

# DISPATCH PREMIUM LIST

One pair of boy's kid gloves for 2 new subscribers.

These gloves are also worn by girls and ladies.

A boy's cloth cap for 2 new subscribers.

A boy's sweater for 2 or 4 new subscribers

A girls weater for 2 and 5 new subscribers

A ladies sweater for 5 6 and 9 new subscribers

One-dozen Limoges China cups and saucers white and gold for 24 new subscribers

" " Plates to match " 14 "

" " maller plates " 12 " "

Cream pitcher sugar bowl and teapot to match " 12 new subscribers

One-dozen silver teaspoons " 6 " "

Half " " " " 3 " "

One Marmot fur muff 18 new subscribers

Seal leather hand bag 6 " "

Silk neck muffler 5 " "

One stove, Poplar, No 15, burns either coal or wood 30 new subscribers

One Oil heater 9 " "

Meat chopper 3 " "

These Premiums may be seen at the following plaecs: Cap, Gloves and Swaters at the

John McLauchlan Co. Ltd.,

The China and Silver at James A. Gibsor.' s

The Stoves and meat chopper at Clarke & Johnstons.

The Muff, hand bag and Muffler at Mrs. L. Moers.

Write the Dispatch for SUBSCRIPTION Blanks

VALIDICTORY.

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In the valleys, and from the foot-hills of the immense Rockies gaze upward in relentless energy and hope pausing not for an instant in their onward march of progress.

From the west is coming the reflex to the east and Canada as a whole is laying fast the broad masonry of an imperial structure. A nation she must be clear and glittering as the diamond's sheen, priceless and pure, unstooping in her lofty idealism uncompromising with evil influences, assimilating only the good.

Then she shall stand forth the vanguard of an empire, compared to whom the realms of by-gone days shall flicker as a feeble light and fade, and whose beams shall crown resplendant the hill tops of the world.

"Once our proud fore-fathers unfurled, from battle tent their flag.

Then eager-eyed they sought a place to die

That they might save the home-folk and the home-land from the foe And write their annals in a future sky But now sweet peace comes down to youth. Her enemies of old, now friends

long since, stretch out their hands from the warmer south and bid us. Be brothers as we should, for brothers all are we."

The celebration of the one hundred years of peace between this country and the Republic to the south of us, should be epoch-making in its tendencies as a moral union of Anglo-Saxonism. The logical culmination of many movements having possibly an anti-climax in the above, in an arbitration treaty between these two countries having for its object the policing of the universe, would be tremendous in its scope and effect banishing practically forever "war red-hand in his slaughter" and "tyranny whose horned fearful head e'en yet frowns oer to harm a trembling world."

But let us not forget universal man — man in general — man, the scorner of the mountain and the wave, delving beneath the one riding triumphant over the other breaking the one asunder in his strength and cleaving the other in his full career while flinging far and wide the threatening spray. Yet more than all the scorner of the ground. Conquering the earth and the hurricane, he rides on the driving cloud. Behold him in his majesty and glory. Created

in the image of God what a wonderful piece of work is man!

Come back to what we are. Right here, what am I, what you, our mission and our endeavour? A citizen,

and citizenship our high and exalted aim. Education fails if it does not produce the former and have for its ambition the reaching of the latter. The unselfishness, the intelligence, the humanizing effect that this property has ever stood for cannot but produce when perfected nationhood and individual genius unparalleled in all imperfect strivings of the past it is the epitomy of co-operation and the helping hand, the concentration of moral and intellectual power, the main stream of Godliness, the eradicator of insolation, the destroyer of paralyzing selfishness.

The year that has passed has been one of hard work it is true, but often mingled with this has come gaiety and enjoyment in its many forms, and of course the less often the more intense in effect. Friendship's ties have been woven tender as the silky threads of gauze, strong as triple bars of iron. Now that our destinies lead us in different ways we cannot part without regrets, and in the years to come our memories back will feadly stray to the

good old days spent in the Florenceville Consolidated School. I trust that kindly fortune may bring again together our class, and permit us once more in memory to retravel afresh the ways we trod together.

To the teachers we must say adieu. With them in their new fields of labor go our heartiest good wishes. May their lives be fallen to them in pleasant places, and may they find an opportunity for ample exercise of that zeal and ability that they are well known to possess.

To our principal we now speak our words of parting. Our zeal sometimes flagged, his never did; our strength may have waned but his seemed never to falter. Quick to see our individual strength as well as our individual necessities he was skilful in fostering the one while suppling the other.

He will not be with the class of '14, another must take the place he has filled so well. But in another position he will go on with the work he is so well fitted to perform, so his talents will not be lost in the service of education in this province. May he go on succeeding as he has succeeded, and may we show ourselves worthy of him in the success of our life in the days to come.

To the pupils of the advanced department and of the school who will re-assemble next fall at the opening bell; — The future destinies of this institution be with you and your destinies to a large extent are in its power. With you we part. Our associates have been congenial; all elements of unkindness have been lacking. We step out in the scene of a wider world leaving you behind, soon to follow. "Be true." Soon you will occupy our places here to-night. May you fill the position better than we, may you be worthier of a higher trust. And so we part.

Class-mates; we have walked in the old way, and now a new way. The word farewell is hard to say and yet it must be said. Youth's friendships last through life the strongest of them all. A pause, a parting glance, and we are gone, but not to forget. We will never forget. Time will move on, our scenes will shift and change, new friends will come and go, but those of the old school-days of the class of 1913 will be the same forever — the warmest and the best of them all. And now, —

"Farewell! a word that must be and has been, A sound to make us linger — yet farewell!"