

G. C. I. RECORD



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GALT, MARCH, 1900.

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THE STAFF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

At the invitation of the editorial staff of the G. C. I. RECORD I have been requested to write something of a reminiscent nature concerning the late Dr. Tassie's associates of a quarter of a century ago. The task is difficult from the fact that to write a brief sketch of men, especially in connection with the relations occurring between teacher and taught, the salient points of which will be most readily recalled, necessitates strong individuality, some points of eccentricity, or a physical peculiarity on the part of the subject that fastened itself indelibly upon the mind. In the case of the late Dr. Tassie the pen of the biographer should run along smoothly; he bristled with just such factors. All over his mental anatomy there were pegs upon which the memory hangs. At early morning his slate grasped by its lower left corner, with the left hand, and he sonorously reading out the long list of "gentlemen who will pass into the reception room"—what grizzly memories that old "reception" awakens—he was copy; at noon hour as he complacently munched the five soda crackers, which during his week of "confining" the boys, always formed his luncheon, he was still good copy; late at night as he sat upon the dais at the head of the long tables watching the students at their evening

studies while ever and anon some name was dotted upon his memoranda for a gruelling on the morrow, or his prodigious larynx emitted a roar that split the atmosphere and made the windows rattle, announced that another victim had been found, or perhaps that through the tube of an old fashioned tin pen holder a little ball of paper had been blown which landed fairly on the mark, still he was copy, of as fat a kind as ever a reporter dreamed. If you will pardon the digression, let me relate an incident of the late Dr. The old hill ending at the Lavin Hotel was frequently a glare of ice, just the ideal spot for the boy with his double barreled bob sleigh. A long plank, with a swivel joint in front for steering, fastened by each end to a long rakish looking bob, steerer lying prone on front bob, each hand grasping the nose of the runner, six, seven, or eight of us sitting behind yelling like Comanche Indians, was a winter conception about which we lost sleep. The Dr. looked askance at the sport; he was not quite sure whether it came under the scope of sports upon which he had placed the ban. One morning just as the racer had taken on its load, and was beginning to gain a little headway, with as pretty ice as ever happened, the Dr., standing on the very edge of the hill, came to a conclusion. The sport was ostracised. In vain he threatened, cajoled and waved his cane.

The bob flew down the hill, whisked past "Goose hollow," the scene of many a battle between our "fellows" and the town boys, and finally pulled up on the upper bridge. Forgetful of the uncertainty of his foothold, the Dr. gyrated on the brow of the slippery hill, pirouetted against the horizon, until his feet shot out from under him and he sailed down, like a full rigged ship under a heavy strain of weather, each minute his wrath increasing and waxing more ebullient, enjoying no respite on the journey save the impact with a sharp piece of ice, or an occasional boulder, until he reached the bottom. As he arose, there were evidences of painful spots upon his anatomy, but these were infinitesimal compared to his injured dignity, or the disturbance of his mental equilibrium. What happened to us? Well there are spots in all our lives over which we prefer drawing the curtain of forgetfulness.

No member of the staff enjoyed the love of the students to a larger degree than the recently deceased James McRae, and the remembrances of the hours in his room where English and writing were taught, are of the happiest character. Even tempered, kindly, and thorough, whatever of knowledge was absorbed by the student, was the result of the love and respect we bore him, rather than the fear of the club. Yet when necessary he could be severe. Speaking from experience I am confident that any pupil who had the distinction of being flogged by him, can still feel the impress. The recollection of it is as lively as the contact with the business end of a wasp. I remember very well an incident occurring, that, at the time, was something of an event in the class. The old 3rd form—the pride of the school, furnishing Dr. Tassie so much refreshing exercise (in the "reception" room,) the joy of the girls (how we blessed 'em) as Col. Peck put us through our annual drill, carrying off the major number of the prizes at

