

MG6  
E  
(3a)

# THE ACADEMY

“Concordia Salus.”



—“*Ubiqumque locorum  
Vivimus indigni fraternum rumpere fœdus.*”

Vevo! Vivo! Vivo! Vum!  
Caught in a Rat-trap Bigger Than a Cat-trap, Bum, Bum, Bum!  
Canada! Canada! Sis-boom-ba!  
Pictou Academy Rah! Rah! Rah!

PICTOU, NOVA SCOTIA.

APRIL, 1911.

VOLUME XIII, No. 1.

# Our New Spring Stock

IS NOW COMPLETE.

---

We have just opened a large consignment of British, French and German goods; a direct importation.

*BECAUSE* our cash discount sale for the last two months has been so heartily appreciated by the buying public, and *BECAUSE* we believe that a *CASH* business is better for both buyer and seller, and *BECAUSE* we are persuaded that we can do business at *ten per cent less for cash* than on credit terms, therefore we have decided to continue to give a

---

## Discount of 10 per cent. for Cash

---

off all purchases of *over one dollar*, when paid for at time of purchase, excepting such staple lines as spool cotton and silk, white and unbleached cotton, etc., and other special lines which are now sold without profit.

This does not apply to the "Tailoring Department" which is already managed on a *CASH* basis and for which settlements will be demanded monthly.

---

**J. SMITH GRANT,**

Water Street.

Opposite Post Office.

Pictou, N. S.

---

Please remember our advertisers when making purchases.

*The* **Minto Pharmacy**

**K. J. Mackenzie, Druggist.**

The *BEST* in Drugs and Medicines.

The *BEST* in Artistic and Fine Art Goods.

The *BEST* in Toilet Requisites.

The *BEST* in Druggists Sundries.

The *BEST* in Prescription Work.

THE BUSY, UP-TO-DATE DRUG STORE

*Fit. Comfort. Service.*

OUR many years experience in the Shoe Business enables us to offer our customers these necessary qualifications. . . . .

We exercise the greatest care in selecting our shoes; always have the best the markets offer, and feel confident we can give you

*Entire Satisfaction*

if you allow us to fit you when next you want a pair of **SHOES.**

**R. Tanner Co., Lt'd,**  
*Pictou, N. S.*

PLEASE REMEMBER OUR ADVERTISERS WHEN MAKING PURCHASES.

—GO TO—

# A. Henderson & Son's

PICTOU, NOVA SCOTIA,

—FOR—

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,

AND SAVE MONEY.



## Special Notice to the Students of Pictou Academy.

Of course you realize that appearance counts for everything in this life, and you also realize that to appear to your best advantage much depends on the quality of your Laundry.

Our Laundry Work is actually unequalled in Eastern Canada. There's as much difference between our work and the "chinks" as there is between black and white. Our charges for Pictou patrons are exactly the same as you would pay in Halifax. Mr. Andrew Hislop is our agent, with whom you can leave your parcel each week.

We also Dry-Clean Suits and Ladies' Apparel.  
Old Garments are Made Like New.

CALL AND SEE MR. HISLOP.

Ungar's Laundry and Dye Works,  
HALIFAX.

Please remember our advertisers when making purchases.

# Coal!

Having **ACADIA COAL**, we are able to deliver all orders (large or small) with promptness. . . . .

When requiring your next supply give us a trial order.

We also do General Transferring of All Kinds.

**George McKay, Pictou, N. S.**

**FOR**

  
**GO TO**

**Perrin's**

**WATER STREET, PICTOU, N. S.**

**FINE**



**TAILORING**

A Well selected assortment of Imported and Domestic Suits, Overcoatings, etc.,  
...ALWAYS IN STOCK...

WHEN WANTED—You Will Find

....Munro, The Photographer,....

In his New Ground Floor Studio,  
Coleraine Street, One Door South of Hislop's Clothing Store.

**J. Pringle & Son,**

Tailors and  
Clothiers

Fine Vests and Business Suits a Specialty

PICTOU, NOVA SCOTIA.

Please remember our advertisers when making purchases.

# Spring and Summer, 1911

New Goods are here and you will find us  
ready for trade with an up-to-date stock of

*Millinery and Ladies' Goods, Gent's and  
House Furnishings.*

**Excellent Values in Men's and Boy's Shirts and Collars.  
Natty Ties.**

## **READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT:**

SECOND FLOOR.

A splendid assortment of Ladies' Suits, Spring Coats, Rain Coats, Ladies',  
Misses' and Children's Skirts and Dresses, Beautiful Whitewear.

**Give us a Call. Goods are Right.  
Prices Right, and we aim to please.**

## **A. C. BAILLIE & CO.**

IF you are interested in the  
future success of the  
Industries of Pictou,  
speak a good word for their  
products and, especially  
for the products of the

# Atlantic Milling Co.,

LIMITED.

Please remember our advertisers when making purchases.

# ENGLISH'S BAGGAGE TRANSFER,

CLIFF ENGLISH.

PICTOU, NOVA SCOTIA.

Baggage Transferred to all Parts of the Town.

Teams at all Trains and Boats.

Theatrical Baggage Attended to Promptly.

PHONE 98.

---

---

Henry Beer,  
West End Shaving Parlor.  
*Razor Honing and Rehandling.*  
HAIR CUTTING A SPECIALTY.

---

---

GO TO

**DOUGLAS'**

FOR

**First-Class Tailoring.**

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THE STUDENTS.

 OPPOSITE POST OFFICE.

McLaren's

Single and Double Teams  
Furnished at Short Notice  
and Reasonable Terms.....

Livery.....

Our Wedding Carriage  
IS THE BEST IN TOWN.



TELEPHONE 66.

TWINING ST., PICTOU, N. S.

Please remember our advertisers when making purchases.

HOT CHOCOLATE WITH WHIPPED CREAM,  
CONFECTIONERY, FRUITS,  
CIGARS, TOBACCO, PIPES, ETC.,

—FROM—

James D. McDonald,

FRONT STREET, PICTOU.

*For the  
Toilet...*

Can we have the pleasure of supplying  
you with

*BRUSHES, PERFUMES, TOILET WATERS,  
POWDERS,*

*and all your other Toilet requirements?*

**Thank You!** We are sure you will like  
the store, our goods, and our treatment of  
customers.

We guarantee you satisfaction or  
your money cheerfully refunded.

**W. T. Fergusson,**

CORNER DRUGSTORE.  
PHONE 16.

**Pictou, N. S.**

**D. Nassar,**

2 STORES—WATER STREET—2 STORES.

We are **THE ONLY** firm in Pictou to handle the **ALASKA AND FEATHERDOWN MATTRESSES AND PILLOWS, OSTERMOOR AND STAR FELT MATTRESSES, Nos. 1, 2 and 3.** Every Mattress guaranteed. We carry the **BANNER SPRING**, guaranteed to last a life time. We handle every line of **FURNITURE** for the home, from the Canada Furniture M'fg Co's factories. We are **THE ONLY** people in Pictou who handle their goods.

**MacDonald Bros.,**

.....*DEALERS IN*.....

**STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS.**

*Ready and Custom-made Clothing.*

*"Reliance Brand."*

**PICTOU, NOVA SCOTIA.**

Please remember our advertisers when making purchases.

**Struan G. Robertson, B.A., LL.B.**

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

Money to Loan on Real Estate.

Agent Nova Scotia Loan and Building Society.

The Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation.

WESTVILLE, N. S.

**Macdonald & Ives,**

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, ETC.

PICTOU, - - - - - NOVA SCOTIA.

**TANNER & McKAY,**

BARRISTERS, ETC.

PICTOU, - - - - - NOVA SCOTIA.

**JOHN U. ROSS,**

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC.

Mortgage Loans Effected.

Pictou, Nova Scotia.

**William Macdonald, B.A., LL.B.**

BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR.

Water Street.

Pictou, Nova Scotia.

**DR. WEBSTER, DENTIST.**

GRADUATE OF BOSTON DENTAL COLLEGE.

OFFICE:— HENDERSON'S BUILDING, WATER STREET, PICTOU, N. S.

HOURS:—9 A. M. TO 5 P. M.

☞ At Tatamagouche last THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY of each month.

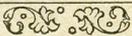
**DR. H. E. MORRIS,**

DENTIST.

Crown and Bridge Work.

Victoria Block, Pictou, N. S.

Stop at The **Wallace Hotel**



WHEN IN PICTOU.

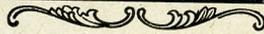
Best Accommodation.

Opposite Station.

Please remember our advertisers when making purchases.

# FRANK J. TOBIN,

WATCHMAKER, JEWELER AND ENGRAVER.



SPECIAL SELLING AGENT FOR REGINA PRECISION WATCHES AND  
EDISON PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS.

EVERYTHING IN JEWELRY. SOUVENIR GOODS A SPECIALTY.

WATER STREET, PICTOU, NOVA SCOTIA.

## CONTENTS.

	Page
Editorial .....	9—13
Nature Study .....	14
A Class Prophecy .....	16
Audubon and the MacCullochs.....	17
Five Reasons for Being a Conservative.....	24
Why am I a Liberal? .....	25
The Way of the Transgressor.....	26
A Dish of Tapioca .....	28
A Glimpse of the Sunny South.....	30
Seasons of the Student's Life.....	32
Trinidad .....	33
Athletics .....	37
Debating Society .....	38
The Late George M. Grant.....	40
Ice-Breaking in Northumberland Strait .....	42
Rose Marcey's "Butting-In" .....	45
Mysteries .....	48
Pictoviana .....	51—57

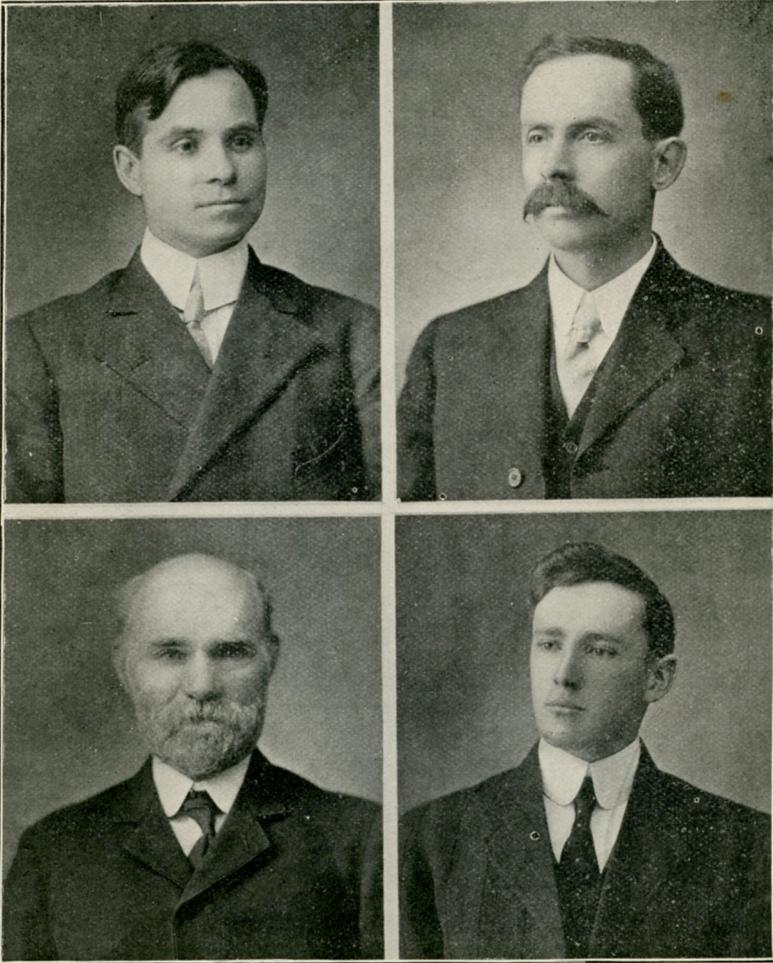
WE ARE NOW OPENING UP OUR SPRING STOCK OF

Trunks, Bags and Suit Cases, Shawl Straps,  
Lunch Baskets, etc.

Also, Ladies' Hand Bags, Pocket and Wrist Purses, Bill Books  
Leather Watch Wristlets, etc.

Our Stock is NEW and UP-TO-DATE. PRICES RIGHT.

E. S. BROWN, PICTOU.



THE FACULTY.

MR. HENRY F. MUNRO, B.A.,  
*English and History.*

ROBT. MACLELLAN, LL.D.  
*Ancient Classics and Modern Languages,*

MR. W. P. FRASER, M.A.  
*Science.*

MR. J. G. MCLEAN, B.A.  
*Mathematics.*

# THE ACADEMY.

"CONCORDIA SALUS."

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF PICTOU ACADEMY.

VOL. XIII.

PICTOU, N. S., APRIL, 1911.

NO. 1.

## EDITORIAL STAFF.

ASSOCIATE AND MANAGING EDITORS:

Chester A. Pugsley, Percy Thompson, Gordon McLeod.

LITERARY EDITORS:

Fraser Munro, Allan A. Ferguson, Miss Helen Hurst, Miss Edna Munro,  
Harold Tanner, Miss Jessie McLean, George McLean.



## EDITORIAL.



THE great, sturdy, white sails of another winter now grow dim on the northern horizon and with them the sweet dreams of the fire-place dwindle into realities. The dead, drooping grass-blades, the dreary stretches of ploughed ground together with the shrinking snow-heaps, lazily drag us into a new existence which at once confronts us with greater duties. Soon we have occasional peeps of a bashful Spring keeping at safe distance from the prowling north wind and exposing only her boldest traits. The sun itself lazily stretching its daily pace rises higher and higher in the heavens, until fastening its steadfast gaze upon the earth, compels the frost to yield that which it has so long held. Then with her magic spell, Nature breathes upon us such a beauty and fragrance as the feeble brush of the artist and the soul of humanity have never fathomed and under its influence we find rising within us a burning appreciation of the marvellous, and a strong desire to get nearer to Dame Nature's untrodden heart. And now does Nature busily set to work to unfold the treasures so neatly laid away last Fall and brings forth the bursting bud, the

well-attired insects, the croaking frogs with scranell voices joined in jubilee chorus, and most pleasing of all, the soul-stirring lay of returning birds, showing us that she has not wasted the talents so graciously entrusted to her.

And through it all moils the busy student raising his head only for a hurried glance and then settling down becomes lost in his hazy labyrinth rapidly pursuing that cherished being, Knowledge. But we must wake and rally: Knowledge does not at all times run in labyrinths, and now as the reveries of the fire-place become realities and Dame Nature stirs anew our senses, we come forth with this an honest, though seemingly feeble effort to show that Nature does not live without us nor we without Nature. It seems but a few short days ago when we bravely strode to the front with polished and sharpened sabres ready to undergo any peril that we may carve out a perfect year's work, and now the numerous whet-stones bear traces of much using that our firm resolutions could be held to. And with the wearing away of the sabres the days have slipped by and soon we will be confronted with

"That day of wrath, that dreadful day,  
When heaven and earth shall pass away."

Then will have slipped from our grasp another year with its burden of opportunities. And have we grasped these opportunities? Have we cultivated and aided them to take root that they may spring forth into promising plants whose fragrant blossoms can sweeten our own lives and the lives of those about us? If not, again let us be awake. Education does not lie within the narrow path covered by the pages of the book; but rather broadens out and includes all that develops and extends the scope of the human mind. And it is with this idea that we maintain with our Academy a music class, a museum, a debating society, and publish this magazine.

In these pages we have held as much as possible to student effort and we trust that our patrons will read and criticize it in this light. Nevertheless we have had recourse to a few other graduates and the managing editors take this opportunity to thank both graduates and students for their kindness and support. Especially must we mention one, Mr. A. Ferguson, who has been an invaluable help to the managing editors both by providing articles and otherwise generously giving his time in order that this book may be a success. We might also mention Mr. Fraser Munro.

