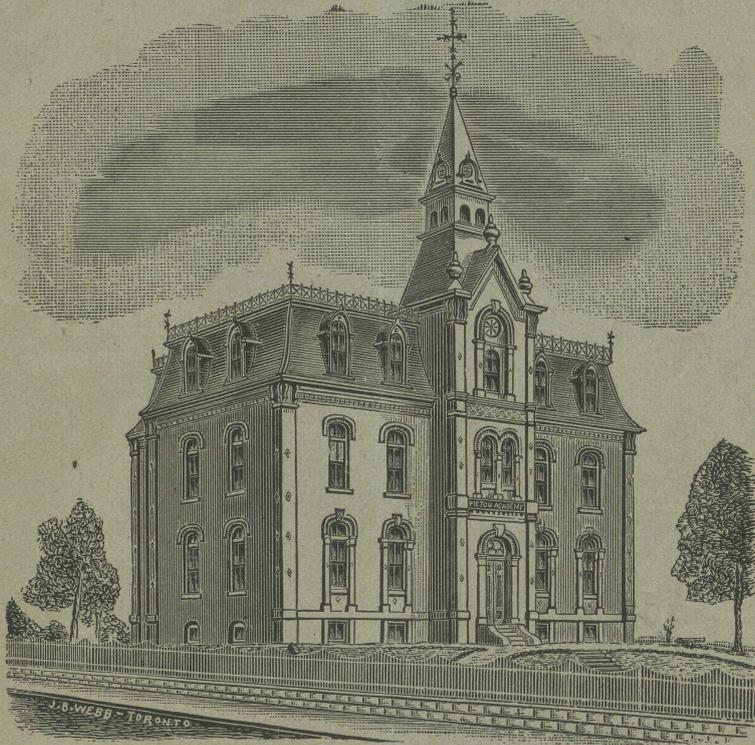




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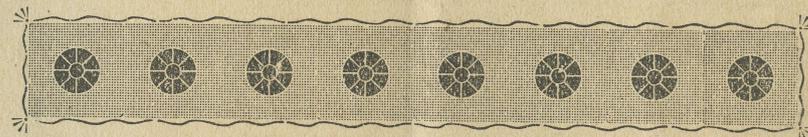
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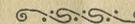


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"Concordia . Salus."

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EDITORIAL



The "ACADEMY" has received from the Superintendent of Education the annual report on the Public Schools of Nova Scotia, for the past year. The report, consisting of about 200 pages, is mainly taken up with the Superintendents individual report, the statistical tables, and the reports of the different inspectors. A perusal of it shows that our province is making sure advance in the matter of education. During the past year, the value of school property has increased about \$325,000, due do doubt to the many modern buildings erected of late; white the total amount voted to carry on education increased in a suitable proportion—a sure sign that a deeper interest is being taken in educational matters by the people. The number of pupils enrolled in all the public schools was nearly 100,600, 4650 of whom attended the high schools. The number of those going up to the provincial examinations increased from 1506 in 1893, to 1922 in 1894. Similarly in other respects decided progress has been made, and will, we feel sure, continue to be so. In the front of the report is a large and well executed cut of Pictou Academy, the best we have yet seen. In his remarks

J. D. MacDONALD—"THE ADVOCATE"—PICTOU,

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about the Academy, the Superintendent observes that in many respects it is the best equipped building for academic work in the province.

Another fact which the report reveals is, that a general advance has been made in the average salaries of teachers, and this, too, before the increased government grant voted last session began to affect them. Though in some cases it is slight yet it is a sign of improvement and a certain guarantee that the teaching profession will become more and more efficient; for in this as in other spheres, the almighty dollar proves a potent factor in retaining the best men in the profession. The female teachers of the D class are the only exceptions, for, instead of an advance they have had a decrease. To quote the report. "It is only in the very lowest class of teachers we find the tendency to accept lower salaries than formerly. Such teachers while probably receiving as much as they are worth, by appealing to altogether false ideas of economy on the part of ignorant or unfaithful trustees, may have helped to throw out of the profession a teacher whom every one would feel to be worth double the salary to the section had he been engaged."