the yearly sports, the best cricketers, the longest swimmers, the cleverest with the mitts, and the worst crowd,—had just gone up for English. John Bentley began the reading and in the opening paragraph occurring the word *soupel*, which he promptly rendered *soupel*. Mr. McRae corrected him, and after good deal of difficulty—Jack was a little bullheaded in those days—compelled him to pronounce it correctly. Next day at the same class, Jack dogmatically announced that he had consulted his father (Rev. Dr. Bentley), and that *soupel* was correct. The argument became warm and to the class, hilarious, terminating in John meeting his Majuba right there, and from the noise we heard in an adjoining room, as of numerous carpet beaters at work, and the subdued appearance he presented upon his return, we concluded that John was ready to admit that as an authority on pronunciation his father was not considered brilliant in the G. C. I. Another amusing episode was when a pupil had been ordered to the torture chamber, but made his escape through the second story window. Mr. McRae took after him sans hat, sans dignity, and sans everything, their coat tails cracking like whip lashes as they rounded the corners, finally catching the culprit on Main St. We leave the reader to draw his own conclusions as to what happened upon his return. The Mathematical department belonged to Mr. A. Murray. Big-hearted, generous "Randolph" as we called him. A man of rare ability but with a total lack of the essentials of discipline that such students demanded. I see his old scribbling book yet upon which each day he wrote long rows of names for "confinement" and almost as often, should the book happen to be accidentally (?) closed, or he had mixed his dates, he would forget. Yet withal the advantage we took of his good nature, and the trials we subjected him to, I am sure in the heart of every former student there is a warm recess for Mr.

Murray. Senior French and History were taught by Mr. Chase. A thorough scholar but a man of most irascible and unreasonable temper, flying off the tangent at the slightest provocation, exploding like a Queen's birthday firecracker, and hurling books or anything else happening handy across the room. One day when the 3rd form (it was generally the old fighting 3rd) was storming "Randolph" Murray's kopje with unwonted vigor—Dr. Tassie was on one of his outings to Toronto—and the old doorway was jammed with whooping, writhing, fighting students, much to the annoyance, of course, of Mr. Chase and his class, he swooped down upon us, armed with a wooden pointer, his gown streaming like an army with banners, his hirsute lambskins standing out straight with the atmospheric resistance, and commenced a rear assault that did more honor to his spirit than his discretion. King Ross, of Chicago, an exceptionally quiet fellow, received the brunt of the onslaught, and instead of "turning the other cheek," retaliated and with so good a result that the dignified master found himself in a most undignified position, with King safely anchored upon his chest. In the meantime all reinforcements were cut off, Murray being bottled up in his room, Alex. Tassie met by a squad in a position to receive cavalry, and McRae being away off upstairs knew nothing of the pandemonium below. The unconditional surrender of Mr. Chase closed the incident. Miss Crawford presided over the 3rd Form French class. A bunch of grey matter (and grit—she needed it) her duties were as unpleasant as they were often unpleasantly performed. How often have we seen her dance in impotent rage at some glaring error—perhaps an imperative mood conjugation of some irregular verb—or become speechless at the evidence of lessons too sadly neglected. We boys believed then she was simply too shocked for utterance (you know "it is only the shallows murmur while the deeps are dumb"), but at this range, and from the experience I have had of the world since, and the numerous times I

have seen a woman attempt to drive a nail or throw a stone, I am of the opinion the momentary loss of speech was a thinking period during which her only wish was that for five minutes she were a man to express herself freely and strongly. It was an Irish woman, you know, who, when being reprimanded by the good priest of the parish for the profanity of her son, replied, "I know, yir riverence, it sounds viry bad, but you must admit it sits off the language viry illegantly." Perhaps I do Miss Crawford an injustice, but if not she certainly was not to blame. She taught a subject the class was not fond of, and evidenced its dislike by neglecting the work. How she surmounted obstacles and fought difficulties with heroic courage will long be held in remembrance.

A brief word of the late Col. Sharpe. In the gymnasium with its appurtenances all and singular, the Col. was king. And a good fellow he was withal. With what alacrity he hurried for the whisky bottle when a blister appeared upon the hands after a half hour's work upon the bars or ladders, and poured the liquid lightning upon the raw, sensitive spot, none will forget. How, when difficulties occurred between students—as they will occur—and the matter was to be decided in the roped arena of the gym. he appeared in full regimentals, and was bottle holder, master of ceremonies, time keeper, referee, and general utility man, will linger as a pleasant memory for many years. His decisions were just and impartial, and a "fair field and no favor" was all he gave, and his verdict was final.

