

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



Third Volume, No. 1.

Galt, December, 1902.

G. C. I. Students

Will be wise
if they inspect
our stock of

Skates and Skating Supplies

Before purchasing.

C. R. BANKS

Bicycles and Sporting Goods

North Water St.

JOHN SLOAN

Wholesale and Retail
Dealer in....

Groceries and Crockery,

**Foreign and
Domestic Fruits**

WATER STREET.

Ladies' and Gents'

Tailoring Done

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Satisfaction Guaranteed at

R. B. FERGUSON

Ainslie St., Galt.

Read

Record

Ads.

And

Buy from

Record

Advertisers,

Waterloo House

**Tailoring and
Gents' Furnishings.**

Stock always well assorted.

Prices moderate.

WOODS & TAYLOR,

Main St. Galt.

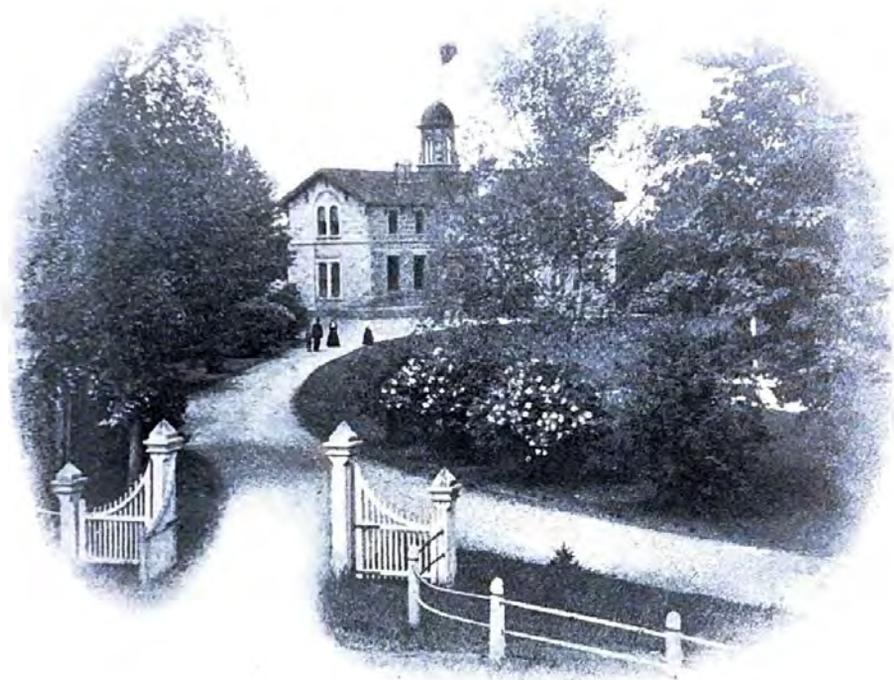
For High Class

TAILORING

GO TO

**Windell, - THE ARTISTIC
TAILOR.**





The G. C. I. Record.

Published in the interest of the Galt Collegiate Institute.

Vol. 3, No. 1.

December, 1902.

Price 5 Cents.

G. C. I. RECORD STAFF.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—R. S. Hamilton, B.A.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS—Miss J. E. Carter, M.A. ; A. De Guerre, B.A.

FORM REPRESENTATIVES—1st, Alma Lewis ; Commercial, Ella Broomfield ; Jr. 2nd, Harold McKay ; Sr. 2nd, Wm. Janney ; 3rd, Clare Moyer ; 4th, Edith Robinson.

BUSINESS MANAGER—Gladstone Main.

EDITORIAL.

The Staff THE RECORD leaves port, as it were, with a good many changes in the crew. It will be noticed that the various departments have been re-adjusted, with the hope that the paper may be able to give a more complete chronicle of the events occurring in and about the school.

Literary Society There was a time when the school had a Literary Society, the members of which whiled away many a pleasant and profitable hour, after the duties of school were done.

We read in the archives of the ancients of the school, that they varied proceedings by means of public art exhibitions and display of curios, by having oratorical struggles, by having music galore from a well-trained glee club, and by other interesting features.

All this has passed away, due, probably, to the overstress of work, which rolls its burden upon the students, leaving them too crushed to cheer up. Alas, poor students, how we are to be pitied !

Perhaps some time, the good old days will come again, when we shall be able to indulge in the frills that adorned the educational careers of our ancestors.

A New Collegiate Building.

Rumors are afloat that we may have, at no very distant date, a new Collegiate Institute building. The time has certainly come for it. However satisfactory may have been the accommodation afforded, in the early history of the school, it is an undeniable fact that the building has outgrown its usefulness, and that better facilities and better accommodation, to meet the growing requirements of the times, will have to be provided at an early date.

The present building lacks several almost indispensable features, namely, an assembly room, recreation rooms for the students on unpleasant days, private offices, a reception room, proper sanitary accommodation, a suitable room for commercial work and typewriting, and greater facilities for the teaching of the sciences, besides minor needs which could be mentioned.

