dewis, Marion Amelia DeWolf, Mary C. Dunbrack, Lydia Jane Drake, Laura Frances Evans, Lydia Augusta Fleming, Helen Martha Forrest, Winifred May Fraser, Ella May Gibson, Edith Margaret Grant, Bertha May Gray, Marian Sarah Herman, Elsie Dora Howell, Flossie Maud Kierstead, Laura May Maxwell, Maggie Catherine Morrison, Elizabeth Mumford, Mary Josephine Murphy, Caroline MacColl Read, Ada Maud Dickey Reynolds, Gertrude Maggie Settle, Eunice Coleman Sterns, Bertha Rebecca Tulloch, Rebecca Elizabeth Turner, Gertrude Blanche Wallace, Lizzie Walsh, Eva Maud Wickwire, Sadie Caroline Wisdom.

Boys.—Arthur Austin Bentley, Frank Heber Calder, John William Davidson, Charles Frederick Gorham, Donald James Johnson, Leland Stanford Lydiard, Robert Thomas Lynch, Gordon Carliss Moore, Ross Tilt-n Moseley, James William Murphy, James Hall Robeleigh Thorne, Harry John Walker. Total in B_a Class—49.

CLASS B_c.

Girls.—Maggie Blanche Adams, Mary Helen Archibald, Winnifred Glen Barnstead, Grace Winnifred Kaye Billman, Minnie Louise Black, Laurie Browne, Agnes Millar Dennis, Margaret Vanstone Dennis, Harriet Barnes Dodd, Jennie Morris Fenn, Ellen Fletcher Gould, Helen Joyce Harris Olive Muriel Hill, Jennie Mabelle Hubley, Pauline Leona, Murray, Catherine Macdonald, Amy Louise MacKeen, Minnie Isabel McLeod, Emily Myra Partridge, Amy Kingsland Pennington, Alice Maude Porter, Alice Prescott, Ruth Richardson, Amy Glen Witter, Euphemia Mary Wood, Jean Isabella Wood, Mildred Claudine Hancock.

Boys.—Charles Tupper Baillie, Gordon Payzant Bars, Ralph Saunderson Hillman, Cecil Leroy Blois, Henry Eversley Book, Roy Clifford Buckley, William Bullock, Lloyd Hamilton Fenerty, Gerald Gorham, Gordon Sidney Harrington, David Burke Lawlor, Walker Stewart Lindsay, Henry Herbert Marshall, Guy Meadows Mitchell, John Morrison, Charles William Macaloney, Murdoch MacLan, William Charles Ross, James Duggan Walsh, Cameron Kisby Whitehorne, William Weatherspoon Woodbury. Total in B_c—48.

CLASS C₁.

Girls.—Janet MacLaren Auld, Bertha Alice Barnstead, Florence Mary Bell, Clara Avice Crease, Annie Grassie Creighton, Beatrice Elinor Daviss, Laura Elizabeth Eastwood, Dora Guille Faulkner, Reta Mineva Fraser, Jessie Isadora Garrison, Mabel Ensworth Goudge, Edyth Helena Hardy, Bessie Louise Keeler, Mary Louise Marshall, Hazel Edna Muir Mason, Zulah Katherine Macdonald, Hilda Mowbray McLellan, Mary Elliot McLenman, Jessie Morrison McMillan, Beatrice Morris, Kate Morrison, Euphemia Mary Nicholson, Jennie Cluith Nisbet, Grace Evelyn O'Connor, Marion Currie Outhit, Jean Amelia Povoas, Annie West Rogers, Mary Ellen Tulloch, Mabel Publicover, Mabel Carrie Wright.

Boys.—Albert Johnson Barnes, Arthur Edward Rounley Book, Charles Forgan Burton, William Geoffrey Doull, Edward Foster, Frederick Alpin Grant, Franklin George Greig, Charles Sutherland Johnson, Daniel Lamont, Roy Nicholson, Vivian Martin, Frank Harris McLearn, Daniel Keith Ross, Rupert Settle, Charles Lovin Smith, William Burton Spencer, John Stewart, Laurence Giles Purves Tremaine, James Bain Morrow, Dwight Stanley Wickwire. Total in C₁ Class—50.

