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Academy Annual.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

HALIFAX.

CHRISTMAS, 1898.

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Presented by, Dr. Helen Creighton,
Dalnouth, 26 Newcastle Street,
N.S. June 9th. 1967.

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The Academy Annual.

HALIFAX, N. S., CHRISTMAS, 1895.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....HOPE BLOIS.

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FINANCIAL EDITOR.....GILBERT S. STAIRS.
ASSISTANT FINANCIAL EDITOR.....HUNTLY GORDON.

As we pull the editorial chair up to the library table, adjust the mantle on our shoulders, and take up the editorial pen with a year's rust upon it, a few things occur to us to say, by way of preface, to Number Three of the ACADEMY ANNUAL, which we herewith submit to the consideration—we hope to the friendly consideration—of those who are interested in the doings of our school.

The idea of coming before the public with a small collection of poetry and prose, written by our students, was so successfully carried out last term and the term before last, that our annual appearance may now be looked upon as a regular custom. That we do not appear oftener is not owing to lack of subjects upon which to write, nor of promptings to write upon them, but is owing to lack of time and energy for anything outside of regular school work. Pretty severe training, we claim, is necessary for the student who is going to *run* successfully in our curriculum, and there is little room for originality to air itself. Let this fact, and our youth and inexperience also, be considered as some excuse for any deficiencies or crudities which may appear in the following pages.

Another term has been completed and the new term well entered upon since number 2 of the ANNUAL appeared. Forty-six students have left us with their leaving examination certificates in their possession. A few more have left us without this coveted bit of paper from the Education Office but with, we suppose, some benefits as a result of their attendance and study here. Over one hundred new students have entered, making our total number enrolled for the present term 337. On another page we say a few

personal words of cheer to speed the 'parting guests' who have finished their stay with us and gone out to study in college or to enter upon the active duties of life. The names of the 'coming guests' will also be seen, with whom we feel already that we are pretty well acquainted.

We must avail ourselves of the opportunity given by an editorial page to speak of a few changes which have taken place since last term. These changes are not very great. The motto of our good city of Halifax seems to be the wise old maxim of Caesar's '*Easten slowly*,' with, we should say, a little more emphasis on the adverb than would have suited the old Roman General's way of doing things.

The first of these changes, we must inform the readers of the ANNUAL, and especially last year's editors and contributors, is an addition to our Library shelves and the placing on them of 100 new and substantial volumes purchased by \$70 out of the \$130-balance on the right side of the account which the efforts of those who helped with the paper last year secured for the Library fund.

Then there is the completion of the Chemical Laboratory with Chemical apparatus furnished by the School Board.

Our thanks are also due to the School Board for the purchase and removal of the disreputable shanties which had mouldered for years in the shadow of our School building. The view in that direction being thereby improved two new windows were made on the north side and additional light admitted from that quarter. Complaints were made in previous numbers of our paper of the fettered and cramped feeling we experienced in our present quarters, and we are thankful even for small mercies in respect of more air and light.

One making a tour of the lower regions—the lower regions of the Academy, we mean—would discover a brand new big furnace which is driving the hot water through the cast-iron veins of the building at a much livelier rate than it went before. We had the good luck to get a holiday when the old furnace, which had been showing signs of general debility for some time, broke down completely. The School Board, putting emphasis for once on the *verb* of Caesar's

motto, kept men working day and night in getting the new one in place. It will be about twelve years before there will be any chance of a holiday from a similar cause.

With the exception of these and a few other changes, which we have not space to notice, life at the Academy moves on in much the same old way—in the monotony, inseparable from school life.

On another page we give a list of those who were successful at the Provincial High School Examinations last July not for the sake of boasting, which a sense of our many shortcomings prevents us from indulging in, but for the sake of record and for the information of those who will be interested to know the measure of success which is attending the efforts of teachers and pupils in our big Government School, which old-fashioned people still call the 'High School,' up-to-date people the 'Halifax County Academy,' and the more enthusiastic advocates of Higher State Education with pardonable pride 'The People's College.'

* * *

The Christmas holidays are already in prospect, and that reminds us that we must not neglect to add here that we most heartily wish all our readers a jolly good time in Christmas and New Year's weeks; and to all our students in particular blissful oblivion for two short weeks of all tasks, the pleasure which they like the best to the limit of their hearts' desires, and a thorough enjoyment of all the good cheer of the HAPPY CHRISTMAS TIME.

OUR CLOSING.

Though no distinguished strangers were present as last year, our closing was a very successful one. It took place on Friday, November the twenty-fifth, in the Assembly Hall. Chairman Geldert of the School Board presided. It goes without saying that the genial lieutenant-governor sat at his right. Indeed a closing could hardly be held without the presence of Governor Daly. He is ever willing to aid us in our public exercises, and we ready to welcome him. On the platform there were also Mr. R. L. Borden, M. P., Mr. George Mitchell, M. P. P., Colonel Clerke, Dr. A. H. Mackay, Supervisor McKay, Secretary Wilson, Commissioner A. M. Bell, Professor MacMechan of Dalhousie College, and Professor Hall of the Truro Normal School. The hall was filled with students and their friends. We missed the faces of some we were looking to see, namely: General Lord Seymour, Archbishop O'Brien, Bishop Courtney, and the givers of two of our medals, Mayor Stephen and Mr. H. W. Blackadar.

At three o'clock Chairman Geldert began his opening remarks. He knew that a few persons complained of the expense of our public schools, but he was not one of them.

He believed that no other city on this continent maintains such efficient schools at so moderate a cost. But what if the cost were great? Nothing of worth in this world is acquired without great expenditure of money or labor. All classes of society must be educated. Germany is aware of this, and therefore it is that the German workmen are taking the lead in the race of progress. Great Britain is awakening to the fact that if it is to be a leader in the mercantile world, its artisans must be trained at its schools. And we in Nova Scotia cannot afford to be behind the others. He then called upon Mr. Kennedy for a report of the work of last year.

After explaining how it was that the closing of a term which ended in July was celebrated in November, Mr. Kennedy said that last year's attendance was over 350, the largest in our history. The certificates taken numbered 211, of which 46 were B's, and of these B's, six had over 800 of an aggregate. He thanked the School Board for having removed two rookeries, and thus making our neighbors to the north less within speaking distance. If numbers be a criterion our institution is growing in popularity. More accommodation is needed. This can be effected by adding a wing to our present building, or, still better, by erecting a new Academy in a more central and pleasant locality. He read the list of prize-winners as ascertained from the results of the government examinations held last July, and as each successful student came forward he received the prize—and also warm congratulations—from the Lieutenant-Governor. Only a few of us had this honor, but we were encouraged to hope for better things next year. However, as some of the speakers remarked, if we are conscious of having worked diligently, we cannot upbraid ourselves for not being leaders.

Before resuming his seat, Governor Daly said he could not deny himself the pleasure of addressing a few words to us. The privileges we have are high and we should avail ourselves of them. The greatness of a country is judged by its intellectual force, and not by the number of its fighting men. We will soon be taking a part in the management of our country's affairs, and if that part is to be well taken, we must now closely apply ourselves to our studies, and recognize the power and dignity of education.

Mr. R. L. Borden, one of our Dominion representatives at Ottawa, was the next to address us. He has gained a reputation for himself among our Canadian law-makers and in our courts as an effective speaker, and we were not disappointed in him. He was himself a teacher in earlier life, and knew of the relations that should exist between the teacher and students. To achieve the greatest success the former must have the profound sympathy and intense interest of the latter. These qualities he believed our teachers had. Otherwise there could not be such an encouraging report as we heard to-day. He never knew a person with a strong desire for work to make a failure of his life, while, on the other hand, no man naturally well endowed achieves true success without putting his talents to the best possible use. He saw in us the future wielders of the destinies of the land. Among us may be a future Lieutenant-Governor or Chief Justice, and it may be one of the girls will take such an exalted position. It therefore behooves us so to conduct ourselves now that we may worthily fill any station in the years to come.

Mr. George Mitchell, a member of the House of Assembly, and the President of the Halifax Chamber of

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Commerce, was called upon, and the words he uttered rang with patriotism. We have a grand heritage. We live in Nova Scotia, the brightest of the galaxy of gems of the Canadian provinces. We are all proud of our British connection and of Canada. Let every breast be filled with a desire for the welfare of our City, and it follows that we shall be loyal to our land. He impressed upon us the necessity of having lofty ideals, of having our minds fixed on one grand thing and sticking to it. Thus we acquire character, a far nobler possession than mere riches. Nova Scotia is to be congratulated in being a pioneer in two movements far reaching in their effects. It was the first Province to establish Free Schools, and to provide schools for the education of the Deaf and Dumb. He complimented the cadets upon their trim and soldierly bearing, and expressed a wish to see military instruction extended to the other schools throughout the city. He hoped on leaving school they would enlist in our local militia and be ready to defend our country when need arose.

Dr. MacKay, the Superintendent of Education, was introduced as the power behind the throne. He challenged any city in America to show a higher standard of its schools than has Halifax. He stood ready to defend the Course of Study from the charge of there being too many subjects in it. He pointed out what the School has done for us. Only a few won gold pieces or medals, but many had got what cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents. We have received certificates of scholarship, and, above all, we have acquired the habit of self-control. He had observed us here this afternoon, had seen us in the class rooms, and had watched us going to and from school, and knew that this admirable trait was not wanting in us. He believed that education would leaven the social mass. As learning becomes more wide-spread, strifes between capital and labor, employer and employed, rich and poor, will be less common. Our country is democratic; its highest posts are opened to all. A man may rise from the lowest to the highest rung of the ladder, and having passed through the various grades of society, he, at the top, better understands the condition of those beneath him, has more sympathy for them, and can hasten the time when "man to man the world o'er, shall brothers be for a' that."

He was followed by Dr. J. B. Hall, of Truro, who, owing to the lateness of the hour, had nothing to say further than expressing the pleasure he had in being present.

The musical part of the programme interspersed the proceedings, and consisted of a piano duet by Misses Ethel Boreham and Bessie Connor, a patriotic chorus from the students, a violin solo by Miss Grace Billman, with Miss Annie Layton as the accompanist at the piano, and God Save the Queen at the close.

The prizes and their winners were as follows:

1. The Chairman's Gold Medal: A gold medal offered by Ald. G. E. Faulkner, Chairman of the School Board, awarded to the graduate making the highest aggregate in the subjects of the course—GEORGE ARCHIBALD CHRISTIE.
2. The Blackadar Gold Medal: A gold medal offered by H. D. Blackadar, Esq., ex-Chairman of the School Board, given to the graduate making the highest aggregate in English, Physiology and History—four subjects.—CLARENCE VICTOR CHRISTIE.
3. The Mayor's Gold Medal: A gold medal offered by Mayor Stephen, awarded to the graduate standing highest in Classics.—MABEL LAVINIA HOCKIN.

4. The Academy Gold Medal: A gold medal given the graduate making the best aggregate in Mathematics and Physics—four subjects.—GEORGE ARCHIBALD CHRISTIE.
5. A Special Prize of Ten Dollars, offered by J. C. Mackintosh, Esq., for the best essay on "The Advantages of being a British Citizen."—GEORGE ARCHIBALD CHRISTIE.
6. An Academy Silver Medal, given to the student of the B class making the largest increase in the aggregate of the previous year.—ANNIE ELLA O'DONNELL.
7. The Governor-General's Bronze Medal, awarded to the student of the C class making the highest aggregate in the subjects of the course.—GILBERT SUTHERLAND STAIRS.
8. An Academy Silver Medal, given to the student of the C class taking highest rank in Classics.—GILBERT SUTHERLAND STAIRS.
9. An Academy Silver Medal, awarded to the student of class C making the highest percentage in Drawing and Bookkeeping—one subject.—GILBERT SUTHERLAND STAIRS.
10. An Academy Silver Medal, awarded to the student of the C class making the greatest increase in the aggregate of the previous year.—FRANCES JEAN LINDEAU.
11. The Governor-General's Bronze Medal, given to the student of the D class making the highest aggregate in the subjects of the course.—CHARLES GRANT HOBART.
12. A prize offered to the student of the B class for highest marks in Physiology and Universal History.—GEORGE ARCHIBALD CHRISTIE.
13. A prize offered to the student of the B class for best aggregate in English Language and Literature.—ALEXANDER MONTGOMERIE.
14. A Book Prize, offered to the student standing highest in German.—BLANCHE VON SCHOPPE.
15. An Academy Silver Medal, offered to the student in any class standing highest in French.—GEORGINA ALMA BROWN and CLAUDINE FERNS SMITHERS, equal.
16. A Prize offered to the student of the C class standing highest in English, History and Geography—four subjects.—GILBERT SUTHERLAND STAIRS.
17. A Prize offered to the student of the C class standing highest in Mathematics and Science.—HARRY LEO FORBES.
18. A Book Prize, awarded to the student standing second highest in French.—EVA BLANCHE SIRCOM.
19. A Book Prize, offered by T. C. Allen & Co. to the student of the D class making the highest aggregate in English—two subjects.—MARY ALICE LAWLOR and MINNIE GRACE SPENCER, equal.
20. A Book Prize to the student of the D class making the best mark in Latin.—FREDERICK WILLIAM DAV.
21. A Book Prize to the student of the D class making the best mark in Drawing and Bookkeeping—one subject.—CHARLOTTE HIGHAM.
22. A Book Prize to the student of the D class highest in Arithmetic and Algebra.—WALTER GORDON BRAINE.
23. A Book Prize to the student of the D class making the best mark in Science.—CAROLINE CUNNINGHAM.
24. A Book Prize in the D class to the student making the best aggregate in Geometry, History and Geography,—two subjects.—CHARLES GRANT HOBART.

PRIZES AND MEDALS OFFERED FOR 1898-9.

The list is nearly the same as that of last year. Note these changes: In 1, read Ald. J. M. Geldert for Ald.

G. E. Faulkner. In 7 and 11, read "An Academy Medal." In 14 read "Book Prizes are offered to the students standing highest in German, in classes B and C respectively." For 15, read "Book Prizes are offered to the students standing highest in French, in classes B, C, and D respectively." No. 18 is discontinued.

Prizes can be won only by students who succeed in taking their certificates. In case of a tie, reference will be made to marks made at bi-monthly examinations during the term. The winner of any medal is excluded from winning a second medal. A student qualifying for more than one medal shall take the first one as it occurs in the list.

SOME OF OUR BENEFACTORS.

Among those to whom we are indebted for gold medals and prizes are ex-chairman of the School Board, H. D. Blackadar, of the *Acaidian Recorder*, and ex-mayor J. C. Mackintosh. Mr. Blackadar, since his term of office as a School Commissioner, 1884-87, has given the Academy a gold medal each year; and Mr. Mackintosh offers each year a ten-dollar gold piece for the best essay on "The Advantages of being a British Citizen." This offer has set our students thinking of the blessings of British citizenship, and has caused many excellent essays to be written.



EX-MAYOR J. C. MACKINTOSH.



EX-CHAIRMAN H. D. BLACKADAR.



CHAIRMAN J. M. GELDERT.

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HISTORICAL NOTE

The Halifax Academy traces its origin back through the High School to the Halifax Grammar School, which was founded in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The head-mastership of this school was successively held by Rev. James Wright, Rev. J. T. Twining, D. D., Rev. Robert Arnold, and Rev. Edwin Gilpin, M. A.



VERY REV. DEAN GILPIN.