The Collegiate has done and is still doing good work along educational lines, but its efficiency would be four-fold greater were better facilities provided for carrying on the work of educating the rising generation.

With this issue, the G. C. I. RECORD enters
The Record upon the third year of its existence.

to its Readers. So hearty was the reception with which it met, and so satisfactory was the support given it last year, that the school is encouraged to make a future venture in miniature journalism.

THE RECORD will continue to be published wholly in the interests of the Galt Collegiate Institute, advocating those things which it believes are in the best interest of the school, offering fair and honest criticism where objectionable features exist, encouraging students in a desire to originality and correctness in expression of ideas, and seeking to create a keener enthusiasm in the Institute in which the rising generation is striving to acquire an education.

Side-Lights We might elucidate further, and make public the reasons that unscrupulous and unsuccessful rivals are seeking to thrust upon us, that we have again taken to the perilous field of journalism. They declare that it is a deliberate conspiracy to enshroud in darkness the enlightened minds of the universe; that we are presuming on the generosity and tender-heartedness of our numerous creditors, whose acquaintance we had the honor of making last year; that we are seeking to impose ourselves on the good nature of a long suffering, though meagre, constituency of bona fide subscribers; that we are using improper means for becoming fabulously wealthy, and that, having so many axes to grind, we have overreached the local great family journals, and have found it necessary to have a paper of our own. When all our law suits for libel are won, we shall give our subscribers a grand ball out of the proceeds of the damages recovered.

The Mistakes of School Life.

Most of the mistakes made by students in their school course arise either from a want of motive, or from an incorrect view of the meaning of education. The student who regards education as merely a means of making a living, has a low ideal which is bound to vitiate his whole career. Education is a growth, or a development of the powers of mind and body. It, therefore, requires the good use of time, the exercise of care, perseverance and determination, and the continual aiming at some object, or the striving after some ideal. When these necessary conditions are not observed, there result, mainly, the following mistakes:—
1, Want of motive or interest ; 2, Dependence on others ; 3, Misuse of time ; 4, Haste and inaccuracy ; 5, Lack of perseverance.

The pupil who has no object in view, neither the development of his individuality, nor fitting himself for some occupation, will accomplish nothing of any value. If motive, interest, or enthusiasm is lacking, the main-spring of life is gone. The result is not life but mere existence. A live dog is better than a dead lion. One who possesses but common talents and has a lofty ideal in view will accomplish more than a dozen who lack motive and purpose. Therefore have an object. Aim straight towards it. This is the only cure for laziness or indifference.

Some students depend too much on others. They have leaned on their parents, teachers, and companions from childhood up, and have thus formed the habit of dependence. Such are destined to be but the imitators of others, or the servants of others. They will not be able to originate anything or to control anything. The world is led by men of will and self-reliance. The rest but carry out the ideas and the commands of these men. Never allow any one to do for you what you can do yourself.

A common mistake is to employ time idly. Infants and children may be excused, if their employments are apparently aimless and idle, but young men and women, who have any sense of the meaning and value of life, will not waste the golden hours, which, once past, can never be recalled. Some of the most successful lives have been the result of improving odd moments snatched between hours of necessary labor.

In contrast with the last error, are haste and inaccuracy. They waste the time to come by necessitating frequent review and correction of errors—time which should be employed on more advanced work. More than half the time of some students is taken up with the correction of hasty or inaccurate work. Rather do a few things well than many things imperfectly. The haste that "spoils life and work" also is displayed by those who wish to accomplish in one or two years what should take three or four. They may by accident pass a certain examination, but they mar their future intellectual culture,

and bring on a disease of the mind analogous to indigestion or dyspepsia. The victims of cramming cannot afterwards have a proper relish for study or good reading. They usually become stagnant pools instead of useful rivers.

Finally, a serious mistake is the avoiding of difficult work. It is a habit which weakens the intellect while trying to save it. Difficulties, while they appal the weak and indolent, only serve as a spur to the persevering. The more one overcomes, the more one lives and thrives.

“In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as fail ”



With the Ex-Pupils

Editor's Note : The G. C. I. Record is for the graduates of the Collegiate Institute, as well as for the present day pupils. Items of interest pertaining to the Old Boys and Old Girls, as well as articles dealing with stirring incidents of the days of the "ancients," are earnestly solicited by the Record staff. Graduates are especially requested to assist us in maintaining an Ex-pupils' department.



Errors in the Register Corrected. Mr. T. W. Wright, Schenectady, N. Y., was mathematical teacher in the G. G. S. 1863-1871. He was a student at the school 1857-'59.

Dr. Harbottle, Burford, attended the G. G. S. in 1859. Emfrey, Pembroke, of the register, should be M. P. Empey.

H. B. Hunt, Beeton, not Geo. M. Hunt.

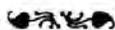
Since the Re-union last July, four graduates have died. They were:—

Reginald Kennedy, Hamilton, '54, succumbed to injuries received at the Incline Railway, Hamilton.

Dr. John Cassidy, Goderich, '56.

Dr. Wm. B. Cowan, Guelph, '62.