Among other things touched upon in the Superintendent's report is the phonetic system of spelling. Perhaps his words in reference to it may be of interest, as it is a subject which is receiving no little attention from English scholars of the present age. "Were English spelled phonetically," he says, "it would save two full years of school room and home time of study out of the first ten years of school life. To that extent every pupil having to learn English, as it is written, is handicapped as compared with pupils in Germany, Spain, and other countries where the written language is phonetically spelled, or nearly so. In 1880 the German orthography was simplified by decree of the Prussian Government after some four years study of the problem by conference and otherwise, under the direction of the Minister of Education. While the general principle laid down reads: "express every sound you hear in correct and distinct pronunciation by its proper sign," particular directions are given for the simplifications of certain classes of irregularities. The spelling is now very nearly phonetic. French spelling which is nearly as irregular as English, has for some time been under the consideration of the reformer. Only two years ago the committee of the French Academy, on the revision of its great dictionary of the language for the new (eighth) edition, presented a report recommending important simplifications of French spelling. The object of the changes was stated to be "to make the task of learning the language more easy by making its orthography more logical, and thereby to facilitate its use by foreigners. The changes affect over one thousand common words, and are to go into use at once. The English language does not yet acknowledge an authority which can impress its views on all sections of the English world. Although an authority greater than ever represented in any English dictionary hitherto, is beginning to arise in the Philological Societies of England and America, the influence of which is apparent in the new Standard Dictionary; still there is no central, all compelling authority, to regulate extensive changes of orthography in the direction of simplifications."

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

Woman's influence on society and on the world in general, is becoming more and more clearly marked day by day. Ancient, Middle and Modern History; have testified to the fact that woman is the main spring of society, and there is scarcely any one at the present day who will not admit that

"The hand that rocks the cradle moves the world."

It is a common saying that Shakespeare has created no heroes, but heroines. This great dramatist, possessing the greatest intellect with which mortal man was ever endowed, saw in the woman the grand heroic spirit—that same spirit which inspired the Spartan mother to sacrifice her son for her country,—the same spirit which fills Lady Henry Somerset, Miss Willard, Lady Aberdeen and many others with courage and enthusiasm for their grand and glorious work.

We read with much pleasure and profit the immortal works of Scott, Tennyson, Cowper and Shakespeare, and we admire the genius and intellect of these great men. But let us remember that these were not self made men. To a great extent each of these writers derived his genius from his mother, and to her he was indebted for the grand and noble thoughts which filled his writings, and influenced the world for so many years. "I am all my mother made me," John Quincey Adams said, and these poets, if they were with us now, would no doubt echo the same words.

Look for a moment at the state of society in the Eastern countries, where woman has no social rights and where a man treats his wife as "something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse." We find society here to be in a wretched and degraded condition, due to the contempt in which woman is held, and the cruelty with which she is treated. When we compare Eastern Society with that of our own country, in which woman is acknowledged as man's equal if not his superior, we clearly see that woman makes society what it is.

As Lord Tennyson himself in the "Princess" says:

"The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free."

When we think of all that woman has done in the past, of the great things she is doing at the present time, and of the greater things she will accomplish in the future, we must say with Damartine "A woman is at the beginning of all great things."

A. M.

SUCCESSFUL STUDY.

To write, or not to write; that is the question. Whether it were nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows, of criticism from Academy readers, or to write a cold declination to the editors kind invitation to contribute.

An idea—one of those rays of intellectual sunshine which are as welcome as rare, has flitted past and left the impression that there may be some who have launched out upon the educational deep without knowing just how to paddle. Therefore a feeling of philanthropy (?) draws me into the consideration of a subject which, if treated fully, would strain the covers of the Academy; and so will, in this case, necessitate the use of such language as characterized the expression of thought among the old-fashioned people who once occupied part of the Hellenic peninsula.

The successful student, whom we will suppose endowed with the necessary quantity and quality of brain substance, has learned the meaning of four long words—application, concentration, systematization and generalization. The first two have been hurled at us and drilled into us by our parents until we have associated their earliest acquaintance with the mumps and whooping-cough.

To know what application means, we must have the aid of three qualifying adjectives. Indeed, we may look upon it as an educational stool with three legs,—continuous, intelligent, enquiring. How sad but true to find, after applying ourselves one evening to study and spending the next in the enjoyment of a social party, that we have knocked out one of the legs of our stool,—continuous. But this is not the only important leg. Indeed the three legs are so mutually dependent that there would be a toppling over and our first great factor would lose its utility if one failed.

No matter how continuous, if not intelligent. Memorizing is not the end of successful study. We cannot *know* our subject by the coat he wears; it requires an internal examination. Again, to be intelligent it must be enquiring. The successful miner does not spend his time in picking around the surface, but gets down into the main vein and is rewarded for his efforts by finding nuggets instead of dust. Search for all the truth which your subject contains and remember that intelligent application depends on enquiry and is most successful when a definite end is kept in view.