In 1877 the Grammar School was changed into the High School, with Dr. Gilpin as principal, assisted by the late Herbert Bayne, M. A., Ph. D., William H. Waddell, Esq., and James Liechti, M. A.



A. H. MACKAY, B. SC., LL. D.

In 1885 the High School became the Halifax County Academy. A. H. Mackay, B. Sc., LL.D., now Superintendent of Education, became principal in 1889, and continued till 1891.

Howard Murray, B. A., (Lond.), now Professor of Classics in Dalhousie College, was principal from 1891 to 1894.

Cuts of the ex-principals are shown in this issue.



PROFESSOR HOWARD MURRAY.

A valuable cabinet of insects has been added to the Academy's natural history collection. This entomological collection was made by Mr. Willis,—the supervisor of Halifax schools over forty years ago—was awarded a gold medal at the first Paris Exposition, and has won many prizes at our Provincial exhibitions.

ALAS!

A 'LASSES LYRIC, BY A LASS.

Oh Taffy! Nevermore!
 I heard the rules the principal read o'er;
 They heard him too,—and yet, with careless face,
 Each teacher sat serenely in her place.
 Oh, have ye hearts and mouths, ye winding threads,
 Ye calm and ruthless crammers of our heads?
 Did'st note our groans and did'st behold our glares
 To hear such g'in, unheav'ly news at prayers
 "Forsake the way ye've followed heretofore
 At recess venture not beyond the door!"
 Which means translated "Taffy Nevermore!"

Ah, Taffy! Nevermore
 Hatless, to slip beyond the school-house door,
 From out our kindly hearts and pockets prop
 The small brick store up in its 'lasses crop!
 Ah, nevermore to know the matchless taste
 Of that for which we've dodged and fibbed and raced!
 Where hides the tell-tale? Find her that we may
 Dispatch her in her sins without delay!
 No mercy shall she have, though she implore,
 Who brought upon us "*Taffy Nevermore!*"

O taffy, tender taffy! Nevermore
 A cent from some good-natured soul to borrow—
 Ow! Nevermore to find a wild delight
 In what we cherished as our stolen right!
 Where lies the happiness, sad comrade mine,
 In honest candid taffy bought at nine?
 The teachers smile! But can they ever guess
 The charm of taffy smuggled at recess?
 And do they wonder at the way we bore
 The rutil as mandate "*Taffy Nevermore!*"

Sweet Taffy! Nevermore!
 My heart is waxing bitter to its core,
 Oh, now am I repaid for all my sins!
 To think of *thee*, laid out in shining tins,
 While we are taffiless, five doors away!
 O Woe! O bitter cup! O evil day!
 For what is future misery or bliss,
 Or crams or bad exams, compared with *this!*
 I never heard such direful lore
 As "*Taffy, tender taffy, nevermore!*"

Dear Taffy! Nevermore!
 Who cares for taffy bought at one or four?
 Let Fate its chances send, to ban or bless,
 We'll stick to taffy smuggled at recess,
 As it has stuck to us in days of yore,
 Those sweet and vanished days that we deplore.
 Four hours we have and saintly morning song,
 Recesses very short and lessons long,
 And many scrapes and misery at three,
 And days as full of cram as they can be,
 And frowns and rules and tattle-tales galore,
 But *Taffy, Taffy, Taffy*,—*Nevermore!*

ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS.

DONALD CAMPBELL.—FICTION.

CHAPTER I.

Donald Campbell was not an Academy boy. He had, no doubt, occasionally trudge past our classic pile of brick, but his intellect had not been sharpened, nor his faculties trained within our crowded class-rooms. Notwithstanding this, his intellect was not dull, nor were his faculties wholly undeveloped.

When a hostload of longshore fishermen came up to town, Donald was generally among them. In his long cowhide boots and blue duck shirt, the boy looked almost a man, though in years he was little more than seventeen. His face was pleasant and good-natured, his blue eyes were

clear and expressive, but around his mouth an acute observer would have detected that uncertain play of the muscles, that indefinable something about the lips and chin which betokens a lack of firmness, and a disposition easily influenced either for good or for evil.

Donald was born on a farm near one of the towns of Colchester County. Before he was two years old his parents, who were comparative strangers in the country, having come less than three years before from Urquhart, in Scotland, died within a few weeks of each other. The whole farm went to pay the part that remained unpaid, the scanty stock, implements, and household furniture went in the same direction as the farm, and the boy went to the kindly care of the Halifax Orphans' Home.

Here he remained until he was six, and in those four years he experienced almost all the human kindness of which he had any recollection. He was warmly clothed, and comfortably, though by no means luxuriously, fed. He was a favorite among the children, and in the busy kindly matron he found almost a mother.

At the age of six he was adopted by a fisherman and small farmer of Jobson's Cove, by the name of Smith. This farmer-fisherman, contrary to the general custom of men of a similar calling in Nova Scotia, expended more labor on his few rugged acres—called by courtesy fields—than he did on his fishing, but at the same time it was on the harvest of the sea that the sustenance of the family chiefly depended.

Donald's "master," for as such he was taught to regard his adopted father, was neither better nor worse than his neighbors. He was fairly industrious, fairly honest, fairly good tempered, except perhaps when in the house, and had no bad habits that were indulged immoderately. Donald, for over ten years of his life, had been very much with him, and consequently was now very much like him; but Donald was of a kinder heart and of a more thoughtful turn of mind. The latter was no doubt due, at least in part, to the many weary days spent alone hoeing potatoes or other vegetables among the rocks. Here the boy was brought face to face with himself and the problems of life.

The mistress of the house was a most unhappy person, and whether intentionally or not, took most effectual means to make everybody in her house unhappy too. True, she was clean and industrious, over industrious in fact, doing much work that might just as well have been left undone, and saying many things with her industrious tongue that might far better have been left unsaid. Her constant complaint was that she had married beneath her station—had thrown herself away; and one need not be very old to know that it is far from comfortable to live in the same house with a person possessed of a chronic grievance. She had no children, and her household was composed of her husband, his aged father and mother, and her adopted son, Donald. From early morn till late at night she was continually about and nothing ever seemed to be so positively painful to her as the sight of any one enjoying a minute's ease and comfort. She worried Donald so much about keeping his bit of a room in a fixed condition that during the summer months he always slept in the woodshed.

Donald's education was limited. The cove generally had a teacher for a few months each winter, almost invariably a beginner and just as invariably of very little good. But an occasional stray book, the solitude of the fishing boat and of the rocky fields, the companionship of his god and of the

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two cows which he milked twice a day—these were among his chief educators. He was fond of dumb animals and as a matter of course they were fond of him. The only affection of which he was conscious after leaving the Orphanage was divided between the animals and the aged pair in the house; and although he was but a rough and ignorant lad, his kindly acts, often done unknown to his mistress, brought some glimpses of sunshine to the hearts of the poor old people for whom life had little left save a passage to the grave.

When Donald was between seventeen and eighteen years old, an event occurred which was the means of bringing him from the hidden obscurity of the fishing village, and turning upon him the gaze of the multitudinous public eye.

Though there is very little smuggling done on the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia, yet there is some; and the fact that even a little is done, necessarily indicates the presence of law-breakers.

On a very dark night in the early part of September, a schooner from St. Pierre, which was seen off the coast in the evening, ran into Jobson's Cove and discharged some of the ordinary St. Pierre cargo, and stood out again to sea before morning. The two or three men of the Cove who had the handling of the rum and brandy were not experts in the business. The movements or perhaps the lack of movement of the schooner had been noted, and a revenue officer, accompanied by a constable, was soon on his way to the Cove.

Now our friend Donald was one of those who had rolled the kegs and carried the cases, and some of those same "spirituous or fermented liquors" were by day-break reposing quietly under some split wood in the shed where Donald usually slept.

Two days after, at milking time, Donald was coming down the rocky path from the pasture with his hand resting on Bonnie's neck and Brindle following contentedly behind; he was gazing down on the motionless water reflecting the rays of the setting sun and whistling rather absently his favorite air, "Old Black Joe," when he was suddenly roused from the placid state in which, with his languid step and semi-mournful tune he formed a part of the beautiful homelike scene, by the sight of two men coming up the steep hill and around the corner of the woodshed. (Mr. Smith was not at home and he had Donald's dog with him.) At sight of the men a thrill half of fear and half of anger shot through the boy's frame; his figure stiffened, his hand dropped from Bonnie's neck, and as he saw the strangers deliberately open the door of the woodshed, he shouted, "Hullo, you fellers, what'd'you want there? You just wait till you're allowed before you open folks' barn doors." But the men deigning him only a look over their shoulders, entered the shed. Then it was that the aspect of the youth changed, and the tiger in his nature was aroused. With a few mighty bounds down the hillside Donald was in the shed.

The strangers were no other than the revenue officer and the constable already referred to. The officer, a big, puffy, middle-aged man with a white waistcoat, was just in the act of setting one of the kegs on end when Donald, like a mountain tornado, was upon him. Throwing his arms around the stooping stranger, he flung him with such force against a door in the back of the building, that the door burst open and the dignified representative of Her Majesty's Customs went rolling down the steep, grassy hillside. Like lightning

Donald sprang at the other intruder, but the constable, a wiry, middle-sized man, met him half-way. Simultaneously they grappled and grappled, and as Donald in his blind fury, strove to hurl the constable after the officer, they both tumbled promiscuously out of the shed. In falling they relaxed their hold of each other, and when Donald, who had slid farther down the hill than the other, sprang forward to the attack, he was confronted by a rather ominous looking revolver. This sobered our hero at once. Then the constable, quietly producing a pair of hand-cuffs, said, "See here youngster, I arrest you in Her Majesty's name; and as I judge you'll act more civilized like with bracelets than without, I intend to give you a pair free gratis. Hold out your wrists."

Now Donald had great respect for the revolver which still pointed at him from the constable's left hand, but at the same time he had a strong aversion to being hand-cuffed. Always free as the wind,—free to run, to leap, to climb, to hurl stones,—the idea of being bound was simply awful. "Say mister," said he with a look half pathetic and half defiant, "I give in; but you *couldn't* put them irons on me without the shooter."

"I could and I will," and dropping the pistol on the grass he seized Donald by both wrists. Then began the struggle in good earnest. Donald's wrists were soon free, but the officer's strong hand was seeking his throat. They writhed and twisted and fell, but even in their fall they stood manfully by each other. The birds hushed their even-song in terror, and the kindly brown eyes of the cows watched them wonderingly from the barnyard. They rolled over and over, and victory seemed about to perch now here, now there. Mrs. Smith ran down from above, and the bald-headed owner of the white waistcoat, having found his hat and a part of his breath, came puffing to the scene from below. Mrs. Smith started to relate her family history, but the customs official deemed the moment inopportune. She then shouted to Donald "not to hurt the gentleman," and that if he "didn't let go and get up she'd get the kettle and pour water on him." As she started for the house in pursuance of this threat, the representative of the customs department concluded that something ought to be done. He danced around the mass of struggling humanity with the agility of a porpoise. After receiving a kick on the back of the hand and licking the spot he sallied in again. But in earnestness of purpose and intelligence of deed he was about on a par with four colored sailors, who, once upon a time, finding themselves in a sinking boat and feeling convinced that something solemn ought to be done, and knowing nothing of any other religious exercise, concluded to take up a collection. The revenue officer certainly had zeal, but whether according to knowledge or not remains to be seen. He grasped digit at arms and legs, and finally succeeded in seizing a foot. Without waiting a moment to consider whose this particular foot might be, he pulled with a steadiness and perseverance worthy of Deacon King's old horse when the deacon hitched him to a log and shouted, "together Charlie." The foot stayed, but the boot and stocking came. Encouraged by this success he tried again and soon another boot and stocking were bagged.

On losing the second boot the constable looked up and saw Mrs. Smith approaching with the kettle. Not knowing whether the water was hot or cold, but knowing well that he was surrounded by fools, he sprang to his feet. Donald was up at the same instant. The sight of the constable's

bare feet suggested to him the idea of flight, and in the twinkling of an eye he was bounding over the hill side. The bare-footed officer made a dash to follow, but sank down at the third step; and there is grave reason to doubt that his incoherent mutterings were prayers for the long life and prosperity of his friend of the customs department. While the constable put on his boots Mrs. Smith entertained the revenue officer with the story of how she had married beneath her station.

(Continued on page 18).

MISTAKEN.

There is sadness round the cottage by the sea,
There's a dreariness that covers all the strand;
A weeping mother living,
A father unforgiving,
And a shade that lies across the golden sand.

There's a foot-fall in the cottage by the sea,
And a messenger who beckons with his hand!
There's a mystic darkened pall,
And a silence over all.
Whilst that shadow lies across the golden sand.

There's a green grave near the cottage by the sea;
There's a howed head that is covered o'er with gray;
But still the unforgiving,
The life not worth the living,
And the shadows on the sands that ever stray.

There's a strong link that was severed by the sea,
When the sunlight played across the golden sand;
A kindly word unspoken,
And hearts that aye were broken,
As the waters washed the old familiar strand.

AMY K. PENNINGTON

ALONG THE SHORE IN THE HOLIDAYS.

"Where am I, and how did I get here?" These are the first thoughts that rushed into my mind as I opened my eyes one morning in July and gazed out at my surroundings, tables, chairs, boxes, bun-bins, a tiny stove, a huge trunk, the lid open and the contents scattered about in wildest confusion, and over there, taking up one end of the room almost entirely, the perambulator—commonly called the *pram*. It is astonishing how much room a perambulator can occupy when you get it inside of a house, especially a small house. When you see them in the street in the hands of small nurse maids, they look like almost toy affairs, but take one home with you and try to put it in the hall just inside of the front door, between it and the foot of the stairs, and you will be amazed to find what enormous proportions it at once assumes.

By this time I have begun to realize that I am *here*, that I have spent the night in the midst of this ridiculous chaos, and that it is time to get up. Outside there is nothing but fog and drizzle, and I have an inward feeling that this is not as it should be. Really, you know, it ought to

be a bright sunny morning, because we have come to the country, and one always expects good weather in the country; but this particular bit of country is down "along shore," and later on we became satisfied that fog and drizzle are among the things to be expected. And now we are all stirring and breakfast is being prepared on the oilstove. I do not mean that we are all stirring the breakfast, or even the porridge, for I always keep as far away from that oilstove as possible when there is any cooking going on, the boards in the floor being loose enough to make it decidedly shaky. I remember on one occasion I entered the kitchen with more haste and perhaps less dignity than usual, and discovered I had overturned the oven, containing a raspberry pie. This was only one of the many surprises this little cooking arrangement was continually springing upon us. It was full of the unexpected.

Breakfast is dispatched and now we are putting our house to rights, work dear to the heart of every true woman. As the weather outside is still very uninviting, we feel more disposed to linger over the arrangement than perhaps we otherwise would do. I own to feeling still rather disappointed about the weather, injured in fact, but the "Philosopher" exclaims, "never mind, we will be here when the sun *does* come out." And so we were, and was it not glorious! All the better for coming *after* the rain and the fog, the air made clean and crisp with a touch of "the brine from the ocean," the dazzling sunlight in its munificence, spreading itself over the face of the water, and flinging shafts of gold at the huge granite cliffs, which in their night throw it back with gigantic force until all nature is filled with a sense of light and gladness.