CLASS C₂.

Girls.—Sarah Mateer Archibald, Mary Ethel Beattie, Alberta Lorena Black, Sadie Euphemia Cameron, Belle Gray Chisholm, Mary Constance Chapman, Laura Maud Conrad, Alice Phoebe DeWolf, Amy Baran Foot, Gertrude Frazee, Margaret Gillies, Ethel Mary Grant, Helen Lindsay Grant, Edith Margaret Herman, Bertha Grace Haven Holley, Lavinia McKeen Jackson, Ruby Marita Kaye, Mary Olive Keating, Gladys Jessie Leslie, Letitia Ann McDonald, Ernestine Lorraine McLellan, Edna Blanche McNutt, Mary Morrison, Winifred May Nicoll, Lenora Bessie Rose, Helen Roy Saunders, Alberta Vly Sturmy, Lily Mary Bertha Thomas.

Boys.—Ralph Pickard Bell, Walter James Butler, Duncan Carroll, Henry Jermain Creighton, Robert Bankier Dickson, William Hamilton Foster, William Merinus Greene, Alfred Stanley Hiltchie, Burns Maclean, Alexander Daniel Morrison, James Edmond Myers, Wilbur Bertrand Proctor, James Grant Stenhouse, Fred Vaughan Stuart, Frederic Osborne Sturmy, Louis Hopkinson Sutcliffe. Total in C₂ Class—44.

D₁ CLASS.

Girls.—Jean Gordon Bayer, Mary Corilla Bennett, Vera Gertrude Bentley, Elma Rebecca Brinkman, Mildred Lettice Brown, May Maud Ethel Chisholm, Rena Bertha Creighton, Frances Muriel Cunningham, Marion Hazel Dean, Vera Fielding, Rebekah Gottedob Grant, Nettie Jane Hartling, Dottie May Heartz, Annie May Kennedy, Mary Jeanette Kirker, Jean Archibald Mateer, Aleta May Miller, Lily Milne Mitchell, Lily Florence Josephine Mitchell, Daisy Munro, Blanche May Macdonald, Laura Jean

MacDonald, Barbara Lois MacKay, Effie Hattie Nauss, Agnes Elizabeth O'Connor, Nora Neill Power, Helen Munnell Richardson, Sadie Rogers, Marion Jane Simmons, Lillian Jeanetta Spencer, Winifred Claire Strickland, Eva Gertrude Sutherland, Florence Daisy Wright.

Boys.—Rufus Osborne Bayer, Jr., Arthur Osborne Blois, Charles Hazlitt Scott Cahlan, Robert Roy Campbell, Thomas Herbert Chapman, Allison Graham Creighton, Arthur Harry Creighton, Isaac James Faulkner, Bernard L. Gray, Allan Webb Hampson, Victor Hancock, Irvin Roy Hopkins, Peter Ramsay Jack, William Grant Johnson, John Baptist Lyons, Frank Stanley Melvin, Robert Morrow, Walter Graham MacDonald, William Ross MacKenzie, Robert William MacLellan, John Erskine Read, Fred Merrick Toomey, George Walter Toomey, Robert Lindsay Torrance, Howard Whiston, Eric Mackay Yeoman, Ira Truman Davis. Total in D₁ Class—60.

D₂ CLASS.

Girls.—Eva Claire Adams, Emily Matilda Archard, Anna Jean Ayres, Bessie Johnson Blackie, Gladys Ida Boreham, Gertrude Alice Bontliier, Josephine Adele Crichton, Charlotte Doyle, Jessie Christina Dumaresq, Elizabeth Maxwell Fleming, Winifred Townshend Graham, Elizabeth Sophia Grant, Mary Ann Hancock, Ethel Johns, Ethel Maude Judge, Evelyn Ward Keddy, Emma Elizabeth Lane, Ella Caroline Longard, Edna Dagmar Murray, Lina May MacKenzie, Charlotte Hamilton MacLeod, Ethel Blanche Pace, Maggie Publicover, Minnie May Sims, Margaret McLean Slayter, May Smith, Ora Steeves, Mabel Alma Thompson, Edith Crowell Trefry, Elsie May Tulloch, May Bonk Umliah, Ruth Florence Wisdom.

