

The G. C. I. Record.....



Second Volume, No. 5.

Galt, April, 1902.

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The G. C. I. Record

Published in the interest of the Galt Collegiate Institute.

Vol. 2, No. 5.

April, 1902.

Price 5 Cents

Recollections of the Galt Grammar School.

BY H. I. STRANG, B. A.

(Continued.)

IN my reference in last issue to Dr. Tassie's assistants, I had in mind, of course, only those under whom I had been a pupil. These, or at least the only ones that I remember, were four in number, namely, Scrimger, Woodruff, McGee and Kilpatrick.

Of the first I cannot recall anything of special interest. He had taught in rural schools for several years, but my impression is that he did not suit the Doctor, or find the position to his liking, and did not hold it long. I have, however, in one of my drawers a memento of him, which I happen to have preserved among a lot of old papers, though it has nothing to do with his Grammar School experience, and which may interest some of your readers, old as well as young. How, when or where it came into my possession, I don't remember, but probably it was when I was teaching school up the Millcreek in 1864, an experience which, though extending over only six months, has served to keep me in sympathy with country teachers ever since. The memento consists of a discolored and crumpled scrap of paper, on which is written the following, in very durable ink:

'Received from the Trustees of School Section No. 26, in the Township of Dumfries, the sum of ten pounds, five shillings (H. Cy.) in payment of my salary in full for the

quarter ending the 19 of April, 1850.
James Scrimger.'

The mention of Halifax currency will no doubt recall to some older readers the days when they used Gouinlock's Arithmetic.

Of Mr. Woodruff I have none but kindly memories. He was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, I think, and was a fine classical scholar. He was of a very kindly nature, ever willing to do anything to help us, but simple and unsuspecting, and wholly unfit to cope with mischievous boys, so that they soon learned to take advantage of his innocence and good nature, and especially when he was left in charge of the room, tormented him greatly. Two special instances of this occur to me

One day in the history class—our text-book was then Tytler's General History—the lesson was about Maria Theresa, and contained the speech in which, at the crisis of her fortune, she successfully appealed to the personal loyalty of her turbulent Hungarian subjects. Mr. Woodruff had read us the speech with a good deal of fervor, and one of the boys asked him if it would not sound well in Latin, and if he would not do us the favor to give us a Latin version of it. He at once consented, and after two or three minute's consideration, proceeded with scarcely a pause to declaim it in

true Ciceronian style. Whether it was good Latin or bad we neither knew nor cared, and just as little did the poor man guess that the main, if not the only object of the question, was to kill time, and to have some fun at his expense.

The other incident I had no part in, except as a spectator and a pupil in the room in which it happened. Mr. W. was sitting in his chair, busied with something, I forget what, and in charge of the room, which was, as usual in such cases, more or less noisy and disorderly. One of the boys, I am not sure enough who to venture the name, crept across the room, stole quietly up behind the sitting teacher, and placed a lighted fire-cracker under his chair. The miscreant had barely reached his seat and busied himself with his work, when off went the cracker. Poor Mr. W. sprang into the air, utterly unnerved and bewildered, and was, as usual, quite at a loss what to do. Of course everyone professed to be surprised and shocked, but unable to give him any information as to the culprit, for as usual, the false code of schoolboy honor kept even those who disapproved of what had been done from telling what they knew. Just what the outcome was I do not remember, but I have no doubt that when the Doctor returned he found out and dealt summarily with the chief offender.

While the majority of the boys showed but scant respect for Mr. Woodruff's authority, and did not appreciate his real worth, a few of us, especially those who were farthest advanced in classics, and therefore had more to do with him, liked him and felt sorry for him. I remember that under him I studied Keightly's Mythology from beginning to end, and to him I am, in some measure at least, indebted for my liking for classics. When he left, some of us paid him a visit at his house

and presented him—Adam Elliott, I think, was the spokesman—with a trifle, a pencil case, if I remember rightly, that we had clubbed together to purchase.

Of Robert McGee also I have no unpleasant recollections. I have no doubt that we had our little disagreements, but if so, they have long since been forgotten, and I remember him only as an efficient teacher, who got on pretty smoothly, and was on the whole respected and liked by the boys. Of course as assistant he had the usual two difficulties to contend with: first, that the Doctor was hard to please, and second, that on account of the strictness and even severity of his rule, there was a greater tendency to reaction when we were under the charge of an assistant. In fact, many boys who would never dream of opposing the Doctor, or even demurring to his orders, would not only argue with the assistants and object to their orders, but would even refuse to obey them or take a licking from them. In Mr. McGee's case the difficulty was all the greater, because like Zaccheus, he was short of stature. I remember that on one occasion a chum of mine, after whose name in the calendar "obiit" has long been written, had annoyed him in some way to such an extent that, losing his temper, he got the strap and was proceeding to use it on him. The boy objected and resisted, and even added insult to injury by exclaiming, "Do you think I'd take a licking from a little bow-legged fellow like you?" The master, finding that a scuffle was likely to result from an attempt to enforce his authority, for my chum was strong and active, and might have been assisted by others, wisely refrained, and reported the case to the Doctor, who, needless to say, met with no opposition when he proceeded to deal with the case. Notwithstanding these difficulties, McGee did good work, and we missed him after he had left us.

Mr. McGee afterwards entered the University, and graduated the year before me, and though I did not often meet him in college days, I remember two occasions at least on which he contributed interesting papers to the programme of the Literary Society, one of them being a humorous review with specimens of the works of some minor and comparatively unknown Canadian poets. He afterwards entered the legal profession, and settled at Oshawa, where he lived till his death some years ago.

Of the last of the four, George Kilpatrick, I cannot speak so favorably, for while I do not recall any personal grievance or unpleasant memory, my recollection is that he was, generally speaking, neither respected nor liked by the boys. He may have been the equal of McGee in ability and aptitude to teach, but he was certainly inferior to him in scholarship, culture, and tact, and he did not bear so good a reputation out of school. In consequence, there was a good deal of friction between him and the older boys. I fear it must be confessed that we deliberately worried him in various ways, some of which he could not well take cognizance of. For instance, finding that he had mispronounced a number of common words, including several in "ous" we made up a little story, into which we worked the words in question, as "Once on a time in a "mountainious" country there lived a "mischievious" little boy who had a "grievious" habit of etc.", and this we would repeat to one another, loud enough for him to hear, when he passed us or came near us out of school.

Sometimes we went farther, and in case of the Doctor's absence from school, not only questioned but even openly defied his authority. I may explain here in reference to the Doctor's absence at times, that he was not a graduate when he came to Galt—he got his B. A. in 1856, and M. A.