Robt. Baldwin, B.A., Toronto, '79.



The Fight at Hart's River

By an Ex-pupil
Who was
Present.

On the morning of the 31st March, during a reconnaissance from Dreikneil, we came in sight of the rearguard of the Boer forces under Delarey, and our advance guard immediately engaged them, following them until nearly noon, when we went into camp, and at once commenced to prepare for an attack, as the enemy suddenly appeared in front and on our flanks, in great numbers, and completely surrounded us.

The fourth troop, B squadron, of which I was a member, having secured their horses, were ordered out on the veldt to the left to repulse the enemy's attack, the Boers having opened with their guns, and by this time were pouring in a heavy shell and rifle fire.

I was ordered to join a fatigue party to unload our squadron wagon, and had to cross the camp, a most unpleasant experience, for by this time, the Boer gunners had found their

range, and were doing terrible execution amongst our horses and transport animals, while their rifle fire was even worse.

Our lads had not been idle, and taking advantage of every bit of cover, were steadily returning the enemy's fire, while our gunners were making splendid practise, and towards the last, completely silenced the Boer guns. The Canadians held both flanks on either side of the camp connecting with Damant's Horse and some mounted infantry.

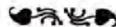
At the extreme corner of our camp was a small garden, surrounded by a cactus hedge, in the rear of a Boer farmhouse, and a small party of us were ordered to take up a position in this garden. There was an open piece of veldt between, and as soon as we started across the exposed ground we drew the enemys' fire, giving us an unpleasant experience, as several of our fellows were hit.

For almost two hours we held the Boers off, under a heavy fire, which cut the cactus hedge to pieces, and many a poor fellow was struck. Then the enemy's fire slackened, and they drew off, having had enough, as we learned afterwards.

Orders were at once issued that we should entrench, as we expected the Boers to rush us at any moment, and we worked until dark at our trenches. It was an anxious time that night. All slept under arms; a heavy rain was falling, and we were drenched to the skin, but beyond a few alarms, the night passed quietly, and when morning broke, it was evident that the Boers had drawn off.

All night our ambulances had been at work, bringing in the dead and wounded, many of whom had been stripped. It was a terrible sight to see so many of our brave lads killed and wounded, and among the former, was my friend and fellow townsman, Sergt. Perry, who was killed while gallantly leading his men. We buried our killed on the battlefield, marking their graves with little crosses. That afternoon we were re-inforced by Gen. Walter Kitchener, and immediately set out for Klerksdorp.

Hart's River was, as you will remember, the last important engagement during the war, and although we were in the field for several months afterwards, and had several brushes with the enemy, we never experienced anything quite as bad as the fight last Easter Monday.



**A
Baikie
Fight.**

In the enthusiasm of the glorious culmination of our recent school re-union, I promised to tell, if THE RECORD would publish it, the story of how the names of Skinner and Lyons, the great Baikie fighters, turned the tide of battle long after they themselves had passed into history.

We were that most aimless of all rabbles, a lot of small boys, mostly new, consigned to school, through the misguided punctuality of their parents, three days before routine began.

Someone raised the cry "Baikie Apes," and a dozen of us found ourselves charging violently down Wellington street, as greatly surprised at the new spirit which had entered into us as the swine of Gadarenes could have been. But we were more like a flock of sheep. When we turned the corner of Dickson street, we stopped, for they had made a stand half way to the town hall, but when we counted only six of them to our twelve, we kept bravely on, and, being restless as sheep go, I found myself face to face with the Baikie leader. I can see him now, a thoroughly manly, little figure, rather shorter than I, but with broad shoulders, deep chest, and the easy but ready straddle of the natural fighter. He had curly hair, and a merry, fearless eye. I assumed an awkward attitude, which I thought was an imitation of the first principles of boxing, as my big brother had shown them to me during the Christmas holidays. At the same moment I heard someone behind me say "that's Firecrackers," and I knew that I was up against a redoubtable champion. He eyed my defense, and "scorn was in his eye." I had fully made up my mind that I was in for a terrible licking, when an excitable Baikie began to see the spirits of the past and cried "Skinner and Lyons!" "Skinner and Lyons!" Whereupon, all but Firecrackers fled towards the town hall. He stood for a moment sizing up the odds, and evidently doubting the boasted fair play of the Tassie Apes, and thinking twelve to one just a little heavy, turned away, with all the dignity of Horatius at the place where the bridge had been. We let him go. I would not have chased him for all the champion belts that were ever fought for. As it turned out I had glory enough for one day, for the story was told, and grew in telling, of how I licked Firecrackers at "fair boxing."

There is a moral to this story. For a week I became more and more unbearable. Quarrels were always as plentiful among the small boys as among sparrows, and the humorists, who were always willing to help us make ourselves ridiculous, were usually on the spot to explain the duelling code of the school whenever I was a party to a dispute. The advice was "Paddy, don't forget that fair boxing in your holt," or "don't you have it rough and tumble, Paddy," and a fight was usually skillfully arranged; and the "fair boxing" bluff really went until Chick Wallace, the aptly named game chicken of that year's lot, with a very few well directed blows, exposed its fallacy; as a quarter of a century later, he was destined to expose the fallacies of the bluffing claim jumpers in the mining camps of the Rockies. Would that I could tell that story; but that time I did not have the privilege to be present.