Boys.—Harold Eliot Austen, William Blake Barnstead, Ernest Allison Bell, William Noel Brown, Charles John Cameron, Gershon Dresdner, James Alexander Elliott, Ross Owen Evans, Alexander Ferguson, Charles Edward Findlay, Horace Waldo Flemming, John Prescott Forest, Frederic Moir Guilford, Frederic Reginald Hart, Clifford James Habley, William Rufus Johnston, Frederic Carr Knight, James Edward MacKey, David Orr, Arthur Lang Phillips, Ralph McNeal Saunders, Fulton Allison Shaw, Eric Stairs, Arthur Douglas Stevens, Thomas Sidney Stevens, Reginald James Thomas, Stanley Robert Tulloch, Russel Swaby Twining, Louis Alfred Wright. Total in D₂ Class—61.

IN THE IMPERIAL ARMY.—Many of our former Academy boys will remember Harold Stewart, who, when attending the Academy, was prominently connected with the Cadet Corps. He has lately accepted a commission in the Imperial Horse Artillery, and since graduating from the R. M. C. of Kingston, has gone to England to assume his commission. Harold has been "soldiering since he was twelve years of age," and his future career will be watched with great interest by all who knew him.

"CRIBBED."



As a new building for the Academy is considered a not impossible event in the near future, we think it not out of place to mention the following modern requisites for school buildings, which Lewis Carroll, the author of "Alice in Wonderland," suggested, when a new College building was being planned at Oxford:—

1. A very large room for calculating greatest common measure. To this, a small one might be attached, for least common multiple; this, however, might be dispensed with.

2. A piece of open ground for keeping roots, and practicing their extraction; it would be advisable to keep square roots by themselves, as their corners are apt to damage others.

3. A room for reducing fractions to their lowest terms. This should be provided with a cellar, for keeping the lowest terms, when found.

4. A large room, which might be darkened, and fitted up with a magic lantern, for the purpose of exhibiting circulating decimals in the act of circulation.

5. A narrow strip of ground, railed off and carefully levelled, for testing, practically, whether parallel lines meet or not; for this purpose, it should reach—to use the expressive language of Euclid—"ever so far."

6. As photography is now very much employed in recording human expressions, and might possibly be adapted to algebraical expressions, a small photographic room would be desirable, both for general use and for representing the various phenomena of gravity, disturbance of equilibrium, resolution, and so forth, which affect the features during severe mathematical operations.

THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

HERE, in the heart of the woods, they sing,
And their songs are full and sweet;
The birds and flowers, that gladness bring,
And the folk beneath my feet—
And the woods are song, where the crickets chirr;
For Summer is gay, and they sing of her!

Here, in the heart of the woods, I sleep,
And rest steals over my soul;
And tiny leaves through the old trees peep;
And clouds in the sky uproll;
But the birds are awake, and wild things chirr;
For Summer is sweet, and I dream of her!

Here, in the heart of the woods, I lie,
And my book has lost its charm;
For smiles the face of the tender sky,
And around me, Nature's arm—
And I read no more while, the crickets chirr;
For Summer is glad, where the woods coffer!

AMY KINGSLAND PENNINGTON.

FUN.

WHERE are the Academy horses? In Barn(e)s.
"THE Academy boys went off to win sir," (Windsor).

WHO is the oldest girl in the C₁ Class? Miss Auld.

WHAT young lady do we generally think of at one o'clock? Miss Bell.

FATHER:—"John, I called you an hour ago, and you are not up yet!"

John:—"I didn't wake, Father, I didn't hear you calling me."

Father:—"Well, sir, why didn't you tell me so when I called you?"

WHICH young lady makes the deepest impression on the class? Miss Crease.

WHICH of the young ladies of the C₁ Class is the most healthy? Miss Harly.

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Miss Prescott of the B Class is never happy unless Her-
man is with her.

Why should the girls of B₂ be cold? Because they have
a freezer. (Fraser.)