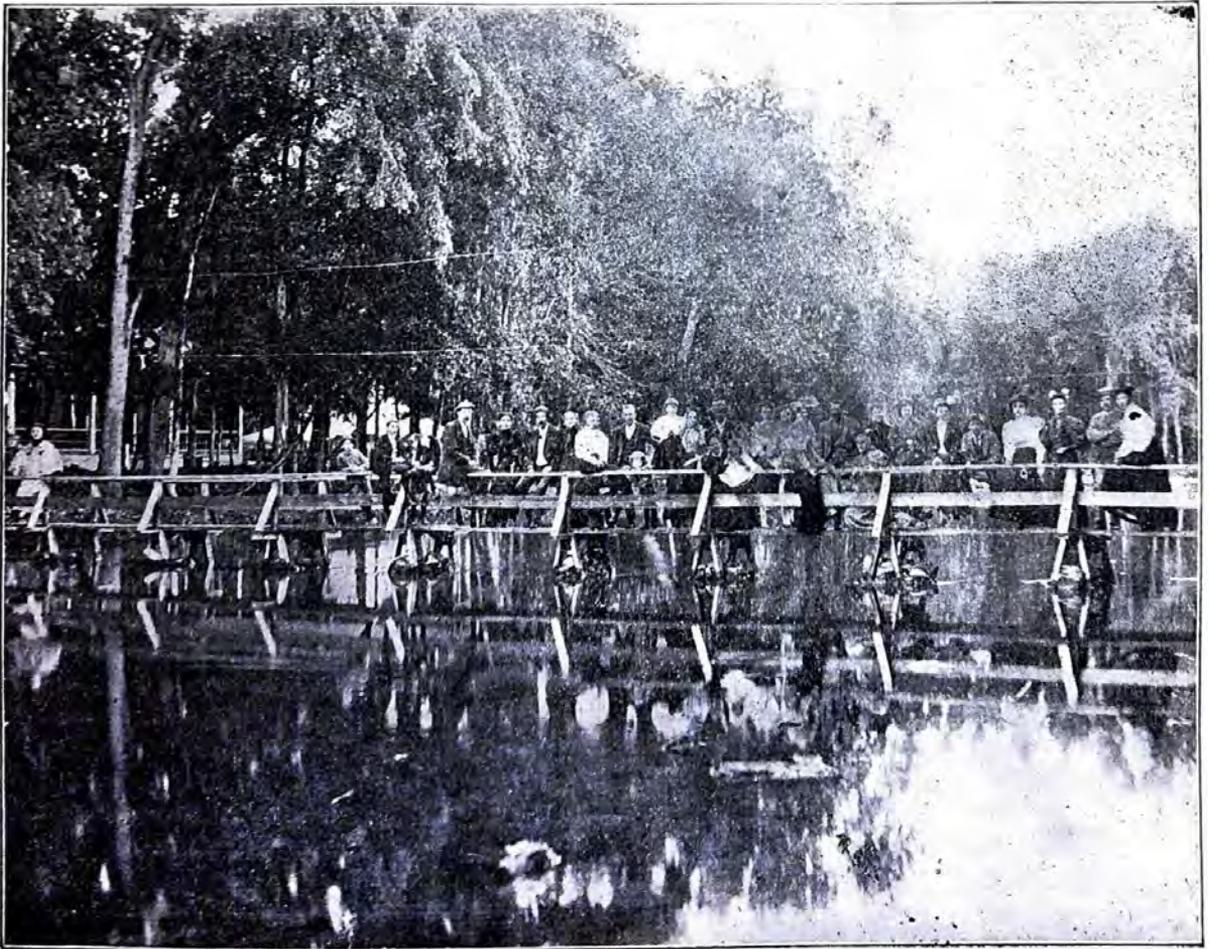
in 1858—and was occasionally absent in Toronto at the examinations. On one occasion "Old Kil," as we called him, had announced his intention to strap one of the boys unless before a certain time he did something or other. The time came, and the offender, who had not complied with the order, was called up to receive the threatened punishment. As he left the seat to go forward to the desk the whole class, according to previous agreement, rose, and, stepping out into the open space, notified the astonished teacher that they would not allow him to punish their classmate. Kilpatrick's courage failed him, and he told the boy to go to his seat and to remain after four, whereupon we resumed our seats. After four the boy remained in, but we remained just outside within easy hearing, the windows being open. The boy was again called out for punishment, whereupon several heads appeared at the open windows and warned the teacher that he had better not. The result was that the boy was allowed to go, and that when he came out we hoisted him on our shoulders, and carried him round the school two or three times. What the outcome was when the Doctor returned, I do not remember, but I have the impression that we got off much more easily than some of us expected, and that the teacher had to share the blame with us.

On another occasion he had been explaining on the board his method of solving some problem, and had been annoyed by some noise and mischief in the class. Turning abruptly to me he asked me to go through the solution, and when I told him that I could not, that I had not followed it clearly enough to master it, he charged me with inattention and mischief-making, and came down with the strap and an angry threat. This time, however, I felt I was innocent, and seizing my slate as a weapon of defence, I dared him to strike me. I

believe we went so far as to grasp each other, but fortunately cooler counsels prevailed, and we compromised. I assured him that I had been paying attention, but that I had not grasped the solution, for I was never quick at mathematics; and offered, if he would go back and repeat his explanation, to do my best to take it in. He wisely, I think, accepted my

offer, and there was no further trouble between us.

He remained, I think, a year in the school after I left in the fall of 1858, and then matriculated in Toronto University. He did not stay long at college, however, but crossed into the States, and I soon lost track of him. I have the impression, however, that he has been dead for many years.



IDYLWILD PARK.
SCENE ON THE BRIDGE.

A Rustic Visits the Collegiate.

SCRATCHFASVILLE, April 16th, 1902.

DEAR MISTER EDITUR.—Aint it awfool how tyme do wing its flite az Soloman wunst sed, my, hoo wood hev thot that it wuz moren a munth sins i wuz sittin at ovr kitshen tabel ritin u, but when u luk owt uv the windy az i am doin now an see the kafs plain abowt there maws, an the wee lambs frolikin on the bak veranday an the grass growing al aroun an the burds singin there lula-babies an rubin thar noses in the buddin trees u ar forsed too sa thet



Spring is wunst more here.

spring iz wunst more heer an thet the snoes an the frosts uv a munth ago iz now owt uv bizness an lots uv rain an warm sunbeams iz now bossin the situashun.

Maw wuz remindin me to da thet u wood be ekspektin too heer frum me soon, so az i am goin intil town to-morro to bi sum seets fur richy mak-milan's entertainment kalled the boney bryer boosh, im ritin u this afturnoon whil im waitin fur the pees too bile fur the pigs tee. I mite say, mistur editur thet befoar tildy got an edikashun i ust too kall it super but tildy sez az how it is vulgur an thet tee iz the korekt wa too poot it so its the pigs tee but az the hired man sez ivry

time he hears it "now woodunt thet jar u" an i must sa thet thees fansi naims aint jist too my likin ether.