PATRICK PHALEN.



Short Essays

By Students

The Coal Strike.

By J. D.

Since we are all anxiously awaiting the deliberations of the commission of arbitration, now investigating the causes of the recent coal strike, it may be of interest to briefly sketch the condition of the miners, and the redress which they advocate. Especially, since we will in all probability be among those to comment on their decisions.

The conditions which characterized the operations in the anthracite coal regions for the last twenty-five years, have been almost intolerable. The coal mine workers of Pennsylvania, especially, have chafed and groaned under the most insufferable and inhumane conditions.

The miners, as a rule, have large families, and most of the boys are sent to work at a very early age. The law of Pennsylvania prohibits boys, under fourteen years, from working, but so great is the need of the family, that oftentimes the law is ignored, and boys under twelve are sent to work to help earn a living. There is no sadder sight than to see boys, young enough and small enough to be in their mothers' arms, going back and forth to their daily toil.

The mortality among the miners is very much above the average. Especially is this true of children. How could it be otherwise? Their houses are fiercely hot in summer, and frightfully cold in the winter. Very few of them are weather-proof, and many of them are in a tumble down condition. They are, in most cases, unpainted and unplastered. Inside, the walls are either bare or covered with old newspapers. Rents are low, and for this reason these shanties are always occupied. Coal dirt is everywhere and in everything. The food is gritty with it. It rubs itself into the souls of those who live in it.

There is absolutely nothing in the miner's environment to restrain or inspire. He is left to the mercy of his own resources, which at the best are very limited. Thus far, the operators, many of whom have made fortunes out of this class of labor, have shown no interest in their workers' mental or moral welfare. Practically nothing has been done to encourage them. The cold indifference of the operators in the face of such crying need, is the best commentary that can be presented on the practices and methods of the coal barons.

Hard work, such as mining, demands strong men. Strong

men must have good, substantial food. Good food costs money, and this the miners have not had, as their due bills show.

In no part of the country will you find so many broken-down men, cripples, widows and orphans, as in the coal regions. Last year 513 men were killed, and 1,243 injured. In the past thirty-two years, over ten thousand men have been killed and over twenty-six thousand have been injured. Think of the suffering and sorrows represented by these figures. There is hardly a day in which the black, heavy ambulance may not be seen slowly making its way to some home, with a dead father or an injured son. These facts are not exaggerated, as they are asserted by a worthy individual, not long since a miner.

It is from this deplorable condition that the miners now wish to liberate themselves, by demanding redress of the following grievances:—First, that the working day, for all those who work on a time arrangement, shall consist of eight hours, with the same wages that are now paid for ten hours work. Second, that the miner who works on contract or piece work arrangement, shall receive an advance of twenty per cent. in the contract price now paid for mining coal. The third issue which the miners ask to be considered is: That a minimum wage scale for day laborers at the mines shall be established, similar to the scale that exists in the bituminous fields; and a fourth point at issue is: That coal mined shall be weighed, wherever possible; that 2240 pounds shall constitute a ton, and that the men shall have a representative to check the weights. A ton of coal as we understand it, is not a ton of coal as the miner is paid for it. He is required to produce and load from 2740 to 3190 pounds for a ton. It is against this flagrant injustice that the miners are so vigorously and justly protesting.

Every delay and precaution, every conceivable conciliatory effort honorable and conservative men could take to avert a rupture, and every means that thought could suggest to bring the matter in dispute to arbitration, were resorted to by the union, before the strike order of May 12th was issued. Similar overtures were made from time to time after the strike order went into effect, but without avail, until President Roosevelt's efforts were finally successful, and the great coal strike practically settled.

The operators retreated from their untenable position of refusing to consider any form of arbitration, and finally agreed to the appointment by the president of a commission, to whom should be left the adjusting of all differences existing between the operators and the miners' union. The great strike thus ended, having lasted nearly six months, and will go on record as one of the most bitter conflicts in this country between capital and labor. It affected nearly 150,000 miners, and it is estimated that the struggle cost in money no less than \$135,000,000.

Collegiate Athletics.

History of the Galt Collegiate Institute Campus.

What campus is like unto that of the G. C. I. ? Tradition informs us that in the days of our forefathers, when wolves and bears fattened on the early settlers of North Dumfries, and the wild Redmen roamed the woods in search of the pale-faced Scotchmen's firewater, a band of English acrobats, discharged from Barnum's circus, seeking to establish homes for themselves in the wilds of Canada, followed the trail north from the hamlet on Burlington bay, and settled on a tract of land just south of the Joseph Knight estate.

Here they flourished for a season, bucking sawlogs by day and holding high carnival by night. But one day a stranger appeared in their midst, a majestic looking being, armed with a powerful weapon, called by the natives, tawse.

At sight of him, the acrobatic pioneers fled away, and as they were never heard of again, were doubtless lost in the trackless forests towards Hespeler.