My task is done. The difficulty has not been to remember incidents but to select those I believed most familiar to the old boys. It has not been as well or as perfectly written as I could wish, but I give it to you with its imperfections, believing that some of the points will help to recall memories of long ago. Many of the actors that occupied the stage in the lang syne, teachers and taught, are gone to the great beyond, the little hill-ocks in "God's acre", scattered all over the Continent, attest the "parting of the ways," and as we gather up the memories of those early days with their joys and sorrows, their sunshine and their shadows, we cannot but be saddened by the knowledge that those days can never be recalled, the friendships never renewed, and many of the hands never grasped again.—H. M. C.

G. C. I. Record.

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GALT, MARCH, 1900.

Editorial Comments.

We are, as you see, still afloat.

The RECORD is for sale at all the book-stores.

Many thanks for the kind reception you gave our first issue. We are encouraged to come again.

We have again to request that every pupil give us a helping hand by informing some one in outlying regions of our existence.

"Subscriber's Food" is just the thing for developing our infant frame. Please do not forget that the older we grow, the bigger the dose required.

We much regret our inability to give half tones of prominent individuals in our leading articles. Extreme poverty is our only excuse. We are on the lookout for a good Samaritan.

We are giving much space to the early history of the school. We believe that it is well worthy of it, and that it will prove very interesting to all readers, pupils and ex-pupils alike.

Who will not say that our school is not thoroughly patriotic.

We are all interested this month in St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland. He was born in Nemthur, Scotland, 396 A.D. About 410, the family retired to the "Wall of Severus," where St. Patrick was captured by the Picts and sold as a slave into Ireland. After six years he escaped, and at once entered the priesthood as a means to his ambition, viz., the conversion of Ireland. In 425 his mission began, and from this time onward he worked unceasingly to christianize the Irish. He was much beloved by the Irish, and is generally credited with having banished snakes and other reptiles from Ireland.

Personals.

Miss Nettie Hilborn has resumed her studies after a long enforced absence.

Miss Thompson, an ex-pupil of the school, now of Bradford, spent the last two weeks in town.

Miss Jennie Jaffray entertained a number of her friends at her home, Friday evening, Feb. 23rd.

Harry Jaffray, an ex-pupil, is in the Merchants Bank, Portage La Prairie. Harry likes Western life.

The ice storm and great snow storms have interfered much with the attendance of the Preston and Hespeler pupils. They bravely bear up under such an affliction.

Gordon Wright sprained his right wrist recently. He, much to his regret, is unable to transfer his thoughts to paper. Fortunately there are no hockey matches just now.

Our Science Master has become an enthusiastic curler. If you wish to see him "soopin' 'em over the hog," call in at the rink on Saturday afternoons. That's where he learned to "holler," eh, James?

Locals.

Shure, and it's a beautiful imerald we are this toime.

Our school's favorite colors just now are:—White, Violet, Cherry and Brown.

The masters have had their files extensively decorated with passes this month. The number of lates and absents has been a record breaker.

Have you heard yet our lately appointed assistant-professor in chemistry, Prof. M—b? A splendid fellow he is, if he would only "holler" louder.

Mac. has had many chances to climb high, and nail his colors to the mast. Were he a younger man, not even his love for us could keep him out of Africa.

Irish is our name this month. The Scotchman who isn't Briton enough to be Irish one month in the year should be introduced to the blunt end of a shillelah.

The two B's, "Bobs" and Buller, are two of a kind, and evidently were school-boys once, for they knew we all wanted a holiday. Thanks very much to you both, gentlemen. Do it again.

The acetylene generator, if nothing else, is certainly a great smell producer. You will never mistake its exquisite aroma for rosewater. If you are not privileged to study physics, call round at the science room and have a "sniff."

The G. G. girls had a labelled "float" all to themselves on the occasion of the great parade on Ladysmith day. It was beautifully decorated. But the nag that pulled it, showed more than any other nag in the procession the terrible responsibility resting on its collar.