It is very convenient to compare attention or concentration to a heap of feathers,—hard to hold, easy to scatter. We all know how necessary it is to follow Euclid closely in order to cross *pons assinorum*. We must walk into the study of the author, feel his emotions, think his thoughts and shut out the whole world. We may wrestle with the problem, worry it, pick up the facts as we find them, but not let them go. It will not do to allow our memories to dwell on, or even revert to the moonlight drive of last week, or to glance into the expected sweet presence of next Sunday evening.

It is surprising to know how little system there is in the study of a large number of our students. If we could look at our mental receptacles, we might easily recognize the analogy between their supply and the contents of the cellar of the farmer who heaped in together, apples, potatoes, roots of all kinds, etc., etc. Perhaps under the Nova Scotian standard it would be hard to dispense with the above analogy; but we can take the subjects of even this splendid stuffing system and classify them to some extent. We can sort out similar facts or subjects and put them on adjacent cerebeal

shelves, have every thought or fact in its proper place beside those of its own family. And the associations, pleasant as they will of necessity be, will serve to keep the whole fresh, especially as each new comer will by recognition and claiming of relationship, awaken the others into new vigor. There is a large amount of sympathy in the mind, and if, when we gain new knowledge we take the trouble to rake up some of the old to find its proper place, we will find impressions remaining with us. This will give such a grasp to the mind that we will be able to place our memory-finger upon any previously gained knowledge we desire.

And now as we leave the a. b. c. of education, we learn to generalize. No longer content to learn of the separate battles of a war, we learn to formulate in our minds a general summary of the whole war, and bring in, also, its national and political causes and results. We want to know not only the steps of a Behring sea Arbitration, but we look for its effects on the nations interested. We learn to summarize, condense, and thus to digest what would otherwise be a surfeit. Revolutions, civil wars, nations and national peculiarities are studied as wholes, and, as the range of Education becomes larger and more complicated, we leave the concrete *littles* and grasp the abstract *greats*.

R. M.

DISTINGUISHED POETS.

Among the gifts essential to writers or composers, especially such as are of a poetic proclivity, are perspicuity and terseness of expression so as to be readily apprehended by the commonest interpreter of that style in which the subject matter is sought to be conveyed, otherwise its intrinsic worth is in a great measure lost to the understanding of the mass or commonalty. Most persons are familiar with the oft quoted saying "that genuine poets are so born" and usually esteemed rarities among the literary kind, their characteristics being notably distinct and dissimilar as verified in the inimitable Milton, Burns, Scott, Byron, Cowper and other versifiers famous in their day and generation, in no small degree exemplified in our day by the sadly neglected Robert Murdoch at long length honored by the degree of Pictou's prime local poet, a title none of his predecessors among Pictovian muses have ever claimed. Phrenologists or such as have minutely studied the cranial contour can scarcely avoid tracing the evidences of poetic genius and fire stamped on our poets features most manifest in lynx like visual organs, which by Physiologists are received among the truest indexes of superior acumen and acuteness which only needs opportunity to issue forth in sparkling rills and torrents seeing that as the ready bard avers the making of verses or rhyme comes as easy and natural to him as smoking his briar or clay tobacco pipe. There are doubtless few who have not heard of the late English poet Laureate, Tennyson, in his age lauded to the skies by a certain class of admirers who arrogantly assumed to themselves the faculty to grasp that writer's utterances, which, in view of their depth and com-

plexity, are a sealed volume to the vulgar throng, and it may rightly be predicated thereof that the singularly outre composer did not himself fully fathom their true sense or meaning, as more especially illustrated in several of his chief productions such as "Holy Grail," "In Memoriam" &c., the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava among some others of his lesser performances excepted. In marked contrast to the preceding statement Murdoch in originality pointedness and simplicity of diction, stands alone and unparalleled, his ordinary writings consisting of the plainest words and phrases so that he who runs may read. Like to the other fellow mortals however, he is not wholly free from flaws and imperfections as manifested in keen sarcasm and rebuke when occasion offers. His uncourteous mode of handling character having likewise at times occasioned him no small share of resentment, disparaging his otherwise fair fame and popularity. As a set off, his warm sympathy is no less discoverable in behalf of the downtrodden and distressed widows and orphans left desolate over the loss of dearest relatives, demise of a loved son or daughter in a foreign clime, are among the chief themes of his gushing tones. Alas that such brilliant individuals should so soon pass from this terrestrial scene to the land of forgetfulness, and whensoever, be it long or short, his mortal coil is shuffled off, he needs no sculptured marble or lofty Aberdeen granite pillar to perpetuate his deeds. To adopt the immortal lines somewhat modified on the burial of Sir John Moore, at Corunna, "He lies like a trooper taking his rest with his bardish mantle around him." In fine it may be noted that such as are disposed to help the somewhat impecunious rhymist will not regret it inasmuch as he offers to the generous public a choice gathering in verse, odes, melodies, stanzas, idylls, &c., &c., the idles a specialty,