Thereupon the stranger took possession, and erected in one corner of the lot, a rude stone fort, in which he enthroned himself as King Bill, the Conqueror. History records that he held sway in these dominions for many long moons, ruling his subjects with a strong hand. It was in these days that immigrants came from many lands to swear allegiance to King Bill, and swear other things on frequent occasions of rebellion, and amidst the stumps that graced the clearance in the woods, first learned the art of warfare on the athletic field. Such was the beginning of that campus that to-day stands high in the annals of the world of sports. Here was the nursery where Tassie Apes, big and small, were coddled, cuffed, thumped or kicked as circumstances demanded, until they grew and developed into perfect specimens of athletes. Here was the arena—beg pardon, R. K. M.—where many a conflict was fought and won, where many a star went spluttering into oblivion, and where many a "dark horse" rose to the highest pinnacle of fame (local fame). If we but listen, we may still hear the tread of the Senklers rushing resistlessly down the field towards the enemy's goal, and the rolling reverberations of John R. Blake's thunderous tones, that spread consternation in the ranks of the foreign foe.

The G. C. I. campus is historic ground.

The fall term of this year could be very correctly called "sporty," for every school sport flourished and enjoyed almost unprecedented prosperity. Football, tennis, quoits and rugby have, in turn, held sway, and now that the fair sex have pledged their devotion to basket ball, the catalogue of school sports is filled to overflowing.

Now, when because of the inclement weather, we can no longer indulge in outdoor pastimes, a brief sketch of our achievements might prove interesting.

First in importance comes football. This year has seen some fine football. The two first games with the Bankers were bitterly contested, and only the wet night prevented the third game from being a record breaker. In the junior contest, the team was not so successful, but we confidently expect both junior and Hough cups to shine amid the school plate in the spring.

The tennis club had also a very successful year. Though somewhat handicapped by the roughness of the court, the club did some hard practising, and the crushing defeats administered to Berlin testified to the prowess of our players.

Prior to "Sports Day," quoiting flourished but after the tournament, interest died out until finally the game was discarded.

Rugby received but short shrift. After the Guelph game, a few of our stalwarts attempted to start the game at school, but the association game had too many supporters to be easily supplanted, and the endeavor was unsuccessful.

Last, but not least, comes basket ball. This game is an innovation at school, but it has been well received, and the "Kia Yakas" and the "Excelsiors," and many other teams nightly disport themselves on the lawn, or in the gym.

Altogether we have had a most successful year, and the different pupils who guided the destinies of the various clubs deserve great credit for the executive ability they displayed.





Ourselves

GENERAL.

Hockey will soon be in full swing.

Hurrah for the Christmas holidays.

Collegiate "At Home" in the Town Hall, Friday evening, December 19th.

Boys, it's time you were thinking of some nice things to say to the girls at the "At Home."

The bashful boys should be practising some stunts at conversation, in order to be ready for the "At Home."

Hiram Highjunks has accepted an invitation to the "At Home." He will tell us about the fun he had, in the January number.

Somebody has dubbed the Galt C. I. "The Sign of the Cross." Not a bad idea. Its shape says so. Its inmates have, they say, many and burdensome crosses to bear. Some days, we think, the teachers are cross enough.

Here's to you Mac—a Scotchman, everybody's friend, school treasurer, keeper of the keep, every girl's admirer, chairman of students' rallies, school yarn spinner, the fourth form old maid's joy, a successful florist, Canadian poet laureate, a future angel (?).

All pupils and teachers have been forbidden by the Education Department, pursuing their usual avocations from December 22nd until January 5th. It is hardly necessary to say that this is considered a very severe affliction. Expressions of regret are heard on all sides. Too bad.

Events have not been particularly thrilling during the term that is just closing. Just one scholastic bone was cracked; one youth was interviewed by the majesty of the law, and heard the decrees expounded within the solemn precincts of the P.C.; several juniors, who have recently drifted into long pants, enjoyed the pleasures of their first shave, and carved out sections of their chin, throat, etc.; several girls, who are ardent worshippers of basket ball, are bemoaning the loss of bangs, switches, back hair, etc., snatched from their owners in a scrimmage; a senior, pursued by a wrathful housekeeper, on Hallowe'en, is said to have fallen over the cliff in Dickson Park, at Jaffray Point, and to have had a very

narrow escape with his life ; a rising electrician in the second form, attempted to stretch from the C. P. R. island to the main land, and in his failure, not only deluged himself, but wrecked a vessel that happened across his path ; to these horrible tragedies, our reporter informs us, will have to be added the crushing of many waists at the " At Home."



FIRST FORM.

The Collegiate Institute choir, lead by the high sopranos of the first form, practise their shrieks daily.

Our deep thinker, Elroy, is preparing a paper for the RECORD on "Some Philosophical Problems Arising from Observations of First Form Girls."

The artist of the form—Prof. Frank Laird.

The mighty hunter of the form—Val. Gourlay.

General accompanist at recess—Mlle. Lewis.