Before proceeding to further editorials we feel that duty first calls attention to our Academy faculty. The only addition is Mr. J. G. McLean, B. A., (Mathematics and Mathematical Science), who fills the vacancy caused by the resignation of Mr. J. E. McVicar. Mr. McLean has become favorably popular among the students and we know we are speaking for each class when we say that his honest effort and deep interest in each pupil is duly appreciated. As for the remaining three members, Principal Robt. Maclellan, LL.D., (Ancient Classics and Modern Languages), Henry F. Munro, B. A., (English and History), William P. Fraser, M. A., (Natural Science), it would seem like adding sugar to honey to attempt to enlarge on their merits, which have been established times without number.

---

Not every year do the students of Pictou Academy receive a visit and hear a speech by the Governor General of Canada, so we may safely put this down as the most notable event in the term. It was on a bright October morning, after his great Hudson Bay journey, the greatest ever taken in Canada by a Governor General, that Earl Grey surprised us with a visit. Coming directly from a country which has always been considered one of ice and snow alone, he told us that far from this he had found a land of splendid promise, of great mineral wealth, capable of some day placing it in importance beside the older provinces of the East or the newer ones of the West. Looking to the future the day could be seen, nor was it far distant, when this land should be dotted with cities and when, during the summer months, the keel of the laden grain vessel should stir incessantly the waters of Hudson Bay.

Turning to Pictou Academy he spoke of the part which it had played for education in Canada and of the great men which it had sent forth. Foremost among these was Grant, who, along with that other Nova Scotian, Joseph Howe, stood among the most advanced imperialists in the empire, and from these he had learned much of his own imperialism. Yet when one looked from the Academy window and saw the splendour of the landscape one could partly understand the secret of their greatness for the beauty and inspiration of this scenery must have followed and inspired their lives.

The greatest night in the year for Pictou Academy is the night of the Xmas concert. Each succeeding class tries to out do all preceding ones, and this year's class splendidly achieved its aim. A keen interest was taken in the practices, which started a month before the concert, and after diligent preparation they presented their numbers on Dec. 23rd. The tableaux, selected from the most striking scenes in Shakespeare, were a beautiful feature of the program. The excellent light showed the tasty costumes. The vocal and instrumental music, under the direction of Miss Thompson, was well rendered. Some other parts of the program were a dance by Mr. McLean, a solo by Mr. Murdock, a reading by Mr. Pugsley and a violin solo by Mr. Noonan; all of the highest order. Last, but far from the least was the farce, in which the acting was splendid. Mr. Murdock, who for three years has taken the leading part in our farces, this year in the personage of Mr. Spangles, an actor, carried out a variety of parts with remarkable ability. Mr. McLean, as Samson Whiffles, a tea dealer, was called on for some very difficult acting and responded nobly, while Mr. Pugsley as his shop boy brought down the house on his every appearance. Miss Hurst and Miss Beattie taking the parts respectively of wife and mother-in-law to Mr. Whiffles were very successful; equally so Mr. Grey, the landlord.

---

Widely departing from the precedent set by all former editors we have introduced party politics in our magazine; but politics of such a well balanced and instructive nature that we think the change is not for the worse. At a time when so much party blindness prevails, when men of both parties vote without knowing for what they vote, we place before our readers, from men who for years have fought their party's battles, and who know best for what those parties stand, five reasons why each has done this work.

That any conclusive argument can be given in so little space must not be expected. But these reasons may act as a foundation to the knowledge which will enable the student to choose his party. In publishing these articles, we do so, not with a view of creating controversy but with the firm belief that the tremendous importance of the subject well merits the space given.

It is now over five years since the electric lighting system was installed in Pictou, and yet the Academy, the largest and finest building which the town possesses, is lighted with oil lamps. Now we need electric lights in the Academy and we have been agitating for them for a number of years, but thus far without success. To appreciate our great need for an effective lighting system it is only necessary to attend a debate, a concert practice or a social. On the nights of the open debate and of the concert several smaller lamps had to be carried up from the town, the Academy lights being so inefficient. Under the present arrangement the entrance halls, Convocation hall and debating room are dimly lighted, while the dressing or cloak rooms are without lights. The absence of lights in the latter is a great inconvenience to lady students. Again, lamps as large as those used in the Academy are unsafe, ill-smelling and expensive, while electricity would be safe, clean and cheap. The cost of wiring the third floor, halls, cloak rooms and debating room would not be great, while the advantages gained thereby cannot easily be estimated. We respectfully bring this matter before the town council and school board and request them to give the matter their most careful consideration.

---

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the N. G. H. S. Annual. This magazine has already reached every corner of our county and has met compliments on every hand, and without doubt deserved every one. We have also to acknowledge receipt of the Dalhousie Gazette for December. It is so widely known that we scarce need speak of its merits.

---

## **HIGGINSON & MCKAY.**

**HARDWARE AND SPORTING GOODS.**

**"THE QUALITY HOUSE."**

"Reach's" Base Ball Goods.  
 Bicycles and Bicycle Supplies.  
 Sole Agents for Ruberoid Roofing.  
 R. C. Jamieson's Paints.  
 Atkins' Saws.  
 Table and Pocket Cutlery.

CHOICE SELECTION ALWAYS  
 ON HAND.

PRICE AS LOW AS HIGH  
 QUALITY WILL PERMIT.

**HIGGINSON & MCKAY. Opposite McLean's Bookstore.**

## NATURE STUDY.

THE majority of uneducated parents, and even some of the more enlightened, make objections to nature study, calling it "nonsense," and saying that they never had to learn such stuff. Representative educationists differ widely in their opinions as to what this study should be, and some eminent professors are firmly convinced that it is a dangerous fad, and should not be encouraged in our schools.

The heart of all education is its purpose, and in order to successfully determine the value of Nature Study and its place in our curriculum, it is necessary to have its purpose clearly set before us.

Before entering school, children get most of their ideas through their own powers of observation and through their senses. This, then must be the natural method of acquiring knowledge, (for what is so natural as a child?) and it is only right to suppose that in the school-room, a place devoted to learning, Nature's own method, far from being neglected, should be brought to its highest perfection.

It is well known that any truth, discovered by a child through his own efforts is of infinitely more value than the same truth would be if told to him by another, and in many cases, the developing of mental power and the arousing to self-activity are of more value to the child than the truth itself. Reasoning from this, if it be taken into consideration that Nature is studied best in the language of experiment," we may conclude that the study is an important factor in the development of the pupil's individuality.

It is frequently urged that the time spent on Nature Study is taken from other subjects, the mastery of which is of more value to the pupils. Now, Nature Study, as generally understood, means all the natural science studies of the lower grades, the history of plants and animals, mineralogy, school gardening, elementary physics, physical geography and hygiene. In the common schools of the past generation the time of a child was taken up mainly in constant study of the "three R's." Students of to-day read, write and cipher as well as those of twenty years ago, and in the same time manage to acquire some degree of knowledge of these other branches which come under the head of Nature Study. Thus it would appear that the real waste of time was, and is, in those

schools which devote all their time to reading, writing and arithmetic.

Those who can attend high schools and those to whom a college course is attainable, will graduate with a more or less thorough knowledge of the various sciences. But all parents cannot give their children such advantages, and it is therefore the more imperative that Nature Study be given a prominent place on our public school curriculum, and that the best methods of instruction be adopted in connection therewith.

Someone has said that "Nature Study is learning those things that are best worth the knowing to the end of doing those things that make life most worth the living." All education must be practical and prepare a child for life, and as we all must depend largely upon our own senses and our own resources when called upon to battle with the sterner problems of existence, our early training should be such as will teach us to rely upon and independently use our several abilities. Thus will our capacity for the enjoyment of life be greatly increased.

More and more as civilization advances, do the common things of nature—pure air, pure water, trees, flowers, animals, birds, and fish—become important to the inhabitants of a country as great natural resources to be developed and improved; also, the best methods of extermination of the evils of nature—bacteria, and injurious plants and insects—must be taken more and more into consideration in order to protect the public good. Therefore no one is justified in an ignorance of these things to the hurt of his neighbor, and a nature study which aims to give children such a knowledge as herein referred to, becomes a mighty instrument for the promotion of pure human happiness.

Finally, the study of nature aims at the development of the love of the beautiful and the useful. No one realizes the full value of pure air until he learns the evils resulting from poor ventilation. A boy does not know how much harm he does by taking the life of a bird or an animal until he knows the good resulting to us from the creature's life. The love of the beautiful in Nature must always inspire a love for their Maker, and a Nature study which awakens this love in the hearts of our boys and girls is surely laying a foundation of Christian character.

## A CLASS PROPHECY.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered weak and  
weary,  
Gazing in the open fireplace where the flames were leaping high;  
Suddenly I started, faltered, for I saw the scene was altered  
And within that blazing fireplace figures dark I could descry;  
Men were flitting back and forward,  
All these things and more saw I.

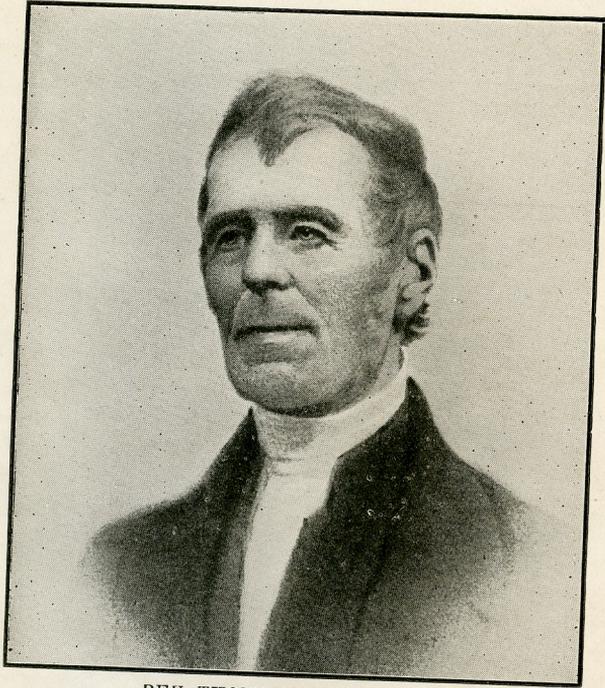
As I gazed, bound up in wonder, could it be an awful blunder?  
No, they were the friends who studied with me at the  
'Cademy on the hill.  
And who is this leads the procession, model of stern self  
possession?  
Is it?—yes, 'tis Doctor Pugsley, President of old McGill;  
And besides, Professor Matheson, who assists him at McGill,  
And the others followed still.

Then the Harvard track team passed me, and a voice beside me  
asked me  
"Do you know the coach?" and gazing, I beheld 'twas  
Charlie Pat.  
Then before me did appear a most stately engineer,  
'Twas A. Ferguson they told me. Pointing, called I "Who is  
that?"  
It was Thompson, politician, talking loudly through his hat,  
Saw you ere the like of that?

Then McLanders saw I truly, agent for the boats at Brule,  
And H. Tanner, dental surgeon, pulled his teeth out by the  
score.  
Gray with saw a limb did sever, Wood liked bull-dogs more  
than ever,  
Smith was preaching to the heathen on a distant country's  
shore,  
And the fire was sinking lower.

Gordon Mac a lawyer brilliant, Harold T. an M. A. bore,  
Bill McD., Shakespeare's successor; William H., Oxford pro-  
fessor;  
F. McDonald, minister of education in the West;  
Last, not least, a great musician, L. McKenzie took position.  
Then I saw the A Class maidens at the time of life the best,  
But they all their names had altered, shall I tell you the rest?  
'Twas a dream—right you have guessed.

—W. F. M.,  
A., 1910-11.



REV. THOMAS McCULLOCH, D.D.



THE FIRST ACADEMY BUILDING,  
*erected in 1816, through the efforts of Dr. McCulloch,  
and still used as one of Pictou's school buildings.*

## AUDUBON AND THE MACCULLOCHS.

EVERYBODY has heard of Audubon. His name is as supreme in natural history as Boswell's in biography, and his "Birds of America" has been described as the "greatest monument erected by art to nature." Audubon was of French descent and was born near New Orleans in 1780. An artist by temperament, he had the advantage of an education in France where he was the pupil of the painter David. On his return to America he devoted his life and art to the study and the delineation of animal life. For years he wandered through the woods and wilds, from Louisiana to Labrador, making his drawings, as far as possible, in the "field." The drawings of birds, "surpassing all others in accuracy and spirit," he published in four folio volumes, the price of each copy being \$1000. All the while he was busy with his pen as well, and from it came "Ornithological Biography," intended as letter-press to the drawings. Afterwards, the two were united in an octavo edition in seven volumes with the original title "Birds of America," and a word or two of comment on this superb work ought to be of interest to Pictovians.

For the "Birds" is in the Academy library and is treasured as its pearl of price. It was left us as a legacy by the late James MacKinlay, Esq., one of the "boys" of early times, a MacCulloch "boy," in fact, and an ardent naturalist. In addition, he bequeathed us the "Quadrupeds of America" in a similar edition in three volumes. Both are works for a king, but it is the "Birds" that has given Audubon his fame. In all, there are five hundred plates with over a thousand figures of birds, all most accurately drawn from life and in natural colours. Each bird has a chapter of description to itself in the leisurely, prolix style of a century ago, but, despite the style, the keen mind of the naturalist and the passion of the poet appear on every page. One has but to read his observations on the Passenger Pigeon to see how prolific nature is and how, notwithstanding, man can defeat her. The chapter on the Canada Goose has been called a prose poem.

Now, it is meet that this work be on our library shelves, for our founder not only enjoyed the friendship of this famous man but, in a sense, collaborated with him. Time and again

Audubon quotes Dr. MacCulloch or his son Thomas, and often embodies in the text descriptions and anecdotes contributed by them. Hence to a Pictovian there is an added interest in browsing through these volumes, and possibly a few gleanings from them may be appropriate in the columns of "The Academy."

In an old "Life of Audubon" we are told that in 1833 the naturalist paid a visit to Labrador to study sea birds. On his return, "a few days of easy sailing saw the 'Ripley' at anchor a few miles from Pictou and a boat, containing all the party but the captain and the crew of the schooner, was pulled cheerily on to the beach, where Audubon, followed by the youths of the expedition, having hired a cart from the nearest farmer, to bring their baggage, walked with his long strides some twelve miles into town, there to be taken by the hand, and receive the friendship of Professor MacCulloch and his sons. The whole collection of these gentlemen was placed at his disposal, and one or two exceedingly rare species he accepted, though what he most prized were notes of the observations of birds, made by Thomas MacCulloch."

From the many references Audubon makes to them, the reader gathers that the MacCulloch family was a kind of Natural History Society, the directive mind of which was the Doctor, while his son Thomas did the collecting. Their work must have been well done to win such lavish praise from the master naturalist, and the collection of birds, which is now in the museum of Dalhousie College, was not only praised but used. A few citations will show what Audubon thought of it.

In the chapter on the Snowy Owl he says: "In Nova Scotia they are abundant at the approach of winter; and Professor MacCulloch, of the University of Pictou, shewed me several beautiful specimens in his fine collection of North American Birds."

The drawing of the Little Night Owl was made from a specimen in the Pictou collection, and a most interesting account of the ventriloquial power of the Saw-whet is given by Thomas, junior.

Again, speaking of the Yellow-crowned Warbler, Audubon says: Professor MacCulloch, of Halifax, Nova Scotia (Dr. MacCulloch was now Principal of Dalhousie College) informed me that few breed in the province, nor had his sons, who are active collectors, ever found their nests in the vicinity of that town. I am indebted to his liberality for a nest with four eggs, which formed part of his fine collection."

He acknowledges further favours when describing the Blackburnian Warbler: "To President MacCulloch of Dalhousie Cottage (sic), Halifax, N. S., I am indebted for a nest and three eggs of this bird. While looking at his valuable collection of the Birds of Nova Scotia, my attention was attracted by a case containing nests with eggs, among which was that of the Blackburnian Warbler. . . . The Doctor informed me that it was the only nest he had seen, and that he considered this species of Warbler as rare in the district."

And so on throughout: in one place it is a note on the migrations of the Goose, in another a theory about the 'song' of the Snipe, in another a remark on the occurrence of Gulls as he observed them on one of his voyages to the Old Country. Everywhere he carries weight and is given equal prominence with Wilson, Bachman, Nuttall, Buonaparte and the other eminent naturalists of that time.