Now, we are going to live out of doors; and now you will understand why we have brought the *pram*—our chief friend and assistant. I firmly believe we could never get on without it. We are making strenuous efforts to capture *some* of the "beautiful" by which we are surrounded, and carry it back on our modest canvases to adorn our homes in the coming winter time, and remind us of the sunshine and happiness of the summer that has been. So the *pram* carries our camp stools, easels and colour boxes, also (a by no means unimportant also) our lunch basket, and the kettle in which we boil our fish.

The *pram* accompanies us when we make our evening visit to the grocer's, and it takes home our loaves of bread, canned goods and any luxuries in which we feel like indulging. At first the natives were somewhat curious about it, but now I almost believe they would think it odd to see us without it. Let me say a word about these natives,—the dear, kind, hospitable, fisher folk, among whom we are living. How very little, who live in the city know about them; and y't, they are our next door neighbors. It required but a slight effort on our part to bring us in touch with them. Those strong men, patient toilers of the sea, with their generous hearts, and a certain dignity and independence of character, which is rather a surprise to us. And their good wives and mothers whose daily duty goes steadily on while their heart are often riven with care and anxiety when the wind blows and the "men are out." We are interested too in the children, self-possessed and well behaved. Sometimes they come to call upon us, two or three at a time. The prim little "grown up" manner they assume as they sit down and proceed to entertain us is very amusing. On the next visit they

always bring the baby, because they know we *love babies*, and they feel assured it is the greatest treat they can give us. We have other visitors besides the children, and treats even greater than the babies—the dear old uncles and aunts (by adoption), who are always welcome, and whose tales of the past—"The wreck of the *Tribune*," "When the *Humbolt* was lost," &c., &c., are of untiring interest. We find ourselves becoming more and more in sympathy with their personal affairs, and are much touched when our dear old man tells us of his wife's illness, and upon inquiry on our part as to the nature of her ailment, explains that "the doctor calls it a *tonic* in her ankle." (No doubt meaning something chronic.)

As the days become cooler we take long tramps to charming little bays, coves and harbors, each one possessing a different attraction all its own. At some there are only about two or three houses, at others half a dozen or more, and everywhere we meet the same warm hospitality. It expands one's heart to find there are so many nice people in the world. They have not *very* much to offer, but it is offered so cordially! We are glad to find that nearly all the families are within reach of a school house. The girls and boys are at least learning to read and write, "and after that." I ask myself "what?" What available literature have they? Cheap trashy novels mostly—or even worse. Cannot we do something to better the situation in this respect? Instead of sending all our spare books and papers out to the North West, might we not gather together some good wholesome reading matter and pass it on to these young people who live so near us, and yet are kept so far away by our want of interest. At all events I mean to try. And so passes all too quickly our pleasant summer. What stories of good things we are laying up to fall back upon in the times of snow and ice! The moonlight evenings out on "The Head" with occasional impromptu concerts, an auto-harp, and a comb by way of musical instruments.

The reluctance to go to bed on such nights and to shut out from sound and view the splash of the waves beneath the window, and the gleam of moonlight on the rocks (those great grand rocks that wag out there in the stillness and quiet look like huge live creatures gone to sleep!) And the numberless sweet delights that dame nature is so delicately and unobtrusively placing side by side in our memories, to spring up and blossom afresh at the time when she thinks we are most in need of them.

How hard to leave all these, and yet, from far beyond these granite cliffs, beyond the moonlit waters is heard a tiny tint amulation which reminds us that *life means work*, and we must go back to our mills and grind, grind, grind until the summer comes again to set us free.

TINY MOUNT.

BERCEUSE.

Dehors plure et gémît décembre.
Entre les blancs rideaux fermés
De votre lit qui fleurit l'ambre ;
Mon fils, dormez.

La feuille qui tombe, tournoie
Et s'abat dans les lacs formés
Aux creux du sol et là se noie ;
Mon fils, dormez.

Quand la ronce n'a plus de mères,
Les petits oiseaux déplorés
Souffrent beaucoup dans les ramures ;
Mon fils, dormez.

Lorsque l'océan se déchaine,
Bien des enfants sont alarmés
Pour les marins au cœur de chêne :
Mon fils, dormez.

♦♦

Pour ceux qui n'auront point de couche,
O mon enfant, vous qui riez,
Priez Dieu, votre vois le touche ;
Mon fils, priez.

De l'étang où la feuille tombe,
Des nénuphars colorés
Surgiront comme d'une tombe ;
Mon fils, priez.

Dieu fournira l'amère graine
Aux oiseaux é-patriés,
Jusqu'à ce que 'nai les ramène ;
Mon fils, priez.

Et les marins au fier courage,
Seront au port rapatriés
Avant qu'ait éclaté l'orage ;
Mon fils, priez.

J. M. L.

A PROMISE.

Once upon a time there was a little girl who was asked to write for a paper.

Now, the little girl had no brains to boast of. She had never astonished the world by any great deed or original thought. In short, she was ordinary. She could make molasses candy, wash dishes, do her lessons when she had to, and enjoying herself at all times. These, while they may be possible attainments, are not of a literary character, so you may well believe me when I say that she stared, gaped and positively refused when an editor asked her to write.

But the latter was of a nagging disposition, as—alas!—an editor has to be—and she persevered.

"I'll do your Latin for a week," said he. The little girl shook her head.

"I'll help you with your arithmetic." The little girl's face was unmoved.

"Geometry exercises?" The little girl turned upon her tormentor with a look of mingled wistfulness and agony.

"O, *don't*," said she, "I never wrote a line in my life."

"High time you began," said the editor. "Promise."

"Well," said the little girl reluctantly.

"Mind you!" said the editor, "It mustn't be sentimental or flowery, or too brief or long-winded. You must *condense*, but don't make things too abrupt—and don't write about school or animals, or streams, we had all that last year. And don't give us a story with a moral. And don't write poetry. We have enough of that to fill a library."

"I think I can make it prosy enough to suit you," remarked the little girl, with a doleful smile.

"Well,—don't fill it full of description," advised the editor, "but don't make it all conversation. Just write something bright, catchy and original, you know."

The little girl *didn't* know, but she nodded in a spiritless manner, and turned away. Her heart was heavy within her, her feet lagged on the road home, her hands hung aimlessly beside her. The only thing that was not heavy about her was her head, and that was hopelessly light. It felt as if it had no ideas left in it. She sat down in her bedroom to write but she could not think, she could only feel. The very idea of writing had benumbed her faculties.

She got up early. She sat up late. She lost her appetite, besides a pound or two of flesh. She read "The Art of Writing" through. She looked at her father's bookcase with sudden respect. She dusted Dickens's works with awe. She commenced twenty stories and got to the middle of ten, but none of them would end.

At last, one night, she flung herself upon her bed in weak rage, and lay there staring at the ceiling with eyes of stony despair, until sleep closed them and she dreamed. In fact, she had the night mare, but it became, as dark things often do, her greatest blessing.

It was moonlight and she was standing on a broad, white road, with shady trees on each side and sofas under them, and chocolate sticks growing among the grass. She saw this, but she did not smile, for there was a strange forboding upon her. She felt that such bliss was not for her, and when a hideous, black fiend with swift, terrible feet and bones of iron came and took her hand, she did not resist or cry out, but looked at him silently, and shivered at his smile.

"We have met before," said he, "I am your Promise." Thus he announced himself, but he did not bow to her. Instead, she found herself bending low before him in a most abject fashion. You hate me, but I am binding. Follow me."

He led her to the end of the road and there she found a river, wide and stormy and black as despair. Where the moon shone on it, it was Carter's blue, and when the wind tossed it, its crests were Stafford red, instead of white.

"That is Inky River. Swim through it," said the fiend. But the little girl shivered and hung back. "I don't know how to swim," she said. "I can't! I won't!"

"Then," said the Fiend, I will fall to pieces. I am your Promise, and if you do not swim through this, you will break me; and your punishment will be that you will have to carry my bones round with you as long as you live, and my ghost shall haunt you forever and ever."

But, at the idea of carrying those dreadful bones all her life, and having that awful thing dog her footsteps in the dark, the little girl, with a wild shriek, flung herself into the river and struck out. She spluttered and struggled and gurgled, and felt herself sinking, at last, when the iron hand caught her arm and pulled her to shore. No word of thanks passed her lips. She blinked the black water from her eyes, and, as soon as she could see, looked to find the pieces of the fiend lying all around her, but he stood there, high and dry, which was more than she could say of herself.

"You *tried*," said he, "So I am still in the body. You did your best—that keeps me safe and sound. Follow on.

She followed on, dismally. He led her to a field covered with pointed things growing and glittering in an unearthly light. "Take off your shoes," said he, solemnly. This is Pen Meadow, and you must walk across it"

"Oh," said the little girl, piteously, "My feet are so tender, I can't."

The fiend looked at her with his awful eyes.

"Ah, well then," said he, "I shall be under the painful necessity of falling to pieces." Whereupon he rattled his bones horribly to show how loose they were at the joints, and the little girl, half mad with fright, started across the field at run. The points ran into her feet and tore them piteously. At every step she gave a shriek of pain, and at last fell forward fainting, when the iron hand plucked her

forth again, and the voice said, "you have *tried*. Follow on."

"Oh, let me rest!" begged the little girl.

"Follow on!" said the inexorable promise.

He led her to a "ble plain above which were two gigantic hands, one with a knife, the other with a pencil. The air was thick with pencil dust and slivers of wood. "Go," said the Fiend, "That is lead fog. Go, and keep your eyes and mouth wide open or I shall fall to pieces." So the little girl went forth gaping and staring, and the dust blinded and hurt her eyes, and almost choked her. She blundered on, but the fog grew heavier and heavier till it hemmed her down. "I have deliberately walked into my *grave*," she thought, "I shall be buried alive." But the iron hand lifted her by her hair, which was all of her that was visible, and brought her to clear air.

"You have *tried*. Rub your eyes and shake yourself and follow me," he said.

He led her to a lonely place full of letters of the alphabet, which floated and whirled and turned over and over in the air, like snow-flakes.

"That is Aabeesedy Land. You must form the word *Brains* out of those letters," said the fiend, with a lordly wave of his hand. "Go!"

The little girl went forward, calmly enough this time, for who could not put together the letters to spell *brains*? So she ran, and leaped, and doubled, and twisted until she caught a letter B, and this she pasted according to previous instruction, on a piece of white paper. Then she went through the same manoeuvres again till she found R, but when she turned to put it down, she found that the B had flown off among the rest. It was always so. She managed after a while to get as far as B-R-A—but as soon as she caught the "I," the others vanished. So she tried and tried till her bones ached with jumping, and the others danced giddily before her eyes, and flopped in her face, until she fell dizzily forward. Once more the iron hand rescued her with the old remark that she had *tried*, and, therefore, he would not fall to pieces, and once more she was ordered to follow him on.

I cannot begin to tell the agonies she suffered, the trials she went through—or got half way through. Suffice it to say that at last she found herself on the top of a pole far above the earth with the fiend beside her. Below her were a river, a plain, a mountain, a valley, a swamp and a deep hole.

"That river is the unquenchable stream of moral stones. You must not jump *there*," said the Fiend, his voice cutting the thin air sharply. "That prairie is the Plain of Sentimentality—and—longwindedness. You mustn't jump *there*. That mountain is the Elevation of Highfalutinstuff and you mustn't jump *there*, and that swamp is the Conglomeration of Poetical posies and pointless stories, and you mustn't jump *there*. And that deep hole is the well of Hackneyed subjects, so that you mustn't jump *there*. But look—do you see a bright light? A glint here and there!"

The little girl looked down and beheld a needle, point upward, swaying to and fro in a variable wind. A piece of white thread passing through the eye and fastened to the earth, kept the needle from rising higher, but it swayed to and fro slowly and unevenly, so that it glittered first in one place, then in another, like an evil eye.

"That," said the Fiend, "Is called literary success. You must jump *there*."

The little girl looked at him in horror. "Jump *there!*" said she, "I *never* could. It's so small. It keeps moving. O good Promise, dear, good, *pretty* Promise, I can't jump at all. I never could, and especially not in the point of an awful little needle. *Do, Do, Do,* let me off."

"You'd better wait till you're on," said the Fiend sardonically, "You *must* jump. No, not on the mountain, not on any place *except* the needle. At this the little girl's long smothered wrath burst out into a great storm. "I *wont* jump," said she, wildly. "I *wont*. I *wont*. I *wont*. I'll stay here on the top of this pile forever, but I *wont* jump."

The fiend eyed her with a ghastly air awful to see. "You made me sad," said he, pointing at her with a lean accusing finger, "and you may break me, but remember you cannot rid yourself of my presence. My bones will rattle in your ears. My ghost shall haunt your dreams. Jump!"

"I will *not*," said the girl firmly.

"Then I shall fall to pieces."

"Fall, then," said the little girl, cruelly. "And the sooner you break your silly old bones the better."

Then the Fiend's teeth began to shake horribly in his jaws, his bones commenced to creak and grind, his eyes started, his arms and legs flopped and quivered, and every separate hair on his head stood up and waived in a belligerent and threatening way, like the tails of a million angry cats, ready to spring.

The girl, aghast at so unearthly a sight, stood upright, fixed her eye on that treacherous needle, leaped into the air and sank, sank, sank, past it, down, down, despairing, sick, hopeless, expecting every moment to be dashed to pieces when she awoke.

It was mid-night, but she lighted the gas, and wrote what you have read.

"My nightmare shall be the horse to carry me over the rough road," said she to herself, "and if the editors won't have a real, solemn dream this year, they'll have to get some one else to write some fictitious, wide-awake thing—for I can't."

Having decided this, she put out her light and went to bed, and from that day her appetite increased, her peace of mind returned, and she was once more sane and responsible.

MOUNTAINEERING IN NOVA SCOTIA.

In Nova Scotia, not fifty miles from its metropolis, Halifax, is a mountain known as Mount Aspotogan. Seen from the watering-place of Chester, this has the appearance of a great lion, couchant. Seen from further west, towards Mahone, it appears as a sugar loaf. But it is neither. It is simply a mass of grey, Nova Scotia granite. The highest point above the level of the sea is about five hundred feet. At the highest point where ordinary tourists go it is about three hundred. Not much along side of Mount Washington, but Mount Washington does not go down straight into the sea. Across the summit of this mountain, from the tourists' look-off to the other side, there are about two miles of "Forest Primeval," and treacherous bogs. An old lumberman told me, that, from the very summit, one can see Halifax Citadel and part of MacNab's Island.

Where the mountain rises so precipitously it is two hundred or three hundred feet sheer above Deep Cove, of

unfathomed depth, which is said to have been the retreat of the famous Captain Kidd, when he came into these regions to bury his ill-gotten gains on Oak Island. On the other side of the Cove the mountain rises nearly as abruptly, but not to such a height, in a rounded hill that gives the lion his fore-paws, when the mountain is viewed from a distance. Thus, almost surrounded by hills, the waters of Deep Cove have lain for many years undisturbed by the tempests which lashed into fury the wild Atlantic so near it. The fishermen consequently use this Cove as a basis of operations, and the shore at the head of the Cove is fringed by fish-drying huts.

When we had arrived safely at the head of Deep Cove, we climbed on the wharf, and looked dubiously at the ascent. The government-kept road along the foot of the cliff is built partially of iron, and a gully of loose shale forms the only place of ascent in this part of the mountain. Oh! yes, there *is* a path, but at the foot it is hard to find, *really* beginning about half way up the shale. Most persons, without an experienced guide, struggle directly up the shale to the top of the gully, where behold! you are met by the path, which, here not absolutely necessary, appears in view.