The form's man of title—Sir Adam Knight.

The form's pretty girls— —O—

During the reading lesson, Reuben was struggling in a very feeble voice through that thrilling piece of eloquence, "David Swan." Rueben's stage whispered rendering of the selection did not suit his instructor, who wrathfully exclaimed, "Holler, man, holler louder." Haller hollered.

The First Form, separately and conjointly, individually and en masse, supplicate and beseech that most august body known as the Collegiate Board of Trustees, to buy, purchase or procure by some means, a clock for the upper hall. A clock that can never get past 20 minutes to 4 should be degraded, and something useful put in its place.



COMMERCIAL FORM.

Hielaman Black, the curly-headed swain frae about Ayr, is makin' sair wark wi' the lassies' hearts in his ain form.

Archie, he of the silver locks, must have fallen into the hands of the medical fraternity, that he was so long on the sick list.

"Hoo are ye the day, An'rew?" is the daily salutation that greets that chiel' Robson, as he saunters in off the east bound train.

Verne (with tragic air)—"A curse upon these balance sheets, oh, woe the day, when fled I from the senior second form, whose calm repose gave ample time to ruminate upon the girl I love."

Buy your "pumps" for the "At Home" from Shoe Merchant Pollock. He keeps sizes big enough to enclose the feet of such men as come from Blair, Clyde, Ayr, etc., and small enough to fit the first form midgets.

Eve (at the typewriter)—"Adam, I say Adam, isn't it just sweet to be writing this way? You and me, you know, eh Adam, you old sweet."

Adam (Eve's running mate) blushing to the roots of his finger nails—"Eh—what—why—I-I-I don't know, y-y-yes—I guess not."

And then Adam buries his nose in his machine, and tears off the following, repeated 20 times:—Tth eere issa h ap p yyy lla aan dd.

You will please take for your next exercise in stenography, the following sentences:

Bill Boomer bust his tiny hand a-banging on the typewriter.

Whilst Bill hits love taps on the Remington, Jane hits ditto on the Jewett.

Ayrton Walker hath fled from our midst, and now roosteth high in the Struthers block. His sweet smile haunteth us, yea even until now.

Who is there who worketh so hard, and groaned with so exceeding great burden of labor, as the sad-eyed Archibald? There is none like unto him.



JUNIOR II FORM.

I say Jimmy, how do you like your seat in the bald-headed row?

Wanted—A caretaker for E. M.'s rubbers and mitts. L. T. need not apply.

What Junior II boy is the most partial to the "Original Coney Island Red Hots"?

For first-class hound pups and deer meat (not high), apply to the Sheldon Kennels.

It's a toss-up whether this form or the one above our heads contains the fiercer scrappers in basket ball. We win on numbers at any rate.

This form beat all comers in the shooting contest for the medal presented by Capt. A.J. Oliver. Lorne Tremaine, with a score of 58 out of a possible 75, may now rest assured of a trip to Bisley—by-and-by.

He was eagerly enlightening the Junior II pupils on a most mystifying subject. Suddenly E.K. entered the room, whereupon the gaze and thoughts of all centred upon her. No wonder the educator felt deeply insulted.

Our elongated friend, C. De., met with a most unfortunate accident by which he was suddenly and forcibly deprived of a large area of his trousers. His shouts for pins were without avail, so he fled to his domicile via the back fence.

If you were asked to elect the happiest boy, the most talkative girl, the laziest boy, the biggest flirt, the biggest dude, the sweetest singer, the steadiest gum-chewer, the most learned girl, the most mischevicious boy in the Junior II form who would be your choice?

Scene—Muskoka woods. Time—November.

Percy and Val lying in wait for deer.

Val—Hark! Dost hear the buck a-coming?

Percy—Hist! It's almost on us. Get your Long Tom ready.

Val—Hah! Here it is, right in our mit.

Both—Bang—bang—bang—bang.

Both (on viewing the prize)—Well, I'll be blowed; somebody's lost a calf.



SENIOR FORM.

That Main gas pipe joke had a horrible odor about it.

For its oratory, no form is in the same class with the Senior II.

It is understood that Pettigrew's very close attention to Algebra means a medal for him some day.

Maltby would certainly make a good decorator. He uses Poritt as a model to operate on with hair ribbon.

Peter looks lonely up in the front seat, but there is a chance of Wallace Scott soon keeping him company.

Third form is always telling ours what they can do. Why didn't they have the cup for the school sports brought to their form?

\$5,000 reward will be given for the capture of the young ladies who are defacing the property of the Senior II form boys.

Our form has sent a committee up to Preston to persuade Pat Kelly to come back and keep company with Lonely Pete, who has offered to give him \$1.00 a day if he will come back.

Capt. Gillespie at his job: "Company shun," "A-but-t-t-tr-r-e-e-n." "R-r-rite- tr-r-e-e-n." "Mr-r-r-itch." "Left-right-left-right-left-right-left-right." "Fr-r-r-unt." "Stan-hat-e-e-e-se."