But these MacCullochs were not mere dry-as-dust observers, recording dates and measurements in a matter-of-fact manner. They appear, in the pages of Audubon, to have got "far ben" with the birds, especially Thomas, the younger. It is he that furnishes most of the "stories" and in them all he has something out of the usual to tell. Apparently, he was an untiring collector, keen-eyed and full of bird-craft, always in the woods and always having "experiences." Here is one he had with the Chickadee:

"While standing at the edge of a patch of newly-felled wood, over which the fire had recently passed and left everything black in its course, I observed a small flock of these birds coming from the opposite side of the clearing. Being dressed in black and aware of their familiarity, I stood perfectly motionless, for the purpose of ascertaining how near they would approach. Stealing from branch to branch and peering for food among the crevices of the prostrate trunks, as they passed along, onward they came until the foremost settled upon a twig a few feet from the spot upon which I stood. After looking about for a short time, it flew and alighted just below the lock of a double-barrelled gun which I held in a slanting direction below my arm. Being unable, however, to obtain a hold, it slid down to the middle of the piece, and then flew away, jerking its tail and apparently quite unconscious of having been so near the deadly weapon."

The Grebes are a family of aquatic birds one species of which is the Pied-billed or "Water-witch." In the course of his chapter on this bird, Audubon has this to say:

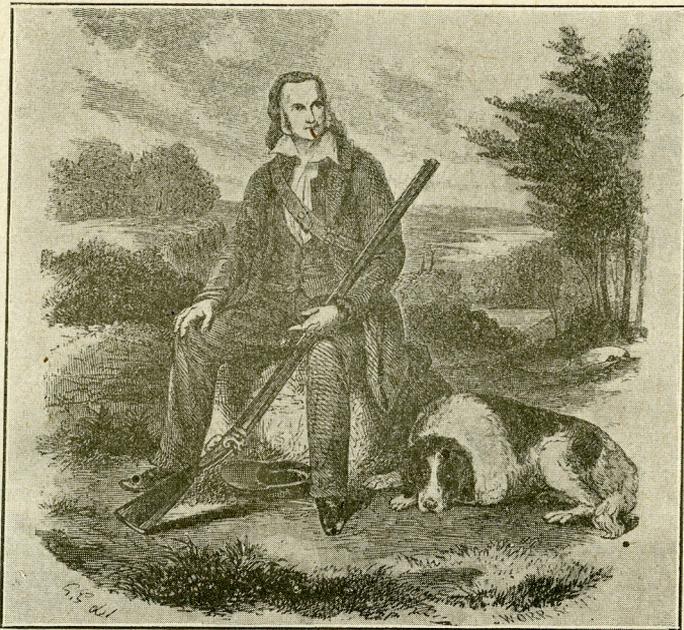
"Few birds plunge with more rapidity than this species, which, during submersion, employs its wings, as I had an opportunity of observing while some were passing under a boat when I was in pursuit of them. . . . The curious habit which they have of sinking gradually backward in the water, at the sight of an enemy, is very pleasing to observe. Not a ripple do they leave on the spot where they have disappeared. . . . My friend Thomas MacCulloch gave me an account of one which, having been observed on a small mill-dam, was pursued by the miller's sons, who after chasing it fully an hour, could not even drive it on shore. Their father, however, who was as anxious as themselves to see the curious creature, drained the pond, when the little thing was seen crawling over the mud in a manner not unlike that of a turtle. It was now easily caught, as it was not able to rise on wing, the species, it seems, being incapable of springing from the ground, and was afterwards given to my young friend, who presented it beautifully prepared to me."

One of our most common birds in spring is the Yellow-hammer. Audubon concludes his chapter on it thus :

"Mr. T. MacCulloch has favoured me with the following notice respecting this species :

"While rambling through the woods one afternoon with my brothers, I observed a considerable quantity of chips, which seemed, from the freshness of their colour, to have been but recently detached from the tall decayed stump, at the foot of which they were laid. A glance at a round hole near the top of the stump was sufficient to apprise us of their origin, and a few smart raps upon the trunk brought a golden-winged woodpecker to the aperture, to ascertain the cause of the disturbance below. Having eyed us for a moment, he jerked himself out, and flew to a top of a neighboring tree, where, uttering a few shrill notes, he was immediately joined by his mate, and both seemed anxiously to watch all our movements while we remained near the cradle of their future progeny. By us the possession of one of these beautiful birds had long been ardently desired, and we determined not to permit the present opportunity to pass unimproved. The situation of the nest was therefore carefully marked, and we resolved to return when the young birds should be fully fledged, and secure at least one as our lawful prize. . . . The stump was too much decayed to be climbed with safety; to return to the nest was the only way, then, by which we could obtain the object of our wishes. To effect this all our strength was exerted, so that we soon had the satisfaction of seeing the stump yield and eventually give way with a heavy crash, by which it was broken in pieces. Eager to secure our prize, we hastened to the spot, but conceive our disappointment when, instead of the full-fledged birds which we expected to obtain, a large number of naked

objects, apparently just out of the shell, some of them scarcely half the size of others, and all with their eyes yet unopened, lay scattered upon the ground. . . . To repair the mischief, if possible, the fragments of the nest were speedily gathered and neatly joined, and having collected the brood for the purpose of replacing it, we were astonished to find that the nest had contained the almost incredible number of eighteen young birds, besides three eggs, which still remained unbroken, notwithstanding the violence of the fall. For this singular instance of fecundity I am wholly unable to account, unless by the supposition that, from the nest being in the immediate vicinity of a public road, one of the birds had been shot after



AUDUBON.—From an old print.

the usual deposit of eggs had been made. The survivor having procured another mate, an addition was made to the number of eggs, and most probably from the same cause a third, ere the work of incubation commenced. The eggs which remained were probably the first deposited, in which the vital principle had become extinct ere the last was laid. Perhaps it may be interesting to mention that our efforts to repair the injury were not attended by the result that we desired. Upon a subsequent visit the whole brood was found cold and dead; and if the parent birds had ever re-entered their prostrate nest, it was merely to witness the devastation we had wrought, and then to abandon it for ever.' "

Lack of space prevents quotation of the longer contributions, some of them extremely valuable and all of them interesting. Perhaps the rarest bird in the North American list is the Bohemian Waxwing, and perhaps the most beautiful. The specimens from which Audubon made his drawings of this species were given him by Thomas MacCulloch, who had obtained them at Pictou in the winter of 1834. Along with them he gave an account of the affection displayed by one of the Waxwings for its companion, a readable "story" of two or three pages. The same attempt to interpret the instincts of birds is seen in his account of the attachment of the Solitary Sandpiper for her nest, and in his remarks on the domestication of the Pine Grosbeak.

One more quotation in conclusion, this time a "story" from the Old Country, but, as will appear in the course of it, connected indirectly with Dr. MacCulloch, Audubon is describing the Great Black-backed Gull, a lordly bird common to both continents, and he must have his usual anecdote. Here it is :

"The following very interesting account of the habits of a partially domesticated individual I owe to my esteemed and learned friend Dr. Neill, of Edinburgh :

'In the course of the summer of 1818, a 'big scorie' was brought to me by a Newhaven fisherboy, who mentioned that it had been picked up at sea, about the mouth of the Forth. The bird was not then fully fledged; it was quite uninjured; it quickly learned to feed on potatoes and kitchen-refuse, along with some Ducks; and it quickly became more familiar than they, often peeping in at the kitchen window in hopes of getting a bit of fat meat, which it relished highly. It used to follow my servant Peggy Oliver about the doors, expanding its wings and vociferating for food. . . . The bird being perfectly tame, we did not take the precaution of keeping the quills of one wing cut short, so as to prevent flight. In the winter of 1821-2 it got a companion in a cock-heron, which had been wounded in Coldinghame Muir, brought to Edinburgh alive, and kept for some weeks in a cellar in the old college, and then presented to me by the late Mr. John Wilson, the janitor. . . . Some time in the Spring of 1822, the large Gull was missing, and we ascertained it had taken its flight northwards and had probably therefore gone to sea. Of course I gave up all expectation of ever hearing more of it. It was not without surprise, therefore, that on going home one day in the end of October of that year, I heard my servant calling out with great exultation, 'Sir, Big Gull is come back !' I accordingly found him walking about in his old haunts in the garden, in company with, and recognizing his old friend the

Heron. He disappeared in the evening, and returned in the morning, for several days; when Peggy Oliver thought it best to secure him. . . . In the beginning of March 1823 his visits ceased; and we saw no more of him till late in the autumn of that year. These winter visits and Summer excursions to the unknown breeding-place, were continued for years with great uniformity; only I remarked that after the Gull had lost his protectress, who died in 1826, he became more distant in his manners.'

After noting that the Gull had changed his date of arrival and often did not appear till January, Dr. Neill offers an explanation :

'A few pairs of the Great Black-backed Gull breed at the Bass Rock yearly, and it seems highly probable that my specimen had originally been hatched there. If I may be allowed a conjecture, I would suppose that, after attaining maturity, he for some years resorted to the same spot for the purpose of breeding; but that of late years, having lost his mate or encountered some other disaster, he has extended his migration for that purpose to some very distant locality, which has rendered his return to winter quarters six weeks later than formerly.' "

And in a foot-note Dr. Neill adds :

"Peggy Oliver was remarkable for the zeal and taste she displayed in the domesticating of uncommon animals, as well as in the culture of plants; her expertness in the latter department is noticed and praised by Mr. Loudon in his *Gardener's Magazine*. Her funeral was attended by some of the most distinguished naturalists here, and, among others, by your friend Dr. MacCulloch of Pictou, who happened to be in Edinburgh at the time, and whose friendship I have also the happiness to enjoy."

There were two Dr. MacCullochs. One was the MacCulloch of the portrait in the hall, Presbyterian 'true blue'; the MacCulloch of theological polemics; the enemy of prelates and the Council of Twelve. This man we know well enough. The other was MacCulloch the naturalist, the man who rambled through the woods with his boys and directed them to studies not then in fashion; the friend of Audubon and Dr. Neill, of Peggy and Big Gull. A more likable MacCulloch, one would say. We should know more of him.

AVIS.

# Five Reasons for Being a Conservative.

*By Mr. C. E. Tanner.*

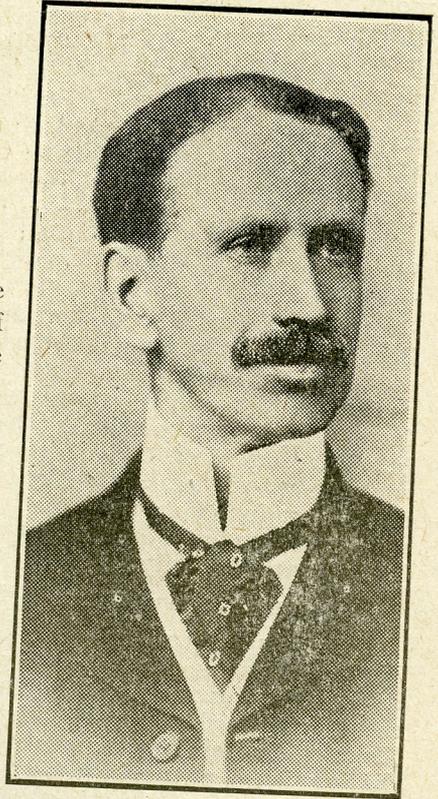
1. Because Conservative leaders have been makers of Canada. They first united the four primary provinces, then added Prince Edward Island, British Columbia and the western territory, and welded the whole into a vigorous nation, notwithstanding prolonged opposition from Liberal leaders.

2. Because Conservative leaders completed the stupendous undertaking of building the Canadian Pacific railway, thereby binding the young nation together and opening a way to the western empire which Conservative foresight had added to Canada. This, too, notwithstanding stubborn opposition of Liberal leaders.

3. Because Conservative leaders in 1879 crystallized national convictions, and national aspirations for Canada's development, in a living national policy which was long and violently opposed by the Liberal leaders but was afterwards accepted by them as the true Canadian policy.

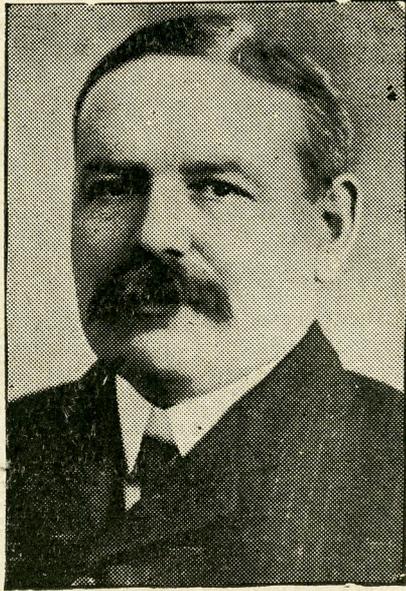
4. Because Conservative leaders saved Canada from disruption by resisting and finally smashing, in 1887, the unpatriotic policy of Repeal which for many years was agitated in Nova Scotia by William S. Fielding, Liberal leader.

5. Because Conservative leaders are inspired with abiding faith in Canada, her people, her resources and her future as a great nation within the Empire, and steadfastly oppose Liberal leaders who would make Canada the back-yard of the United States.



# Why am I A Liberal?

*By E. M. MacDonald, M. P.*



1. Because the Liberal party has stood and stands for the advancement of the plain people, for the masses of the people against the classes, and for the establishment and maintenance of responsible government both in the Province and the Dominion.

2. Because it stands for the permanence of the British Empire by the development of the principle that a collection of nations endowed with free government and full autonomy within the Empire is preferable to that of dependent and subordinate colonies.

3. Because under Liberal administration, Canada made greater growth than in any previous decade, in her material progress and prosperity, in Canadian national sentiment, in the development of her natural resources and in the confidence and self reliance of her people.

4. Because the Liberal party stands for providing a navy built in Canada, to grow with our growth, to assist the Empire in time of stress as distinguished from the Nationalist policy adopted by Conservatives of doing nothing.

5. Because, while preserving Canada's National integrity, vested interests and British preference, Liberals stand for wider markets for Canadian products and the men who have made her leader among the Empire's overseas nations are the safest guides for Canada's future.

## THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR.

IT was one of those warm, sultry afternoons a few weeks before the midsummer examinations, and our hero Tom was lounging lazily in a hammock under a shady tree in the garden. On the grass were scattered, boy fashion, in all directions, books and papers of all sizes and descriptions; and although he had a small, meek-looking, red-covered book in his listless hand, he paid no attention to it. Instead he thought of how many times he had played base-ball, hockey, foot-ball and—truant, during the year; and now, when the term's work was nearly over, wished with all his heart that he had acted differently. He gazed sadly at the changing scene before him. The mellow moonlight peered through the quivering leaves of the trees, and purple shadows danced gaily over the grass as the sun sank lower into the golden West. A hidden cricket was singing a lively tune, and those musical insects, known as mosquitos, kept up a harmonious accompaniment flying about in the air!

Soon Tom became aware of another sound, and looking up he saw a stern looking man, mounted upon a peculiar looking horse, riding towards him. As he drew nearer Tom perceived uneasily that he was clothed, from head to foot, in a sombre dark robe, similar to that worn by "Peter the Hermit" in a picture in his History where the "Crusades" were vividly described; and he was sure that the horse had come directly from the "windy plain of Troy"—so much did it resemble the wooden one devised by the crafty Ulysses!

At last the rider stopped his horse before Tom, who inwardly quaked with fear and outwardly grew very pale. But, after a few moments of suspense our hero whispered hoarsely:

"Oh, venerable sir! who are you, and why do you come to me thus?"

"My name, Oh youth! is 'Concentration'—hast thou never heard of me? Never heard the name of the man who has guided thoughtful students along the puzzling windings of the road leading to success? I, who have brought order out of chaos, and inspiration to all men, whether they be Patricians or Plebeians, geniuses or dunces, rulers or slaves! Hast thou never heard aught of me?"

Tom muttered an incoherent reply; the stranger continued.