We followed this, getting further and further upward, skirting the cliff in places where we threw stones over the edge, and they fell down, down, down, to the foot of the mountain, without striking anything in their fall. In a few minutes we stood at the edge of the cliff, at its top, and gazed over the broad Mahone Bay, with its three hundred and sixty-five islands, reaching away to the westward. Below was Deep Cove, and a plain, stretching from the head of the Cove, towards the south-east, skirts the base of the cliffs for about a mile. It is a beautiful view at any time, and on a fine day would be very beautiful. But the day we were there was rather cloudy. As we stood admiring the view, the little pleasure steamer from Chester entered the Cove, and crept up to the iron road. We could almost see down her funnel as she stopped near the foot of the cliff. We came down by way of the path, which considerably lessened the difficulty at the gully. When we got down we found the Americans, who had come *via* the steamer, setting off to walk round the foot of the cliff, to seek some less arduous mode of ascent, which they did not find, for the steamer left the iron road before we in our yacht had got well out into the Bay. This ascent is by means of no cog-railways or inclined trolleys, but in the "Good Old Way," and a very pleasant way it is, that is, it is very pleasant when you are looking back on it.

WINTHROP P. BELL.

FOR THE ACADEMY ANNUAL.

TOMMY ATKINS TO THE STUDENT SOLDIER.

(1200 leagues after Kipling, and with profuse apologies.)

'Ere's a word for the 'Igh-School sojer,

You'd call 'im *Cadet* I dare say,

A numerous, bloomerous chappy,

I've watched 'im from over the way.

(P'raps 'eard 'im from over the way.)

W'en 'e's standin' on guard, or watchin',

'E's neater nor new canteen tins

In 'is tunic—'Blue-gray an' gray-blue,

An' trowsies what's shy of 'is shins.

('Is trowsies! *they* soar above shins)

An 'e comes in assorted sizes,
The lad 'as to fit to the suit,
'E's taller nor Bill Dad the Shoe-'eight,
'E's 'igher'n a Wellington boot,
(Tho' Wellington's wa'n't no *burnt* boot).

An' if 'e "trails arms" "at the shoulder,"
Now that aint "a pair o' dox quite,"
Just think of 'is *blunderbuss* Snider,
An' then take a think on 'is 'eight,
(Ow tall would I be?—with 'is 'eight).

An' 'is band! well 'magine Dan Godfrey's
An' Sousa's an' more, rolled in one!
It ornaments the long British drum-beat
That follows the sweep o' the sun,
(A cosomerpollyton sun!)

'E's generally always quite stiddy
W'en 'e's layin' seige to 'is books;
But w'en the drill hour gets hirsesome,
'E keeps 'is eyes hopen for 'ooks,
(An' 'e catches it 'ot with these 'ooks).

An' 'e 'ob-nobs away with 'is officiers,
'Cause there aint no soshyal line,
No more there's in the militia,
The which 'e is likely to jine,
(An' 'e *does* not infrequently jine).

With 'is swagger stick I 'ave seen 'im,
'Ow 'e gives it the proper twirl
An' a bloomin' bat 'as my blinkers
If 'e aint been seen with a girl,
(Is sister? W'y *she* aint 'is girl).

'E's 'effin' the sword of the British,
An' 'e's findin' it 'eavy and true;
An' if 'e is crilled by 'is country,
'E'll certingly know what to do,
(An' I think 'e'll *do* it, don't you?)

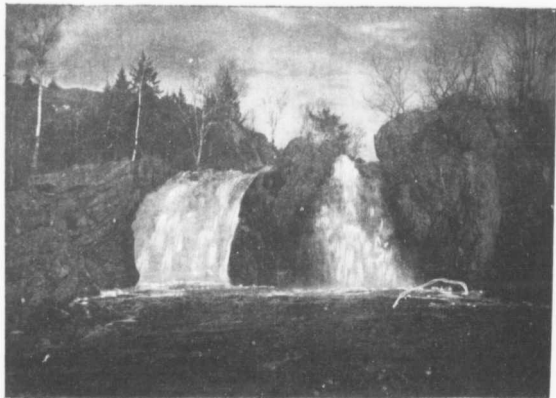
For 'e's not too bad of a sojor,
That is, takin' 'im all around,
An' if 'e aint seen no great fightin',
I'll wager 'is idees is sound,
(There's nothing like *idees*—when sound).

S'pose 'e lived to see *Army Geddou*,
An' the war-god 'e 'eld a soiree,
Our 'ero 'ud furnish some red-wine,
An' 'e'd pour it out jolly and free,
(E's 'eard what it costs to be free).

'Ere's my comp's to the 'Cademy sojor,
An' if Rooshan, Frenchman and Boer
Set 'oof on Victorian's carpets,
E'll 'elp us to show 'em the door,
(Guns! they'll *prechtiate* our *hopen door*).

*Then it's strike up the drums and the bugles,
Come along o' the reg'lers? That's right!
We'll hemmygrate to Mars,
(We'll take the Parlor cars.)
An' we'll show the bloomin' Marsters how to fight.*

KARL KRONER.



A prize offered for the best sample of amateur photography was won by Alfred Archibald of class D. The above cut is from a view of the falls at Fall River, Halifax County, taken by Mr. Archibald in August last.

Mr. Reginald Corbett, who did some beautiful work of this kind last term, is now a clerk in the Bank of British North America.

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LONG LIVE OUR COURSE OF STUDY!

What! Too many studies did you say? Really, I think you must be out of your right mind, if you consider that we have too many studies in the curriculum of the Halifax County Academy.

It is my purpose to take the part of the much abused course of study, and to correct any such suppositions as this, coming from those outside of the Academy, who are our sympathizers. In advocating the present curriculum of this institution of learning, my task is as delightful as that of defending the paintings of Raphael, or the musical compositions of Beethoven against all critics; but were I to turn critic myself, it would be as difficult for me to find fault with the works of these same old masters.

It is true, I acknowledge, that several students have been reported as whispering (of course they would not dare to speak out such rank treason), that they did honestly think that there is such an abundance of subjects in our course, that they could not put sufficient time on any one of them to learn it thoroughly. How utterly absurd this seems to one who knows just how many studies there are, and what they are. See if you don't agree with me before you finish this little account of our school work.

I will take up the subject under three heads that are simple and easily remembered:—First—the number of studies; second—the amount of work in each; and third—the manifold advantages of this well nigh perfect course.

Let us then see how many studies there are at present, and about how many it will be wise to add for the benefit of future scholars. Taking the B class to base our observations on, that is the highest class, and its pupils are naturally expected to do the greatest amount of work; we see that the majority of this class have only ten different subjects which they are to keep separate and bear examination upon next July. Some, indeed, have only eight! Let us tell this fact in an undertone, as something of which we are very much ashamed. Add to this that those who take two *optional* studies have *only* twelve subjects, and the depths of our humility are reached. That is to say, part of us will have twelve papers in the exams, another part ten, and a very small part only eight.

What a snap it is to be cram up for these exams, when you have only twelve subjects to study! How easy it is to keep each one in its own special compartment of the brain, ready to be called upon at any minute! How impossible to confuse any of the studies, and how utterly intolerable it would be if we were compelled to part with any of them! Oh horrors! don't tear one of this small and select list away. Nay, give us more! That is all we ask. We are like Oliver Twist; he asked for more studies, didn't he? No? Was it more porridge he asked for? I can hardly believe that, but you have a better memory than the writer, and he gives in.

Yes, *more* is all that will satisfy us. Does the Council of Public Instruction think we are any less able to learn here than in the United States? Why just think, their fourth year High School class, which corresponds to the old "A" class that is now extinct in this school, have (generally) five separate studies! Now don't we feel small? To think that we are judged capable of taking only *twelve* subjects at a time, and the Yankees have to take *five*. Are we so inferior as that? No, a thousand times no! Add

studies to our list we beg of you, till it becomes at least as long as our American cousins'. We feel the need of something to arouse our minds from their dormant condition, and we would respectfully suggest this expedient of adding new subjects.

Now we know what a small number we have, let us see how much work there is to each subject. Suppose we start with Geometry. Everyone knows how easy this subject is, and how almost impossible it is to confuse any two proportions; to give "First and Twenty-ninth" as a reference instead of "First and Twenty-seventh." Again, the exercises in the text book that we use, Hall and Stevens', were evidently meant for either a class of four-year-olds or a set of idiots who could not be expected to reason, for really none of those so-called exercises take the least bit of thought or reasoning power. Geometry, as all of my readers know who have had experience, can hardly be counted as a study at all for it is so extremely free from difficulty, and devoid of anything that requires brain work. They understand that, in doing problems, no originality nor memory is brought into use in even the slightest degree.

Having disposed of this plighting, we now turn to Algebra. You must know that the latter part of Hall and Knight's Algebra, commencing at Quadratic Equations, and from there to the end of the book is really nothing beyond the grasp of our baby brothers, if we have any. (This to be taken in a mental sense, not a physical). Teachers repeatedly send from a distance to Mr. M., our instructor in this line, for him to do some of the questions for them, notably certain ones on page 224. Still we know that if any of us were to put more than a passing thought on these difficult problems, they would immediately become as transparent as glass (ground glass, you understand).

But as this subject is hardly worth spending any more time upon, perhaps we had better pass on to History. Of course we all know how easy it is to remember dates. Just stop and think a moment, my reader. How many dates in the history of this Universe are you perfectly sure of, and how much of the tale that hangs thereby can you supply for each. A circumstance that removes the only possible difficulty in the way of our History is the extremely short period about which we have to learn. It extends only from prehistoric times, somewhere about 4000 B. C., to the present day, and has to do with only such nations as have existed on this big ball of ours since nations first began to exist at all. Right here let me say a word for our author, Mr. Swinton. He is the Prince of "Boilers-down." I never saw so much history packed between the covers of one small book in my life. But Swinton's Universal History is a universal fraud, so far as anything difficult to remember is concerned. Therefore we will skip lightly over this, in search of something that is worthy of our powers.

We shall not find it in Physiology, I am sure, for who, pray, cannot name all the bones of his body, his organs of digestion, circulation and respiration, and explain the structure of each? Didst ever see any poor, uneducated mortal, who could not with ease pronounce glesso-pharyngeal, gelatinization, epiglottidean, or sudoriparus? Methinks the pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum would do well with these words.

What a simple thing the human skeleton is, to be sure. See how few its parts, how much they all resemble one

another. Could not any one of us form just such a skeleton with our eyes shut?

But we have not yet come upon a "foeman worthy of our steel." Perhaps Physics can do something for us. But no, here we have nothing but what is perfectly natural and easily explained. We all understand how we stay on the earth, while it is whirling round and round on its axis, and at the same time wheeling through space at a terrific rate. We know why a needle will float on water, and why an innocent looking piece of steel will make several other pieces of the same metal fly towards itself with the greatest agility. We know just what the atmosphere is, and how high it extends. We are acquainted with a vacuum. (Illustration, our own brain last July, while taking exams). We know why and just how snowflakes take such varied and beautiful shapes, the like of which man has never been able to produce. We understand all these things, I say, without study. Instinct teaches them to us!

To come to our particular text book, what though there be questions in it, to which our learned instructor, aided by the united efforts of his class, gets a different answer every year.

But to leave this, and pass to one of our greatest amusements, namely, C. Juli Caesaris, De Bello Gallico, Libri II. et III. How we do enjoy hearing old C. tell us of all the great things he did, and how a "Thanksgiving of fifteen days was decreed, which had before happened to no man." Oh, the poor turkeys! Just think of them, dear friends; and for fifteen days, too! They must have felt awfully cut up about Caesar's victory over the Belgae. And also that time when "everything had to be done by Caesar at one time." Half a dozen signals had to be given on his foghorn, two or three table-cloths stunk up on separate clothes-poles *ad cohortantes milites*, the soldiers recalled who had gone a little too far for the sake of robbing hen roosts, and the ranks formed, tallest on the right. The soldiers don't have time to get on their fighting togs, feathers, and so forth, as the enemy are sliding up the hill with a look in their eyes as if they meant to get possession of the canned tomatoes and condensed milk which the Roman soldier always carried about him.

All this is told in fluent English (that is, being translated, of course). All of us who are acquainted with Julius, know how fond he is of short sentences. How he does exert himself to break up his thoughts into nice simple sentences, instead of making one great long one, containing several thoughts. He beats Macaulay out of sight in this particular.

That makes me think what jolly times we do have with Mac. Everybody ought to know that he is the duck who wrote a long winded essay on Milton. During this very pugilistic and brickbat-argumentative effusion, he branches off into his thoughts on Charles the First, James the Second, Cromwell and William of Orange, the Puritans and in fact everyone that has nothing to do with Milton.* Despite all public opinion to the contrary, he says so-and-so was a good man, and so-and-so number two was a bad man, and his saying so, makes it so (to Thomas Babington at least).

*Still it is easy to know wherever we are in the book, that it is Milton the author is writing about, for at the top of every page it says, "Macaulay's Essay on Milton." The publishers are good men, and used to be boys themselves once, I think. At the bottom of the pages are the notes. These really make the text as clear as mud, and sometimes have as much to do with the Essay as other notes that are occasionally passing around the room.

Macaulay's favorite way of closing an argument is: "These arguments are so obvious that it may seem superfluous to dwell upon them."

What a snap Milton's four poems will be for half a year's work. Only four of them: L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Comus and Lycidas, any one of which would make a good year's study. In fact one of them has been used as work in literature at Dalhousie College. It is my opinion that next July, Milton will come to the conclusion, wherever he is, that it would have been ten dollars in his pocket if he had never been born. Some of us may come to the same conclusion, that is, it would have been something in the way of medals in *our own* pockets if he never had.

It might be well to touch upon Xenophon just here. Of course it need not be repeated before you, my learned reader, that Xenophon was a Greek newspaper reporter. He was on the War Staff, went to battle with the army, you know, and while the others were fighting, he would sit on a drum, and write an "instantaneous account of the fight," for his paper. He did this to amuse himself, to benefit the public, and to keep himself supplied with rations.

According to his account, the leader, Cyrus, got hurt, in fact he was killed and then had his head cut off. Soon the other generals began to plan how they may fall into a trap laid by Tissaphernes, Cyrus' brother, and be treacherously killed. They succeed in losing their heads, and the command devolves upon our reporter. He leads the army back to where they came from by a long and circuitous route, and then writes his Anabasis,—a story of the march.

Now this story is written in Greek, and someone long ago took it into his head that it would be a good thing for students to exercise their brains upon, in translating. This work is wonderfully easy. You don't know the delights of translating Greek? Well, I won't tell them to you, for you would be sure to take that study immediately, and our Greek class is already crowded for room. You may not have liked the looks of a page of Greek upon first sight. To the uninitiated it does look hard, but you must know that those queer looking signs are only the illustrations, showing the hen-scratches made behind Xenophon's tent by some of the fowl he carried with him, and so forth. The text is really written out between the lines in good English! (See the books of our Greek class).

Add to what have been enumerated, such toys as Greek and Latin Composition, Latin Grammar, Practical Mathematics, French, German, etc., and you have the "B" Class course of study.

The advantages of this course are obvious. The studies are so few that we are able to recite twice a week on each one, and forget all we know between lessons. I suppose you know that the languages are best learned by having but one short lesson a week; and then shutting the book and putting your mind on something else till the next week.