Befoar i tel u sum moar abowt our visit to yur skool i want throo yur papur to thank the yung man hoo sent us an invite to yur grand at hoam. When maw red it she sed well now aint thet nise, and if she red it ovr wunst thet day she red it ovr fifty times an ivry tim she red it she wood smile the most pleezed uv anywun i iver seen. I ast her if she wuz goin an she sed no thet her evenin dress wuz far too small fur hur an thet she wuz far too stif with the rumatiks to go danderin abowt to musick, it wuz almost moar nor she cood do now to gather the eggs frum the hen hows. But sez she, ul go Jakob, an i sez no maw i aint agoin unless u be an she aint bin sayin much to me sins but kalin me sily, stupid old thing tho i do think al the same she wuz kind uv skeert i wood go fer she noes whut a grate felo i am fur kortin the gurls even tho i be gettin kind uv old. But i wuz glad to heer from we austun mcwhinnie thet u al hed a nise time an thet the boys found owt thet tawkin to gurls wusunt so bad a job after al, an ise all so glad to heer thet u will hev anuther neks year, when i hoap both me an maw kan go.

An now mistur editur i must continue the diskoars as our ministur sez, uv our adventures amungst the skolars uv yur skool.

We wuz jist goin to sa good bi to the skolars uv yur thurd form when thar wuz the awfoolust dingling uv a bel abuve ovr heds an at wunst ivry-budy amungst the skolars began tawking az hard az tha cood, just az if tha hed bin all boteled up an sudenli al the korks flew owt an tha fized ovr just like soday watur. I niver heerd uv anything so suden or so unanimum even the pail gurl wuz now skolden

hur nabur with both her tung an hur hans but i seen it wuz quitin tim fur the teecher fur he shook the chawk dust of hiz kote an pickt up hiz books an pointin to the door made a sine fur us too follo him an so we sed adu to tildy's suksesurs.

We wuz now invited to go down 2 or 3 steps an to pa a visit to a room which the man sed was the cumin hope uv yur instoctooshun. When we goad in if thar wuzunt a womun overseein the brite lookin hoapfools an of koars me an maw wuz troted up in uv hur and interdoosed. An then sez she es froit mich see anzootrefen, fur i gess she wuz judgin frum mi whuskurs thet i wuz a dutchman, but i kind uv winked at maw an niver let on i wuzunt fond uv laager, an gettin al my dutch lernin together, i up an sez yah, damit, but the marm loked so surprized thet i wuz feerin i



She wuz judgin frum mi wheeskeers
i wuz a dutchman,

wuz not understandin hur an so i sed too make it rite, 'it is a reel nise da' an jist then she turned to the clas an sed whut sounded like atong-se-ong seel voo play an az maw au me thot we had gotten intil a furin kalonee an wuz gettin nervus az these fokes iz sed to be awfool fur bloin up with dinamite an so we sed good da with az meny smiles az we cood get together and waked owt.

Jist then the hed man cnm along an sez he hev ye seen the main form yet an i sez no, Oh my sez he ye must see

the main form an so we wuz taken down the wee narra stayers an in we goed to the main form az tha kalld it. The teecher uv this form wuz stanin up in frunt uv a map an wuz reechin al ovur the room with a grate long pinter an wuz tellin them whar tha cood bi thar ceegars an cofe an rum an uther goods thet cums an goes between heer an sum uther places.

I wood like to tell u abowt sum uv the yung men an wimen in this main form fur tha wuz az straing a lukin an aktin lot az me an maw hez seen sins them gipsees wuz around hookin our chickens but i hev rit u so long alredy thet i shall hev to ask u to eksuse me this tyme.

The skolars hevin a fool cargo of goods this time, the teecher put hiz lans up agin the wal an hed a fu wurds with us afore we hed to go. Just az we wuz abowt to go, blame me if the hungri lukin boi didunt jump up frum a bak seet an mak a be line fur the door an gav a dab at a we butun in the wal an made al the nois with them dinglin things.

Now mister editur i must sa fairwel wunst moar fur maw wants the tabel to kook sum pies on.

vere truly yurs,

J. ISAAC SKRATCHFAS.

N. B. Maw is sendin in with me a jar of nice fresh marmulaid an sum mapel molasis fur the Rekurd staf an u wil find them at the offis.



An Ayr pupil catching the 6.05 p. m. train.

A Fishing Excursion.

By W. H. S., '00.

(Continued.)

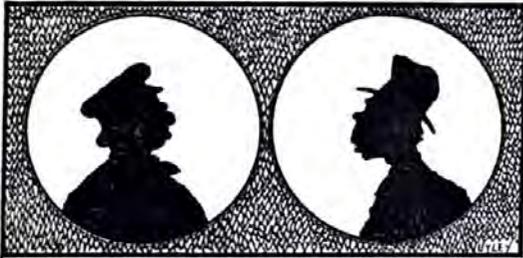
THE day passed pleasantly for all, for everybody was lucky in having a fair portion come to their hooks, and towards the close of the afternoon those who had come to spend only the day, packed their tackle and scattered homeward. Those who had come to stay started to make preparation for the night. The sun set behind a huge and ominous bank of clouds, and just as night fell, we could hear in the far north, portentous rumblings of thunder, and could catch the reflections of faint flashes of lightning; but as the storm seemed to be moving away to the northeast, we anticipated nothing, and bunked down comfortably under the straw stack for the night, in the holes burrowed by the cattle. Strange rustlings in the straw made us think of snakes and venomous reptiles, and the hum of mosquitoes kept us busy for a time in covering up all vulnerable parts of our anatomy, but, tired out after the arduous toil of the day, we were soon all fast asleep. I seemed to have been asleep but a few minutes, when I became vaguely conscious of a tugging at my foot, and before I was wholly awake I found myself sprawling on the ground. Quite a hurricane was blowing, and great drops of rain were dashing on the ground round about, and it was evident the storm was coming back on us. The others had been awakened, and had roused me with the intention of seeking a more sheltered place. The nearest shelter was the tent of our friends from Norborne, and thither we directed our steps, and we had hardly reached it before the storm burst in all its fury. The occupants of the tent were all up, doing their utmost to keep the tent on the

ground, against the furious onslaught of the wind, and as their efforts were almost in vain, they gave us a hearty welcome to their shelter, to assist them.