"Now, I come to you, directed hither by the accusations of your guilty conscience, to conduct you along the path of knowledge as set forth in your neglected lesson books. Mount quickly beside me on this saddle: there is no time to lose!"

Tom did so. Soon they were started on their journey over hills and down into valleys, across bridges and through meadows, the stranger growing more reticent and Tom more inquisitive at every step. But even that gentleman was forced to become silent when, suddenly and unexpectedly, they came upon what seemed like a great army drawn up in battle array. Tom shuddered when he saw that one of the leaders carried a

huge standard with the words "Explain and give reasons" written, in letters of gold, upon it; but soon, rallying manfully, he observed the foremost men.

There was Cyaxares with a whole circle of Assyrian captives, and Cadmus with his Alphabet; a malicious looking man who must be Draco, and Socrates with his cup of hemlock. Two men evidently Mr. Licinus Stolo and Mr. Lucius Sextus, were vindictively waving the "Licinian Rogations" before the faces of two haughty and angry Patricians! And near them, in the doorway of the Alexandrian Library, sat Queen Cleopatra carrying on an animated flirtation with Julius Caesar! However, before Tom had time to finish his observations, the stranger urged forward his wiry steed and soon the whole army disappeared from view behind the hill.

But, would wonders never cease? Now they came upon a novel and spectacular sight!

There, in the middle of the public highway, was a large, wooden structure, looking very much like an "Inclined Plane," upon which two impertinent objects, who called themselves "Force" and "Pressure," were either climbing up or, with great commotion, rolling down, utterly disregarding an important looking object answering to the name of "Gravity." Near at hand a "Resultant" force and an "Equilibrant" were in great danger of becoming "unbalanced."

The stranger, fearing that the same danger was threatening Tom, drew his attention away from this spectacle, and pointed to another part of the road where, under the shade of a large oak tree, a fierce battle was being fought between the "Cranes and the Pygmies." Not far off in front of a building which, from its sign, Tom knew to be the office of the "Spectator," Sir Roger de Coverley and Will Honeycomb were dancing a jig; and inside Addison, with a towel wrapped around his head, was busy writing out the Transmigrations of Pug the Monkey" for the next number of the paper.

On the other side of the road Pope and Tickell were having a duel over their versions of the "Iliad" aided valiantly by their seconds Steele and Dennis; but, before Tom had the satisfaction of seeing the result, he was suddenly confronted by that living encyclopedia, Thomas Babington Macaulay, sorrowfully and reproachfully holding out the crumpled remains of an essay on "Macaulay's style" which Tom instantly recognized as one of his own manufacture, written a few weeks before for his English teacher—all examples of rhetorica, antithetical and climatic forms of expression, forms of comparison and contrast, humor, hyperbole and irony being very conspicuous in their absence.

This shock proved to be effective, for Tom found himself rubbing his dazed eyes, and, observing that he still had the same red-covered book in his hand, he murmured drowsily, as he slowly rose from the hammock at the sound of the teabell—"No one knows where the shoe pinches but he who wears it!"

—AUGUSTA MACDONALD. "B," '11.

## A DISH OF TAPIOCA.

**B**ESS CARROL seemed to have been born with the special gift of making blunders, so, when she finished school and went to keep house for her brother, who was homesteading in the West, her mistakes were so numerous that he named her Blunder Bess. Her knowledge of cooking was limited and her failures in the culinary line correspondingly numerous.

One morning, looking over the stores, Bess found a quantity of tapioca.

"I'll have tapioca pudding for dinner," she said to herself, "but how much do I need? Let me see—a pound ought to do."

Choosing a medium sized saucepan, she put the tapioca to soak, covering it well with water and placing it on the back of the stove. After a time she went to look at it and found that it had swollen until the pan was full.

"I must have used too much," decided Bess and changed it to a larger dish. But, in a short time it was flowing over again.

"What shall I do? If Ned finds out he will never stop laughing. There he is now!" and she quickly covered the tapioca.

"I have to go to town, Sis," called Ned from the gate, "to meet John Bernard, who is going to buy that bunch of cattle. I won't be long. By the way, you had better lock the door while I am away. I hate to frighten her," he added to himself, "but it is so lonely here."

"Why, Ned, I am not afraid," cried Bess.

"Oh, perhaps it isn't anything, but Jack Thompson told me that there was a sort of gentleman tramp around. He has a plausible manner and a bad habit of frightening women, whom he finds alone, into giving up the money and valuables that may be in the house. Not likely he'll call but you had better keep the door locked."

After Ned had gone Bess turned her attention to the tapioca, which had gained still larger proportions.

"What shall I do with it!" she gasped, "we'll never be able to eat it all if we live exclusively on tapioca pudding for a month to come. I know, I'll bury it!"

She poured the greater part of it into a basin and, going into the garden proceeded to dig a hole in which to cover up one of her mistakes, entirely forgetting to even close the door.

When she returned to carry out the tapioca she screamed in alarm on finding a man sitting in the kitchen.

"I beg your pardon if I have startled you," he said courteously, "but, as no one answered my knock, I sat down to rest. It is so warm to-day and I have walked quite a distance. Is Mr. Carrol at home?"

"I am expecting him every moment," answered Bess, trying to stop the quiver in her voice. She was sure that this was the plausible tramp her brother had spoken of. How could she get rid of him!

"He certainly doesn't look dangerous," thought Bess, stealing a glance at him.

"May I trouble you for a glass of milk," asked the stranger, breaking an awkward silence, and Bess's suspicions returned in full force.

"He wants to send me down cellar and he will close the trap and keep me down," she thought. Then, like a flash, came the idea—why not send him down? Raising the trap door, she said, "You will find a pitcher full of milk on a shelf in the cellar, help yourself."

The man looked surprised but followed her directions and the next moment found himself sprawling on the earthen floor of the cellar. Bess, in her eagerness to have him safely and surely imprisoned, had slammed the trap door before his head had gone below the level of the floor.

As he scrambled to his feet he could hear the table and chairs being dragged over the trap door.

"If Ned would only come," gasped Bess, excitedly.

"Young lady," came a voice from the cellar. "What is the meaning of this? I came to see Mr. Carrol on business and cannot understand why I am imprisoned in this way. If you will let me come up, I shall explain my business to you."

Receiving no answer from above he turned his attention to the trap and exerted his full strength against it. Up flew the door and over went chairs and tables with a crash, but he was not to escape so easily.

Looking frantically around for a weapon of some kind, Bess's eye fell upon the tapioca and splash went the sticky mess over the head of the man just emerging from the cellar.

Just at that moment Ned's astonished voice cried, "Why Bess, what is the matter? and with a sob of thankfulness Bess ran to him.

"O Ned," she said, "It's the man that you told me about."

"It can't be, he was arrested yesterday. Great Caesar! John Bernard!"

Bess gave a glance at the stranger, who was mopping his head with a handkerchief in the vain endeavor to remove the tapioca, then fled to her room where she threw herself on the bed and sobbed hysterically. She could hear the murmur of voices and shouts of laughter from below, where John Bernard, with Ned's help and clothes, was trying to remove the traces of the fray, and greatly feared that the "plausible tramp" was being regaled with the story of some of her former exploits.

"I won't come down. I couldn't look him in the face," she said when Ned begged her to come and prepare dinner for them.

"You must, Bess, you owe him that much reparation," returned her brother. "I'm ravenously hungry and as for Bernard—well, tapioca poured over a man's head doesn't satisfy his appetite very well. Do come, sis."

At last Bess yielded and went down. But when, very much subdued and blushing furiously, she entered the kitchen and Ned introduced Mr. Bernard, she stammered out, "How do you do, Mr. Tapioca."

—Student.

## A GLIMPSE OF THE SUNNY SOUTH THROUGH NORTHERN GLASSES.

(Contributed.)

**A** YEAR spent in one of the old aristocratic colleges of the South gives one an experience rich in variety, yet altogether delightful. It was my great privilege to enjoy this experience and become a partaker of the traditional hospitality of the Southern homes. This tradition is a reality. Never have I felt the "at-home-ness" so thoroughly as in the South, where each member of the family, with no apparent effort, and with absolute sincerity gives himself wholly to your entertainment.

There is a most charming lack of haste at all times and under all circumstances. The cars do not start until you have taken your seat, and all men doff their hats when they meet a lady, even though she is a stranger. To one who had lived for many years in bustling, hurrying, and (shall I dare?) somewhat rude Boston, it was a delightful shock, when, after rushing through a store to an open elevator and inquiring breathlessly "which way?" to have the boy reply (somewhat indistinctly, owing to a smothered yawn), "Ah reckon A'm gwine any way y'all wants to go, Miss."

The college girls are pretty, dainty, well-bred, and with voices "soft and low, an excellent thing in woman." They always seemed happy, but even in the dormitory, where 150 girls from eighteen to twenty boarded, a laugh was almost never heard. Generally speaking they are devoid of a sense of humor. This lack is especially trying when one tells a story or reads a poem with a humorous climax, and meets simply silence, and a bland, unanimated smile. The girls are also a bit literal. I asked my class for the central thought of "Lochinvar," and received on one paper "the bride kissed the goblet." This staggered me for a time, but I finally had an inspiration, and resorting to my tape-measure I found it was indeed the "central thought." Another student asked me if "O young Lochinvar" was his full name! One girl wanted to "study gesture to finish her," and still another said, "I naturally don't need any technique, my diaphragm has an elegant development."

But it is the ubiquitous darkey who makes life in the South most interesting to the Northerner. You find him sleeping on the sidewalk, sunning himself on a doorstep, and

not infrequently a load of cotton, drawn by a sleeping mule, and driven by a sleeping darkey meets our wandering eyes.

The darkies are ostentatiously religious. At almost any hour of the day or night you may hear their rich, resonant voices singing hymns, and some of them indulge in audible prayer while at their work. I once asked "Uncle Charlie," (an old "fo' de wa" darkey) how he was feeling, and his reply was: "Ahim feelin' poo'ly miss, right poo'ly—te'bul misery in ma back, thank God!" One day he was telling me about his little grandson—I inquired his name, and he said: "His name's Nero, miss, we done name him fo' de hymn 'Nero ma God to thee!" I became suspicious that my washer-woman had been wearing one of my white dresses. When I accused her she said most ingenuously: "Law yes'm chile honey, I done fix up in it Sunday, but I done i'on it all out good fo' I fetch it back!" Old Aunt Tilly told me "De reason kase why A'm so li'l is kase way back yander fo' de wa' Ah done ketch de small-pox, an' it ain' neber lef' me." The maid who waited upon me personally rejoiced in the name "Precious." It gave me an intimate feeling when I addressed her!

When any festivity among the darkies was pending, the dining-room resembled a brilliant sunset, with lowering clouds near the horizon, for then all the maids "wrapped" their hair. This was done by separating little tufts of wool and twining each one with a strip of gay-colored rag. The greater variety of colors, the greater the success of the coiffure.

The weather from September to June is a bit monotonous, and one almost yearns for a good old Northern blizzard; but for compensation one has "roses, roses all the way," violets, magnolias, and ever-present, always singing birds, and it is indeed a "land of pure delight."

---

Away to the West on the glowing horizon,  
Down sinks the sun in a halo of glory,  
Flinging afar o'er the deep-tinted heavens  
Streamers of violet, of gold and of fire;  
Touching the trees till they shone in his glory,  
Touching the lake till it glows in return;  
Cloud banners wave o'er the bright sky of sunset  
And welcome soft twilight, calm season of peace,  
When winds softly whisp'ring to softly stirred leaflets,  
The birds chirp their vespers in sleepy content;  
All softened in shadowy purple, the landscape  
Is touched by the breath of the oncoming night.

## SEASONS OF THE STUDENT'S LIFE.

**W**E are now, once more, about to enter upon another Spring—that season in which all nature seems to revel with mirth and clothe itself in its most gorgeous mantle; when the birds again return to their summer haunts and pour forth their songs of exquisite sweetness. And it is with a feeling of happy memories that we look back upon the winter—that time of study and meditation, mingled with occasional merriment, when all nature appears dead, but is only enveloped in its periodic sleep—and behold its snowy form fast receding from us on this ever-revolving wheel of time.

This continual evolution of seasons, bears in the mind of the writer a striking resemblance to the life of manhood in general, but more particularly to that of the student class. First, the Spring, embracing in its span life from childhood to manhood and maturity. When at the dawn of life we behold the child, apparently so devoid of power, may we not safely say, "Here rests a blossom but in bud." Now begins the early education and that period of life when the mind is least troubled by cares and anxieties, but yet when those seeds are sown, that to a certain extent mould the future.

As the Spring advances, and the child becomes a youth, the ever expanding horizon presents numerous professions to which he may devote his life, and in many of which he may win for himself undying fame.

Then begins his deeper education, first acquired at the high school, and later followed by the active college life, a time at which, in many cases blooms forth the earliest flower of his genius, and is probably accompanied by the happiest period of his existence.

Whatever it may be, his position in the intellectual world must now be determined, and if he desire that his name should live on, after he has left this earthly mansion, he must use great discretion in his choice.

Next he is hurried on into the summer of life, and his part on this temporary stage being now fixed, is thrown upon his own resources and left to develop his own future. In this mature state for considerable time he remains, the hoary hand of time producing an ever changing effect upon his countenance, and gradually increasing his knowledge and intellectual powers, until he has attained to the summit of his fame.

Here, for some time he remains, without being superceded by some one greater and more capable of fulfilling his duty, he soon begins the descent, although he may remain in the minds of men as the originator of some great work, which has passed to the hands of others to be completed. And thus the Autumn proceeds, producing a marked change on this once great Nestor, who now lives in retirement upon the results of his labours, and in his declining years asks himself, "What have I done for mankind, that my name may continue to live in the minds of my people, as a benefactor of their race?"

But the Winter comes on apace, and one day seized by its frost, he is hurled into the great gulf of eternity, whence there is no return.

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.—Longfellow.

—G. McL.,  
"A," '10-'11.

---

---

## TRINIDAD.

THE lovely and important island of Trinidad lies at the north-eastern corner of Venezuela, from which it is separated by the Gulf of Paria and the Dragon and Serpent's Mouths. It is the most southerly link of that beautiful chain of pretty islands which form a curved line, extending from the peninsula of Florida, in North America, to the mouth of the Orinoco, in South America, and which Columbus called the West Indies. The Indian name of the island was Cairi, or Iere, meaning "The Land of the Humming bird," but Columbus called it "La Trinidad," or the trinity in the fulfilment of a vow.

In shape Trinidad is an oblong figure, at each corner of which a horn or peninsula projects. The coast line is slightly broken except in the west, where it is deeply indented by the Gulf of Paria. The entrance to this large, safe, and land-locked basin is by the Dragon's Mouth in the north, and the Serpent's Mouth in the south. The northern passage is about twelve miles broad and is subdivided into four channels by the islands of Monos, Hueros, and Chacachacare, which stand like stepping stones in it between Trinidad and Venezuela. The

Serpent's Mouth measures nine miles across and is partly divided into two main entrances by the Soldier's Rock.

The coasts are bold in the north, bluff in the south, and, in general, low and flat in east and west.

The surface, though in general flat, is pleasantly varied by beautiful mountain ranges, lovely valleys, and fine extensive plains; and the whole is richly wooded and well watered by numerous rivers. It is mountainous in the north, hilly in the centre and south, and flat in the West. Three mountain ranges, heavily wooded from top to bottom, stretch across the island from east to west. The northern and southern ranges run parallel to each other, while the central range runs in a broken diagonal line from the eastern to the western shores. The whole island is well drained by a large number of pretty rivers, the largest of which are the Caroni, Ortoire and Oropouche. As the distance between the Northern and Southern Ranges and the sea is not great, the rivers flowing into the Columbus channel and Caribbean Sea are short.

The forests are extensive, and contain some of the largest forms of plant life. They abound in all sorts of timbers and cabinet woods, gum-producing and balsam trees, dye-woods, medicinal plants and fuel woods. The large and interesting family of palms flourishes here in all its varieties, from the giant palmiste or cabbage palm down to the smallest dwarf which we use in decking our drawing rooms. Tall ferns and tree like grasses grow in the greatest profusion. The majestic bamboo fringing the rivers and gracefully arching them, makes sweet, soft music as its trembling leaves rustle at every gust of wind. Everywhere pretty flowers meet the eye and perfume the air with their sweet fragrance. Orchids of the rarest kinds exhibit in their curious flowers a perfect waxwork-like museum of the insect kingdom. Creepers, with leaves of various shapes and with flowers of the brightest hues, twine round the trunks of the trees.