Now in closing, on behalf of the students of this Academy, I plead for an addition to our curriculum! Can you not at least let us have Hebrew, Chaldee and Sanscrit, for Languages; Caedmon and Chaucer, or some other light reading matter for Literature; and perhaps a few books of Solid Geometry and Higher Algebra?

If anyone doubts my sincerity in these remarks, or thinks he sees a word that could be construed into sarcasm, he had better keep such sentiments to himself, or else choose "pistols and swords," and call at the office of

R. E. B. (Ed.).

HOW OLDSTUDIOUS PASSED THE 'XAMS.

But the Teacher's brow was sad,
And the Teacher's speech was low,
He darkly scanned the calendars,
Thought darkly of the Foe.
"Exams will be upon us
Before our plugging's through ;
And if they find us unprepared,
What think ye we can do ?"

Then out spoke brave *Oldstudious*,
Of large and well-filled pate :
"To every scholar in this school
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can one die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For Fame, and Rank, and Learning,
The student's household gods ?"

"Be not alarmed, Sir Teacher,
Leave it to us, ye may ;
I, with two more beside me,
Will pass the 'Xams that day ;
And win marks bringing credit
Upon this school and thee ;
Now who will stand on either hand,
And pass the 'Xams with me ?"

Then out spake *Easy-Learner*,
So smart and proud was he ;
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And pass the 'Xams with thee."
And out spake old *Leftover*,
A last year's student he ;
"I will abide on thy left side,
And pass the 'Xams with thee."

"Oldstudious," quoth the teacher,
"As thou say'st so let it be."
And straight against the great array
Went forth the learned Three.

* * * * *

Meanwhile the fatal Papers,
Right fearful to behold,
Came on in in piles of tens and scores
To make their hearts quake to their cores
Although they were so bold.
Some four-score questions sounded
A peal of warlike glee ;
The parchments sable seemed to them,
And blazoned o'er with words of flame ;
With unrelenting looks they came
Straight toward the dauntless Three.

The Three sat calm and silent,
And looked upon their foes,
Till it seemed as though mock laughter
From all the Papers rose.
At first three gruesome Studies
Before the others sought
To throw to earth by ways they knew,
The valiant, wise, presumptuous few,
And bring their marks to naught.

Then *Algebra* from Araby,
Rushed on with X Y Z,
And *Euclid*, son of Helene,
The Father of Geometry,
And *Xenophon*, Greek author he,
Who home a Lost Hope led,
The brave, far-famed Ten Thousand Greeks,
Who failed to win through Grecian tricks,
And left their leader dead.

Easy smote down the *Algebra*,
Lefto'er laid *Euclid* low ;
Right to the heart of *Xenophon*,
Oldstudious sent a blow.
"Lie there," he cried, "fell robber
Of patience and of sense !
No more need student dread his mark,
Brought low by thy destroying bark ;
For right well have I conquered thee,
Thou'st failed to send my rank from me,
Farewell, and get thee hence."

But meanwhile memory fails them,
They grow confused in mind,
Oh, how they wish they had the books
That they have left behind !
But the Three were *honest* victims,
And no "cribs" would deign to use ;
(For honesty is something
That is not confined to Jews).

Then sad was *Easylearner*,
Leftover gave up hope ;
Their muddled brains no longer now
Could with their studies cope.
But when they turned their faces
Which dark defeat confessed,
They saw *Oldstudious* writing still,
With smiling face and hurrying quill,
Which seemed to say with right good will,
Victor mihi est !

Alone sat brave *Oldstudious*,
But unconfused in mind,
Engraven on his brain the books
Which he had left behind.
"Down with him now," cried *Swinton*,
Of the Historian race ;
"Now yield ye," loud cried *Caesar*,
"Now yield thee to our grace !"

Still wrote he, as not deigning
The solid ranks to see ;
Naught cared he for the *History*,
For *Caesar* naught cared he !
But with ease he overcame them,
And then returned he home,
To dream of his certificate,
And wait for it to come.

At last the precious Parchment
Before him lies unrolled.
"But what is this ?" he loudly cries,
"Oh, can I quite believe my eyes ?"

The figures there to his surprise
 All perfect papers told!
 Was he not then a hero?
 Did not friends and teachers vie,
 With prizes and with medals,
 In smothering him wellnigh?
 Now, since examinations
 Are things of long ago,
 Since cramming's done away with,
 And we're marked on what we *know*;
 E'en now, to slothful students,
 By teachers manifold,
 With frequent admonitions,
 Still is the story told,
 How well *Obdustidius* passed the 'Xams
 In the brave days of old.

HORATIUS.

COLLEGIATE SCHOOLS OF TORONTO.

WHILE so much interesting information is being given about our OWN Academy in this issue, it may be desirable to read about similar institutions in one of the other important cities of our Dominion, namely, Toronto.

There, much attention is given to the position and environments of the Collegiate Schools. They are placed on the best streets when in the centre of the city or on the outskirts where the air is naturally purer. They are surrounded by large lawns and often by beautiful trees, both of which much enhance the beauty of the buildings.

The buildings themselves are large and handsome as well as convenient. The halls are spacious and light, and the classrooms are comfortably seated and well ventilated.

Beside these necessities there are gymnasiums for the youth of both sexes. These are well fitted up with bars, ladders, chest-weights and all that is required in a gymnasium of such pretensions. Basket-ball is the game most indulged in and many interesting contests may be viewed from any place of safe retreat. Lunch rooms, fitted with chairs and tables, are provided for the use of scholars who may wish to use them.

The faculty, as a rule, consists of about eight teachers including the Principal. The Principal is also the business manager of the Institution and has an office, apart from the teacher's room, where he receives visitors and despatches business. Here are also kept the books and maps used for reference throughout the school, as well as the library books.

The hours of attendance are from 9 a. m. to 12 m., and from 1.30 p. m. to 4 p. m., which time is divided into eight periods. The scholars are divided into six grades, each grade being known by a number.

The work gone over during the attendance is much the same as our own, but, of course, is not taken in the same order. Parts of the matriculation exams. may be taken perhaps a year before the student leaves the school. These exams. entitle him, as far as they are concerned, to get his matriculation.

Literary Societies are the rule in these schools and consist of members of both sexes, which, of course, make the proceedings much more interesting. Many interesting debates and concerts are held during the winter months. Every few weeks an open meeting is held, when all mem-

bers of the school and parents are invited. At the yearly closing, which is held about the middle of November, an important part is taken by the members of these clubs, who, by their skill as dramatists, often meet with marked success.

As many of the students live two or three miles distant, special tickets are issued by the car company for their convenience. Ten of these tickets may be procured for twenty-five cents.

B. M. M.

NOTES ON THE FASHIONS.

Let us be fashionable or die!

A little silly human fish is either "in the swim," or "out of sight." To be in the swim is to spend all our time and energy in keeping stroke with or distancing all other little fish, be they cod, herring, mackerels, minnows, or even whales.

To be out of sight is to be lost in a dark, dingy, terrible sea of obscurity, with time to develop our originality, and power to observe the somersaults, twists and various other antics of the swimming fish.

It is fashionable just now to have an absorbing interest in football. If you would be "in the swim," you must dream of it, think of it, *race* over it, and have your sentences plentifully be sprinkled with such finishing touches as "touch-down," "scrim," "got a goal," "Roupetty, Roupetty-roup! D'hoouse's in the soup!" and other such elegant expressions. If you chance to come upon any foolish and incomprehensible person who does not care for this all-powerful game, you must raise your eyebrows, stare and then become calmly but unmistakably cold in your manner, for you may be sure that an individual who has no taste for football is very much out of date, and consequently *not in the swim*. You must array yourself in your Sunday go-to-meeting dress on the day before Sunday, and place upon your martyred head the best hat you possess. Thus be-decked you must proceed to the football grounds, to get your finery creased and crushed, and yourself jammed to pieces. While on the grounds you must get so excited that you will shout and scream as if your wits had left you. With a courage and delicacy not unlike that of the Roman ladies when they witnessed the bloody deeds in the arena, you must smile and applaud when one man is knocked senseless, another is bruised, and a third, perhaps, has his leg broken. It would be very ill-bred of you to disapprove of any trivial matters, such as men being carried off the field limp and nerveless, or wiping blood from their faces. To be in the height of fashion you must be so excited over the game that nothing else can move you. You must put football above and beyond every other thing. *The ball* must be your one consideration. Blood, sprains, dislocations, fractures—*these* are not to be counted. Anyone who disapproves of the game, or is not interested therein, is very common, indeed, positively vulgar.

If you get a cold in your head from shivering on the grounds, it is awfully sweet of you, and your red and swollen nose is a flaming sign that you have martyred yourself for the sake of society.

"It is the *Fashion*." Thus do you silence your anxious mothers and protecting friends. *Football* and *Fashion* each begin with an F, and so do *Fool* and *Folly*.

How strange it would be if it were fashionable *not* to be in the fashion. Suppose it suddenly became "the thing" for everyone to follow out her own opinions, boldly to stand up for them, and not go patiently and idiotically making a martyr of herself for the sake of being in that conglomeration of all sorts of people which we call "the swim." Well, what a time there would be!

To be in the Fashion is to be commonplace. The dressmaker wears herself to a shadow considering what will best suit Mrs. Lallygag. Mrs. Lallygag gives herself grey hairs debating with her dressmaker. Jane Maria Beckstreeter worries herself and her purse thin, apeing Mrs. Lallygag. So they all—mistress and servant, rich and poor, high and low, and patient slaves of the Fashion sheet. From this we gather that to be fashionable is to be like everybody else; and to be like everybody else is to be common, which proves that we are all fashionable, and therefore all equal. So, since we have aims and tastes in common, and are chips off the same silly old block, let us drop our snobbery and act towards other human beings with a little civility. Let us practice politeness and make *that* fashionable.

Do you know that the fashion of affecting the faintly scornful smile, the curl of the lip, the uplifted nose, the imbecile, well-bred stare has come in among us? If you keep your eyes open down in the cloak-room, you will be highly amused at some antics you will see. I think we all understand without explanation. But what ridiculous little geese we are to keep up the game of "Follow my leader," in a free and easy public place, such as the Halifax Academy.

For mercy's sake let us be original for once, and banish anything so vulgar as snobbery from among us.

Why, even in going up and down stairs during change of class or at recess, there is so much of it going on, that I wonder that we do not see the ridiculous side of it ourselves and laugh all the rest of the morning!

Do you know how to judge most accurately who is a lady and who is not? Here is the key—snobbery. Snobbery, uppishness, whatever you choose to call it, belongs to those who have sprung from nothing and do not know what to make of themselves.

Sometimes when you sit down and count up the small mean ways, the utterly senseless doings, that belong to us all, doesn't it disgust you with yourself and the world? The earth turns round too fast for some of us, I think, for we are all giddy.

I wonder if we shall some day reach a place where our heads shall be clear and our eyes perfect, so that we shall see below the surface and know what people and things are really worth. We do not know now, we judge by what we see. Perhaps some day we shall find that we have been deceived in a great many things; that we have estimated some above their worth and others below. Of course we must exercise due care in forming judgments and not jump to conclusions about either people or things; but still we shall make many blunders through life. This we cannot avoid. But one thing we can do; we can see to it that we are good and true, and then we shall gradually attract and be attracted by those whose friendship is worth having.

Dear Editors,—Do not you think the City Council might set apart some pond within the city limits where *girls* might

have a chance to skate without being in danger of being run over by soldiers or knocked down by boys playing hockey, or playing the fool? Many girls cannot afford to go to either of the rinks, and some prefer open air skating anyway. I beg to suggest that the pond in the Public Gardens be placed at their disposal. I know they would be most careful to do no mischief. If this pond be not available, the one in the Poor House grounds.

Yours truly,
SISTER JANE.

MY SISTER LINA'S BEAUS

I think its *mean*, 'n' that I'll say,

It aint no matter wich,

If mother boxes both my ears

Er father takes his switch;

It's downright jolly *mean*, it is,

Whenever I am found

I'm always sent off straight to bed

When Lina's beas comes round.

I have ter entertain my fren's

Out in the ole back shed,

We don't get cake 'n' pies 'n' sich,

But on'y sometimes bread.

But Lina has the best front room,

With tea 'n' cakes 'n' all,

'N' sits 'n' smiles too awful sweet

When her beaus come ter call.

My dawg sleeps by the kitchen stove;

He's glad ter be so warm,

But when the cook gits on her ear,

He slinks off ter the barn.

But Lina's smarty pug gits fed

'N' combed 'n' called a 'dear,'

'N' Lina holds him on her lap

The times her beaus are here.

When Lina's goin' ter read a book,

She does it when she feels,

'N' sits up in the parlor, with

The pug-dog at her heels;

'N' has her bon-bon box at hand,

With chocolates 'n' creams,

I hev' ter sneak a *candle*, w'en

They thinks I'm havin' dreams.

My Sunday suit is laid away,

Kept up in mother's chest;

But Lina, when she wants to, she

Can wear her very best.

She goes out in the afternoons

'N' often stays ter tea,

Without a word—My eye! what would

They leave undone to me?

But sometimes, when I brush my hair

'N' wash my face 'n' chin,

'N' make myself look nice 'n' neat,

Why, Lina calls me in,

'N' takes me kinder round the neck

With jes' one arm, yer know,

An' tel's the fellers that she's got

A little brother Joe.

'N' mother sits me by her side,
While Lina pours the tea,
'N' when the beans are helped, she brings
The cake around to me,
'N' leaves it where its near, so's I
Can reach it when I want;
'N' lets me eat her chocolates
'N' never says I can't;

'N' when they asks me things, 'n' I
Jes' tell 'em what I think,
The fellers laugh ter kill themselves,
Tho' some of 'em gets pink.
Sometimes they calls me up, besides,
When no one sees, yer know,
'N' slips into my hand er coat
Jes' fifty cents er so.

Oh! don't I think its nice, 'n' won't
I call when I'm a man
On all the girls I knows around,
Ez often ez I can?
I'll praise their pets, 'n' take their small
Nice brothers off ter shows;
'N' do the things up brown, jes' like
My sister Lina's beans!!

'N' ef there's enny feller 'round
That wants a jolly fight,
Jes let 'em whisper ter themselves
My sister ain't true 'white.'
I'll wipe 'em round our back yard, 'till
They won't know up from down;
'Cause, let me tell you, she's the very
Best girl in this town!

CLARA MILLER.

DONALD CAMPBELL,—FICTION.

CHAPTER II.

Weeks elapsed before the legal authorities received any tidings of the whereabouts of Donald Campbell. Warrants for his arrest were issued, but his hiding-place remained unknown. Yet the lad had not wandered far. He was in the very next fishing village. His days were spent either with the fishing smacks or mending nets in the loft of Jem Slocum's barn. But he sometimes worked all night, and then he slept by day. His night work, when he did any, was neither more nor less than what we have known it to have been on at least one former occasion. Even before he fell under the ban of the law his training and environment had been such, that, when he aided those who were breaking their country's laws and cheating the government he was scarcely conscious of doing anything wrong. It is true that he *knew*, in a general way, that such deeds were not *right*; but his mind had never clearly grasped the idea that stealing is stealing, whether it be from a private individual or from the government, and that law-breaking is law-breaking, whether the act be done with the approval and co-operation of one's neighbors or in the face of public opinion and with the certainty of incurring the odium and punishment deserved.