POETICUS.

History

A Stretcher—Being the Diverting of Two Students.

[The following Medley, handed us by an occasional contributor, purports to throw light upon the actions of two students. Giving due allowance for the exaggerations of a fervid imagination, there may still be discovered a thread of fact running through it.]

'Tis evening. A dyed-in-the-wool tory student enters the reading room, and peruses the Halifax Daily *Herald*. So engrossed is he in trying to account for the results of the Antigonish election, that he heard not the curfew as it warned him to retire for the evening repast. When he had fully persuaded himself that he could now account for the Tory failure, on the assumption that the preponderance of "Mountain Dew" had been on the side of the successful candidate, he turns his attention towards satisfying the pangs of the inner man. But alas! the door was shut. Yet to quote Mac-Aulay, "A mind so fertile as his, and so little restrained by conscientious scruples, speedily discovered a mode of extricating himself from so embarrassing a position." He Dodge(d) through the window. But according to

natural law, his acceleration increased as he approached terra firma, much to the damage of that physiological member called the leg. The earth was not visibly affected by the contact. There he lay groaning, unnoticed by passing humanity. Slowly the time rolled on "till the clock struck the hour of retiring." His room-mate, the tall, lank fourth year man of the sublime waxen moustache, consigns himself into the arms of Morpheus. In his sleep he is visited in a vision by a weird and uncanny figure who thus upbraids him: "Wherefore dost thou enjoy thy balmy slumbers, whilst thy pard lies on cold mother earth, alone and forlorn. Betake thyself from the laud of Nod, and go, rescue thy companion from the outer darkness. Advance scarce a furlong from thy door, and thou shalt hear piteous cries piercing the midnight air. For the sake of humanity and companionship deliver him from further misery. Be strong and acquit yourself like a man." The apparition fades and Mac awakes. A cold sweat had stolen over him. With feelings of awe and terror he resolves in his mind the things heard as friend Virgil hath said, and wonders what the issue may be. True, his friend is not beside him, but this is no unusual occurrence, accustomed as he is to midnight carousal. His sense of duty deepens however, as he thus meditates. At last he snatches himself from his downy pillow, and, regardless of the more minute parts of his toilet, prepares to act the part of the good Samaritan. Providing himself with a stretcher and sundry infantile drugs, including Castoria, Bay Rum and Goose-grease, to say nothing of the Irishman's Purgative Bullets, etc., he rushes forth into the midnight gloom. He had cautiously advanced about the space of a furlong when a heart-rending cry reaches his ear, as described to him by his nocturnal visitor. Proceeding to the region where it arose, he suddenly stumbled over a human form lying on the ground. He bends himself over the prostrate man, and recognizes from his ravings about Cosines and Cube roots, interspersed with meaningless (at least to him) cries of "Mountain Dew" and "Grit Boodlers," that it is his friend of the mathematical bent of mind, and perceives that he is unconscious of his situation. On a closer examination he finds that he is severely injured, and, having placed him on the stretcher and mollified his wounds with ointment, he wends his way homeward with his burden. But we have been too lengthy and must hasten to a conclusion. Suffice it to say that next morning our hero came to himself again, and on Mac's enquiring of him what "Mountain Dew" had to do with Mathematics, explanations followed. The following day being Sunday he had ample time to recover in a measure from his injuries, which happily were external. On Monday two sticks of hemlock were purchased from a passing woodman and rudely fashioned into articles called *canes*. When they made their appearance again in public they seemed to ordinary mortals, as if merely aspiring to be comely, like Mother nature herself at this benign season. But to those who like ourselves are acquainted with the inner history of this strange affair, their affectation seems to be vanity of vanities. It being quite evident that certain physiological conditions compelled our hero to resort to a cane

for support, while his comrade sported one for the ostensible purpose of diverting suspicion. The canes are still to be seen Dodgeing hither and thither through the community. Dame Rumor has it that the bill is not yet settled, but however that may be, we trust that to us may redound the credit of exposing these arch fakes. And now, Mr. Editor, apologizing to your readers for the valuable space taken up on so unworthy a theme.