We lined ourselves around the walls and hung on for dear life, exerting all the preventive force we could to keep the tent from being blown into the lake. It became a matter of saving the tent, and not merely protecting ourselves from the storm, for we were soon all thoroughly wet to the skin. Every minute the storm seemed to increase in its fury. Blinding flashes of lightning were instantly followed by such crashes of thunder that it seemed as if the very firmament was being blown into fragments, and the rain fell in torrents. The original occupants were a picture to behold. The poor mite of a man was almost beside himself with terror, and could hardly speak. The deaf-mute started at every crash of thunder, either hearing it or feeling its vibrations, and his eyes fairly protruded from their sockets with fright. But the old lady was the best picture of them all, for she seemed almost crazed with fright. While the thunders rolled and boomed, she would drop on her knees and pray most fervently for deliverance, promising all sorts of things if the storm would only cease; but when the thunder would cease for a few moments, the ranting and swearing which she did would have made the proverbial trooper green with envy. Then she took a notion to commit suicide by jumping into the lake, and we had considerable difficulty in restraining her from her rash purpose. But it was only in the intervals between thunder claps, for let but the thunder start to roll, and she dropped on her knees

again in piteous supplication. Meantime the storm continued unabated, and rather increased in violence, and though we held on with might and main to the tent, our efforts proved futile, for at last the wind lifted it clear and clean into the lake, leaving us at the mercy of the elements. But we couldn't get any wetter, for we were all thoroughly soaked.

We now thought, in our dilemma, of a barn at a distance of perhaps a



Two of the "brethren" from Preston.

quarter of a mile from the lake, where we might hope to obtain shelter from the drowning downpour of rain. But the darkness was Stygian, and, except in the flashes of lightning, we could not see our hands an inch from our faces. Enabled by the occasional gleams of light, we got our bearings to the barn, and thither turned our steps, a dejected, forlorn company. What a time we had getting there! One would stumble over a stump or log, and perhaps his follower would sprawl on top of him; another would tumble into a ditch full of dirty water, and arise with perhaps a mouthful of mud, a spluttering, swearing unfortunate. We stumbled over straggling pieces of barb wire fence, tearing our clothes and barking our shins, until at last we reached our haven of shelter, as sorry a looking band of pilgrims as ever was, tired, wet and cold. Finding a large tarpaulin on the floor, we crawled under it, to obtain as best we could, a little sleep. Scarcely had we done so, before we were aware of a rustling beneath the floor, and of a most obnoxious odor, and by the latter we were

made sensitively acquainted with the presence of a number of skunks or polecats, who were seeking shelter, like ourselves, from the storm. We kicked up a racket to drive them out, but to no purpose, so we resigned ourselves to our lot, though our olfactory nerves were sorely tried. It was one of those barns without a loft, and we had either to bear with the offence, or go back into the storm; of the two evils we chose the less, and thus in uncertain comfort we spent the short remaining portion of the night.

Shortly before daylight, the rain ceased, and the wind died down. That morning the sun shone as brightly as ever, but what a desolate sight it shone upon! The lake had risen a foot or more, and had overflowed its banks in some places; little rivers of liquid mud were flowing through the ditches; miniature lakes filled all depressions in the land; and the depth of mud in the roads was immeasurable. All nature had a drenched and bedraggled appearance. To prolong



A Junior making his mark.

our fishing excursion was out of the question, so at daybreak we gathered our belongings together, hitched up, and started for home. It was a toilsome journey, for the mud was deep and particularly sticky, and it was with difficulty that the horse could drag the wagon and us after it, so we had to walk most of the way. It was well on in the morning when we

reached the Ridge, and it was then that we met with a surprise, for between the Ridge and the Wabash Railway, a distance of perhaps a mile, was a solid sheet of water, and we could see beyond the track another stretch of water reaching right up to the bluffs. The quiet little Wakenda had overflowed its banks, and had swelled into a formidable stream over two miles in width. Forging this stream

was impossible, and no boat being available, we were forced to wait till the water had subsided. We went to the nearest farmhouse, and after considerable parleying with the farmer, we persuaded him to give us our dinner for the fish we had, also with permission to sleep that night in his barn if necessary.

(To be continued.)

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.



GEO. CLARE, M. P. for South Waterloo.



JAS. LIVINGSTONE, ex-M. P. South Waterloo.

Teacher—"Johnny, can you tell me how iron was first discovered?"

Johnny—"Yes, sir."

"Well! Just tell the class what your information is on that point."

"I heard pa say yesterday that they smelt it."

The following ambiguous advertisement recently appeared in a Detroit paper: "Notice—If —, who is supposed to be in Chicago, will communicate with his friends at home, he will hear something to his advantage. His wife is dead."

Sylvester Sickles thought that he could safely fool around the 'way-way-back yonder end of a Missouri mule! The critter raised its after deck away above its prow and gave its heels a backward flirt. He wears a halo now!

Joe Jenkins was so deaf he couldn't hear the thunder crack, and started for an evening walk upon the railway track. The locomotive came just like a lightning driven plow and caught poor Josey unawares! He is a harpist now.

THE G. C. I. RECORD.

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 Printed at the office of H. M. HUNT & SON, Main
 Street, Galt.

GALT, APRIL, 1902.

ARE you interested in retaining the RECORD as a school journal? If so, you can help us by finding one or more new subscribers.



THE enthusiastic meeting held in Toronto by graduates of the G. G. S. to make arrangements in connection with the semi-centennial, indicates that the "old boy" is looking forward with the greatest pleasure to revisiting the scenes of his early educational career.



OUR worthy caretaker, a son of the heather, enters this month upon his nineteenth year as guardian of the great seat of "learnin'"—the G. C. I. May he long be spared to jingle the keys of office, to wield the besom, to receive inspiration from the poetic muse, and to cast his genial smile upon all those who come to the Collegiate.