John Detweiler is said to have seen a wild cat on the way to school the other morning, but when a gun was procured

and the cat found, it was found to be an old stump. This is in the same class as Mac's garter snake.

The would-be orators of the school listened with great attention to the debate between J.D. and Mac, concerning the "Tobacco Question." Rumor has it that some of the arguments were so far fetched as to appear "rubbery."

"Yours like mucilage," describes the condition of a Senior II form boy, who is found about 8.30 every Sunday evening around the Central Church door, and a little later, may be found on Quality Hill in the company of a young lady.

In the matter of social gatherings, the G. C. I. is far behind its neighbors. This is because we have no leader or committee for such matters. Several methods of promoting a friendly spirit are open. We can either confine our gatherings to the G. C. I., or we can include Guelph and Berlin. Personally, the latter seems preferable, but the opinion of the majority would of course prevail. Let us hear the opinion of others through the next month's RECORD.



THIRD FORM.

Where, oh where, are the "steady goers" of last year?

The physics class find all their discourses based at present on the text, "Let there be light."

Hector Brown has shaken the chalk dust off his coat, and gone elsewhere. He has enlisted in the service of the Imperial Bank of Canada.

Bookbinding done to order, old school books made new, Latin text books bound with cribs. Beware of my big dog when you call—C. Reyom.

The "O-s-r-h with the d—s on" has taken his departure from school, and is now a prime factor in the triumphs of the Goldie, McCulloch Company.

"Pretty Peter," who is attending the Orillia B. C., paid his old friends of the G.C.I. a flying visit during the Thanksgiving holidays. Peter still smoles the same sweet smile.

James Shaw, finance minister of the Football Club, is to be congratulated on his ability to declare a surplus. Lyell wasn't around this year to eat it up in strawberries and ice cream.

On Monday last, one of our girls committed high treason in its most awful form, by wearing the Hamilton Tigers' colors. She at last removed the offensive ribbon, or this notice might have been addressed "To Mari(on) Heaven."

Fred McMahon had his collar bone broken in an inter-form football match some time ago, and in consequence, became perforce a "south paw." But the offended bone has knit again, and Fred is once more checking as hard as ever.

Once a fellow came home late, put his cane to bed and went and stood behind the door. A boy in the third form did something worse than that. On wheeling home one night, he threw his bag of books against the woodshed, and carried his wheel in and put it on the sitting room table. That's the result of being in love.

The Third Form contains a sweet warbler. The following appeared in the "Galt Reformer," on Monday, Nov. 24th: "Miss Mary Renwick, of Kirkwall, a pupil of T. C. Pearse's, sang in Central church yesterday morning, rendering that beautiful Scotch hymn, "The Palace o' the King," in a beautiful and sympathetic voice."



FOURTH FORM.

The meaning of the mysterious F.F.F.F. is still buried in gloom. Even Mac has failed to bring it to light.

All pupils interested in socialism and other burning questions, are invited to call at Form IV, between twelve and one o'clock, when they may hear the eloquent addresses given by the orators of Senior II.

Two birthday celebrations have broken the monotony of the weary routine of Form IV, and the next event is joyfully anticipated. But as one of the young (?) ladies has attained the ripe age of 38, and another that of 40, perhaps the remaining members of the form will grow no older, having reached that happy stage of life when age is never told.

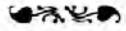
The apple tree is sadly missed. A bushel would be quite a treat nowadays.

The chief anxiety of the Fourth Form, regarding the At Home—"How can we make our man promenade?"

Mac has undertaken to exterminate a family of mice which have become comfortably settled in the domain of the F.F.F.F. Twelve have already been lured by the odor of Limburger, much to the relief of the members of that society, who will no longer be obliged to take refuge in such elevated places as the tops of desks, window sills, etc.



I've GOT an Ew tyPewr iter,
 It-s veRynice fo r wWen
 Teh ThinG get(s outo f Or?der***—
 I'VE STILL GOT INK AND PEN.
 — Philadelphia Record.



The church choir soprano then stepped forward and sang as follows, in her much admired operatic style:—
 "A-a-wa-a-a-ke, my s-o-o-o-o-u-l,
 and w-i-i-ith the su-u-u-un
 Thy-y-y da-a-a-a-ily sta-a-a-age
 of du-u-u-u-ty r-u-u-un.
 Sha-a-a-ke off dull slo-o-o-o-oth
 and ea-a-a-rly ri-i-i-ise,
 To pa-a-a-ay thy maw-aw-aw-aw-
 awrn-ing sacrifici-i-i-i-ce."

"I think they ort to heat up the church buildin'," indignantly whispered Aunt Nancy Rosinweed to her city niece, "when the cold makes the poor thing shiver like that."--Chicago Tribune.



Some people even get excited when talking about nothing.