I am ever,
PRO PUBLICO BONO.

PICTOU ACADEMY GRADUATES AT DALHOUSIE.

This week are announced the results of Dalhousie College sessional examinations. To Pictou Academy students has fallen as usual, the lions share of the honors. The M. A. class, number nine, the largest in the history of the college, and all but two are Pictou Academy students. Following is the list:

W. R. Campbell, Melville F. Grant, Robt. J. Grant, Peter McL. McDonald, Angus W. McKay, John D. McKay, Ellen M. McKenzie.

Of the twenty-six on whom was conferred the degree of B. A., nine were Academy students, viz:

Arthur H. Foster, David A. Frame, Alex. L. Fraser, Daniel A. Fraser, William H. Hepburn, Blanch McDonald, Charles D. McIntosh, Wm. M. McNairn, Ralph G. Strathie.

Of two graduates as Bachelor of Letters one, Alex. D. Gunn, was a Pictou Academy student, and among the Bachelors of Laws are: David K. Grant and James F. Outhit. Among the Doctors of Medicine are Catherine J. McKay and Cranswick B. Munro.

Blanche McDonald, (Academy Gold Medallist 1890) graduated with honors in Mathematics. Wm. M. Hepburn, (Medallist 1892) graduated with "Great Distinction," and D. A. Fraser with "Distinction." Ira W. Cameron, who last year won the Academy Gold Medal, is the winner of the Waverly prize and a Sir W. Young's scholarship. George A. Grant again leads the third year as he did the first and second, in Latin and Greek, winning the only first class in each of these subjects.

In Junior Philosophy Ira McKay stands first. In Senior Philosophy R. G. Strathie, Bessie Cumming, Wm. M. Hepburn and A. H. Foster won four of the six first classes. In Moral Philosophy all the firsts were won by our students, viz., Strathie, Foster, Hepburn and Bessie Cumming. In Political Economy three of the four firsts were won by W. M. Hepburn, J. R. Douglas and D. A. Fraser.

These are only a few out of the many prominent places taken by Pictou Academy students, with whose names the whole two column report is bristling. We heartily congratulate them all on the honors they have won for themselves and for the institution in which they received their preparatory training.

It is gratifying to observe the interest that is taken in athletics this year. The students are not behind in this matter and have organized a foot-ball club, which, judging from its make up, out to establish a record for itself. It is to be hoped that all will avail themselves of the opportunity of recruiting their physical energies, now doubtless grown dormant, with the long inactivity of winter, and thereby make the season a success.

We have to thank Mr. Edgar Dawson of New York, for several copies of the Alumni Journal of College of Pharmacy, New York, which were received through Mr. McDonald of the *Advocate*. We have perused them much profit, especially an article on "The Rise and Progress of Photography," which greatly elucidates that subject. Mr. Dawson is another of the many Academy students, who have been successful in their college career, and he has our best wishes for future success.



SCENE I.

(Bright Fourth Year Student.) Ca(i)n't we have an examination in English Literature on next Monday.

(Prof.) Certainly, if you desire.

(Fourth Year Student, brighter than ever.) For my part I am very anxious to have one.

(Prof.) Very well.

SCENE II.

Time—Monday morning, 11 a. m.—(Student, not so bright, cogitating in bed.) I guess that cussed exam. is about over. Ha! ha! ha! 'Spose it's time to roll out. Did'nt I take a rise out of the old professor. Ha! ha! ha!

Notwithstanding hard times, Davy has been successful since hanging out his shingle as piano-tuner. Owing to the engagements in the afternoon and early part of the evening, he is obliged to prosecute his calling at unseemly hours. He wishes us to state that orders may be left at his agency on Spring Street.

Mary had a Collie dog,
She took him for a row,
For every where that Mary went
Her pet was sure to go.

"SMITH HAS GONE."

In the following verses the Spring Poet describes the ~~trip and~~ adventures of a well known student, who takes a trip for health with untoward result.

I do not sing of birds and flowers,
I frame not ode nor myth,
But what befell a student bold
Whose name was Frankie S ———.

The same is he, who, when the time
Of sporting had arrived,
Had spent his powder and his shot
Upon cats,—many lived.