Inhabitants of the 3rd form who, after the battle of Plattsville, gazed upon the most south-easterly of their number, have seen a living picture of the horrors of war—hockey war, we mean. After seeing Wallace, we have concluded that we would sooner collide with a Mauser bullet than with a hockey stick.

Fourteen jolly lobsters who had sung The Soldiers of the Queen, all Ladysmith day, and had drunk toasts to Britain's heroes at night, and who had no more fear of snow drifts than Buller of kopjes, plunged out of town one afternoon lately to lay siege to Plattsville. They started about 2 p. m. and made steady progress until near the Black Horse, when a double-tree broke, but the science exhibited by the carpenters present soon completed repairs, and without further incident their destination was reached about 7. In the battle which followed, the whiskery Boers of the Plattsville commando proved too much for our fellows, so we refrain from further particulars about the fight. The return trip was begun at 10 next morning. Hilarity reigned until the Black Horse was again reached when sad to relate another double-tree parted asunder, and, this time, an oak tree had to be pressed into service, to enable the caravan to reach town intact.

The G. C. I. celebrated the relief of Ladysmith in a truly loyal style. When as yet some of the teachers had not arisen from their downy couches, Mac. had his pet unfurled to the breeze to proclaim to the school world the downfall of Boerdom. As each pupil arrived at the school he took up the refrain of those who had got there before him, so that by 9 o'clock the shouting, singing (?) and hammering on shovels, etc., made a perfect bedlam. Then an adjournment was made to Form 1 where very touching speeches were made by the teachers, by Major-Gen. Skene, Lieut.-Col. Flint and others, and some very heart-rending choruses were contributed by the boys. Then Gen. Skene led his division down town to enthuse the citizens, and right well was it done, especially at the Town Hall where the city daddies were sitting in solemn conclave. All took part in the big parade in the afternoon. When we grow old, tottering, toothless and bald, we will look back with a great deal of pride to March 1st, 1900.

FOOTBALL AT THE COLLEGIATE AS I KNEW IT.

BY MR. J. R. BLAKE.

The inception of football at the Galt Collegiate Institute is shrouded in the mists of the middle ages, but the game was first put on a proper basis, and the school began to loom up as a football centre, when Mr. John E. Bryant assumed the Principalship of the Institute. With this gentleman there came from Pickering several football players, notably Colin Fraser, and to this man football in Galt owes more than to any other man.

In the fall of '81 the school sent a team to Berlin, with the result that they were snowed under. This began the bitter rivalry with Berlin, which lasted for many years, after the glory had departed from the Collegiate, the Galt Club taking up the strife.

In the spring of '82 football boomed at the old school, and my heart warms when I look back to those good old days. With the exception of Berlin we were "facile princeps" in the west, and I doubt if the school will ever again have as brilliant a collection of football players as it had in '82 and '83. There was Colin Fraser who captained the team, a poor player but a splendid captain. He is now in charge of the Manitoba branch of a big Loan Company. Along with him in centre (we played six forwards in those days) was big Joe Elliott, now a Presbyterian minister. It is to be hoped that his style of preaching differs from his style of playing, which though brilliant was heavy. On the left wing was W. G. Brown then a teacher, now an Insurance Inspector, and E. C. Senkler, the best football player, and one of the best men that ever wore shoes. He is now Gold Commissioner in the Yukon. He was then known as "Reddy," but afterwards at the Varsity and Osgoode Hall he became famous as the "Chump." On the right was John Robertson, also a minister, and E. C. Magee, another gentleman of the cloth. The half-backs were Harry Bewell, and one Laidlaw, Walter Laidlaw I think, and the backs were Walter Amos and Billy Kay, and in goal was J. N. McKendrick whom we all know. These constituted the first eleven, and the reserves were almost as brilliant. Watty Thompson, the most dashing centre Canada ever saw.

Lou Pairo who has almost faded from the memory of Galt people. "Socks" Barnes, a splendid wing player, Henry Amos and others.