A rich and fertile soil yields sugar-cane, cacao, and coconut. The cacao plantations look like miniature forests, and if it were not for the "immortelle" or cacao mother, with scarlet flowers, it would be difficult to tell where the real forest began, for many of the plantations join each other.

This being a tropical country, animal life is varied. While wild animals are not quite so plentiful now as they were some years ago, none of the species have as yet disap-

peared, though the number of some of them is getting daily less as the forests are being opened up. Some of them are good for eating and greatly relished by the natives. Some of them are lappe, agouti, deer, porcupine, and manicoú or opossum. The flesh of the monkey is also relished by some. Birds are very numerous and in their habits and mode of life greatly resemble those of Venezuela. Their great attraction is not in the sweetness of their voice as in the beauty of their plumage. The Qu'est-ce-qui-dit (Keskidee), Poor-me-one, rosgnol or God's bird, and humming bird are the most common. The birds mostly eat insects and fruit. There are some water birds which are shot for the table. Of all the birds, the one which counts the greatest variety is the humming bird. Here is indeed the "land of the humming-bird." Here we have no fewer than eighteen kinds of these charming little feathered beauties. The reptiles comprise several aquatic and land ones. The aquatic ones are sea turtles, fresh water turtles, frogs; the land ones, snakes, lizards, and land tortoises or morocoys. There are only four members of the snake family deadly, though two others of them, boa-constrictor and water boa, are deadly in their coil.

Fish are abundant in the coast waters and rivers. The most notable of the fresh water fish is the cascaradura. Though a mud fish it has flesh so dainty that the saying is, "If a stranger eats the cascaradura he is sure to die here."

The chief minerals of Trinidad are asphalt or pitch, coal, and building stones. Asphalt or pitch is found in the greatest abundance. The most important deposit of this is the famous "Pitch Lake" of La Brea, which covers an area of 110 acres to an unknown depth. It is used for making asphalt walks and is shipped to the United States and other places.

Trinidad is a tropical country, and the climate is warm and humid. The island has two seasons, a dry and rainy. It is free from hurricanes and is not subject to flood and drought. It is not only an agricultural country with vast natural resources, but it is also a splendid trade centre. Its trade, if we omit Canada, is the largest of any of the British possessions in the New World, and equal to that of Venezuela.

Means of travelling both by land and sea is good and cheap. The roads are extensive; the railway system, which is yearly increasing, consists of five lines. On one of the lines is the tunnel known as "Knolley's."

The population amounts to over 300,000, of whom East Indians form one-third. It is composed of nearly all the nations on the face of the earth. Trinidians may be described as a mixed people descended from all nations; They are intelligent, handsome and lively. You can hear almost all languages, but English is the principal one in the towns and villages, while Patois, an offspring of the French language, is spoken everywhere. The Christian religion prevails. The East Indian immigrants who come here are pagans, and it is the work of the missionaries of all denominations to try to convert them. Education is good and widespread. The schools are either Government or Assisted. The Government are under the special care of the Government, while the Assisted are under the Government and Church.

Trinidad is governed by an executive council and governor, and is under the direct control of the Secretary of State for the colonies.

Port of Spain is the capital and is situated on a plain at the foot of the Northern Range. It is one of the largest and handsomest towns in the West Indies, and is just as large as Halifax. This city is well laid out with fine, broad streets running north and south, east and west, and cutting each other at right angles. The houses are of stone and covered with slates, tiles or galvanized iron. The stores are stocked with the best of everything and are got up on the latest styles, and can compare with the leading cities of Europe and North America. They carry on a trade larger than Halifax. The city is lighted with electricity, and well supplied with water from the St. Ann's and Maraval reservoirs. The electric company have established a thorough system of tramways. There are many parks, squares, and promenades. The principal park, the Queen's Park containing 200 acres of level meadow land, is surrounded by the Circular Road and a fine asphalt walk. The Queen's Park Hotel is just opposite it and is very large and beautiful, inside and out. The principal buildings are the Red House, police barracks and court, fire brigade buildings. The two cathedrals and the governor's palace. The Botanical Gardens are a place of public resort.

San Fernando, Princes Town once called the Mission, Tunapuna, St. Joseph (the old capital), and Arima are busy, rising towns mostly connected with the cacao and sugar trade.

—H. S. T.,

“C” 1910-II.

## ATHLETICS.

THE record of athletics in the Academy during the present term need not occupy much space, base-ball and hockey being practically the only sports attempted. On the diamond, during September and October, the Academy nine won honors. After several inter-class games of minor importance, the team paid a visit to New Glasgow on an inclement Saturday, and were compelled to return without playing. On the following Saturday, however, the New Glasgow nine, accompanied by a very enthusiastic and, we fear, unduly confident crowd of rooters, played an interesting match with the Academy boys. The first few innings led the fans to believe that a close and exciting game was in progress, but the Academy soon assumed the lead, and the confidence of the High School rooters received a severe shaking. After that it was all the same story, and when the game ended the score stood 20 to 7 in favour of the Academy, who had an inning to play. The Academy team was as follows:—E. Dustan, (c.) ; D. Cochrane, (p) ; C. Sutherland, (1st b.) ; Oliver, (2nd b.) ; E. McIsaac, (s. s.) ; C. Campbell, (3rd b.) ; S. McKaracher, (m. f.) ; D. Sutherland, (c. f.) ; N. Rogers, (l. f.).

After the match the High School boys were entertained to a first-class supper at Wisener's, where suppers equal to any in the province are served. In our humble opinion this was scarcely deserving of the epithets applied to it in our New Glasgow contemporary. Thus ended the base-ball season.

When we come to the story of hockey we have a less rosy tale to tell. Two matches were played with New Glasgow, one in each town, and the Academy team were soon ready to admit that, whatever the position in baseball, the High School Hockey Team is a superior organization.

An attempt was made during the autumn to secure an athletic meet with the High School. This proposal did not meet with success, but we understand that our Athletic President and Track Captain are carrying on negotiations for holding one in the Spring, and if it takes place we have no doubt that Pictou Academy boys will make a very good showing of themselves.

## THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

**N**EVER was any other institution affiliated with our Academy that has had so powerful an educational value as our historical Debating Society. That strong academic spirit which prevailed at the meeting called September 12th, 1910, for the reorganization of this society, at once told us that one of the best debating seasons yet held at Pictou Academy was in store for us. At this meeting, the officers,—President, Mr. C. Pugsley; Vice Pres., Mr. Gordon McLeod; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss H. Hurst; Assistant Secretary and Treasurer, Miss L. Mattatall, and also the following executive committee of Miss L. Mattatall, Miss V. Mattatall, Miss K. Fraser, Miss N. Sinclair, Mr. E. Dustan, Mr. D. Cochrane, Mr. P. Thompson, Mr. H. Tanner were chosen.

The debates which continued to be held on Friday evening of each week until November 5th, proved to be a centre of interest not only to the students but also to many Pictou citizens who frequently visit us. The discussions, which were on popular political and social questions, revealed a wealth of material not only in the sturdier sex but also in the fairer sex. It would make a very lengthy article if each of the speakers were commented on, but suffice it to say that in the majority of cases no common abilities were shown and that they all deserve well earned credit for the whole-heartedness with which they entered the work.

On Friday evening, November 12th, Mr. Fraser Munro gave us a forcible and eloquent discussion on "Woman's Suffrage" in which he undoubtedly revealed his private feeling regarding the oppression of the fair sex. At the conclusion of this address Mr. Munro was presented with a bouquet of red and white for which he made a very appreciative reply.

The open debate was held in Convocation Hall on the evening of November 18th, Dr. MacLellan in the chair. The hall was well filled with a most attractive and expectant audience.

Dr. Maclellan in opening the debate gave the speakers a few words of encouragement, limiting the length of the speeches to fifteen minutes each. He then introduced Mr. Fraser Munro, who supported the resolution, namely, "That Trade Unions and Strikes are Beneficial."

Mr. Munro's speech was well delivered and showed careful preparation. In opening he announced that he and his colleagues had divided their argument into three parts, Mr. George MacLean taking the moral, Mr. Cochrane the political, while he himself supported the resolution from an economical standpoint.

Mr. Pugsley in an able and energetic manner, presented his arguments, opposing Trade Unions and Strikes from the economic standpoint.

Mr. MacLean, the next speaker on the affirmative side, supported the resolution from the moral standpoint. His address showed a thorough familiarity with that part of the subject.

Mr. Lockwood Gray responded for the negative side. In a very powerful speech he argued that Trade Unionists were the chief offenders against law and order, against religion and, like Moses of old, broke with violence all of the ten commandments.

Mr. Cochrane took the political side of the affirmative. His arguments were good and well delivered.

Mr. Thompson responded in an up-to-date speech, which showed a comprehensive knowledge of modern politics.

Mr. Pugsley then gave a complete summing up of the arguments on the negative side. Mr. Munro closed the debate and the judges, Mr. J. U. Ross, Mr. W. Cameron and Mr. R. P. Fraser, retired. After a few minutes deliberation they returned and awarded the honours, both in argument and presentation to the affirmative side.

—H. H., "B," '10-'11.

---

#### ESSAY ON THE HEN BY A BOY.

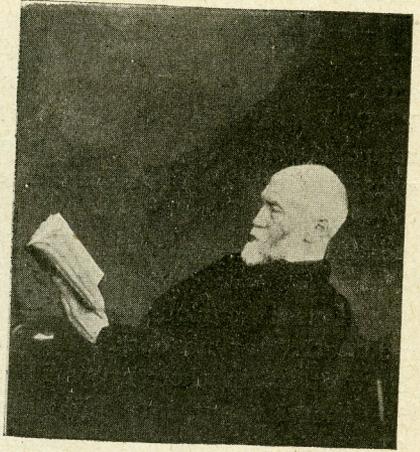
Hens is curious animals. They don't have no noses, nor no teeth, nor no ears. They swaller their vituals hole and chew it up in their crops inside of them. The outside of hens is generally put into pillos and made into feather dusters. The inside of a hen is generally filled up with marbles, shirt buttons and sich. A hen is a good deal smaller than other quadrupeds, but they'll dig up more corn plants and tomato plants than anything that ain't a hen. Hens is useful to lay eggs for plum pudding. Gee, I like plum puddin'! Hens got wings and can fly when scairt. I cut my uncle's hen's neck off and it scairt her to death. Hens sometimes make very fine spring chickens.

## THE LATE GEORGE M. GRANT.

ON Dec. 22nd, 1835, George Munro Grant was born at Albion Mines, Pictou Co., where his early childhood was spent. Growing up in a deeply religious atmosphere his love of learning early marked him for the church and accordingly Grant entered Pictou Academy, through which he successfully passed, carrying off the first of his many prizes. Then crossing the Atlantic, with three friends from Pictou, he settled at Glasgow University which was the college he had chosen for his own. As a leader in debate, a foot-ball player and a prize winner Grant soon became one of the most striking figures in the university and that when James Bryce and a host of other great men were his fellow students. Studying in winter, travelling in summer through the Highlands and the historical border country; once, too, passing a summer on the continent, the college days were spent.

These over, turning his back on the bright promises before him in Scotland he returned to Nova Scotia and in 1853 was inducted at St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, to which church he gave fourteen years of faithful service.

But it must not be imagined that such an active mind could be held within the limits of a congregation. Grant was too great for that and ever took his part in the leading issues of the day; and these were days when great issues were at stake. Free schools, Confederation and Church Union (among the Presbyterian branches) were all fought for and won during those fourteen years and into the very hottest of the struggle Grant flung himself, the unflinching advocate of all. Confederation, he early saw, was the only thing which would put behind Nova Scotia for ever those party disputes which were eating her heart; by this alone could Canada ever grow to a country capable of taking her place among the nations of the world. His correspondence and speeches on the subject were the fruits of much hard thinking and show a thorough grasp of the subject and a broadness



of mind. Through the long, hard struggle for confederation and those dark days which followed when Nova Scotia arose in a mass, when Prince Edward Island refused to take any part and above all when Joseph Howe had forsaken his cause. Grant's courage never failed. A three months' journey from Halifax to Vancouver taken with Sir Sanford Fleming in 1872, when Western Canada was no better known or thought of than Ungava is to-day, served to strengthen this glowing hope of the great future in store for Canada.

The word Union looms out largely in Grant's work. No sooner was Confederation completed than Church Union claimed his attention. For years, indeed, ever since its establishment in Canada, the Presbyterian Church had been rent by the fiercest feuds, which, strengthened by memories of old quarrels in Scotland and newer political ones in Canada had left the Church a number of petty, divided factions. But opinions were changing slowly and a system of gradual unions had brought her in 1870 to four separate Synods, one for each province, thus clearing the way for a final union. But this Nova Scotia strongly opposed and it was only after five years of strenuous work that Grant, as moderator of the Synod, led its members in a procession to Victoria Hall, Montreal, where at the first General Assembly the four churches were solemnly declared united.

It was, however, to Queen's University that the best years of his life were given and the results can be seen in no better way than by comparing the Queen's which Grant found with the Queen's which he left. Installed in 1877 as principal of a little college with only ninety students, four teachers, and a revenue of only \$16,000 he died in 1903 leaving it one of the most up-to-date colleges in Canada with an attendance of eight hundred and fifty students. New buildings had been erected, the curriculum had widened to include every course of the universities, and to Grant, who in the summer of 1889 alone collected a quarter of a million dollars, most of the credit is due.

But when all this has been said we have only a small part of his work, for Grant was greatest as a man of ideas—perhaps we might better say a statesman. Every public question claimed his attention. At one time he meditated contesting Kingston for the federal parliament, but on considering all that must be given up as a minister and a college principal,

dropped the idea and even refused a cabinet position when offered by Sir Oliver Mowat, then Premier of Ontario. Though attaching due importance to the minor questions, he was wont to soar in higher politics, and imperialism above all fired his imagination; a fervent admirer of Great Britain he looked forward eagerly to the day when her scattered colonies would be bound closer together. However, to a subject such as this no justice can be done in our small space.

This eventful life of which only a few incidents are here recorded, closed on May 10th, 1903, and on the 13th Grant was laid to rest.

—P. T., "A," '10-'11.

---

---

## ICE-BREAKING IN NORTHUMBERLAND STRAIT.

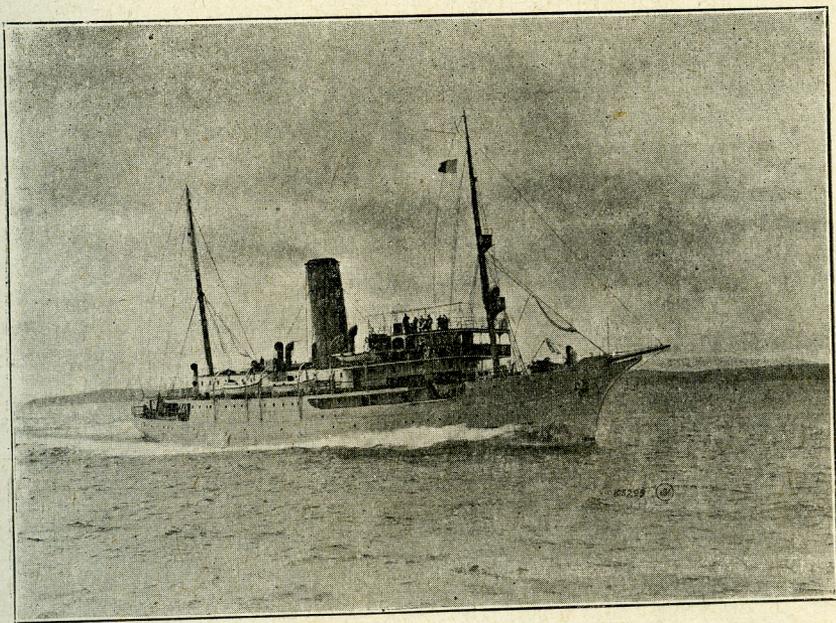
(By Captain F. Ferguson.)