Or, when the season had advanced
And socials were the go,
Had kept high midnight carnival
Which brought both *ruin* and woe.

But both these have been chronicled
In proper place and time.
And now, to pen a third, O muse,
I do invoke thy rhyme.

It was the time when Nature, freed
From the harsh winter's chains,
Begins the don her green attire
And drinks the vernal rains,

That this already far-famed youth
Commenced now to complain
Of *overstudy*, and desired
Some greater fame to gain.

He quickly hit upon a plan
His ills to dissipate,
And, mentally and bodily
Himself recuperate.

"The world is wide," said he, "and I
As yet have little seen,
I'll lay aside these *thumb-worn* books
And take a trip I ween."

He spoke. And then a stroll he took
Which led him to the quay,
And there he found a craft prepared
To launch far out to sea.

He met the captain and inquired
To what parts he did run,
And whether they would ship a chap
Who longed to have some fun.

The captain gazed upon the youth,
Then spake in accents kind:
"A lad, like you, so frail and thin,
"Scant fun, I trow, could find,

"In being either cabin boy
"Or yet before the mast,
"But if you come and rest, perchance
"You'll get your health at last.

"As company you may select
"The one that you adore,
"Now, go, and get you ready, for
"We sail in one hour more."

He bounded up the pier and soon
Returned with his adored,
When having taken leave of friends
At last they went aboard.

The ship, a tidy craft, was bound
To distant Carriboo,
Besides our friend she had on board
A very motley crew.

He gazed upon the landscape, filled
With rapture and delight.
Quickly the hours sped on until
Their haven came in sight.

Now, by this time, the strong sea
Revived his appetite, [breeze
So he determined to procure
A hearty meal that night.

Just then a little skiff came up
To where the schooner lay,
A lad inquired if they'd buy
Some lobsters fresh "the day."

Wishing for some such dainty dish
Our friend inquired the price,
"Five cents a piece, sir, and I think
"You'll find them sweet and nice."

"I'll take a dozen, then," he said,
No sooner said than done,
By them his appetite was soothed,
But now begins the fun.

The ship, her business o'er, was
Homeward to town again, [steered
When they were fairly out, a storm
Swept fiercely o'er the main.

"The wind she blow a hurricane,
"Bym by she blow some more,"
And now his sumptuous meal reacts
And vexes him quite sore.

Up from the cabin's pleasant chat,
And from its company,
He needs must seek a quiet nook
Where he alone can be.

The rest is simply told. The storm
It's force did quickly spend,
And soon the eventful trip was
To a not unwelcome end. [brought

This sad experience taught the youth
Contentment with his lot,
For he did not obtain the rest
For which he vainly sought.

He says he'll n'eer attempt again
A voyage on the deep,
Nor 'eer partake a "dainty dish"
Of "those *red* things which creep."

Professor's parody on idle student—He roameth about from room to room, and from seat to seat, irresponsible, indolent.

Owing to his requiring funds for the publishing of the Cape Breton "News" during this dead season of the year, the editor of that journal offers the following articles for sale at reduced prices: 83 copies foot ball rules and regulations, compiled by himself; 3 boxes odorless cigars, the peculiar flavor of which is recommended by him after a somewhat painful experience; a labor-saving machine in connection with the classics, considerable thumb-worn, but otherwise in good condition; several shares in a natural gas company; besides a host of smaller articles such as hair pins, ladies base ball bats, bows, ribbons, etc., etc.

Professor to third year student: Tell me, Collie, what particular selection in Scott do you most admire?

Student, with beaming countenance—I most admire "Sweet Marie."

PERSONAL.

John R. McLeod, who was attending the fourth year, this winter, left us about the first of April. Since then he has gone to Ottawa as secretary to Mr. Dickie, Minister of Milita. His connections with us, however, are not yet altogether severed, as he has promised to contribute an article at an early date.

The fourth year has also lost another member, Mr. R. W. E. Harris, who has gone to join the "A" class at the Normal School. R. W. E. was a diligent student and will be greatly missed, especially by his lady friends, who doubtless look forward to his probable return next winter with pleasure.

Mr. George Ross, third year, filled the chair at the West End School for the past three weeks, on account of illness in the family of Mr. Armstrong. He has since returned home but intends to join the A class next term.

Among numerous others who, probably from custom, have left towards the end of April, are Mr. J. C. McLeod and George McAulay. They are both "jolly good fellows," and we hope to see them back again next winter.

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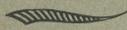
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