

FISHER FOLK OF ITALY.

WOMEN WHO CAN TAKE A HAND ON SHIPBOARD WITH THE MEN.

The Life and Habits of a Picturesque People—How They Differ from Those Inland—The Men Have Great Appetites, and Can Sleep All Day Long.

The vast difference between acquired and natural knowledge, between cultivated and natural comprehension, between passion and emotion, between impulse and feeling, is never more apparent than when one turns from the contemplation of inland Italian peasant character to that of the Italian fishermen.

The first has nature in his labor on the hillside with his flocks, in the vineyard where he carries his hamper of ripe grapes from the vines to the presses, or driving his herbage or flower-laden donkeys through the sweet and sunny vales; but it is nature loving and protecting; nature without menace or danger; and nature which gives the sense of peace that dulls apprehension and clothes responsibility with delight. This man is a creature of childish joys and childish passions; of quick, hot temper and easily dried tears; of ardent and fleeting loves; of varied and variegated tastes; and of ambitions ending in gorgeous attire on festa days. In short he is a very harlequin of wish, thought and feeling. You love him but you fear him and never trust him, only through your knowledge of the logical sequences of his character.

But down from the sunny hillside and away from the tender vales, over the salt-marshes and gray sands to the sea, you can in a few hours feel the change of natural environment which has been for centuries crystallizing the Italian fisherman into a creature of almost another race. The sky is as bright above him, but his hut is on the shifting sands. The sea is blue and tender beneath him, but anon it crushes what it cherishes. His joys mask eternal menace and his outlook is toward the infinite.

The type of Italian fishermen common to poetry, painting and song has all the beribboned, earringed, and half brigandish look of the inland peasant; and the type exists, in part, convenient to pose for travelling dilettanti. But this sort of an Italian fisherman is a creature who has had his origin in discontent with inland environment or in the scouring of poverty in overcrowded towns. The real Italian fisherman is a creature of the shore and the sea with a centuries-inherited and deathless love for the wilderness, the danger, the loneliness and the very meanness of his calling.

He illustrates the influence of all that is grand and solitary in nature upon human character and physiognomy. The naturally large eyes of the Italian race are in him robbed of their metallic and cunning sparkle and given depth, softness and a deliberate melancholy of regard. They slowly turn upon you as if reluctant to leave the objects of their endless contemplation. Their walk is measured and unconsciously dignified, and their very smile and speech are grave and melancholy. Their home loves are deep, expressionless but deathless. Their grief under the ever-recurring tragedies of the sea is resigned and almost expectant. And their hearts are ever unswervingly devoted and fervent, as if they came closer through their heritage of danger to the very personality of all that which they defy.

Every fisherman and every fisherman's male offspring are forever consigned by themselves, each other and all that love them to the protection of the "Mother of God." Prayer, invocation and supplication are ceaselessly on the lips of every soul that bides besides these Italian shores to get a living and their death by the sea.

The Italian fisherman has in his life none of the trivial concerns that occupy the hearts of the inland peasant. His hut, usually one room, with smoke-darkened ceiling and rough, shell-plastered walls and floor, is as austere in its appointments as a monk's cell. No ornament or decoration more gaudy than a crucifix or tiny shrine or cheap engraving of the thorn-crowned head of Christ or the *Mater Dolorosa* adorns its walls. There are rude goat-skin covered couches of dried seaweed; the heavy benches along the wall, behind the heavier table with its sunken places in which to set the bowls and mugs for food; and stout chestnut pegs set in the mortar walls for nets and clothing.

There are three-legged wooden stools at either side of the fireplace. This is simply in open space left in the inside wall crossed by a stout iron rod, from which are suspended a half dozen pots by hooks, the fire of seaweed and driftwood being only lighted when required for cooking. There are often one or two windows which have no glass, but are covered with a bit of goat-skin or sail-cloth in inclement weather. The floor is covered with a generous layer of sand which is ceaselessly being renewed for cleanliness.

The fisherman himself does no work ashore beyond the mere care of his boat, if he is so fortunate as to own one. The moment his boat is sighted by the women folk, they all run pell-mell to the water's edge to take the sails and gear with the nets and fish and the wet clothing, dragging them with all speed to the hut where the fish are cleaned and salted and packed in layers with seaweed, for market or home consumption. Their food consists of this fish, usually cut in small pieces and boiled in a sort of thick soup with such simple condiments as their slender means can procure, black bread and cheap sour wine.