Football in those days was almost compulsory, and anyone who did not play football was practically sent to Coventry, by the boys, and Harry Cody, the idol of his teachers and a most brilliant scholar, was thought mighty small potatoes because of his lack of interest in the game. In '82 and '83 the senior team were runners up for the Western Association Cup, Berlin beating them out each year. And the excitement at some of the games ran very high. The writer can distinctly remember at one game, the then Principal of the Collegiate in long frock coat career-ing up and down the side of the field, arm in arm with a gentleman of well known sporting proclivities, with only one umbrella between them, while the rain came down in torrents. That game was against Elmira if I mistake not and we beat them.

Every person was supposed to attend the games and encourage the home club, but we were not so civilized as to have forgotten courtesy and no club that played on the school grounds in those days had ever any cause to complain of its treatment. I am sorry to say, that sport seems to have degenerated. Now no abuse is too vile to hurl at a strange club. No matter how well they play, they get no applause, and I have on more than one occasion seen a visiting team stoned and almost mobbed by the so called enthusiasts, and on one occasion I rescued a goal keeper from an irate mob who were threatening all sorts of evil to him. While discussing the ethics of sport, permit me to advert to another evil that has crept in, that of paying players' expenses. In my day, there was no passing the hat; every member of the club paid his fees (25 cents) each spring and fall, and that paid the running expenses. Trips were paid for out of guarantees, or by players personally, or if there were a surplus from the gate receipts of any game the players were reimbursed, but if I remember aright the reimbursements were scanty and infrequent. Nor had we any trouble in getting men to go away. Of course we were not luxurious travellers. As a general thing we were content to start on a return ticket and 25 cents per man as capital, and royal sport we had. The presence of teachers, some of whom always accompanied us, had no effect on our youthful spirits.

[To be continued].

Cadet Corps Items.

The Government has not yet supplied rifles, so Enfields are being used for the present.

Guess which of the boys it was who kept his forage cap on all night, the first night he had it in his possession.

Another stage has been reached. It is no longer a command to "fall in." The muster call is now "Johnnie, get your gun."

It is a mystery how the Shorties can handle a nine pound rifle. Form that bugle band, boys, and you will escape a great burden.

When the Captain yells his commands through that military moustache of his you can easily see a tremor run down both files, while the teeth of the rear file fairly chatter.

On Ladysmith day it was a grand sight to see the boys nobly plunge through the deep snow. The next morning some of their dads sent them at a kopje of snow on the sidewalk. The contrast was astounding.

Twisters.

Why is the letter "d" like a cross baby?
Because it makes ma mad.

The Ambitious city? Hamilton; ambitious for the success of the Record? Hamilton also.

Should the Editor wound your feelings, what would you naturally do? Make him Howl for it.

The Junior Ist Form is the cleanest in the whole school, why? Because it contains a whole Broomfield.

"I wish to get up a minstrel show in the school" said Bones, "Is there any material to make a first ebony artist of?" "To be shu-ah," answered Tambo, "Why, Blackwood, see?"

What animal took the most luggage into the ark, and which the least? The elephant, who had his trunk, while the fox and the cock had only a brush and a comb between them.

A Reverie.

I sat gazing dreamily into the grate fire the other evening as twilight rapidly deepened into darkness, and one by one my old comrades of the G. G. I. kept flitting through my memory with a wonderful realism. One of them, my pretty, dark-eyed M-g eagerly devouring a three-cornered note on the sly. The hieroglyphics upon it showed that it had found its way from a young banker residing in a Dutch hamlet far away to the north. And now it is B—t that I see, a mischief-making sprite, who, although she has reached the period of long skirts, has not yet left her hoyden days behind her, and still revels in the noonday frolic in which chalk brushes, rubbers, discarded crusts and badly-preserved apple cores, composed the principal missiles. Slowly she fades into the obscurity of sauer-kraut and limburger. And now I am confronted by the heavenly twins, with arms entwined, heads with but a single thought, whispering sweet nothings of the last geography exam. They disappear amidst the interrogation marks of coming history questions. Now I hear the sound of tramping, and presently appear the sweet young things, a squad of cadets, their faces beaming with pride and importance, as they jauntily march about with those coquettish little forage caps resting insecurely on the left bump of their craniums. They plunge away into the smoke of battle and give way to a bevy of demure maidens, charming little Quaker belles, whose warblings make a soft and gentle tinkle. Then close on their heels comes a group of dashing, gay, young damsels who are into anything and everything. The boys whose caps so magically disappear at noon hour know them only too well. And now with lively step approaches our dear old Mac., to us the only orator in christendom. His stirring appeals upon the rostrum of the Junior 2nd form, his wee, bit sonnets recited in the "guid auld Scottish tongue" and the mony cracks he has giein' us wi' his keys will ever remain happy memories so long as we inhabit this our present abode of clay. Ah, Mac. what cheer you bring us in our weary educational pilgrimage! But here comes Mary with the scuttle, so my dreams are off.