**F**EW are the places on our American as well as on the European coasts, where are enacted such furious battles between ice and steamers as in the Northumberland Strait. There are also very few, if any, steamers found on these coasts which are the superiors, or even equals of that famous boat the Earl Grey which now keeps us in communication with Prince Edward Island during the cold winter months. As the writer had the privilege of experiencing some of the most sensational trips made by this boat, he will try to interpret them rather than tell of the boat itself, which can only be appreciated by being seen; in fact her power, the awe, splendor and sensation produced while she is in motion can only be appreciated by being experienced.

One would naturally think that to break a track across would be all that is required, and then on succeeding trips to merely follow this track; but such is not the case. The strong winds and heavy tides of this Strait keep the ice in constant motion and ten minutes after the boat has passed through it the newly made track has entirely disappeared and nothing but a vast expanse of layer upon layer of ice can be seen.

Emerging from Pictou harbor one sees to the north Pictou Island, which forms a sort of a dividing mark in the voyage from Pictou to Cape Bear, which is on the south-east of P. E. I. Already we have emerged into the field of ice and consequently the speed is very much slackened. With trained

eyes the officers from the deck drive her through the "leads" and weak places in the ice, now running at full speed, impelled forward by the force of two powerful engines as they churn the sea around into a boiling, seething mass. Suddenly, with a mighty shudder and a shriek as the ice jams against her great steel sides, the great boat stands still. Rallying from the shock, she backs off for another trial, for the Grey,

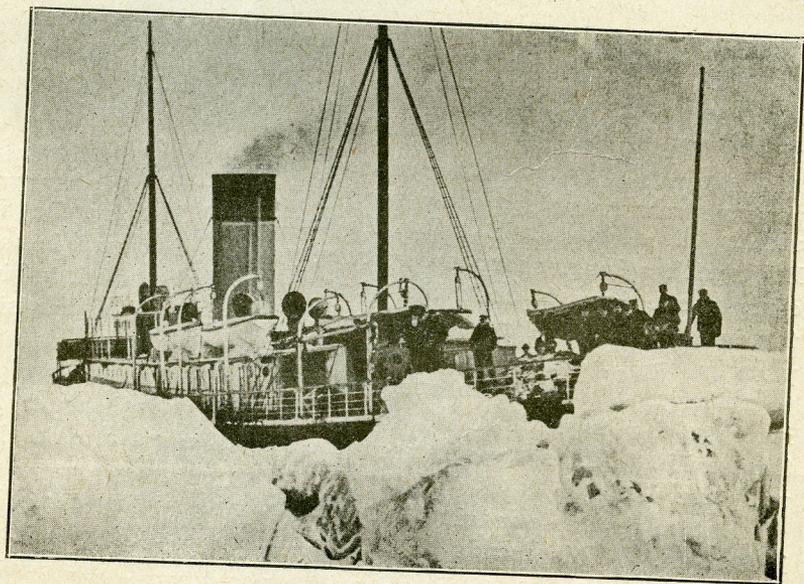


THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT'S ICE BREAKER "EARL GREY."

unlike the Minto or Stanley, is never held fast by the ice. Built with a long, sharp prow, twenty feet of which is solid cement, she depends upon the tremendous power of her engines to cut the ice before her, and jamming it to either side, ploughs on her way. The Minto, on the other hand, is built to rush up on the ice and depends on her own weight, increased by huge tanks of water, to crush it beneath her. This failing she is caught upon the ice and must remain there until cut down.

But to resume our trip: the orders are, "Try for Charlottetown." This means a serious undertaking, for Georgetown has been the only port of call during the winter. Strenuously fighting, we round Pictou Island and veer to the

north-west, the officers, glasses in hand, eagerly selecting the weakest points of attack. A position on the prow will reveal to the observer at best advantage the work done by an ice-breaker. With a thud, that has the sound of death, the ice-cakes, a yard or so in thickness, break around her and are either piled one upon the other, or, rising on their edges, are sucked beneath by a strong under current. Such scenes send over one thrills of awe which are seldom experienced, and looking away, one feels grateful that he is not in the angry jam beneath. The struggle goes on and we make headway against a seemingly invincible barrier but one which must give way to a vastly superior force. Nearing Point Prim as we steer along the coast, the great tracts of board-ice, as we see it in Hillsboro Bay, tell us that something more serious still is in store for us, and swinging around the point, our real fight begins. For days a strong north wind has been driving the ice hard against P. E. I. shore and now the bay presents an almost invincible path. Before scarcely any of this distance could be passed over the question began to be heard on every side, "Are we to reach Charlottetown?" This was yet to be seen and indeed the chances seemed slim enough. Again we must back off, and, with a tremendous forward rush, crash



THE "MINTO" IN HEAVY ICE.

into the mass before us, gaining, in spite of every effort from the engines, only forty feet. Again this is repeated, this time with better results, gaining some hundred yards. Such a continual struggle is kept up for hours, straining every timber and every available pound of force being brought into play. That the "Grey" can stand such a strain will give some idea of the enormous strength of this ice-breaker.

But now, being a mile and a half from the Blockhouse, our day's fight is nearly ended. The board-ice stretching from shore to shore offers no chance to the steamer to force the broken parts aside and it must therefore be driven under. Evening drawing on the officers thought it better to land the mail and passengers by team than to spend more time in trying to reach the wharf, which would require some time of hard fighting. Teams were accordingly sent for and a general disembarkation followed after which the boat made an easy run to Georgetown, where the freight was discharged.

---

## ROSE MARCY'S "BUTTING-IN."

**M**OTHER, I think Tom had better go."

These words were addressed to the motherly-looking, white-haired woman in the rocking chair. Her face, under the soft light from the shaded lamp, was refined and patient, telling of long, hard struggle and this was borne out by the rough hands that were busied with the week's mending. Mother! ah, that was a full description! mother, in every line of the sweet face strong in self-sacrifice and love.

The speaker sat near the stove in the spacious, old-fashioned kitchen. His face was brown and weatherbeaten and the brown hair was streaked with grey, the father of a large family, John Donaldson found daily struggle for bread and clothing for his little ones no small task.

"Yes, I think it best," answered his wife, "that he should start life with a good education and I think we can do it, with saving," she added quickly smothering a sigh.

It meant the giving up of many of the comforts and even some of the really necessary things of her life. But it was for Tom, her first born, and would she think it hardship? Never! She loved to work and save that her children might have a better start in life than she had had and was amply repaid for it by the love of her girls and boys.

The outside door opened and in came, with a bounce, the subject of the thought of Tom Donaldson and his wife. Tom Donaldson was a clean-cut, straight-forward lad with a sensitive mouth and clear blue eyes. As he came in, rosy

from his walk and the mist that was falling, he formed a picture of perfect health and honest boyhood.

"Hello, dad! Say mother, I got my 'B.' Isn't that glorious? Here's the certificate and it hasn't been decapitated. Martin got his too. He's going to the Academy next year. I'd love to go too. Oh, no, mother dear, I know and I don't want to go so very much. I'll try to earn enough to go myself soon."

"Not so fast, sonny, who said you couldn't go?" asked his mother, with a smile.

"Mother, you don't mean it! Can I really? Whoop!" he exclaimed, precipitating himself upon the rocking chair.

"But, mother," suddenly sober again, "are you really sure you can? Won't it be too much? You know I can wait a year or two just as well."

"Oh, we can manage it all right, lad," said his father, and then plans were discussed until Mrs. Donaldson laughingly pushed Tom to the door and bade him go to bed, "And mother," said the boy, as he kissed her good night, "I'll study like a house afire and make you proud of me, see if I don't."

September found Tom busily and cheerfully at work. He had found a boarding place with a pleasant old lady and was studying as he had himself said, "like a house afire." Letters were sent home full of loving wishes and bright hopes for the term. Gradually, however, the letters took a different strain. Studies formed a minor item and the letters were plentifully besprinkled with expressions like "high old time," "big spree," and so on.

Tom Donaldson was rapidly becoming a "fast" young man. He formed the acquaintance of certain youths whose study records were none of the best, but who had gained distinction by their exploits in getting through examinations without study and by never missing a chance for a good time. When, after the novelty wore off and homesickness came in full force, Tom sought companionship—he found it in Arthur Brice, the chief of this society of "good fellows." With these convivial companions Tom's small supply of pocket money was heavily drawn upon and he seemed to move further and further away from the circle of his mother's influence, sometimes forgetting the loving sacrifice of those at home in giving him this chance to obtain a good education.

It was about this time that Rose Marcey, a niece of Mrs. Marcey, Tom's land lady, arrived. She was finishing her school course, broken off the year before by illness.

"Aunt," said Rose to Mrs. Marcey, a few days after her arrival, "Tom Donaldson is a son of Mrs. Donaldson of Beech Grove Farm, is he not?"

"Yes, he is Mrs. Donaldson's son. Why did you ask?" replied her aunt.

His name and his resemblance to Mrs. Donaldson made me almost sure that he was the one. You know I visited in the

neighborhood of Beech Grove last month and met Mrs. Donaldson. I think she is one of the loveliest women I have ever known. She often spoke of her son and I think that of late she has been worried about him. She never said anything about it but I know that it is a sacrifice to keep him here and he is simply taking it and flinging it aside. Oh, it is shameful! How can he do it!" finished the girl vehemently.

Thinking it over, Rose resolved to do or say something to stop Tom Donaldson's foolish career. "It may be butting in," remarked that young person to herself, "but if I don't do it it will affect the balance of my conscience I'm afraid. Troublesome thing, conscience." And a few days later the opportunity to put her conscience at peace came.

One evening Rose was puzzling over a geometry exercise before the grate in the sitting-room. Tom entered the room and, after a slight hesitation offered to assist in the solving of the problem.

"Yes, indeed, I wish you would. I am having a perfectly terrible time with it; I can't even find a place to start," said Rose in a doleful accents.

After a few combined efforts the exercise was finished and the conversation wandered to affairs at school.

No, I don't know many of the students yet," said Rose in answer to a question, "coming late in the term, you know. Still, some of the opinions I have formed would amuse you. For instance, there is Arthur Brice, but that is not in the least amusing. It is dreadful to think of the way many of the boys are being led away by him. Why, the way that they are throwing away what their parents have toiled so hard to give them is simply appalling. There are many of them whose families have a hard enough time to keep them here. Oh, it is shameful! But there, I'm all in a passion. Shall we try this Vergil now?"

The Latin lesson was finished, Rose retired and Tom immediately sought his room. There he thought over what Rose had said. At first he was filled with resentment for he felt that the girl's attack had been directed towards him. Soon, however, his better nature asserted itself and what he had been doing came sweeping upon him with resistless force. He thought of his mother and all that she had done for him; of his father, toiling to give him this opportunity which he was letting slip past. The current of his thought carried him back to that evening at home when his mother had told him that it would be possible for him to study at the Academy and his promise to her that he would study hard and make her proud of him. Had he done that? Far from it. But it was not too late. How thankful he was that there was time in which he might mend! And that night Tom Donaldson slept with an easy conscience. His eyes had been opened and he had resolved anew to do his best and to be worthy of the love of that white-haired mother at home.

Then came the Christmas holidays. Studies and books away for two glorious weeks! Home and fun! Hurrah for plum pudding and goose!

Tom was again in the old kitchen at Beech Grove, seated on a low stool beside the rocking chair. The other children had gone to bed and, with his mother stroking his hair as she had when it was golden instead of brown, he told her the whole story ending with his resolution to work and win.

And he did it too, though it was hard work to regain the lost ground and that year when the returns arrived the certificate bearing the highest aggregate came to Tom Donaldson.—Student.

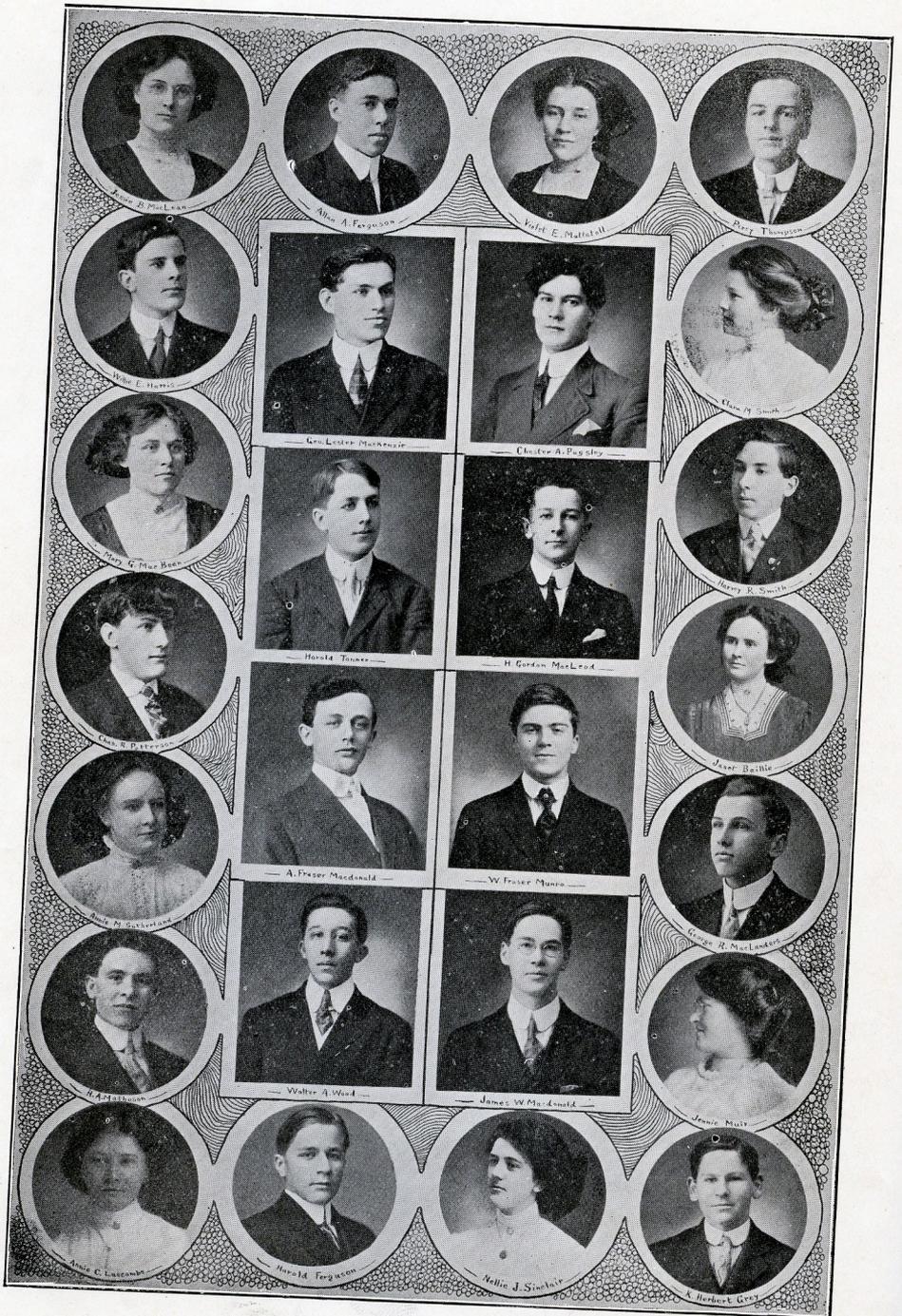
---

## MYSTERIES.

THE moon shone clear from an unclouded sky; not a sound disturbed the stillness of that cold December night, except the old town clock that told to unheeding ears the passing hours. In their rooms sleeping soundly after hours of wearily plugging the mysteries of Euclid and Xenophon, Murdock McGraw, George McIntosh, "Andy" McShaw and Fred Pearson heard neither the sound of the old clock nor the steps of the passers-by on the street below. These young men had come into Pignington Academy in the shire town of the county of the same name and hoped during the winter to take enough work to fit themselves for college. As they lived some distance from the town they were boarding at a house in town. Besides themselves were two of Andy's cousins, Birdie Davidson and Shara Stevenson, who were also going to the Academy.