On rare holiday occasions they may have onions roasted in the ashes, macaroni dressed with olive oil or tiny dough cakes fried in oil something like a doughnut. If unusually well-to-do, a goat or two will be among the family possessions, and then the little ones will have their mug of milk and the older ones their balls of rich cheese for the holiday feast, or for offerings to the village padre.

In costume the Italian fisherman has no resemblance to his inland brother. He wears a sort of a Greek-like tunic, sleeveless and reaching barely to the knees. This is brought closely to his body with a broad leather belt, in the inside of which he carries his rosary, his scapular or perhaps some holy relic for protection at sea. Rude sandals of tough fish or goat skin are bound to his feet with thongs that are crossed around the leg to the knee. His

hair and beard are seldom cut or trimmed. It often has the wave of a sculptured god's and as he rarely wears any head covering, save perhaps a cotton kerchief bound around his head with the ends floating in his hair, which is sometimes as blonde as a Scandinavian's, his whole aspect irresistibly suggests a primitive Greek on the classic loneliness of his own loved shores.

The women are finer, freer, simpler. They know nothing of bending over sun-baked fields to till the ground with the rude implements of a thousand years ago. Their labor, though incessant—for when not caring for the harvest of the sea, they are mending nets, gathering and drying seaweed, or coaxing some meager vegetation from tiny rock-bound garden patches—is in the salt spray and never-stilled breezes of the sea.

Both women and men are often seen in the streets of the larger villages on market days; but always huddled in groups by themselves, viewing askances the treasures of shop and stall and taking no part in the gay and busy life about them. One would as soon expect to see a marble Aphrodite step from her pedestal and join in a festive dance or procession as one of these shy, far-coast fishermen.

The chief feature of the dress of the women of the Italian coast fishers is a double skirt, the lower portion of which hangs rather scantily about their ankles. The upper skirt is often hooked up at the front and sides forming a sort of bag. In this they carry seaweed, fuel, fish or shell-fish from the sands; and when not in such use it is drawn up over the shoulder and back of the head as a sort of wrap. Mothers also wrap the skirt about their babies when needing to carry them for any distance. The material is usually the coarsest white cotton, but if the women can possess any sort of holiday attire, the upper skirt may be of scarlet, yellow or green, looped most gracefully above the lower skirt and surmounted by a black cloth, or in rare instances a coarse velvet bodice. They rarely wear any foot covering and only such head covering as is supplied by the folds of the upper skirt.

The women do not shrink from even the roughest labor on the sea; and it is no uncommon sight to see wife and daughter handling ropes, nets and sails, cleaning or sorting fish on deck or vigorously engaged in any necessary labor of the boat. Indeed so far as my observation goes these fishermen's wives are the propelling, active, indomitable force of their lives and livelihood. Their movements are vigorous and even virile, while the men are phlegmatic and slow. At the tiller, in unfurling or reefing the sails, paying out or hauling in the nets, stowing away the fish, transferring them from their craft to the market bragoza, in hauling the boats upon the beach, in spreading and driving the nets, in fact, in every possible manner in which they labor beside or in advance of their husbands, they lay hold of their toil with a vigor and muscular vim exhibiting tremendous energy and force. Their reach of arm and stride of leg are remarkable, and the muscles of their shoulders and breasts show extraordinary development. Studying them as I have often done when they were unconscious of observation, their strange, gruff voices, their brawny frames, their immense brute strength, and above all, their savage energy of action, has prompted the thought that if any future Masaniello were to leap from among the fish folk with the dread shout of "Morte al mal governo!" the restless liberator would prove an Italian fisherman rather than an Italian fisherman.

I have often seen a single fisherman thus eat at one sitting more than a quart of stupa or hodgepodge stew of shredded fish and vegetables, a pound of bread, and that dearest of all delicacies to an Italian fisherman, a polenta, or chestnut flour pudding bigger than his shaggy head with a goat's milk cheese as large as his fist. This done he flings himself on his belly upon the floor of his hut or beside his habitation in the warm sand of the shore street, and instantly becomes oblivious to all worldly concerns in sleep; and he will sleep from twelve to twenty hours without changing his position. Often have I come into these little fishing villages and, while all was bustle and activity among the women, found a score of men thus disposed in doorways or half burrowed in the sand, until it seemed as though these sea-roving sluggards were all lying in a helpless drunken stupor, or were merely the bodies of dead fishermen cast up from the deep.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

Emergency Notes.