Several times one long, dark November night Donald had helped to pull a boat from a single dim light on the shore to a single dim light or a schooner hovering a mile or so out; and a good many heavy packages had to be handled between trips.

Just before the dawn of day, utterly wearied, he staggered to his place in the barn loft, and before he had quite finished his frugal meal of bread and milk he was fast asleep.

The ominously calm night was succeeded by a dark and wintry morning, and the white-capped waves outside the cove chased each other angrily.

A boat containing four men was seen coasting along the shore. One and sometimes two of the men landed at different points and seemed to be searching for something. At last they landed directly below the fishing village in which Donald had found a home for six weeks or more, and in which he was at that moment asleep. Two remained with the boat, and two climbed the short steep hill leading to the row of small whitewashed houses, which, with their various appurtenances, made up the village.

Two of the men were our friends the constable and the revenue officer, and a third was an assistant constable. A hint had been received by the authorities in which not only the village, but the particular barn in which our hero might be found, was indicated.

About the centre of the village the constables passed a group of women (the men were out in their fishing boats), who were eagerly, not to say anxiously, speculating as to the errand of the visitors. "Can any of you good women," asked constable McDonald, "tell me where I might find that young rascal Donald Campbell?" "Indeed we cannot, sir. We haven't seen the poor lad for many a day."

The two constables passed on to the barn. They entered, McDonald leading the way, and quietly ascended the ladder. There fast asleep on some old sails and nets, covered with a single woolen rug, beside his unfinished supper lay the boy. An expression of sympathy—of sadness—crept over McDonald's countenance as he gazed upon the youthful sleeper, on whose fresh young face were marks of strength and also of weakness. But duty must be done. So with an inaudible sigh he produced his revolver, feeling that it was kinder to the lad to prevent a hopeless struggle, and gently kicked his foot. But it required a second and even a third kick to arouse him from the sound, dreamless sleep of youth and weariness.

On opening his eyes Donald gave a violent start. Then, as he realized his situation, he slowly turned his face away, with a rather sickly smile, and held up his wrists. At a motion from McDonald, Constable Lynch snapped a pair of handcuffs upon them, and Donald rose to his feet. Not a word was spoken. They marched down and out in single file, McDonald leading and Lynch behind. The group of women, with shawls about their heads, was still there. By looks and words they expressed their indignation at seeing Donald led away a prisoner. They taunted McDonald bitterly, but he preserved his good nature, only remarking with a laugh, "I've read that King David of old said in his haste "that all men were liars;" but if he lived in our times, he could just sit down at his leisure and remark that all women are in the same boat."

When the fisherman who had been rowing the officers saw them approaching he sprang from the boat with an imprecation, observing as he strode off homeward, "Had I a-know'n that was the game ye was after, ye'd a-come alone for me."

McDonald went up to the village again in search of a team to take his prisoner to Halifax; but no amount of pleading would induce any of the women whose husbands owned teams to let him have one. While he was in this perplexity a farmer who lived at a considerable distance drove along. After a few minutes spent in explaining and bargaining, the farmer agreed to drive Constable Lynch and the prisoner to the city.

McDonald and the customs officer then got into the boat, and although neither of them was an experienced oarsman, they started along the coast towards the next village in search of some goods which they supposed had been landed in that neighborhood.

The farmer rested and fed his horse before continuing his journey, and two of the women made use of the opportunity thus afforded to bring Donald, who had been placed in the wagon, some hot milk and bread, and of wrapping around him a fisherman's overcoat.

After they had driven a few miles and at a point where the road, descending into a hollow, ran between the grey hills and rocks rising high up on the one hand and the head of Quigley's Cove on the other, the men in the wagon saw a sight which caused them to stop suddenly. At the mouth of this little inlet are many rocks, exposed at low tide but covered when the tide is in. To one of those rocks, which was rapidly being submerged by the incoming tide, two men were clinging; and away beyond them a row-boat, bottom-up, was drifting to sea. The larger waves dashed in their faces and their shouts for help could be distinctly heard from the road. The constable and the revenue officer—for it was they—had upset their boat against the rock to which they were now clinging, and from which the angry waves, aided by the rising tide, must in a very few minutes wash them into the hungry sea. Already they were thoroughly chilled by the cold water; and although with their numbed hands they clung tenaciously to the rock, they fully realized that unless help speedily arrived, they must perish.

The instant that Donald saw the peril of the men he was out of the wagon with a bound. Lynch instinctively clutched at his prisoner, and the fisherman's great-coat remained in his hands. But the boy, tugging at his manacles, was rushing down the edge of the cove and shouting to Lynch to take those "cursed things" off his hands. As Donald stopped opposite the drowning men, who were no great distance from the shore, Lynch and the farmer came up. "Off with these things," roared the lad, thrusting the irons into Lynch's face. As the constable hastily produced the key he said, "You won't run away now, will you?" "Man! Is this a time—," but at that instant his hands were free, and throwing off his boots and outer garments with lightning speed he sprang into the sea. The wind blew from the shore, and with a few strokes he was among the rocks. As he told McDonald to seize him behind the shoulder and to keep as far from him as possible, that worthy, through his chattering teeth, answered, "Not me; take the oldest man first," and Donald struck out for the shore towing the heavy officer. But before they were more than half-way, the officer, frantic with fear, grasped his rescuer wildly; and it was with the very greatest difficulty that the lad brought his almost unconscious burden to the land. Calling to the farmer to bring the driving reins from the wagon, he started out again and felt somewhat rested when he reached the rock. But he was none to soon; for while he was still a couple of yards off, a wave, larger than the others, had carried the constable away from his refuge. After a few vigorous strokes Donald dived and came up with the man. By almost superhuman efforts he managed to keep McDonald's head above water and to make a little headway shoreward. When the constable recovered a little, Donald directed him to hold on to his shoulder, and began to swim with both arms. But in a few seconds the man lost his hold and the lad had to dive again. When they came up, the constable was unconscious and Donald's strength was fast giving way. He still buffeted

bravely with the waves, but his strokes became feeble and his progress was very slow. The thought came to him that he must drown, but the thought of leaving the constable and saving himself did not enter his mind. His exhausted muscles at last absolutely refused to move and he felt himself sinking, when a shout from the shore reached him, and the end of the leather rein flung by the farmer, who was standing far out in the water, struck his hand. He grasped it, and the boy and man were soon on dry land.

No sooner did the constable show signs of reviving than Donald, pulling on his boots and coat, ran to where the horse and wagon stood, and was soon galloping at a breakneck pace along the road. As Lynch saw him go, he said to himself, "That's the last we'll see of him for a while."

But the lad did not go far. He was simply hastening to a house which he knew to be around the turn of the road about a quarter of a mile away, and in a short time the team was back again driven by a small boy, accompanied by his mother, who brought with her some blankets and a jug of hot water. The men, after drinking a couple of mugs apiece of the hot water, were wrapped up and placed in the wagon, and the woman drove them to her home where they were made comfortable until next day. In the meantime Donald had procured dry under-clothing, and when he saw the men approaching the house he started off at a quick pace along the road. He had gone at least a half mile before Lynch and the farmer overtook him; and as the constable stepped out in order to let the lad have his place in the middle, Donald held out his wrists, and Lynch, lacking that fineness of feeling which we would expect even in a constable, snapped the handcuffs on them, and they were removed only behind the bars of the Halifax County Jail.

(Concluded on page 22).

ONE OF OUR FORMER STUDENTS.

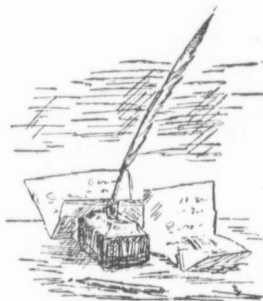
Lieut. Henry Edward Clarence Keating, one of the officers of 1st Battalion Lister Regiment, now stationed at Halifax, met his death in the heart of Africa a few months ago. Lieut. Keating was a former student of the Halifax Academy, graduating from it in 1889; and going thence to Kingston Military College. Graduating from that institution in 1892, he received a commission in the above regiment on the 17th of December of that year. On September 13th, 1893, he went to India with his regiment and was stationed at Deesa and Poona, in the Bombay Presidency. Thence he returned home on January 14th, 1895, and went to the Regimental Depot at Birr, Kings Co., Ireland. Since that time he has been engaged in special service in the Niger region in Africa. He met his untimely end when, in company with Corporal Gale, he was carrying on operations on the river near Lafagou. Both he and his companion were suddenly attacked by the natives, and murdered.

Lieut. Keating, or "Tony" Keating—the name by which he was more familiarly known in the Academy—gave promise of a brilliant career in the army. He was well liked by both officers and men, and had already shown exceptional ability in his work. He was but 26 years of age at his death, being born on December 13th, 1871, at Truro, Colchester Co. He died in the midst of active life, and his career—so soon cut short—shows what it is possible for sturdy Nova Scotians to do and become, no matter in what walk of life they may choose to go. A. S. B.



OFFICERS OF LITERARY CLUB.

THE YOUNG LADIES' LITERARY CLUB.



Yes, we girls have a literary club, and a good one too! If you have happened to glance at the English course for this year, especially that laid out for the "B" class, the thought may have crossed your mind that it contains about as much literature as ordinary mortals can stand in one year. Well, it most certainly does, but for all that, we continue having a literary club.

In our club, we run counter to all methods of study hitherto known in the Academy. We do not care anything for text-books written, perhaps, a score of years ago and full of inaccuracies. We do not try to cram, cram, *cram* facts, without any notion of what they mean or what relation they hold to one another. No! all we try to do is to understand a few things. We know it is a very old-fashioned method and one which is largely tabooed in the present system of education. But still we like it, somehow. We feel that we are out of date and far behind the times, but, I repeat, we like it. Please be patient with us for being so unreasonable. We are very young,—only two years old.

We meet every Friday in the Academy Assembly Hall. We have different ways of spending the afternoons. Some days we have a mixed programme, with piano, violin, and vocal solos or duets, recitations, etc. Other days we have debates on subjects appointed and studied up beforehand. The mixed programmes are very pleasant for the non-performers, and do the performers a great deal of good. The girls with ability have to sing, play, recite, or speak. At first they were as nervous as possible, but now many who used to go up to the platform actually trembling, and with hearts beating like trip-hammers can, calmly and comfortably, do whatever is necessary, thus showing that the Club has helped some of us to learn one of life's most difficult lessons—self-control. The debates also help us in this respect, and teach us to be quick-witted. You may have your opening speech all ready beforehand, but you have to refute your opponent's arguments on the spur of the moment.

Then, again, we have afternoons with standard authors. We take one at a time, study his life, discuss his works, and read selections. We have had Scott, Holmes, Mrs. Stowe and others, and our next is to be Dickens.

Sometimes we have a "paper." The girls write articles and send them in to a committee. The best ones are read at the Club, and perhaps are printed in our "Annual."

Once in a long time we have an open session, prepare an extra good programme, and invite the teachers and the young men of the Academy.

But the afternoons we most enjoy are those when some lady, well-known and distinguished for some special reason, is invited and kindly comes in to address us on an interesting subject. The first lady who came was Mrs. Leonowens, who gave us a most delightful talk about Siam. Then we had Dr. Maria Angwin, who gave us a lecture on Hygiene. We enjoyed it very much, and none the less that she told us some rather "scareful" truths. Then Mrs. Shayer kindly spoke to us in a very entertaining and interesting way about life in Germany. We found out some things about Germany that we never thought

of before; for what text-book would deign to describe the beautiful wild-flowers, the old and curious buildings and landmarks, and the towns, as did Mrs. Slayter?

Then Miss Hill gave us a similar and delightful description of a summer spent in France. She told all about the people, the houses, the scenery, and everything that an artist would notice, and she also had beautiful sketches of places of interest.

We have hopes that other ladies will address us during the coming winter, as it is our intention to invite some of our distinguished Halifax friends to do so. We think they will come when they know how much we want them. O ladies dear, come and talk to us, and teach us things that are not in books. You cannot imagine how refreshing it is to get a little knowledge that is not stamped with the trade-mark "Authorized for the Public Schools by the Council of Public Instruction."

The girls' club would very much like to furnish the room

opposite the armory as a reading-room. The only objection to this is that the girls of the preparatory department must use it as a cap-room,—thus depriving the young ladies of the Academy of this much-to-be-desired addition to their educational equipment.

O that the Board of School Commissioners might be tempted to play the part of Santa Claus, and help us along by permitting us to use this room for such a laudable purpose!

Some months ago, the Club heard with deepest regret of the death of Dr. Maria Angwin, one of the ladies who earned their heart-felt gratitude by so ably and willingly coming to address them. The world can ill spare one whose chief aim in life was to help others. But 'being dead, she yet speaketh' to those who remain, telling them of the beauty of unselfishness and goodness.



OFFICERS OF CADET CORPS, 1897-8.

ONE BOY'S VIEW OF DRILL.

The following lines were suggested by some reasons given by students for not attending drill.

" Well John, my son, you're looking sad,
I fear you are not well;
Your cheeks have lost those signs of health,
Which they were wont to tell.
You are not half so lively as
You were three months ago;
Before vacation ended, you
Were anything but slow.

Now John, I have been thinking much
About your health of late;
I fear your lungs and liver are
In a precarious state.

You do not tell me of your hopes
As once you used to do.
Come open up your mind, my boy,
And tell me all that's true."

" Father, my grief is heavy now,

Life has a burden grown;
Sometimes the thought comes over me
That I was born too soon.
My troubles they are varied and
Too numerous to relate;
I'll open up my mind to you,
And tell you of my state.

Since first I went to high school, sir,
Since then the rifle drill
Has entered the curriculum,—
We're being taught to kill.
Within my hands was placed to-day
A horrid looking thing;
It made me shudder as I thought
What misery it might bring.

Last week as we were on our way
To take our rifle drill,
Our rifles on our shoulders weak,
While trudging up the hill,

I overheard a soldier say,—
 It is a *bloomin' shoinie*
 For boys to handle heavy guns,
 And thus to waste their *toime*.

We don't believe in warfare now,
 I heard our preacher say,
 The time of peace was coming in
 A not far distant day.

I love to think of that bright time,
 When war we shall not fear,
 And men will into ploughshares beat
 Their every sword and spear.

Pray what has war done for *us boys*,
 But changed the face of maps,
 And given us more history
 Than we shall learn, perhaps ?

I pity future students and
 The scholars of our schools,
 Who'll have to learn of Kitchener's,
 Sampson's and Dewey's duels.

Yes! War has brought us Caesar's Works,
 With sentences so great
 It takes about a week for me
 One period to translate.

Again to arms we must ascribe
 This Greek which we abhor,
 While wishing Xenophon had died
 An age or two before.

I've often read of warfare which
 Took place in ages past,
 When men were simply savage and
 The want of knowledge vast.

But we should now know better far ;
 War should be out of date,
 And if perchance a question rise,
 Pray, why not arbitrate ?

My troubles now I've told you of,
 From which I've groaned of late,
 And hope you will do something to
 Relieve this awful state."

Then let us not go backward to
 A rude barbarian age.
 To add to studies now too great,
 By many a book and page.

PATRIOT.

DONALD CAMPBELL.—FICTION.

CHAPTER III.

When the trial came on, the Attorney for the Crown stated the charges against Donald Campbell, the prisoner at the bar, to be,—receiving smuggled goods, attacking officers of the law in the discharge of their duty, and violently resisting arrest. The witnesses against him were, of course, the two men whose acquaintance he made one fine evening as he was bringing the cows from the pasture about two months before.