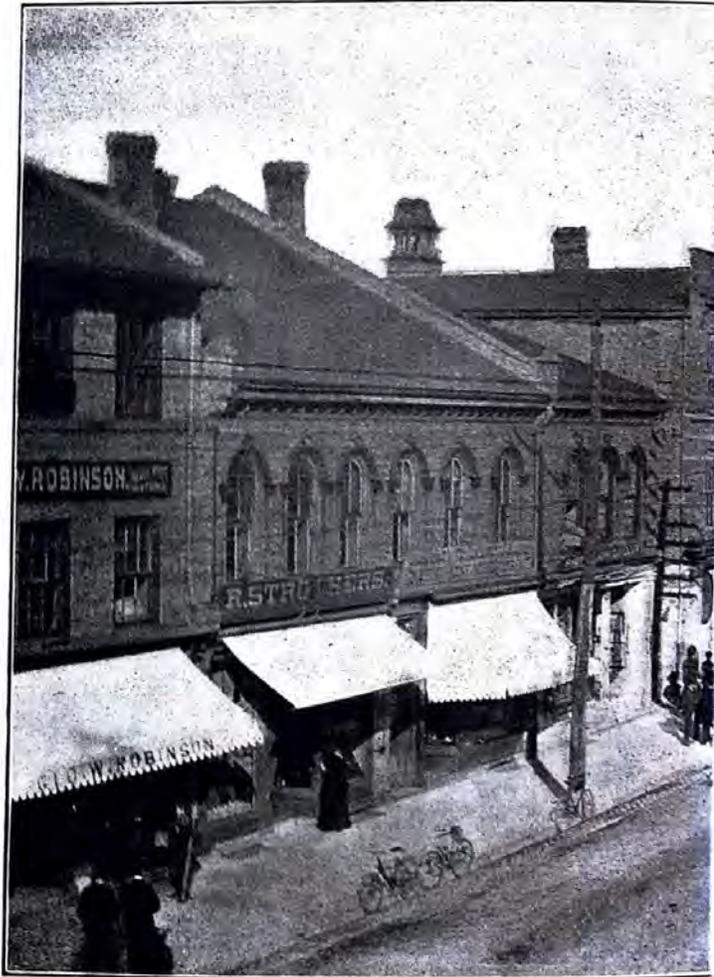


WE would urge upon every student to wear the school colors—orange and red. A considerable time has elapsed since the colors were adopted by the school, but it is only an occasional one who has placed the badge of the school upon his hat or coat. Secure a badge, or ribbon, and show yourself to be a pupil of the G. C. I.



PREPARATIONS for the semi-centennial are moving on apace, and arrangements for the entertainment of the distinguished guests next summer are now assuming definite form. The re-union will occupy

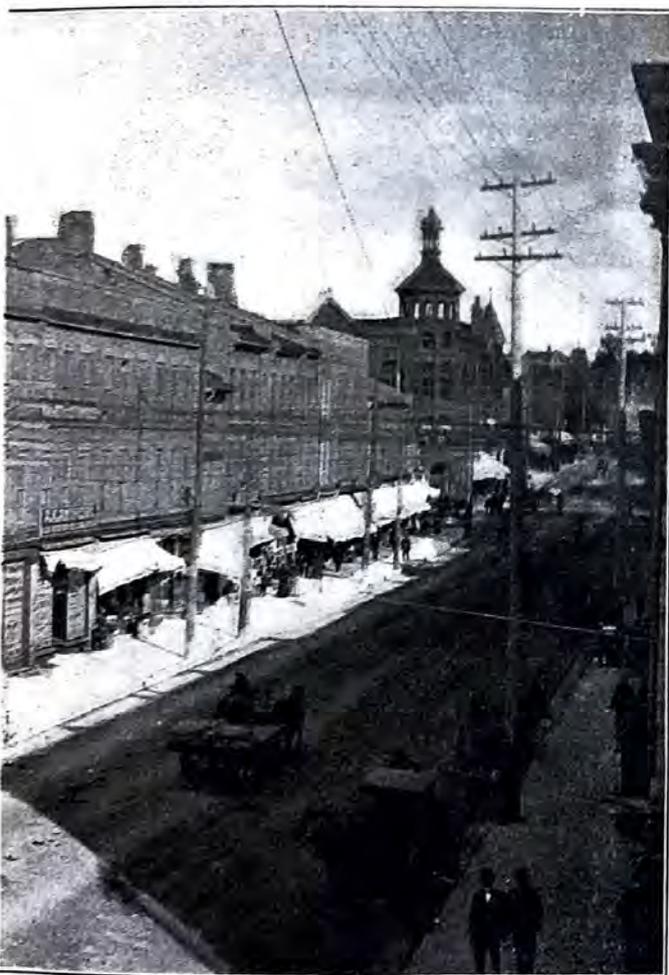
two, and very possibly three days. The afternoon of the first day will partake of the character of a reception, when addresses of welcome will be given to the "old boys," and some of the veterans of the football and cricket field will limber up their joints and show the present generation how to "do" it. Music will be provided in the afternoon by the 48th Highlanders' Band, and in the evening, a grand



MAIN STREET

concert will be given by the same famous band, in Dickson Park. The following morning the visitors and their friends will enjoy a ride over the G. P. & H. Railway, and of course many of them will embrace the opportunity to again sample the aqua sulphura at Preston. On the afternoon, a reception will be held on the G. C. I. grounds, and a program of sports, in-

cluding possibly a cricket match, will be a prominent feature. The 29th Batt. Band will be in attendance. In the evening, the celebration will culminate in a banquet in the skating rink. Such is the probable course of events during the interesting occasion to which we are all looking forward.



LOOKING EAST.

Swell (at the railway restaurant)—“ Waiter, got any green peas ? ”

Waiter—“ Yes, sir; have some ? ”

Swell—“ Yaas; bwing me three. ”

Waiter—“ Anything else, sir ? ”

Swell—“ Yes; a strawberry cut in thin slices. ”

Waiter—“ All right, sir, anything else ? ”

Swell—“ Aw, gwacious! what do you take me foh—a perfect hog, eh ? ”

School Calendar.

March 26th a.m.—The school closed unofficially, for the Easter term.

March 26th p.m.—The 1st Collegiate “ At Home ” in the Town Hall.

March 27th—The dissipating students all “ sleep in. ”

March 27th—The school officially closed for the Easter term.

March 28th—April 7th—Easter holidays. Every student engaged in the closest study. Eggs severely punished.

April 1st—General lamentation amongst the pupils that all Fool’s day was a holiday; corresponding rejoicing by the teachers that school did not keep.

April 7th—Sad-hearted pupils drag their physical frames and their schoolbags schoolwards.

April 9th—The Lawn Tennis Club organized.

April 13th—Capt. Bryden lined his men up for their first hard football practice.

April 17th—G. C. I. pupils pay their respects to “ Posty ” at Scott’s.

Current Events.

March 14—King Edward holds the first royal court of his reign.

March 22—Acting President Schalks-burgher has an interview with Lord Kitchener at Pretoria looking to peace proposals.

March 26—Cecil Rhodes died leaving £2,000,000 for Colonial, American and German scholarships at Oxford.

March 27—Dr. F. T. Addyman, London, Eng., announces the cure of cancer by X rays.

March 31—Battle of Klein Harts River, at which a company of Canadians under Lieut. Bruce Carruthers stood their ground until every man was either killed or wounded. Serg. J. Campbell Perry and ten others were killed.

April 2—Manitoba defeats the Referendum.

April 1—3—Ontario Educational Association meets at Toronto.

April 14—In his Budget speech, Sir Michael Hicks-Beech announces the cost of the Boer war for three years to be £165,000,000, and proposes to restore the registration duties on wheat and flour which have been free since 1869.

April 15—Recruiting for fourth Canadian contingent to South Africa begins. Canadian teachers leave for South Africa to teach in Concentration Camps.