If choked, get upon all fours and cough. For apoplexy raise the head and body; for fainting lay the person flat.

If an artery is cut, compress above the wound; if a vein is cut compress below.

For slight burns dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed cover with varnish.

Remove matter from the ear with tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear.

In case of poisoning excite vomiting by tickling the throat or by warm water and mustard.

For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing; dash water in them; remove cinders, etc., with the round point of a lead pencil.

Suck poisoned wounds, unless your mouth is sore; enlarge the wound or, better, cut out the part without delay; hold the wounded part as long as can be borne to a hot coal or end of a cigar.

Smother fire with carpets, etc.; water will often spread burning oil and increase danger. Before passing through smoke take a full breath and then stoop low, but if carbonic acid gas is suspected walk erect.

About Fear.

Fear is the most fearful general in the world, because he has the most exhaustive knowledge of human nature. He seldom attacks any two men from the same side, and seldom makes a mistake as to the vulnerable place in a man's armor. A certain well known Indian fighter, who has more than once with a handful of men held a whole horde of savages at bay and finally routed them, always dreaded to go into his own dark cellar alone for any bribe that could be offered. Another man, whose name is synonymous with courage and audacity in business and upright life, often declares gravely that he would be one of the wildest, fastest men in town if he only dared, and then do you remember how dead afraid Napoleon was of a cat.—*New York Press.*

THE FAMOUS FOX SISTERS.

They Cracked Their Toe-joints and Fooled the People.

Though the Fox sisters, Margaretta and Catherine, through whom the first revelations of supposed spirit power were made, have recently denounced themselves as charlatans who have been willfully perpetrating a gross and premeditated fraud for many years, and though they have stated that the so-called "spirit rappings," which created such an immense sensation forty-two years ago, were produced by a voluntary cracking of their toe joints, the faith of believers in spiritualism is in no wise shaken.

The latter say that though the Fox sisters may be imposters, as they have declared themselves, yet the great truths and principles of modern spiritualism stand as firmly and shine as brightly as ever. They say that these date back far beyond the time of the Fox girls. Even in that low, rambling two-story house in Hydesville, N. Y., in which these mendacious young women first cracked their toe joints it is claimed that genuine spiritual phenomena were observed before the Fox girls ever inhabited it. In 1847 the house was occupied by one Michael Weekman and his family, a poor, ignorant laborer, with no thought beyond his daily toil for his daily bread. He and his family were soon troubled by mysterious raps heard in all parts of their dwelling, especially at night, an annoyance that increased to such an extent that sleep became impossible. During all this time the Fox sisters, then mere children, aged 11 and 9 years, lived with their parents several miles away, so that they could not possibly have had a hand—or a toe joint—in the mysterious rappings at Mr. Weekman's house. It was this constantly increasing annoyance of loud raps which, though diligently investigated, could not be traced to any human agency and soon caused Mr. Weekman to abandon his residence.

Then it was on March 1, 1848, Mr. John D. Fox and his family became its occupants. The mysterious raps still continued. The neighbors were called in on several occasions and every possible effort made to trace their origin, but in vain.

It was on the night of March 31, of that same year of 1848, that the mysterious raps first gave evidence of being directed by some controlling intelligence. The family retired during a brief lull in the mysterious rapping when suddenly it began again, occurring this time near the bed occupied by the two little daughters, Margaretta and Catherine. The latter began to snap her fingers in imitation of the sounds, which immediately responded "Now do as I do," she cried: "Count 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6," at the same time striking her hands together. Mrs. Fox, the girl's mother, then desired the unseen agency to count ten, and that number of raps immediately followed. "Tell us the age of Cathy"—the younger daughter—"by rapping once for each year," said the mother, and ten distinct raps were heard. Startled by these manifestations, Mrs. Fox asked it was a human being who was rapping, but no answering sound was heard. "If you are a spirit make two distinct sounds," she said, and two loud raps responded.

Kate Fox, in her exposure of spiritualism, has declared that she and her sister were producing these mysterious raps while lying in bed and almost choking with laughter at the clever imposition they were practicing on their mother.

The power of cracking their toe joints, by which they produced their "spirit rappings," they had accidentally discovered and had practiced until they had acquired great proficiency. Be that as it may, these supposed manifestations of spirit power created an intense excitement. The family rose from their beds and searched every portion of the house without result. The neighbors were called in and numerous questions asked, to which answers were received from the mysterious raps. By sunrise the whole village was on the spot and the little house was crowded in every part. Finally the spirit was asked to spell out his or her name by rapping at the correct letters as the alphabet was repeated. As a result the name of Charles B. Rosma was obtained, and the spirit said he was a peddler who had been murdered in that house a few years before.