The latest story of Scots character is the following: Donald's wife has fallen into the millpond. Archie goes to break the sad news to the widower, and, passing from the kailyard into the cottage door, impassively exclaims: "Kristy's droon'd hersel'. They've jist noo lifted her oot o' the mill-lade. The corp'll be here in twa 'ree meen-its." "'Od's sake, Erchie," says Donald, "dinna gai me laugh, man. A've a chappit lip." For our part we prefer the older form of the story, where the undertaker dragged the widower forward to follow immediately behind the "corp." At the first opportunity the widower slunk back beside a sony lass. Sternly once more he was pulled forward. "That's your place, an' ye maun tak' it," said the undertaker. "Very weel," answered the husband, "if ye insist; but you're spoilin' a' the pleasure o' the occasion."



Truth may be eclipsed, but cannot be extinguished.

FOR HIGHCLASS
 Picture Framing, Mat Cutting,
 and Picture Mounting in all its
 branches - - - - -
Go To A. B. SCOTT

N. BROCK WILKINS
 For Diamonds, Watches, Clocks,
 Bronzes, Fine Leather Goods, Cut
 Glass, China, Canes, Umbrellas,
 Xmas Novelties, G. C. I. Crests.

Rutherford & Wheadon
 Dry Goods and
 Gents' Furnishings,
 MAIN ST.

J. Macdonald Gibbs
 NORTH WATER STREET
Makes Good Photos

SCOTT & BENNETT
 Plumbing and Hot Water Heating
 and Electric Work.
 Workmanship guaranteed. Estimates
 given. Repairing done. Phone 160.

Go To W. D. Brown
 For Ice Cream, Candies and
 Fruit. - - - Nothing Better.

**DR. CAMPBELL,
DENTIST.**

Office—Gore Block. Phone 335.

**FRANK BUCHANAN,
DENTIST.**

Office—Buchanan Block, Corner Main and
Ainslie Sts. Phone 132.

THE ARK

Has the largest and best array of

XMAS GIFTS

The Ark, 23 Ainslie St. **F. BLAIR**

Sovereign Shoes

We are showing for Spring all the newest
shapes in these high-class Shoes.

See them at the

OXFORD SHOE **MARK MUNDY**
...STORE... Main St., Galt.

Parlor Shoe Store

Dependable Shoes our Motto

F. L. Hamilton & Son.

Spectacles for Students
AND OTHERS

That rest the eyes and give clear
vision. For sale by

W. M. KIRKLAND.

LANG GOURLAY

Prescription Druggist,

Corner Main and Water Streets.

The White Drug Store

Is the best spot in Galt to buy your

Drug and Book Wants

**A. M. EDWARDS, DRUGGIST AND
BOOKSELLER,**
Successor to Ferrah & Edwards.

**DR. MOYER,
DENTIST.**

Office in New Imperial Block, Cor. Main
and Water Sts. Phone 177.

F. G. HUGHES, L. D. S.,

Office in Masonic Building, Main Street.
Hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Res., Wentworth Ave. Phone 169.

F. J. BROWN & SON.

Our new stock of

JAPANESE GOODS

Is now on sale. Call and see them.

Christmas is Here

And we are prepared to supply
your wants, as our stock is larger
and better assorted than ever in
the following departments:

Leather Goods, Books,
Photo Frames, Stationery,
Chinaware, Fancy Goods

Graham's Fair.

Have you seen our new stock of

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Violins \$1.50 and up. Bargains in Ac-
cordians and Concertinas, Autoharps and
Mandolins, at

**FRED. C. BOND'S MUSIC AND
DRUG STORE.**

Chocolates Made by Harry
Webb, Toronto.

SOLD BY... DICKSON, the Druggist,

Gold Medalist in Dispensing.

ALWAYS THE BEST.

BIG STOCK OF

XMAS PERFUMES

—AT—

L. H. CANTS.

We only Handle Pianos

That have stood the test.

Mason & Rich,

Ennis & Stanley Pianos

None better made. Sold at

Taylor's Music Store.

A. J. COLVIN

Main St., Galt,

Is the best place to buy

Sporting Goods,

Skates,

Hockey Sticks, etc.

Try Kennedy,

The Tailor,

Main St., Galt.

McKinnon, Tailor

S. Water St., Galt.

W. J. McMURTRY

Hardware and
Sporting Goods,

Main St.

For **Xmas Furniture**

— See —

T. LITTLE & SONS

And Save Money.

— THE LION —

Headquarters for Reliable Clothing.

All our new styles are
now in stock.

The Best Stock of Up-
to-Date Clothing in the
Country.

W. W. WILKINSON & CO.

The Latest Pianos

At Wm. St. Clair's
Bicycle Depot,

CALL AND SEE OUR

New Century Grand Piano;
also the Empire.

Bicycles Enamelled and
Stored, Etc., at

WM. ST. CLAIR.

FLEMING,

TAILOR,

N. WATER ST.

TRY D. F. BROWN

For Fine Boots and Shoes,
Gym. Shoes and Slippers

Next McLellan's Drug Store.

DICKSON ST. HARDWARE

Here is to be found everything that
composes a first-class Hardware
stock. Our specialty:

CUTLERY IN EVERY LINE.

FRASER HARDWARE CO.

Try **HANNAM**

For Light and Heavy Harness,

Trunks, Robes and Valises.

WE MAKE FINE PADS CHEAP.