A Glimpse Into the Past.

BY REV. W. G. WALLACE.

SIR ROBERT PEEL once remarked, that the English Constitution, with its varied unmingling elements, reminded him of the Holy Writ—that it was like our physical frame, fearfully and wonderfully made. I have sometimes thought that the illustration might with sober truth be applied to the community of pupils attending Galt Collegiate Institute thirty years ago. There were amongst these boys coming from all parts of the country, elements totally dissimilar, and yet there was a strong sense of brotherhood, a fine spirit of loyalty to the school. I must at present refrain from speaking of the boys of those days, many of whom have attained high positions of trust, and some of whom I count it a joy to have as lifelong friends. One is tempted to pay a tribute also to the school staff, the members of which were, generally speaking, men of mark in their own departments, and most of whom are held by their pupils in grateful and affectionate remembrance. But I can never think myself back into the past without seeing again behind the pupils, behind the other masters, the man, to whom above all others the success of the Institute was due, and whose name is honorably and inseparably associated with its history.

Dr. Tassie was a disciplinarian. He had to deal with wild, restless spirits, and he tamed them oftentimes with a rod of iron. That little toss of the head, that stern look, that fluttering gown, and perhaps, especially, that leather strap, some of us have good reason to remember. It would be untrue to say that this tended to make us love him, but it is true that we learned respect for authority, and to give instant obedience to rightful command, qualities that lie close to what is essential in all true manhood.

He taught other subjects occasionally, among them writing, with its wearisome, but perhaps necessary 'pothooks', but the ancient classics were his special field.

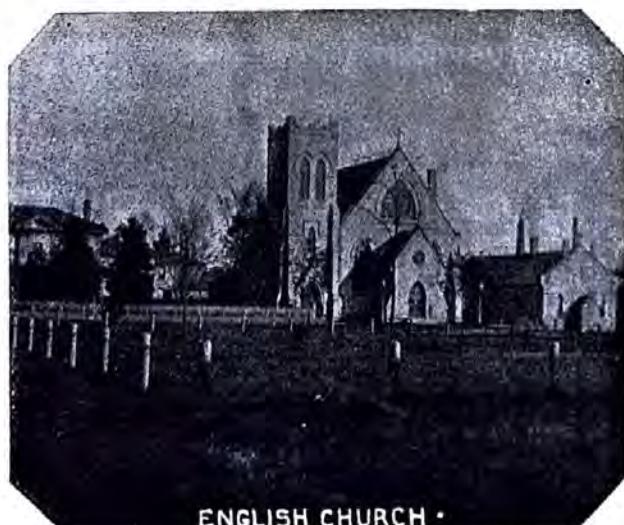
The vexed problem of to-day as to the proportion in which the ancient languages should receive encouragement in comparison with non-classical languages or subjects of a scientific nature, probably never gave him a moment's perplexity. It would never occur to him that there was room for debate on such a question. He was first and always a classical man. The school curriculum, so far as he could effect it, centred around the study of Latin and Greek; the time-table was arranged with this specially in mind. All other things were, in his judgment, of minor importance; it did seem sometimes, that even Greek mythology was with him of greater consequence than modern history.

In whatever respects, however, Dr. Tassie's methods of teaching and discipline are open to criticism,—and they were far from perfect,—yet, looking back, one can recognize that in himself and in them there were some sterling qualities. There was in him, for instance, not an ounce of laziness. If he insisted on hard work in his pupils, he first set them the example. Rising at a very early hour, he was at his desk at eight o'clock every morning, Saturday and Monday alike, ready for his university honor class in classics. Throughout the day he was ever on the alert, active, vigorous, and causing the whole school to move like clockwork. No effort on his part was too strenuous, if thereby the interests of the school, for which he lived, were to be advanced. And, it is not too much to say, that his one aim in his teaching was thoroughness, "non multa sed multum," and that, while his pupils may not always have

received the culture, which the study of classics is so well fitted to impart, no one ever passed through his hands without knowing the rudiments of the Greek and Latin languages. The boy that could leap at will from mood to mood, and from tense to tense, of the Greek verb, was his delight, whilst with the one that could not remember the names of the Muses, nor scan his Homer or his Virgil, he found it difficult to be patient. And that same thoroughness marked other departments of the school. I well remember back in the seventies, one lad, that had after two or three years' study of Euclid, failed to understand the fifth proposition of the first book; the master resolutely forbade his searching into the further mysteries, until he had crossed the "pons asinorum." Whether he was drowned in the crossing I have never heard.

The introduction of "The Intermediate Examination" marked for Galt Collegiate Institute the transition from the seven years of plenty to the seven years of famine. The school held among the schools of the province such a prominent place, that when this new order of things came into being, young men flocked to it

from all parts to pass the Intermediate, and thus qualify as public school teachers. This system, in which so much hinged on examinations, and which involved the covering of so much ground, Dr. Tassie did not welcome; he refused to be turned aside by it from his old methods, which concerned themselves with first principles. The result was, that when the examination returns were announced, Galt Collegiate Institute failed to hold its own beside some other schools, and would-be teachers turned elsewhere. Amid these trying times, when storm-clouds were gathering over the old school, one sees in vision, as he looks back, this strong man battling against difficulties, perhaps ultra conservative in some things, and yet always insisting upon hard and thorough work in himself and his pupils. If the Institute lost in those days any of its former prestige, the loss is at least minimized by the fact that it retained the thorough-going spirit of former times, the same spirit that has never failed to characterize it even up to the present day, and which is equally essential in the realm of education and in the stormy battle of life.



ENGLISH CHURCH.

sons. When we got out at recess, most of us, with one accord, thought it would be an impossibility to go back to school that morning at least, and possibly that day. We found that the jam had moved slightly. It was a "grand" sight. Here and there were logs, pieces of timber, boxes, etc. The ice, in great blocks, was in all sorts of positions, some standing erect, some slightly tilted, and others in piles eight or ten feet high. Some suckers, by the violence of the flood, had been cast upon the bank, and we employed ourselves by catching and giving them to a venerable old negro who happened to be near. We then hied to another and safer place which was a good piece further up the river. While we were amusing ourselves by shouting the "G. C. I. Cry" and listening to a very clever oration on a box of pills which had been sold at the London Exhibition in 185—, by Dr. "Chippie" Deans, it began to rain. We looked around for a convenient place of shelter, and found a "small" hen-house evidently in disuse. Into this we piled, soon making the floor, which was of earth, in a very few minutes a veritable pig pen. The number was so great, and the place so small, that some of the boys had to climb on to the cross-beams, looking like the proper inhabitants of the pen. While in it we were entertained by another of Doctor Dean's masterpieces, this time in the way of hypnotism. After this was over, because it was time for dinner, and most of us had knowing pains about the regions of our "bread-baskets," we all trooped and marched home in accompaniment to excellent hand music supplied by Master Peter Smith and a battered coffee pot. After dinner we again made our way to the banks of the Bonnie River Grand, and met in with an honorable personage, whose name was "Joe." He gave us a very profitable half hour's speech by expounding Christianity,