Some Sprigs of Shamrock.

An Irishman was asked if his horse was timid. "Not at all," said he, "He frequently spends the night by himself in a dark stable.

"At what time does the nine o'clock train leave?" asked an old lady, of a Dublin porter. "At sixty minutes past eight, mum," was Mike's reply.

A Wicklow paper thus spoke of an imposing ceremony: "The procession was very fine, being nearly two miles long, as was also the prayer of Rev. Mr. McFadden."

An honest Irishman being in bed during a great storm, and being told that the house would tumble about his head, made reply, "What care I for the house; I am only a boarder."

Magistrate: "Describe the man whom you saw assaulting the merchant." Policeman: "Well, sor, he was a little insignificant looking cratur, about your size, your worship."

An Irishman who had jumped into the water to save a man from drowning, on receiving a sixpence from the rescued man, looked first at the sixpence and then at the man, saying, "Be jabbers, I am overpaid for that job."

The following letter is vouched for as having been written by a young Irish farmer. "Dear Miss B., I have been in love with you for a long time, and take this opportunity to inform you by letter; and would you like to court for marriage? If so I would like to have you, if you are not spoke for. And if you are spoke for, is your sister spoke for? You and she is both so hansom, it is hard to say which is hansomis. If you want me and if you don't want me be sure and answer yes or no."

What is that which is black, white and red all over; which shows some people to be green, and makes others look black and blue? A newspaper.

POET'S CORNER.

Patriotism is everywhere. Even the Record's poets are bubbling over with songs of the Empire. We have room for two productions only.

For Country or for Queen,
Such loyalty's seldom seen,
To fight our boys are keen
For Old Britannia.

And wherever they may go,
They will let the enemy know
Like Brither Scots they fear nae foe
Of Old Britannia.

With Maple Leaf emblazoned high,
And Pretoria their battle cry,
They are sure to do or die,
For Old Britannia.

—D. MCGEORGE.

On the Relief of Ladysmith.

On the first of March from over the deep,
Came tidings glad with the dawn's first peep.

For on that morning the sun looked down
On an enemy's rout, and a rescued town.

Four months brave White, like a wounded stag,

"Fought, bled and starved, but kept up the flag.

But inch by inch the Boers fell back
From before the boys of the Union Jack.

Till Buller at last, by a master stroke,
Relieved the town from its deadly yoke.

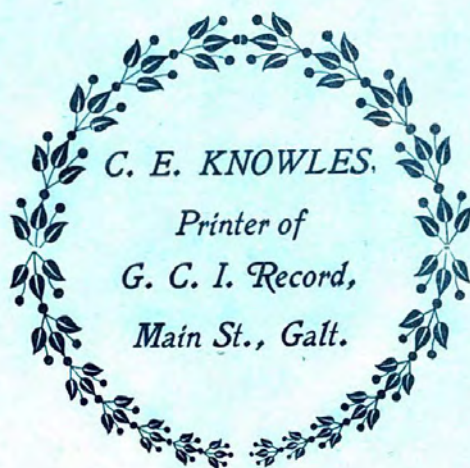
All praise and glory to each noble chief,
Who withstood the siege, who brought relief.

All praise and honor to those who fell
For Freedom and Justice we love so well.

And soon may right and truth prevail
In the darkened land beyond the Vaal.

And in that land, another patch of red,
Show where Liberty reigns, where Oppression's dead.

W. H. S., IVTH FORM.



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