Many stories had been told about the house where they were boarding. It seems that it belonged to an old doctor who fought in the Civil War. When he returned home after the war he had brought several large boxes and, as the rumor went, they were supposed to contain nothing more or less than skeletons, although no one had ever seen them except the one-legged sailor, Peter Jackson, who declared he saw a skeleton dancing on the veranda of the house.

Well, to go on with the story. All was silent; not a sound could be heard save the regular breathing that told of sleep undisturbed by dreams. All at once an unearthly sound broke the stillness of that silent night. It started, no one knew where and ended the same place; the house fairly shook, the chimneys re-echoed the sound; sometimes it sounded as a rolling cannon-ball, again as innumerable bottles falling on a hard pavement. It lasted half a minute and then stopped as suddenly as it started. The boys declared it lasted five minutes. Fred Pearson or "Pear," as he was called, was the first



"A" CLASS 1910 - 11.

awakened, but thinking that he must have been dreaming was about to go asleep again, when to his surprise Andy cried out: "Pear did you hear it?" Then it dawned that the long-talked-of ghost had at length come and with one leap he landed in the middle of the floor, the others soon following. George with a yell announced that a large nigger was on the stair-case. Pear and McGraw, half in terror and half to frighten, cried that they were shot. The cries of the girls were now heard which, to say the least, did nothing to ease their fears. One of the girls had indeed gone into hysterics and would frequently give way to a roar of laughter. In the first few minutes some truly terrible theories were advanced, one that the end of the world had come, another that it was an earthquake, while still another that it might be the foundations falling in. All however had some belief that it was the work of ghosts. Andy looked upon it in a less serious light than the others and striking a match casually remarked that they should have some light on the subject. However, reason soon took the place of fear and, after perhaps a half hour's discussion, which to say the least, was far from reasonable, they once more betook themselves to their beds.

At breakfast next morning there was only one subject. All had heard it and distinctly too, but none knew whence it came and whither it went. A week passed on, and still the mystery deepened. Then gradually the talk ceased; some of the boys began to think that after all it was only imagination, although the fact of them all having heard seemed to prove its reality. However, it soon became forgotten and Latin and Mathematics again took their proper places in the minds of the boys. Still Andy would often be heard muttering to himself "I I be hanged if I could see," etc. And again that he would bet his last dollar that it was something.

— Perhaps a month had gone. Again it is a clear night. The moon is shining just as bright as it was the night a month ago. Their sleep was just as sound as ever. No dreams disturbed them, when a mightier sound arose, that made every rafter tremble and shook every wall of the house. This time it could be more distinctly heard. It started from the roof and went down to the cellar, gradually rolled away into the regions of the lower world. The smashing of glass was distinctly heard. Could that not be bottles of the old doctor's medicine? Andy was the first to awake, and yelled: "Boys, do you hear it? The ghost! The ghost! It has come again." Why tell here the wild scene that followed? Why tell the wild confusion, the yells, the scuffle, the fear that struck terror into every heart, the many wild and absurd theories that followed which then appeared most probable to them all? No sleep was found that night. Morning dawned but no ghost returned. All the discussion that followed in the next weeks alike failed to solve the mystery.

Prof. in English.—Who founded the Metaphysical school which influenced Marvel?

Je-n-e M-ir.—Aristotle.

D--k. H. to A--ie McD.—Would you like to speak to me?  
A--ie McD.—Not now, there are too many looking. [Oh you poor D.]

When Mary M. and Prof. McLean  
Stood the Principal's door before,  
How did they solve the problem deep?  
They both went in and left the door.

When from the drive the crowd returned,  
And neared old Pictou all to soon  
They cried, "Some one the dishes swiped  
For on the seat we've found a spoon."  
[Blushes from K. McK. and E. M.]

A new Criminal organization, called the Red Hand, has been threatening the life of a second year student. Charlie Burrows, a suspicious character from Westville, is being closely watched by the authorities.

H-n-y M-th-on [seeing Miss S-n--ar's arms fondly clasped about Miss McL-an's neck.] Gee, how I wish I were Miss McL-an.

"But that three handed engine at the door  
Stands ready to smite once, if need be more."

Managing Editors.

The C class chemists are quite bright,  
And they can reason some;  
"If water's poured on phosphorus  
Why not on sodium?"  
And so they add the precious fluid,  
Ere anyone can speak -----  
There's something doin' up in the clouds,  
They're coming down next week.

At the Academy concert at Xmas time,  
A visitor remarked on the lights sublime;  
A councillor with a ferocious lip  
Suddenly turning, said, "Hold your gip!"

Now Captain Cochrane of Baseball fame,  
As a teacher of grammar has won a great name;  
In crib and checkers he "sure might" wins;  
At skating he is always quite sure on his pins.

---

## Students' Attention.

---

Life Assurance is a splendid collateral if you want to raise money. A good policy may be the means of putting you through college or starting you in business.

*It will pay you to enquire about our proposition.*

**The Imperial Life Assurance Company.**

R. J. ZWICKER, Agent,  
Halifax.

J. C. GASS,  
Provincial Manager.

---

Please remember our advertisers when making purchases.

---

After a long search Hogg's clerk has come to the conclusion that there is no canned goat's milk in stock. He insists, however, that he can supply you with any amount of brass-wire-glue.

Some of the C's are very good rat-traps. They must be invaluable in their homes.

D. C-ch- -ne has been giving his valuable assistance as watch-dog over D. S-th- -l-nd's precious property.

We always spice our jokes.—Managing Editors.

Third year student anxiously searching death roll in Advocate.—“Why that is very strange—I don't see our marks here at all ! What can be the matter ?

Teacher in History.—Why did the Czar of Russia meddle with the affairs of the Turkish Empire ?  
Student.—He wanted a slice of Turkey.

Lost, strayed or stolen : the literary editors for this paper. They have never been heard of since their election.

Prof. in Trigonometry.—Now Mr. ---- Mr. ---- will you ---- Mr. ---- Please ---- Mr. ---- Will you ---- Mr. ---- give me log. 2 ?

T-m G-l-r-st [translating Latin to English].—It is of no use to employ a physician who does not use poison.

We wonder what took D-n and Cl- -f home so early one Sunday night. Oh you Dad !!

Some girls we met at Pictou Academy :—Ethyl Hydride, Polly Gon, Sally Moniac, Hy Jiene.

A reward of 3 cents per head will be given by the Managing Editors to any persons returning Literary Editors in working order.

---

---

TELEPHONE CONNECTION.

## Alfred D. Barry,

PICTOU, N. S.

Manufacturer of and Dealer in Lumber and Building Materials  
OF ALL KINDS.

Art Steel Ceilings, Beaver Board, Fibre Cement Coverings for Roofs and Walls.

Also Iron Fire Escapes, Iron Stairs, Steel Flag Poles, Plate Glass, etc.

All plans submitted, figured  
on carefully and promptly.

Why has J-h- M-r- -y changed his seat in McLean's room? It must be chemical affinity.

Why may A-n-e M-s-n be said to use proof by exhaustion? Because she exhaust her hearers if they try to follow her as she winds with lightning speed through mazes of angles and triangles.

[A person talking to J-h- M-r- -y about the age of a young lady.] How old is she J-h-?

J-h-.—I did'nt look at her teeth.

J-ss-e McL- -n [mistaking W-l- -r W- -d for a girl when he knocked at her door in the dark.] What do you want dear?

TO THE LOVING MEMORY  
OF  
THE LITERARY EDITORS.  
GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.  
R. I. P.

G-y (after rink one Friday night), W(h)att's the matter now?

Prof. in Chem,—How does Cl. act as a disinfectant, Mr. M-rr-y?

Mr. M.—It destroys the germs by taking H from them to form H. Cl.

Who of the Academy Students looks like Pick wick's bad boy?

The "C" class is noted for its bright and shining lights . . . . . (also its light and briny sights.)

---

---

# Munro's Grocery!

---

---

OUR STOCK OF  
GROCERIES, CANNED GOODS AND FANCY BISCUITS,  
IS COMPLETE.

---

*We are always supplied with BEST FRUITS  
of the Season.*

Watch for our FRESH supplies of CELERY, LETTUCE and  
other Vegetables, in season.

Give us a personal call, or telephone, and satisfaction will be  
guaranteed.

---

---

Please remember our advertisers when making purchases.

"Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do."

It's strange, however, that we never hear of any mischief from the Literary Editors.

Why is J-h- McL - - d going to Wisener's like the dove that came out of Noah's Ark?

Because he has an Olive with him.

What proof have we that J-h- M-r-ay is very studious?

He keeps his feet in the aisles (of learning).

The following is K. McK-n-i-'s definition of a corollary: A four sided figure with all its sides equal but its angles not right angles.

Our eyes have met, our lips not yet;  
But Oh you Billie I'll get you yet.

—Copyright by A m-a McQ-r-ie.

Principal (to Latin class). If there was no such a thing as hyperbole what a terrible liar Virgil would be!

Prof. in Math. Mr. C - - h - - ne find the middle of a point.

"Bye, bye, my son", said E-r-e-t D.,

"I, in the front seat must exiled be."

"Farewell", sighed G-o--e with a beating heart.

"This comfort take; 'Best friends must part'."

Prof. in Science (room exceedingly cold).—Heat expands and cold contracts.

Miss C-ei--t-n: If that is so, I'll soon have to purchase the garments of Mrs. Tom Thumb.

---

---

# The Pictou Foundry and Machine Co.,

## Engineers and Boiler Makers.

---

---



....ENGINES, BOILERS AND SPECIAL MACHINERY.....

DEALERS IN

Bar Iron, Brass and Iron Pipe,

Brass and Iron Fittings, Packing, Oil and Waste.

MARINE RAILWAY IN CLOSE CONNECTION.

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO MARINE WORK OF ALL KINDS.

PICTOU, NOVA SCOTIA.

If Mr. Styles, the styler, had style enough to spare,  
 He would not wear a stylish coat with cut tails in the rear;  
 But since the styles of Mr. Styles are just the styles to wear,  
 We'll speak the styles of Mr. Styles as the styles to win the fair.

For Sale: Elmer Harris. Inspection of same can be made in show case of McLean's book store.

Prof. in Math.: Will you be a good little girl in my room after this, Miss F-a-er?

Miss F-a-er (after considering for one moment): I'm afraid it's impossible.

Ministers' sons are like Island spuds,—the eye is always bright.  
 But when you come to examine the heart,—a bad spot is in sight.

C. P-tt-r-on says he is about to publish a new song, "Don't you like the buzz of the old saw mill, Dearie?"

We must congratulate Mr. L- -kw- -d Gr-y on his attempt at becoming a thorough rhetorician for besides the regular course mapped out by our professor, he has taken several private lessons in English and Reiding and was soliciting for some future lessons from a Priest.

Wanted: A boy to work in dynamite factory. Good chance to rise. Apply to Prof. McLean.

A popular student, Mr. F-a-er M-n-o, who is very much interested in the charitable work of the Poor Association, soliciting a packing box from one of our leading merchants received the following note addressed to the clerk:

Please give the Poor Ass 1 box.

Pictou

WOMEN DELIGHT  
 TO THE WEAR  
 EMPRESS  
 (SHOE)



IT IS OUR  
 SPECIALTY  
 FOR WOMEN

# Empress and Invictus Shoes

Are worn by the best dressed  
 students all over the Dominion

Pictou is not **BEHIND** in this respect  
 as both these lines may be had at

## J. W. Priest's.

Prof. in Trig.: Draw a tangent to the moon.

Mr. T-nn-r (absent minded): Yessir! when shall I start?

Mr. J. M-n-o (to G. McL--n, in store looking at biscuits): Take your ch(y)oice.

G. M.: How shall I ever thank you!

The budding chemists who hold forth in the laboratory should remember that a small bean is not the size of your fist especially when referring to a piece of phosphorus.

Prin. (in Latin class): Mr. F-a-er, give me the first person of the verb Amo in both voices and all its moods and tenses.

Prin. (leaning over desk listening in vain to a soft account of Mr. F-a-er's love in the present, past and future as well as the doubtful moods). Did you hear that Miss P-t-am?

M-r-ey S--th (skating at rink with J. M--r): How hard the ice is to-night, J-nn-e!

J. M.: Yes, I hear that Mr. Jones flooded it with hard water.

Ch-rl-s P-tt-r-on (translating - - quand j'etais petit garçon, je ne comprenais pas que mon pere et ma mere ne fussent pas parents).

When I was young I did not understand that my father and mother were not my parents.

"No pay, no work" is the motto of the literary editors. They got no pay and we got no work.

"So obliging that we ne'er oblige" Managing Editors.

---

# Shirk & Snider, Limited, MILLERS,

BRIDGEPORT AND BADEN, ONTARIO.

The improvements and experiences of 60 successful years combine to make our Flour unapproachable in quality. Every Barrel Unconditionally Guaranteed by the Millers; Awarded Gold Medals wherever exhibited.

**Our Leading Brands: "BUDA," "WORLD'S BEST."**

Best blends of the finest Ontario and Western Wheat. The very highest quality for Bread and Pastry. A satisfied customer means a regular customer. The quality never varies and the price is right, allowing you a liberal margin.

**BUILD UP** a reputation for quality by handling "Buda" or "World's Best," and supply your customers with the best Flour in the market. **It's Buda Flour.**

Address enquiries and wire orders, at our expense, to

**J. B. HARTY,**  
SALES MANAGER,

P. O. BOX 296, PICTOU, NOVA SCOTIA.

---

Please remember our advertisers when making purchases.

# SPECIALIZATION

**A CONVENIENT NEED.**

What many a young man needs is specific knowledge. Many know a little about many things but not enough about any one thing to be able to command more than an ordinary salary. Here is where the

## International Correspondence Schools

International Textbook Co., Proprietors  
**SCRANTON, PA., U.S.A.**

Please explain, without further obligation to me, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the occupation, or gain a knowledge of the subject, before which I have marked X.

- |                             |                                  |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------------|
| .... Advertising Man        | .... Architecture                |
| .... Show-Card Writing      | .... Constructing and Build.     |
| .... Window Trimming        | .... Structural Engineering      |
| .... Bookkeeping            | .... Architectural Drafting      |
| .... Stenography            | .... Heating and Ventilation     |
| .... Commercial Law         | .... Plumbing                    |
| .... Banking                | .... Civil Engineering           |
| .... Illustrating           | .... Bridge Engineering          |
| .... Ornamental Designing   | .... Railroad Construction       |
| .... Sign Painting          | .... Surveying                   |
| .... Mechanical Engineering | .... Mining Engineering          |
| .... Mechanical Drafting    | .... Metallurgy                  |
| .... Teaching               | .... Chemistry                   |
| .... Navigation             | .... Textile Manufactures        |
| .... Sheet-Metal Drafting   | .... French                      |
| .... Electrical Engineering | .... German                      |
| .... Electric Lighting      | .... Spanish                     |
| .... Electric-Railway Work  | .... English Branches            |
| .... Telephone Engineering  | .... Prep. for Can. Civ. Ser. Ex |
| .... Concrete Engineering   | .... Poultry Farming             |

Name .....

Street and No. ....

City .....

State .....

## International Correspondence Schools

will help. It enables the student to follow some line of work with efficiency and to originate new plans and methods so much needed in all great enterprises.

If you would like to know how I. C. S. students are filling high-salaried positions as a result of special training, mark and mail the coupon. And if you want to know how you can fill one of the thousands of positions that are being made vacant every day mark and mail the coupon. This is *your* opportunity.

**SEND THE COUPON NOW.**  
**D. MCCORMICK,**  
 REPRESENTATIVE,  
**NEW GLASGOW, N. S.**

**W. C.  
 Wetmore  
 & Co.**

**Plumbers and Hot Water  
 Filters.**



Dealers in Gasoline Engines, Boat  
 and Engine Accessories.

**Pictou, Nova Scotia.**

PLEASE REMEMBER OUR ADVERTISERS WHEN MAKING PURCHASES.