If you have an unruly person take him to the B₁ Class.
It will settle him.

Why should the B₂ Class never be thirsty? Because they
always have (Miss) Porter.

Why is the Academy skeleton always in a jolly mood?
Because he is not in a grave (mood).

If you want to make a boat go to the C₁ Class. They
have a Keeler in it.

Why should the C₁ Class be sheltered? Because they
have a public cover (Publicover.)

Why is it the C₁ Class need never fear invasion? Because
there is a Garrison stationed there.

We hear of homesteads in South Africa but we have
Barnsteads in the B and C Classes.

What is that which cannot change its position, but still
can go in and out of the Academy with perfect ease? A Hill.

What well-known poem would Ella Gibson represent, if
she were visiting a country cemetery? Ella G in a country
churchyard.

One of the students when asked why he did not reply
more quickly said, "Well, you must remember that I am
spent, sir" (Spencer.)

If the Academy were to blow down neither workmen nor
material would be lacking in rebuilding it, as we have lots
of Wood and Masons about.

Why is the C₁ Class the most useful and best protected
class in the Academy? Because they have a Mason, a Bell,
a Garrison, a Smith, a Wright and a Steward, (Stuart).

THE FIERY BUG.

WE left our homes one morning bright,
To fish for trout, with great delight.
Our number—be it known—was three—
John Wilson, Thomas Brown, and me.
We fished all day but nothing caught;
And then got tea of splendid sort;
Tom ate a lot, but I ate more
Than he could eat, to that I swore.
Then off each went unto his bed
Of bugs we had no thought nor dread;—
But in the middle of the night,
I started up in sudden fright—
In the next room I heard a sound
Of breaking glass fall on the ground,
So quickly opened wide my door—
Wilson and Tom sat on the floor,—
A broken lamp was blazing near,
And what a woful sight was there!
B hold, a sheet! and on it spread
Reposed the bodies of the dead!
Wilson and Tom with aspect wild,
Slew father, mother, cousin, child;
And with a dismal groan they said,—
"We have not even been to bed!"
Next day we had good luck, and took
Trout from the river, lake and brook;

And when we all retired each swore
That for the bugs he'd care no more,
Wilson and Tom came to my room,
So did not fear the last night's doom.
Wilson said, "Pooh! I should not care,
Even if a fiery bug drew near!"
But in the middle of his speech,
Poor Wilson gave a sudden screech;
He at the casement chanced to look,
And with a terror great he shook;—
A fiery bug of awful mien,
Was straightway at the window seen.
Thomas and I felt rather queer
To see that fiery bug so near.
The creature soon did Wilson see,
And to itself said, "That's my tea!"
Then flew at Wilson on the bed,
Whose eyes were starting from his head.
Now we did hear poor Wilson say
A word or two, then try to pray—
And, "Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Is what at first he tried to speak.
Next, "Woe is me! I nevermore
Shall see her whom I so adore!
That awful bug with fiery eyes,
Straight and more straight to eat me flies!"
Despair at last did make him brave,
And then he tried himself to save.
He held his head with dauntless air,
Returned the bug its haughty stare.
His back against the wall he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before;
Then with just one tremendous bound,
He cleared the bed, the chairs, the ground;
And landed out the bedroom—mark it!—
And sank half-fainting on the carpet!
Thomas and I were very sure
Such leaping we ne'er saw before.
The bug thus cheated of its prey,
Went circling round in dreadful way.
But valiant Brown with gloves was armed,
And never was by aught alarmed.
In football he was *always* there;—
Should *evil bugs* then make him fear?
He grasped the soap dish too, and so
Unto the fiery bug did go;
And round about the room he went,
Until the creature's strength was spent;
Played out it fell upon the floor,
Kicking as it ne'er kicked before;
Then with a quick and startling crack,
He brought the cover on its back;
And with a shout of triumph said,
"That bug shall stay there till it's dead!
And now its eyes of awful mien
No more at windows will be seen!
Then Wilson he came in ashamed,
And said, "That fiery bug be blamed!
He made my heart beat very fast,
But now I shall retire at last!"
Next day folks came to make the bed,—
And lo! the fiery bug was dead!

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