

coast of America, and found them rather warm, pleasant places in summer, which before were generally thought to be totally bound in snow and ice. The land is rich with herds of muskoxen, polar bears and reindeer, and many fur-bearing animals. There are no trees of any height, but the country is covered with grasses and flowering plants. He thought that much of the land was rich in mineral wealth, as coal, which he actually found, iron and copper. He believed that immense herds of reindeer could be herded on all those islands, as in Lapland, and thus a large trade formed from the exportation of their flesh and hides. This trade, combined with the mining and whale fishing, should be able to induce permanent settlers to these regions. Thus will these regions, hitherto unused by man, be made to yield their share for the support of civilization.

We are glad to welcome George Hovey, Agnes Waters and Goddon Kennedy to our Hall of Learning, and hope they will soon become intimate with members of the student body, so that they may acquire the industrious habits of the school. In truth, however, we wish them a most successful High School career.

Carman McLeod, who was in the class of '22 in this school, is back with us again. Two years ago ill health prevented him from finishing his course, and we sincerely hope that he will be able to complete a successful course this year.

Among the old students and teachers of the school in town for the holiday were: Eugene Powers, '23, now of St. F. X.; Fred Campbell, '25, now of Pictou Academy; Willard B. Blackmer, '23, now doing cartooning in the United States; James Burns, we all know Jimmie, now at Western University, Ont.; Miss Esther Clark, Francis Bridges, '19, now at Campbellton; Jimmie Wilson, of the class of '24, now in Middleton High; Hubert Davidson, '22, now at Acadia; Alfred Yerxa, '21, now of McGill University; Alden Clark, '21, now of Acadia; Bob Walker, '23, now of Yoho Lake; and Gilbert Turner, '21.

Jouet, of "The Saloon of the Red Jugular"

Monsieur Jouet owned a dark, shabby saloon in a narrow, poor street in London, during the troublesome times in France of 1793. One door gave to the street and another to a tiny yard at the back, where the garbage of all the families of the neighborhood was scattered, but where nevertheless the pale, sickly children of the house on the left of the saloon played with the equally meagre-clothed companions from the house on the right. It was called "The Saloon of the Red Jugular," for Monsieur Jouet had come from France but a year before and blood was a common name in that country.

Monsieur talked often of the darkening days in France, for he read