# Pictou School of Music

---

---

*Prof. J. Singleton,  
Pictou, N. S.*

Pupils prepared for yearly "local" examinations.  
PIANO, VOICE, ORGAN, THEORY, and HARMONY,  
for the Royal College of Music and Royal  
Academy of Music, London, England.

PATRON: HIS MAJESTY, THE KING.

If you want a sound, musical education join the school and  
start for next exam.

---

---

## The Mendelssohn Piano Is The Standard Piano of Canada.

Let me demonstrate to you the superior merits of TONE,  
TOUCH and BEAUTY of this make by your calling at our  
school "residence". Special discount allowed to students.  
We sell direct from factory and give you benefit of middle  
man's profit.

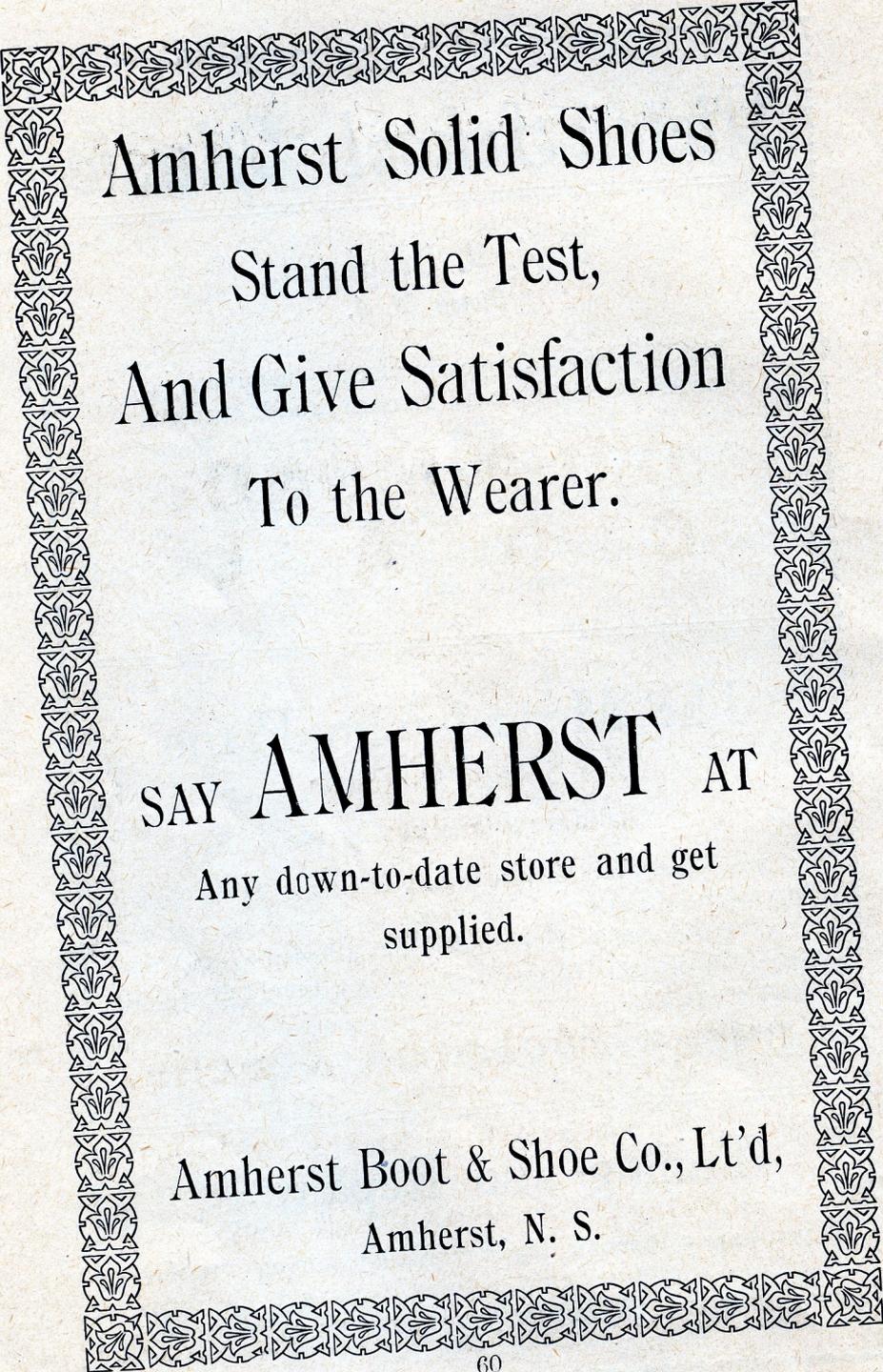
Old Pianos or Organs taken in exchange.

---

---

## Tuning and Repairing.

If you have a Piano or Organ requires repairing, cleaning,  
or tuning, send a post card to PROF. SINGLETON, or leave  
your order at MR. TOBIN'S JEWELRY STORE.



Amherst Solid Shoes

Stand the Test,  
And Give Satisfaction  
To the Wearer.

SAY **AMHERST** AT

Any down-to-date store and get  
supplied.

Amherst Boot & Shoe Co., Lt'd,  
Amherst, N. S.

# A. B. WHITE,

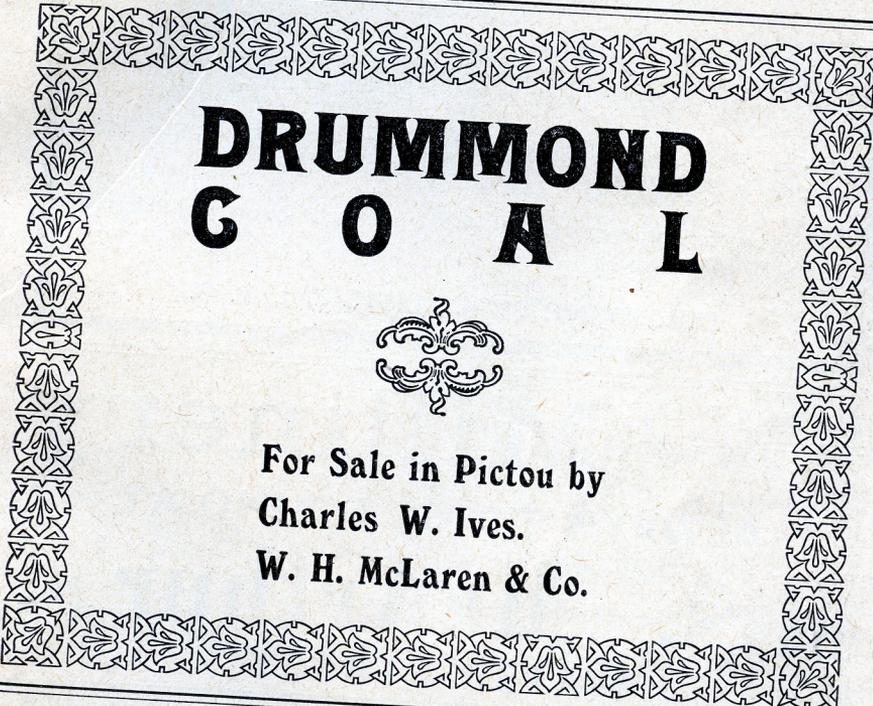
DEALER IN

## WATCHES AND CLOCKS.

We also have a full line of Jewelry.

Call and inspect our stock and see if our prices are not the  
LOWEST IN TOWN.

WATCH REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.



# DRUMMOND COAL



For Sale in Pictou by

Charles W. Ives.

W. H. McLaren & Co.

## George McLaren & Sons,

IMPORTERS OF AND DEALERS IN

Furniture of All Kinds and Upholstering.

The Celebrated Hercules Bed Spring always in stock.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND EMBALMERS.

NIGHT PHONE 96.

DAY PHONE 64.

PICTOU, N. S.

Please remember our advertisers when making purchases.

# HISLOP & COMPANY.

*We are Outfitters to Men  
And Invite You to Inspect Our Stock.*

**We have the Largest Stock of Clothing and Furnishings  
in Pictou.**

By our Special System, we can take your order and deliver, in ten days,  
a SUIT or OVER COAT made to your individual measure.

Our Stock of Furnishings is always new and includes the latest  
novelties in Men's Wear.

Sole authorized Agents for **20th Century, Semi Ready and Progress  
Brand Clothing.**

**COLERAINE STREET, PICTOU, N. S.**

**LATEST IN**



## **Millinery**

**ALWAYS TO BE FOUND AT**

**Mrs. McArthur's,  
WATER STREET.**

**Men's Clothing and Furnishings.**

We always keep the MOST STYLISH and BEST TAILORED  
GARMENTS in the market.

Our SHIRTS, NECKWEAR, GLOVES and HOSIERY are the very  
BEST. We will be pleased to wait on you, assuring you of  
satisfaction. PRICES ALWAYS RIGHT.

**E. WATT & CO.,**

**HATTERS AND OUTFITTERS.**

**PICTOU.**

Please remember our advertisers when making purchases.



# OPTICAL The Time For Glasses.

●  
Has It Arrived  
For You?

Perhaps you're puzzled about this?

Our Eyesight Specialist can help you. He can tell you whether glasses are needed or not. During the past six years he has fitted hundreds of people to their satisfaction and to ours. If you wish to enjoy the pleasure—the joy of seeing well—VISIT HIM.

## Don't Try To Study If it Means Eye-strain and Headaches

Many a headache sufferer has found relief in scientifically adjusted glasses. Dr. George Gould, of New York, the well-known oculist, asserts that many a malady has its origin in some defect of vision.

It's a sure thing, many a headache comes from this source. Ask your family physician. He knows.

In fact, so well is this realized by prominent Pictou County physicians, that frequently they send patients here for glasses.

## The Satisfaction Experienced

by people fitted here should induce you, when your time comes to get glasses, to consult our EYESIGHT SPECIALIST.

**Don't take our mere "say so."** Ask any of these people about it:—

Mr. James Yorston, Mr. John U. Ross, County Treasurer McDougall, Pictou; Mr. Arch. McColl, Mr. H. B. Redpath, Mr. Harry McNeil, Mrs. John K. Stewart, New Glasgow; Rev. R. Cumming, Westville; Rev. A. McLean Sinclair, Hopewell; Mr. W. E. G. Brown, Trenton; Mrs. W. A. Graham, Plainfield; Mr. J. T. Thompson, Iron Rock; Mrs. C. H. Clark, Durham, and Mr. D. F. McDonald, Stellarton.

These pleased patrons are numbered by the hundreds.

**Our Full Guarantee is Behind all His Work.**

We are willing to take all the risk of his pleasing you.

**See Him To-Day and See Better.**

# Grant Bros.,

Druggists and  
Opticians,

NEW GLASGOW and STELLARTON.

# D. FULLERTON & SON

MANUFACTURERS OF

Doors and Sashes  
Window and Door Frames.  
Clear Spruce and Ash Wainscoting  
Air-dried and Kiln dried Flooring,  
Sheathing, and Hardwood Flooring,  
Stair and Verandah Stock of all kinds.

---

TURNED WORK A SPECIALTY

---

DEALERS IN

All grades of Cedar Shingles  
Fence Posts and Rails, Tile Pipe,  
English Portland Cement,  
Lime, Brick, Hair, Plaster, etc., etc.

DRINK THE BEST—ASK FOR

## Jersey Creme

THE PERFECT DRINK.

## California Mead

THE CREAM OF DRINKS.

Francis Drake, Mfg., New Glasgow, N.S.

# **RHODES, CURRY CO.,**

AMHERST, N. S. LIMITED

---

---

**Bank and Office Fittings.**

---

---

**School Desks a Specialty.**

---

---

We manufacture all kinds of Building Materials, including cast-iron columns, cresting, sash weights, etc.

---

---

In addition to our large stock of Native Lumber we are now carrying about one million feet of Foreign Lumber, including Oak, Walnut, Cherry, White Wood, Bass Wood, Red Cedar, Douglas Fir, Mahogany, etc.

Write for prices.

**RHODES, CURRY CO., L'TD.,**  
Amherst, N. S.

*Branches at Halifax and Sydney.*

## In the Coming Years

---



When the boys and girls of the Academy classes of 1911 will be scattered far and wide they will find THE PICTOU ADVOCATE a good medium for keeping in touch with one another. It will cost them only \$1.00 per year to follow the course of events in Pictou and thus keep alive memories of pleasant days at school.

---



### Students, Attention!

FOR BETTER RESULTS SEND YOUR LAUNDRY TO US.  
OUR WORK HAS THAT

**Clean, Wholesome Smell**

WHICH ONLY AN UP-TO-DATE

**Sanitary Steam Laundry**

CAN PRODUCE.

OUR MOTTO:—Is cleanness in work, workmen and materials.  
Can the hand laundrys say as much?

**White Star Laundry**

PLANT, NEW GLASGOW.

PICTOU AGENTS:

E. WATT & CO.,  
and J. A. BRENNAN,  
Truckman.

---

**W. H. McLAREN & CO.,**

**Dealers in Coal and Wood.**

(Formerly Paulin's Coal Yard.)

Orders Promptly Filled.

Telephone Connection.



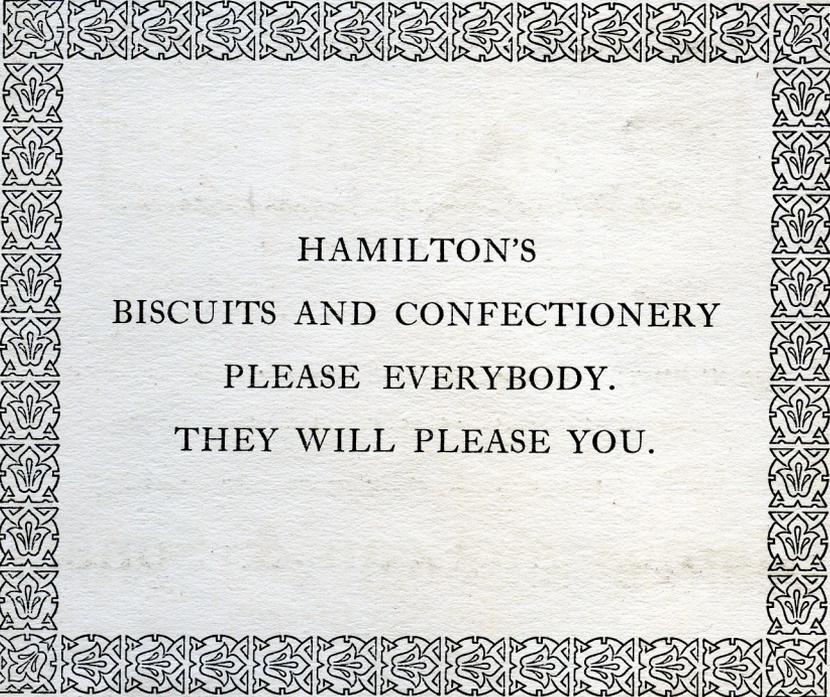
The place to have your PRESCRIPTIONS accurately  
dispensed from the purest drugs;

The place to buy Patent Medicines and Drug Sundries;

The place to buy Fine Toilet Requisites;

The place to buy anything and everything usually kept  
in a first-class up-to-date Drug Store, is at

**J. D. B. FRASER & SON'S.**

A decorative border with a repeating floral pattern, enclosing the central text of the advertisement.

HAMILTON'S  
BISCUITS AND CONFECTIONERY  
PLEASE EVERYBODY.  
THEY WILL PLEASE YOU.

Please remember our advertisers when making purchases.

THE HEADQUARTERS FOR

**SCHOOL SUPPLIES**

OF ALL KINDS

Everything new, clean, and up-to-date. Students will receive careful attention in procuring any books they require which are not carried in our large stock. Mail orders receive prompt and careful attention.

**JAMES McLEAN & SONS,**  
ESTABLISHED 1869.

THE BEST PLACE TO BUY

**STATIONERY**

OF ALL KINDS

We carry the highest grades in both towns. A full line of office supplies always on hand.

**Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen.**

**James McLean & Sons,**

Pictou and New Glasgow,

Nova Scotia.

Please remember our advertisers when making purchases.