giving as an example, "a sermon which the R. E. Mounds had preached about the cruelty of reducing laborer's wages, and that he had gone home and told his servant girl that he could only afford her a dollar a week." He ended up with "Do you call that Christianity." "I don't," and he was quite huffed because we laughed at him. In the meantime the water had risen rapidly, and the ice now began to move, so we all rushed to get a more advantageous position. On came the ice, crashing, crunching, and gouging holes in the bank. The river looked like a live thing as it bore these huge masses of ice on its bosom. As we were racing towards the bridge, many of the goody scholars joined us. They told us that they had been dismissed as a reward of their righteousness. As for the teachers, I suppose they wended their way to their respective homes with a sigh of resignation. We got to the bridge just in time to see a good sized pile of ice forming. Sheets of ice were going over the dam sending volumes of water ten or fifteen feet high. You can imagine the strength and power when it made the bridge shake and tremble. This continued for about three-quarters of an hour, then the ice began to get thinner and more sparse. From a safe distance we saw the teachers going home with such vengeful countenances that we shrank back in fear of their seeing us. So ended the most glorious day of the winter term.

Artemus Artless knew not if his gun contained a load and blew into the muzzle and the gun it likewise blew! His head was soon in fragments from the chin to the bulging brow, and scattered o'er the scenery; he's with the angels now.

Poor Peter Peters, when his little breakfast he had ate, went, full of boyhood's choicest glee, down to the creek to skate. The ice was thin and down he went just like a scuttled crow, and came not into view again, he's likewise with 'em now.

"Our Mac."

Dive ye no ken yon sonsie lad,
Wha guards our schule frae all things bad,
Who's aye sae blithesome, seldom sad,
as sharp's a tack,
Wha hails frae Scotland, heather clad,
oor auld fren Mac.

CO judge by his appearance, one would say that some fifty summers had passed over his head; slightly bent, below the average height, but solidly built; his beard showing by the numerous splashes of grey in it that time is leaving its mark upon him; with a kindly smiling countenance which is seldom ruffled by the adversities peculiar to his avocation; his voice bright and cheery, the grip of his hand warm and hearty. Such in brief is Mr. David MacGeorge, or as we at the Collegiate familiarly call him



MR. DAVID MCGEORGE.

"Mac," who, for the past eighteen years, has been the faithful caretaker at the G. C. I.

Mr. MacGeorge, son of a country blacksmith, was born near the lordly mansion of the Duke of Buchleuh, Drumlanrig Castle in Dumfrieshire, Scotland. Being very delicate in his early years, he received but an indifferent education, and owing to the death of his father, he was compelled to face the world to obtain a living. He engaged with a farmer to herd sheep and do various other things upon a farm, on the famous Hill o' Health at Lochenbrech in Galloway, for the princely salary of £1 for six months.

Since that time his avocations have been very varied, he being virtually a Jack of all trades, and showing in each one of them ability above the average. At one time or another he has been a blacksmith, farmer, coachman, butler, gardener, mail clerk, railway laborer, bookseller, book

agent, book-binder, nurseryman, sexton and caretaker.

A point of great interest in connection with Mr. MacGeorge's early life was his intimate association with S. R. Crockett, the eminent Scotch novelist. He is thoroughly familiar with the localities depicted in many of Crockett's works of fiction, also with many of the characters portrayed by Crockett's clever pen. Especially is this true in the case of "Bog, Myrtle and Peat," where the McHaffies, neither fictitious nor misnamed, were near neighbors of his for a number of years, and in connection with whom he is portrayed as "Wattie," whose delayed choice between the four farthy biscuits that melted in one's mouth, and the "never ending charms" of a penny "Jews roll" brought down on him the storms of the impatient Mary McHaffie, who with her Billy, so frequently accommodated him. "D'ye think" said she on one occasion, "that Mary McHaffie has nothing else in the world to do but stan' still as lang as it pleases you to gaup there; gin ye canna tell me what ye want, ye can e'en do without. Gee up Billy, come oot o' the roadside—ye're aye eat—eatin, ye bursen craitur ye."



GALT METHODIST CHURCH.

Locals.

THE RECORD is for sale at all the book-stores in town.

IF anyone would like any information about \$3 bills, call on our late departed comrade, Blain Cherry, Banker.

AREN'T those new football uniforms a sight. They are expected to dazzle anything from an elephant to a Form III girl.

APRIL is an uneventful month; not a flood, an "At Home," or a hockey match to break the monotony. How few holidays we really do get.

IF all is done that is going to be done before the old "chaps" come home to see us next summer, the G. C. I. grounds will surely be "a thing of beauty."

WATCH the girls play baseball. They're getting onto the game alright. Any of them desiring the full vocabulary of baseball terms will please consult the Globe's baseball news.

OUR Form II Palmist and Astrologer is doing a rushing business. Anyone wishing to have his fortune read will please leave the name and a suitable fee with the Business Manager.

WE mourn the departure of some of our flock who have taken to pastures new. Our late brethren and sistern are Lorne Brown, R. J. Turnbull, Wm. MacRae, Miss T. Simpson, Miss M. Allan.

A teacher captured a note last Friday which was passing from the boys' or girls' side of the room. On it was written "My dear— wull ye hae me?" Signed —. The "Bonnie Brier Bush" proved a first-class object lesson.

THE busiest man around the Collegiate to-day is the caretaker, who hasn't legs enough to carry him where he needs to go, arms enough to handle all that he has to put in place, nor tongues enough to keep the boys in order, and see that "the maun" is kept posted in "what tae dae."

AN attack was made the other day on the office by a squad of paper-hangers. The teachers, one and all, fled to the second entrenchment—the Science room—and where, notwithstanding the fumes of lyddite, etc., they bravely held their own, until the invaders foundit necessary to retreat.

WE understand that after having their future told, some of Form III pupils contemplated committing suicide.

THE orchestra struck up the music of the first promenade at the G. C. I. "At Home". "Is that the call to arms?" exclaimed a boy of Form II to his friend by his side.

ARE you fond of hunting wild flowers? The chief ones to be found in the woods in the early spring season are the Hepatica, Spring Beauty, Trillium, Dog Tooth Violet, Blood-root, Squirrel Corn and Skunk Cabbage.

During the Easter holidays, the school underwent a thorough renovation, and came out of the ordeal looking wonderfully fresh. With its newly-white-washed and tinted walls, it will present a very desirable appearance for the cemi-centennial.