Soon afterward the Fox family moved to Rochester, N. Y., and the same spiritual manifestations continued in their new home, but only when Catherine or Margaretta were present. By using the letters of the alphabet in the manner already indicated, the Fox sisters said that they found a great number of departed spirits who desired to converse with them, and to use them as a medium of communication with their departed friends.

At length the alleged spirits communicated to the Fox girls their desire that there should be held a public meeting, at which a committee of investigation, chosen by the audience, should determine whether they were genuine spirits and produce their so-called manifestations without human aid. Such a meeting was accordingly held at Corinthian hall, Rochester, in November, 1849. The Fox sisters appeared on the stage and the spiritual phenomena, being treely manifested, were investigated by a committee of prominent gentlemen, who, after continuing their researches for several days, reported their inability to trace them to any human agency. The fame of the Fox sisters was now national, and when they appeared in New York in the following May, announcing themselves as "Spiritual Mediums," a phrase which originated with them, they created an intense furore. These two young girls had thus founded a new faith, to which they gave the name of spiritualism. Humble as was its origin, and insignificant as was the character of its first manifestations, it soon found a multitude of believers in both hemispheres. Spiritual mediums soon sprang up all over the country and were soon multiplied by hundreds and even by thousands. No better evidence of the power of the new faith over the minds of men and of its perpetuity could possibly be desired than the fact that even its denouncement as the shallowest, flimsiest humbuggery by those who founded it, and their statement that it was out and out fraud, originated by two little girls so-ly in a spirit of mischief, have been powerless to overthrow or even shake it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Not Broken Hearted Over It.

"Sweet, I must go," said he, "I said, I must go, but I don't mean to go, but, looking at him smilingly, said: 'Better late than never.'"

ROYALTY AT HOME.

Something about the Kings and Queens of Europe.

The royal household of Greece is one of the most united households in existence. After twenty-five years of married life the king and queen still live for each other as during the first days after their marriage, and they dread everything that might interfere with their homely happiness. Nevertheless, they are interested in every movement of the time. Allied to all the ruling families, their court has become a European centre.

The Queen of Greece, although she has brought up a family of seven children, has preserved all the grace of early youth. Her charming smile softens her Slavonic beauty, which she inherits from her father, the Grand Duke Constantine, who was one of the handsomest men at the Russian court. Nothing could surpass the charm of her manners. Queen Olga has French sympathies, and while the Duke of Sparta and her four younger sons were educated by a German preceptor, the queen had her two daughters, Princesses Alexandra and Marie, brought up by a French governess. The youngest son of the king and queen of Greece is only three years old.

King George I. of Greece, son of the King of Denmark, is an accomplished gentleman. Much of his time has been taken up with the education of his sons, an education which was serious almost to austerity, for the King wished to prepare his sons for the great duty of ruling a nation.

The Queen of Italy is described as tall, fair-haired, rather inclined to be stout, and still a very pretty woman. On the day of her marriage, when receiving the foreign ambassadors, she talked to each of them in his own language. She is highly educated and has a special taste for literature. In public she always shows perfect tact and taste, and she is very popular and respected by all his subjects.

The most interesting part of a recent sketch of the Portuguese Royalties is that in which the domestic life of the Queen, the former princess Anicet of Orleans, is described. Her tastes are altogether domestic, and the noble Portuguese look with indignation upon her, for she makes her own hats and bonnets, and looks after her children as any good middle-class mother might do.

King Nicholas of Montenegro is alluded to as a middle-aged paladin, and a true king of the Black Mountain. He is brave to heroism, and his people adore him as a hero. He worships the Tzar, and would gladly give his blood and his life for him. He looks superb in his national costume. His people love and admire him. Round him a charming family circle has grown up. His daughters' foreheads are fit for the most beautiful crowns, and his sons take after their father.

How "Auld Robin Gray" Was Written.