The customs official, with his white vest re starched after its recent soaking in salt water, being sworn, testified that the prisoner had violently attacked him, and, taking him

unawares and at a disadvantage, had thrown him with great force through the back door of the bar in which the smuggled liquors were concealed ; that when he had recovered himself he found the prisoner rolling on the ground in a deadly struggle with the constable, and but for his (the official's) timely assistance, he could not say what the consequence to the constable might have been, etc., etc. "But," said the witness, and it is certainly to his credit that he wished to tell the story, "there is an incident in the subsequent history of the prisoner—" "We can hear nothing, my lord, from the witness which has no bearing on the charge against the prisoner," said the prosecuting attorney, addressing the judge, and our friend of the customs stepped down.

Constable McDonald was then called. As a witness for the prosecution he had not been allowed to see nor to communicate with the prisoner since he had been lodged in jail. He now cast an eager look at Donald as if he would like to go over and take him in his arms, but instead he was evasive and had to testify against him, corroborating the evidence of the former witness. When the judge asked him if that was all, he looked up to the bench, and in a husky voice replied, "Yes, my lord, that is all the *evidence*, but if Donald Campbell wasn't a brave lad with a kind heart there would be *no evidence* against him here this day."

The lawyer for the defence was a wise man. He did not address the jury on the legal aspects of the case at all. He contented himself with telling the story of Donald's life, and he told it well. The loss of his parents, the lack of training, the untoward circumstances surrounding the boy as he grew were pointed out very touchingly. But notwithstanding this, the lad had not a vicious character. Just the reverse. And then the incident at Quigley's Cove was narrated in a masterly piece of work painting. The jury was deeply affected. And here the astute lawyer rested his case.

The judge explained some legal technicalities to the twelve good men and true composing the jury, and the jury retired. After being locked up about two hours, the foreman sent word that they had agreed on a verdict.

The judge took his seat on the bench. The prisoner was again placed in the dock. The jurymen filed in and took their seats. The foreman rose. The court room became breathlessly still. Then the judge turning to the foreman, inquired, "Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty?" The foreman replied, "We find—"

But why should we give you *their* verdict. Let us rather ask you, reader, what, in your opinion, should the verdict have been ?

A PLEA FOR OBLIVION.

Up and away like the dew of the morning,
 Groaning and sighing to school let me run,
 Fling thoughts of pleasure away as I hurry,
 Only rememb'ring—Exams have begun.

Paper in hand let me rush up these school steps,
 Into the school and shut out the bright sun,
 Then let me creep up-stairs slowly and dolefully,
 Only rememb'ring those lessons undone.

Yet let me cheefully study the questions,
 Hoping a few are from lessons I've done,
 Scribble down answers and pass in my papers,
 Thinking the meanwhile—"Exams are great fun!"

• • • • •

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Up and away like the shadows of sunset,
 Take now this paper away from my sight;
 Black marks and nothings only remind me,
 Of the few questions which I have done right.

What of the teachers who post up our failures,
 Showing too plainly the average not won,
 Oh let them fade away, fade away, fade away,
 Only remembered by what they have done.

Farewell ambition, bright hopes and distinction,
 What care I now for you? Ye are outdone.
 So let me creep away, creep away, creep away,
 Back to my home at the set of the sun.

Wait, oh Academy, study and teachers,
 Coneth *July* when the struggle is done,
 Then let me sleep away, sleep away, sleep away,
 Blissfully conscious that Heaven's begun.

SADIE HUESTIS.



FOOTBALL TEAM, 1897-8.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

When the term opened this fall the boys naturally began to consider and discuss the prospects of our having a good football team. The prospects were somewhat discouraging. We had always depended on the old boys of the school for help in bringing up our avoirdupois to a figure which would give us a fighting chance in the games of the Junior League. But some of the boys whom we had hoped to have play with us had been appropriated by the college, another by the Wanderers, and others were away teaching in different parts of the country. So we decided not to enter the league.

But it is as natural for us to turn to thoughts of scrimmages on the football field in the fall, as it is (according to the poet) for a young man's fancies to turn to thoughts of love in the spring. So we chose Stairs as captain. The Dalhousie Athletic Club kindly allowed us an hour's use of their grounds on Monday and Wednesday afternoons.

We played a match with the Y. M. C. A. team and another with the Wanderer's Second, and were beaten. Then civil war broke out. The B class fought against the

rest of the school in three or four matches, the supremacy being decided in favor of the B's. Then a Dartmouth faction sprang up. Two games were played between Dartmouth boys and Halifaxians. The Dartmouth team made up their full number by the addition of some of their fellow townsboys who were not at the Academy. The Halifax side of the harbor won the first match, and the Dartmouth side the second.

The corn having been all gathered from the fields, some promising players having been marked out for future fame, the camera having been faced, since the heavy rains put a damper on outdoor sport, Stairs led his soldiers into the territories bordering on Sackville and Brunswick streets and determined to winter.

How well our Physiology and History bear each other out in their statements. One day our Physiology tells us of the great and manifold advantages of a Mixed Diet, and the next the History illustrates this by saying that as far back as the Sixteenth Century they had a Diet of Worms, followed by one of Spires.

MEMORIES OF FOOT-BALL.

What's this dull world to me?
 Foot-ball is past.
 How we enjoyed each match
 Up to the last!
 Where are the broken bones?
 Where are the cheers and groans?
 We say with doleful tones—
 "Football is past."

What made the matches good
 All through the fall?
 'Twas the excitement keen,
 Watching the ball.
 First at one goal it's found,
 Then to the other bound,
 Feet wildly kicking round
 After the ball.

Now that the Season's o'er,
 What shall we do?
 Where shall we sport our clothes
 When they are new?
 How shall we spend our days?
 Where shall we wend our ways?
 'Twas but a foot-ball craze,
 Now it is past! CARRIE DEWOLFE.

OUR GRADUATES, 1897-8.

MARTIN ARCHILALD ran well after the football, and after some other things. Some of the students say that he has gone to teach at the Business College; others say he has gone to learn. Perhaps truth lies between.

HARRY BENTLY made a big average for such a small boy. He is taking a rest from study this year.

ERNEST BLOIS was a good man in body, mind and morals. As business manager for '97 ANNUAL, he did grand work. He is now teaching at Tangier, and the reports that reach us are big with earnest promise.

HOWARD BURRIS is teaching at Meagher's Grant. Howard took an active part in all and sundry of Academy matters.

CLARENCE VICTOR CHRISTIE was a *clear victor* in the case of a gold medal and a Dalhousie bursary, and is likely to be ditto in some larger matters before he hands in his checks. Aggregate over 800.

GEORGE CHRISTIE was the champion prize winner of the B class of '97, and Nova Scotia's leader. George was a good student and was well liked by his classmates. We wish him a like success in his college career. Aggregate over 900.

NORMAN COOK always looked solemn. Norman always *was* solemn. But it was sometimes difficult for him to convince the class in geometry that he was even *serious*.

ARTHUR FORBES was so fond of company that he was advised to leave the city. He is now teaching at his home in Little Harbor, Pictou Co. He is no prophet, for we hear that his native urchins honor him.

ERNEST HAVENSTOCK is teaching at Pennant. He made a good mark in his last examination, and indeed in all his examinations. May his mark in life be equally good.

S. S. HARVIE went to his native Newport where he is said to have embarked in "S. S. Harvie" on a voyage from Penco city to Capa city.

ISRAEL FLETCHER LONGLEY was a prominent member in the Boy's Debating Club. He would have made a good speaker in a Quaker's meeting. Also his power of standing up was simply marvellous.

FRED LESSEL stood very well in his classes in all three grades, and will do Kent St. credit in the Dalhousie Law School, which he is now attending.

DUFF MURRAY is doing pedagogic work at Oyster Pond. The reports from that place are encouraging. Duff is no duffer.

ALEX. MONTGOMERIE was a soney-faced chiel of "grand abeility" from Montgomerie Castle. He now controls a part of the Furness Line in this city. Aggregate over 800.

KATHLEEN VIOLET ACRHURST stood high in some respects. The Violet now blooms, amidst the study of domestic economy, at 216 Morris Street.

KATHLEEN BENNETT is taking a post-graduate course, partly for the scholastic advantages, and partly for the purpose entering room ten every morning to remind the Principal that it is half-past nine.

ETHEL BORFHAM is singing solos and telling stories to the benighted people about the Normal School.

GEORGINA BROWNS was a mathematician. She made 100 in Geometry and took a medal in French. Yet, despite all this glory, she lives quietly at her home 14 Chestnut Place.

FRANCES CLARK, of Bedford, was wise beyond her years. She is now attending Norman School.

AGNES DAVIS was quiet and diligent in her work, and we have no doubt that she carries the same qualities into her housekeeping at 186 Lockman Street.

MAGGIE DEWIS was one of the fair flowers of Shubenacadie, with a face as bright as the morning when the dew is on the grass.

ETHEL EDGECOMBE is teaching the children of Mineville, Halifax Co., to write with their left hands. Ethel always believed in write, left, right.

JEAN EGAN was our genial artist during her sojourn in "The Peoples' College." Each of our ANNUALS had some of her pen sketches. She is now cultivating the acquaintance of Miss Lottie Smith, the accomplished teacher of drawing at the Provincial Normal School.

IDA GAETZ was a reliable Dartmouth girl, who is now teaching at Ship Harbor. Our best wishes follow her.

CYNTHIA GARRAWAY was a general favorite. Cynthia's "beams," as the poet has it, were eagerly sought after. Yet we are told that a Dalhousie student won. She takes classes in that university now.

ANNIE GRAY made a first class in the M. P. Q. examination, and "they have taken her away" to teach at Springfield. Annie was always *spiry*.

ETHEL HILTZ was a little body with a little voice, but with a good deal of push. She is governing big boys and girls at Beaver Bank school.

MABEL L. HOCKIN was a quiet winner of knowledge and medals. We are sorry that she has left Halifax, but Canso is enriched. She is teaching near that town. Aggregate over 800.

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THREE NEW HENTY BOOKS THIS SEASON!!!!

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ADA HUESTIS was one of the highest M. P. Q.'s in Nova Scotia, hence she is sure to make a good teacher. We congratulate Musquodoboit Harbor.

MARGARET KENNEDY was a lively girl. She is now helping herself by taking classes in Dalhousie, and helping us by seeing that the breakfast coffee is good at 84 Robie Street.

EMMA KNIGHT is also attending Dalhousie, notwithstanding the fact that she took first prize at the Cooking School. She will enlighten some of them there, notwithstanding her name.

ALICE LAWLOR was a typical large blonde. "Slow and sure," was Alice's motto. She is now teaching at Woodside, not far from her native Dartmouth.

LIZZIE LEWIS did well, but she could have done better if she had wished. We hope she is doing her best with her school at Peggy's Cove.

ETHEL MOSELY, like the last two, raced for the Dartmouth boat. She did her work well. She was quiet and meek—sometimes. Now she is a Norma'ite.

BESSIE MCNEILL from Kingston, Kings Co., was a stranger among us. Her influence and work were invariably good. She is now at home in her native county, and our best wishes follow her.

ANN E O'DONNELL carried off a silver medal and the flowers of the forest. "Kit" is worthy of both. Aggregate over 800.

PAULINE PARKER has developed a great love for football of late. She does not *wander* as far from *quarter* as some of her friends. She stood well in class and was never known to be tardy.

ANNIE PAULY is a peaceable, popular little girl. She is with us again this term, and we congratulate ourselves with both hands.

WINNIFRED READ is now in Dalhousie. She took a B certificate with a good mark. She is worthy of a B teacher's license, and if she does not get it we hope the Education Office will know why.

HELEN SHAW's cheerful face is now in the Spry Harbor school house. We predict that Spry Harbor school will be a good one.

EVA SIMCOO made a good record in all the grades. She is now pursuing her household economy and musical practice at her home, 35 Tower Road. Aggregate over 800.

CLAUDINE SMITHERS—the gentle, timid, Claudine—is with us still. She does us *some* good and *no* harm.

MABEL SPENCER was one of the stars of her class. Her general countenance now lights up the dingy halls and classrooms of the Normal School.

FRANCES THOMPSON did not study much, yet she did not fail to pass. She had a sincere, hearty way with her, that will make her stay in the Musquodoboit Harbor school pleasant and profitable to juvenile residents.

DELLA WALLACE was as bright as a button in mathematics and stood high in July. May Hants and Kings Counties soon send us another pair like herself and Miss McNeill.

ETHEL WOOLARD was always over the 600 mark. She is with us now, and if she exerts herself we may all have to take a back seat.

 IN MEMORIAM.

We regret that since last Christmas, one of our number has passed away. MARY ISABEL DAVIS, a member of the B class, died April 24th, after an illness of three months. She was quiet, gentle and good; a faithful student and greatly respected by all who knew her.

 STUDENTS OF PRESENT TERM.

The following is a list of the students attending the Academy at the present time:—

Class B—74 Students.

Clinton Henry Amund, Royal Elliott Bates, Norman McLeod Baxter, Martin Gay Black, Harry Hope Blois, Clarence Edward Avery Buckley, John Edwin Chisholm, Harry Conrad, Harry Joseph Cox, Alfred Edward Davis, Harry Leo Forles, George Huntly Gordon, James Walter Hobin, Douglas Lewis Hunter, Elbridge Archibald Kirker, Frank Bentley Layton, Alexander Macdonald, Roderick Augustus McDonald, Arthur Murdoch MacKay, George Moir Johnstone MacKay, James R land Melish, Guy Meadows Mitchell, Robert Underhill Slayter, Gilbert Sutherland Stairs, Hugh McMillan Upham, John Russell Weldon, Frank Valentine Woodbury, Lizzie Frederica Jessie Barnaby, Mary Elizabeth Barnstead, Elizabeth Campbell Baxter, Kathleen Mathers Bennett, Edith Brown, Margaret Elizabeth Browne, Annie Winnifred Burbidge, Eonor Louise Chapman, May Evelyn Church, Edith Morrow Clark, Mary Colter, Bessie Brown Connor, Anna Duncan Currie, Florence Ellen Dodd, Margaret Etter, Jennie Morris Fenn, Mabel Laurie Grant, Havilah Shaw Hall, Mildred Claudine Hancock, Charlotte Hart, Mary Elizabeth Hart, Edith Mary Hazle, Lena Harrison, Hartz, Annie Campbell Huestis, Eleanor Louise Hutt, Florence Augusta Kelly, Ida Belle Kerr, Frances Jean Lindsay, Christine Macdonald, Katie Blanche Macdonald, Jean Estella McHaffey, Flora McNutt, Mary Alice Maxwell, Edith Mabel Mooney, Annie Mary Pauley, Louise Alberta Pennington, Florence Phelan, Carita Ryerson Pushie, Sadie Hopewell Richardson, Ellen Dorothy Ross, Blanche Eugenie von Schoppe, Ella Gertrude Shields, Hilda Mary Slayter, Olive Winnifred Smith, Claudine Ferns Smithers, Edith Winnifred Wood, Ethel Beverley Woollard.

 Class C₁—67 Students.