CAMERON BROWN, who as our readers all know, was so seriously hurt last week, is improving, though it will be a considerable time before he will be able to return to the school. Cameron has the sympathy of the entire school in the unfortunate accident that befel him.

THE G. C. I. teachers and pupils were "At home" to their many friends in the Town Hall, chiefly ex-pupils, on the evening of March 12th. From eight to eleven, the hours between which people "say all the sensible things they have to say." The Town Hall presented a scene of gay sociability. From nine to eleven, promenading and cosy-cornerings were indulged in; these were interspersed with various numbers of an excellent programme. During these hours, refreshments were served, tastily and copiously, in the Council Chamber. The hour of twelve brought to a close a most enjoyable evening, by the utter inability of the brethren and sisters to resist "tripping the light fantastic" to the swell music of the orchestra. Shortly afterwards, neither silently, nor one by one, the guests stepped out into the moon-lit night, with a pleased anticipation replaced by a still more pleasant memory.

ONE of the most interesting sights to be observed at the Collegiate recently, is the girls' baseball effort. To a bystander this "swell" playing has several points worthy of honorable mention. First, the batter takes her position with her bat poised high in the air, and with a face transfixed with fear of the flying rubber spheroid, which perchance, may happen to come in her direction but which more frequently flies to an altogether different point of the com-

pass. When, at last the lucky strike is over her thoughts fly to the first base. (she may get there later), the bat meanwhile makes for the Grand river. For this improved style of playing, fielders are voted unnecessary. Indeed the catcher finds little difficulty in locating the ball, which generally passes smoothly through her fingers, for in this game the fouls are the rule, fair balls the exception. Nor is it deemed safe for the unoccupied parties of both sides to stand in any other position than immediately behind the home base, thus serving as a great protection to the catcher. Altogether the progress is so rapid, that we expect to hear of the town team being challenged for a match.

Mac's General Store.

OPPOSITE RAILWAY STATION—SPRING ANNOUNCEMENT.

We have just received from Hamilton a fresh consignment of fruits, meats, vegetables, house birds, musical instruments, furniture, and other odds and ends, as follows: Canned cherries, childrens' kribbs, king fishers, ink wells, bailed hay, a young bull, some relics of Indian flint, lightning rods, a few shaws of potatoes, also a quantity of graham flour.

We regret to announce that there are no peaches among the lot, but we have an abundant supply of crab-apples and sour grapes. These articles were on exhibition on March 26th.

Presents makes the heart grow fonder.

This tale was told by Judge Penny-packer, in beginning a response to a toast at a Pennsylvania-German banquet in Philadelphia. The story, he said, showed the readiness of the Pennsylvania Dutchman to obey those in authority:

In 1864, Sheridan, under orders, burned every barn and valley above Staunton to a certain point below Winchester. A band of angry rebels followed this raid, watching for a chance to pick up any stragglers. Among others who fell into their hands was a little Pennsylvania Dutchman, who quietly turned to his captors and inquired:

"Vat you fellows going to do mit me?"

The reply came short and sharp:

"Hang you."

"Vel," he said, meekly, "vatever is de rule."

His good-natured reply threw the Confederates into a roar of laughter, and saved his life.

Sports.

The Lawn Tennis Club has already re-organized. It is quite probable there will be a flourishing membership.

KICKS FROM THE CAMPUS.

Tilt has a back-action kick that is bound to scrape holes in somebody's shins.

When Lyell makes one of his wild rushes, woe betide the advancing forwards of the opposing line.

Should the boys ever play badly, they can never be said to be "off color." They cannot be anything else but "yellow" players.

Main has an elastic arm, extensible to the goal bar, or from one goal post to the other. The ball that gets past will have to amputate that arm.

The ting-a-ling man on the right wing can push the ball, just as steadily as he can press the button, either photographically or electric bellickly.

If the present steady practice be persisted in, Capt. Bryden will have no reason to be ashamed of his men when they emerge from the first inter-Collegiate game.

The Capt. is not a rubber neck—not by any means—but the various angles at which he can receive the ball on his cranium, shows that his neck joints are well oiled.

The sweaters might be recommended for the new contingent for South Africa. In close column they would look like a field of ripened wheat. Mr. Boer looking for fodder would be surely fooled for once.

The schedule of games in the Inter-Collegiate Football League is as follows:—

Berlin at Guelph—April 26th.

Galt at Berlin—May 3rd.

Guelph at Galt—May 10th.

Guelph at Berlin—May 17th.

Berlin at Galt—May 24th.

Galt at Guelph—May 31st.

The Football Committee have gone to considerable trouble in arranging a series of games for each evening of the week, and hope that the members of the club will give the committee every assistance possible, by complying with the conditions laid down for all playing members. In other words, make every effort to play when your turn comes, or if your absence is unavoidable, find a substitute. The conditions are short enough, and easily understood, and each one should make it a point to abide by them.

Just for Fun.

Where there's a kid, there's a squeak.

A thorn in the hands is worse than two in the bush.

Papa was cutting Freddy's hair very well, but was not quick at the job, and Fred, who is six years of age, found the function very tiresome. At last he said:

"Are you nearly done, daddy?"

"Very near; I've just got the front to do now," replied the father.

"I'm 'fraid," sighed the martyr, "that the back will grow again while you are cutting the front."

Then papa put on a spurt.

Lots of men would leave their foot-prints
Time's eternal sands to grace,
Had they gotten mother's slipper
At the proper time and place.

They were young and romantic, and although the minute hand was pointing to 12 o'clock, they stood upon the porch gazing at the stars.

"That's Jupiter, dear, isn't it?" she murmured.

"Yes, pet; and that is Sirius," he replied, pointing to another star.

"Are you serious?" she cooed.

He kissed her. Then, pointing upward, he said:—

"That's Mars, dove."

"And that's pa's," she whispered, as a footstep sounded inside.

And if the young man hadn't "scooted" he would have seen more stars than he ever dreamed of.

A small boy was introduced by his teacher to the ditto mark. Its labor-saving possibilities appealed to him, and he soon found occasion to turn his knowledge to account.

While away on a short visit, he wrote to his family. The letter ran:

Dear Father,

I hope you are well.

" " mother is well.

" " sister " "

" " Dick " "

" " grandmother is well.

" wish you were here.

" " mother was here.

" " sister " "

" " Dick " "

" " grandmother was here.

" " you would send me some money. Your aff. son, Tom.

Keep your shoes polished. Then you will shine at one end if you can't at the other.

Man is like a nail, when he is crooked, you may be sure he has been driven to it by a woman.

The poor, benighted Hindo,
He does the best he kindo;
He sticks to his caste from first to last,
And for pants he makes his skindo.

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