Lady Anne Lindsay spent much of her time in her little room in the high, winding staircase, "which commanded the sea, the lake, the rock, the birds, the beach," pouring over old volumes, or scribbling verse or prose on the "envelopes of old letters." One day a fancy took her to write new words to a Scottish air which Sophy Johnstone (the "child of nature") used to sing, the old one being unsuited to its plaintive beauty, and in the course of her attempt she came to a standstill, says a writer in *Temple Bar*. Calling to her sister Elizabeth, who was at play hard by, she said: "I have been writing a ballad, my dear. I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her Auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow in the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one, I pray." "Steal the cow, sister Anne," said little Elizabeth. The cow was lifted and the ballad completed. But although willing to sing it whenever asked—and when once sung it passed electrically from heart to heart and lip to lip, till soon there was scarcely a fireside in Great Britain where it had not been heard—Lady Anne never admitted its authorship except to her mother, till within two years of her death. She let the press and the public, learned societies and private friends, puzzle over it in vain, till, seeing it attributed to herself in the *Pirate*, she wrote to Sir Walter Scott, asking him to thank the "author of 'Waverley'" for his discrimination. There was a second part (written in response to the countess's "Annie, I wish you would tell me how that unlucky business of Jeanie and Jamie ended"), but, like most sequels, it was sadly inferior to the original song.

The Thumb an Index of Character.

There is as much character in the thumbs of people as in their faces. A long first joint of the thumb indicates will power; a long second joint indicates strong logical or reasoning power; a wide, thick thumb indicates strong individuality, while a broad knob at the end of the thumb is a sure indication of obstinacy. The thumb is the characteristic feature of the human hand, a characteristic in which it differs from the hand of the monkey, and of all parts of the hand no one is so strongly individual or telltale as the thumb.—*Globe Democrat.*

Will Wonders Ever Cease?

It has been discovered that by means of the circulating blood any organ of an animal can be paralyzed or stimulated into renewed activity if the proper material is administered. Cocaine, which has revolutionized delicate surgical operations, is only one of the results of this discovery. The use of Atropine by ophthalmists is a remarkable example. For it matters not how administered, even if injected into the big toe, the first effect seen is the enlarging of the pupil of the eye. Another application of this discovery, as practical as any, was the idea that the great loss suffered by poultry raisers, owing to the fact that hens stop laying during cold weather, when eggs are worth fifty cents per dozen, could be overcome, if the ovaries of the hen could be reached and stimulated to egg-producing activity. The experiment was crowned with success, and the chemical compounds deficient in the ovaries of the hens at this season are now very important components of Sheridan's Conditions Powder to make hens lay. And with its aid some of our most successful egg raisers believe it is easy to obtain plenty of eggs in mid-winter as to raise early vegetables. Last December the poultry Editor of the *N. E. Farmer* said to a subscriber, "the office of Sheridan's Conditions Powder is to animate the ovaries. A hen to lay profitably must be in condition. I use Sheridan's Powder because I believe that hens can be made to lay even in winter by using it, and fully twice as much profit can be made in a year from a flock of fowls, where it is used." Is not that good evidence? Then force your hens to laying now, or later you will reflect.

"How wise we are when the chance is gone, And a glance we backward cast! We know just the thing we should have done, When the time for doing it's past."

For 50 cents I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., will send two 25 cent packets; five packets for \$1.00; or for \$1.20, one large 2 1/2 pound can of Sheridan's Powder post-paid; six cans for \$5.00, express prepaid. The best poultry paper—*Farm, Poultry*—one year, and a can of Powder for \$1.50. Sample copy of paper 5 cents.

THIS PRETTY GIRL KNOWS

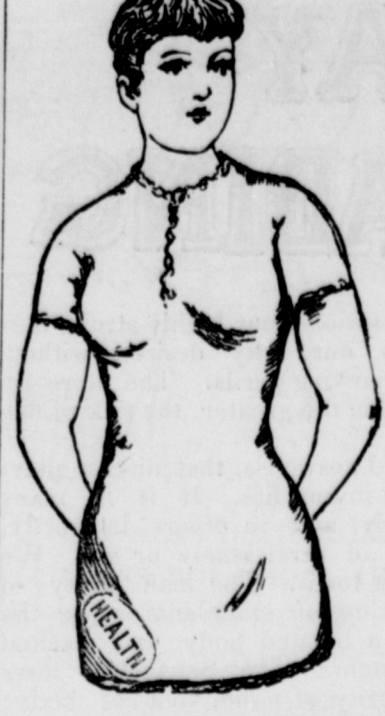
that a "HEALTH BRAND"

undervest in a light weight, and in one of the new styles just out for

Spring and Summer wear, is comfort and luxury combined.

Remember that unless the word "Health" is plainly stamped on the garment, it won't be genuine.