Frank Rogers Archibald, Winthrop Pickard Bell, Herbert McPherson Bond, Walter Gordon Heartz Braine, William Taylor Burton, Frederick William Day, Brenton Halliburton Wellington Eaton, Laurie Benjamin Elliot, Charles Grant Hobart, Harold Johns, Allan Pollok Laing, Walker Stewart Lindsay, Frank Robert Logan, Blanchard Mitchell Mackintosh, Henry Winsor Martin, Albert Alexander Merrill, John Nicholson, John Archibald O'Hearn, Herbert Frater Starr Paisley, William Charles Ross, Ralph Keils Swenerton, Harvey Thorpe, Stuart Albert Wisdom, Christina Allen, Gertrude Irene Anderson, Emma Grant Balcom, Harriet Muir Bayer, Mary Constance Bell, Grace Winnifred Kaye Billman, Florence May Bishop, Ina Jane Clark, Ethel Mary Conrad, Ethel May Corkum, Caroline Anderson Cunningham, Carrie Isabel Dauphinee, Agnes Millar Dennis, Clarissa Archibald Dennis, Caroline Inglis DeWolfe, Clara

Ca herine Duncan, Blanche Mary Eaton, Lydia Augusta Flemming, Alice Maud Frame, Beatrice Emma Frye, Muriel Sarah Hernan, Bertha Annie Higham, Jennie Mabel Hubley, Daisy Hutcheson, Sarah Miner Hutt, Mary Alice Lawlor, Margaret Lewis Low, Hattie Hill MacDonald, Mary McLeod, Ella Edith May Marchant, Edith Messervey, Ethel May Messervey, Gertrude Clara Louise Mitchell, Muriel Edna Moody, Mabel Morrison, Maggie Catherine Morrison, Jessie Leonora Murray, Myra Emily Partridge, Edith Emily Pyke, Katie Osman Sanders, Minnie Grace Spencer, Annie Muriel Stevens, Jessie Florence Whiston, Bessie Dora Williston.

Class C₂.—65 Students.

Cecil Leroy Blois, Harry Knight Bowes, Archibald Crease, Gordon Lithgow Crichton, John William Davidson, Vincent Michael DeVan, Herbert Crawley Dickey, George Stewart Gould, George Hunter Holder, Robert Laing Jamieson, Donald James Johnston, Michael Edwin Keefe, James Matthew Warren Kirker, Arthur MacIntyre Morrison, William MacLachlan, Malcolm Nicholson, William Herbert Silver, Frederick George Taylor, James Hall Robeleigh Thorne, Arthur Wood, William Weather- spoon Woodbury, William Joseph Lowry, Carrie May Baker, Blanche Mary Baxter, Grace Evelyn Bowman, Emma Brown, Laurie Browne, Helen Stirling Barton, Winnifred Ray Courod, Edith Alice Cooper, Annie Grassie Creighton, Laura Crimp, Edith May Crowell, Constance Katherine Darrab, Olive Sutherland De Blois, Alvina Winnifred Drysdale, Elizabeth Munro Embree, Helen Martha Forrest, Ella May Gibson, Blanche Mabel Giles, Louisa Janet Hattie, Charlotte Anne Higham, Annie Eva Jamieson, Flossie Keirstead, Annie Pearl Layton, Laura May Maxwell, Mary Ellen MacDonald, Susie MacDonald, Anna Meikle MacKenzie, Minnie Isabella MacLeod, Martha Blanche MacQuinn, Annie Louise Olive, Marian Frederica O'Toole, Alice Prescott, Caroline MacColl Read, Ada Maud Reynolds, Evleen Gertrude Rockett, Lillian Strathen Seeley, Lillian Eugenie Smith, May Stephen, Eunice Coleman Sterns, Frances Joy Torrens, Ermina Josie Wallace, Sadie Caroline Wisdom, Lulu Emma Wiswell.

Class D₁.—64 Students.

Gerald Buckley Allen, Alfred Ernest Archbold, Arthur Frederick Baker, Gordon Payzant Barss, Harry Eli Bates, Arthur Austin Bentley, Ralph Sanderson Billman, Roy Clifford Buckley, Fred Randall Burns, John Henry Congdon, James Dick, Charles Louis Ekersley, Lloyd Hamilton Fenerty, Gordon Sydney Harrington, Frank Marvin Johnson, Edward James Lougair, Robert Thomas Lynch, Henry Herbert Marshall, Gordon Carliss Moore, John Morrison, Ross Lilton Moseley, Arthur Angus McAdam, James Edward Norman, Douglas Graham Oland, Otho Rupert Sharp, George Roy Soulis, Charles Ross Sutherland, Reginald Edward Sterns, Carl Black Thompson, Richard Chapman Weldon, Robert Albert Wood, Edward Rhind Woodliff, Maggie Blanche Adams, Mary Helen Archibald, Margaret Vanstone Dennis, Marion Amelia DeWolfe, Margaret Eleanor Dickson, Lydia Jane Drake, Mary Cruickshanks Dunbrack, Laura Frances Evans, Ellen Fletcher Gould, Olive Muriel Hill, Winnifred Kate Irons, Alice Mary Johnson, Caroline Michaels, Beatrice Morris, Annie Murray, Catherine Macdonald, Winnifred Mackenzie, Mary Elliot McLennan, Nellie Sheppard McLennan, Alberta McLeod,

Helen MacLeod, Amy Kingsland Pennington, Gertrude Louise Pickering, Clara Beatrice Pirie, Gertrude Jennie Rennels, Ruth Richardson, Annie West Rogers, Gertrude Maggie Settle, Bertha Maud Smith, Mary Lindsay Smith, Lizzie Walsh, Amy Glen Witter.

Class D₂.—67 Candidates

Charles Tupper Baillie, Harris Harding Bigh, Henry Eversley Boak, William Bullock, Frank Heber Calder, Harold George Connor, Howard Wallace Dobie, Brenton Foster, Charles Frederic Gorham, Cyril Herbert Gorham, Gerald Gorham, Frederic Edwin Gunn, John Renforth Kelly, Ernest Letley, William Arthur Logan, George William Lomas, Ralph Samuel McDonald, Wilbur Otis Scott, Frederic Smith, Louis Hopkinson Suttle, Lawrence Giles Tremaine, Henry John Walker, Herbert Whiston, Cameron Risby Whitehorn, James Alexander Mowatt, Charles William Macaloney, Mollie Lillian Angevine, Jennet McLaren Auld, Bertha Alice Barnstead, Winifred Glen Barnstead, Ethel Mary Beatrice, Florence Bell, Gertrude Blanche Brunt, Mabel Sophia Crook, Harriet Barnes Dodd, Addina Duncan, Winifred May Fraser, Henrietta Evelyn Garroway, Mabel Gentles, Maggie Gillis, Edith Margaret Grant, Ethel May Grant, Bertha May Gray, Helen Joyce Harris, May Viola Hartlen, Elsie Dora Howell, Ethel Evelyn Hubley, Ruby Marita Kaye, Mary Louisa Marshall, Estella Dora Michaels, Ethel Rosamond Mills, Elizabeth Burchell Moir, Mary Morrison, Pauline Leona Murray, Harriet Caroline McGrath, Queenie Elizabeth McKenzie, Eva Lillian McLeod, Belya Lenore Parke, Jean Amelia Povoas, Emily Abigail Read, Mary Christina Robinson, Elizabeth Helena Ross, Mabel Sims, Elsie Woolaver Taylor, Rebecca Elizabeth Turner, Euphemia Mary Woolf, Jean Isabella Wood.

HURRAH !

The snow shineth white in the silvery light,
For Christmas is coming—Hurrah !
And the icicles bright are the jewels of night,
Oh, Christmas is coming—Hurrah !

Old Santa is here with his mysteries queer,
For Christmas is coming—Hurrah !
His footsteps we hear, as the sleigh-bells ring clear,
Oh, Christmas is coming—Hurrah !

He is gone in a trice, him we fain would entice,
To stay with us longer—Hurrah !
For him to come twice in the year, 't would be nice,
Three cheers for Old Christmas—Hurrah !

His ways are so kind that we never have pined,
When Christmas was coming—Hurrah !
We try not to mind when our stockings we find
Brimmed over on Christmas—Hurrah !

When we work in the day, it is happy as play,
For Christmas is coming—Hurrah !
For the young head and grey, it has just the same way,
That witching old Christmas—Hurrah !

Oh, the hours are so short ! But we laugh, for we know
That Christmas is coming—Hurrah !
How our eager hearts glow ! What a cheer the winds blow !
Oh, Christmas is coming—Hurrah !

We forget how to sigh when old Christmas is nigh,
Oh, Christmas is coming—Hurrah !
And Christmas is nigh, so we bid you good bye,
With "Christmas is coming—Hurrah !"

SADIE WISDOM.

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UNCLE IKE'S ROOSTERS.

Las' Sunday while ice settin' on de bench beside de do',
An' feelin' sort o' chilly kase de sun was gettin' low,
An' a wishen 'dat de winter time wa'nt comin' on so fas',
For I pintly hates de cuttin' ov de January blas'.
I knows de an' ware comin' to's gwine to be stingin' cold,
Kas de common trees is hangin' jes' as fall as dey kin hold,
De pigs is 'gin dar squealin', when de leece wind cut 'em so;
And de wild geese like der betters is flyin' 'Westward Ho'.
I was studyin' 'bout dem dere sigas as on de bench I sot,
When I see my two young roosters come a struttin' cross de lot,
Dey was showin' off der elegance and dandifyin' ways,
Jes' like me and my ole masser used to do in courtin' days.
De masklines is all alike where ebery dey is foun',
Dey all will strut and show demself when hens is knotkin' roun'.
I know frou de minute dem two roosters came in sight,
Dat bot of dem was longin' and spilin' for a fight;
Dey was bustlin' an' a sparrin' out dar in de open space,
When a big ole 'bacca worrum come a trablin' by in hase
Like he had a heap uv business fer de Public on he mine,
Or was ramin' fer his office with his 'pourent close behin',
No matter what his business was dem roosters spiced him out,
An' 'bot bounce down upon him wif a crownin' sort of shout;
Der bills hit up together on de 'bacca worrum's back;
An' dey bot 'gin one anudder wif a mighty yarnest wack.
Each knowe'd de worrum was his'n an' de other was a thief,
An' greedy an' rapacious too, and mean beyond belief.
Each thought de other's sassiness was pas' all standin' too,
(An' den de hens was watchin' fer to see de fightin' fress).
Dey fit and fit until de blood was runnin' from der heid,
An' I thought I'd hab to put 'em, fo' dey kill one 'mudder dead.
I had jes' got up to do it when I see de big black hen
Jes' gobblin' up de worrum dat had made de fus' begin.
I bust right out a larin' as I grab dem chickens' leg,
An' I turn two hoxes over dem, to cool 'em down a peg.
It seem so awful foolish like fer dem to fight and squim,
An' 'dat ole hen come walkin' long and gobble up de worrum.

SPICE.

Ed. is na sac mooly as usual.

WHO is the darkest boy? Mr. Black
CAN you bounce a B? No! but I 'ken a D!
WHO is the greatest sportsman? Hunter.
WHAT's all the fuss about in France? *Drefus*.
WHAT boy is noted for his raids in school? Jamieson
WHO is short in winter and long in summer? Mr. Day.
WHO are the most (app) pealing pupils in the C Class? The Bells.
WHICH student cannot be shot for three years? (Miss) Partridge.
WHY is Hollis St. like a river? Because it has a bank on each side.
WHY is Miss Clarke so solemn in room 10? Because she is near a Church.
WHAT buildings does the B Class boast of? A Church, a Hall and a Hut (!).
WHY were the Wanderers likely to fall? Because they tried to run down Stairs.
WHY should Miss Lawlor be the best behaved in the school? Because she sits next to a Bishop.
"O *though sharp* you are and Otho Sharp your name, yet I intend, etc., etc."—Rah Plimlan.
WHAT have we for Xmas in the way of desert? We have one-fourth of the unbottled Olives in the city.
WHY can't the pupils of the drawing class see the black-board? Because they have a Hill in front of them.
WHY young ladies the 'B' and 'C' Classes not be afraid of losing their young nides? Because they have a Hunter and a Holder.
WHY was it a good thing for the *Annual* that Mr. Hope Blois was elected Editor-in-Chief? Because, "Hope maketh not ashamed."
MR. M.—"In solving this problem, Miss C., shall we use sine or cosine? What do you propose?" "It is not my place to propose," was the faint reply.

WHY is Wood's bed too short for him? Because he lies too long in it.

"Please keep still, young ladies! You know I am completely at your mercy."

WHO is our greatest bird-fancier? Miss W. of course. She is especially fond of *Martins*.

WHY should the B Class be treated with kindness? Because it contains hearts, (Heartz).

WHAT boys, according to their names, should belong to the Scottish Church? The Kirk ers.

WHY should the C₁ and C₂ be sharp classes? Because they contain Thorn (e)s.

WE have some valuable minerals in the institution such as Gold (Gould), Iron (s), Silver.

WHO is the greatest fighter? Corbett (Reginald). Who is the greatest navigator? (Miss) Drake.

WHICH Class is most like a house? The B Class because it contains Stairs and Baxters, (backstairs).

"ALL Gaul in ancient times was laid to waist," but we hope that Bro. S's arm has never been.

WHAT is the difference between Mr. Morton and an engine driver? One trains the mind and the other minds the train.

WHY is Sackville Street like a prominent business firm of this city? Because it is a *little incline* (Little & Kline)

WHY should the students of the D₁ class excel on Scotch and Irish poetry this year? Because they have Burns and Moore.

A FRENCHMAN, wishing to know of what a "picked" regiment consisted, expressed himself in the following way:—"What you call those armies, pickled regiments?"

FRANK will need to be a good "Walker" to come all the way to town every Saturday from the Eastern Passage. If only he could fly, he would be a bird of passage, as well as a bird of song.

ONE of our brilliant B students has given us an idea that divers must have been scarce in ancient times, as he said in recent exam. "Mohammed, the great reformer, received a 'diving' commission from heaven."

IN the English Class the meaning of Ciceronian in the following sentence was asked:—". to polish and brighten his composition into the Ciceronian glass and brilliancy. The following answer was written:—"This glass is very highly polished and of great refracting powers.

TEACHER, (holding a pen and looking around as in quest of something), "*holder, holder*." George presents himself.

Teacher, (in a low kind tone and with a peculiar smile), "Thank you, George, but you're not big enough. I need a *pen holder*."

JIM—"Hello Billy! Jes' stop eatin' dem apples, will yer! der off our tree!"

Billy—"Naw, dey aint neither! Der from me fadder's orchard."

JIM—"I'll prove it to yer, too!"

Billy—"Will yer! Come on den! How's dey off your tree?"

JIM—"Dey's not on it, is dey? Ha, ha!"

ACADEMY PRINCIPAL, standing on school steps, to Maria Muggs, who is very thin and angular—

"Of what are you so afraid? Can't you go home?"

Maria Muggs—"No o, sir! I'm frightened of that dog; he has a dreadful bark!"

Principal—"Oh! I know that dog! He is so gentle that he wouldn't touch a piece of meat!"

Maria Muggs—"No! but he might touch *me*!"

Principal—"Miss Muggs! He wouldn't even touch a *bone*." Miss Muggs only speaks to the Principal now when necessary.

Rah! Rah! Rax!

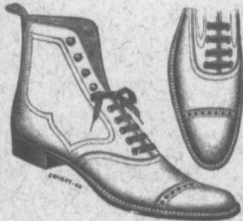
Rim! Rim! Ree!

Hoorah! Hoorah!! 'Cademy!!!

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James Russell Lowell.



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