Every first-class Dry Goods store has them for sale.



Comparing our prices with other ELECTRIC BELTS.

THE GERMAN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCES WILL CURE.

FEMALE COMPLAINTS.

RHEUMATISM. LAME BACK. KIDNEY DISEASES. DYSPEPSIA. NERVOUSNESS. LUMBAGO, &c.

We claim that our Belt is far superior to any other Electric Appliance Manufactured.

ARE THEY ELECTRIC?

So many bogus Appliances have been sold claiming to be Electric that produce no action whatever, that many persons have come to the conclusion that no Appliance can be made in this form that will generate a current. To settle this matter we will guarantee that we will forfeit \$500.00, Five-Hundred Dollars, if a test by means of a galvanometer does not show that the German Electric Belt generates a current. Write for full information enclosing six cents for postage to

Canadian Branch German Electric Belt Agency, Parkdale, Ont.

THE DOMINION SAFETY FUND

Life Association.

ESTABLISHED 1881.

The only REGULAR LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY devoted to the business of Life Insurance AT COST.

Upwards of \$200,000 in Death Claims paid, at a cost of one-third the ordinary Life Premiums.

The Association issues STRAIGHT LIFE and SPECIFIC TONTINE POLICIES.

Under its Tontine Policies, SPECIFIC Cash Bonuses are payable, an instance of which is given below.

ST. JOHN, N. B., March 28th, 1892.

To the Directors of The Dominion Safety Fund Life Association:

GENTLEMEN.—We the undersigned, beg to acknowledge receipt of the sum of Fifty-five Dollars, cash, paid to each of us; being a FIRST Bonus under the terms of our Specific Tontine Policies, issued in May, 1891.

These policies continue in force for the full amount, with provision for further Bonuses.

We heartily recommend THE DOMINION SAFETY FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION to the Public for reliability and promptitude.

MARSTON GUILLOD, W. G. LEE, FRED C. JONES, WALTER RANKINE, A. L. GOODWIN, J. B. ANDREWS, H. F. FINLEY, RICHARD RODGERS.

The Association has over \$250 of Assets for every \$100 of Liability and holds the same RESERVE that Level Premium Companies do. Full Dominion Deposit. A Dominion License. Official Inspection. For further information apply to our agents, or to

CHAS. CAMPBELL, Sec'y.

ALWAYS INSURE PHOENIX Insurance Company of your property in the HARTFORD, CONN.

WHY? Because of its STRENGTH, LOSS-PAYING POWER, and record FOR FAIR AND HONORABLE DEALING.

Statement January 1st, 1891. D. W. C. SKILTON, President. J. H. MITCHELL, Vice-President. GEO. H. BURDICK, Secretary. CHAS. E. GALICIA, 2nd Vice-President. Cash Capital.....\$2,000,000 00 Reserve for Unadjusted Losses.....285,831 17 Reserve for Re-Insurance.....1,813,903 88 NET SURPLUS.....1,517,079 68 CANADIAN BRANCH HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL. GERALD E. HART, General Manager. Full Deposit with the Dominion Government. KNOWLTON & GILCHRIST, Agents, 132 Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.

For One Week Only!

We will sell Spring Seat Lounges \$4.50 three different coverings, for

From MARCH 28th to APRIL 2nd.

EVERETT & MILLER, - 13 WATERLOO ST.

COLLECIATE SCHOOL,



HEAD MASTER: REV. ARNOLDUS MILLER, M. A.,—Classics and Science. Toronto and Victoria Universities, Ont. RESIDENT ASSISTANT MASTER: MR. JAMES C. SIMPSON,—Mathematics, German, Provincial Certificate, Province of Ont. Late of the Engineering Staff, Canadian Pacific R. R. RESIDENT ASSISTANT MASTER: MR. ROBERT SIMPSON,—English and Classics. University of Toronto. FRENCH: CHARLES G. ABBOTT, Esq., B. A., Kings College. VIOLIN—J. W. S. BOULT, Esq. WRITING, DRAWING AND BOOK-KEEPING: MR. S. G. SNELL. DRILL AND GYMNASTIC INSTRUCTOR: SERGEANT A. CUNNINGHAM,—Late Instructor in Military Gymnasium, Halifax. TEACHERS IN PIANO AND VIOLIN MUSIC: PROF. W. H. WATTS. MISS GOURLAY. MISS KING.

TRINITY TERM COMMENCES APRIL 6. CIRCULARS giving full information, will be sent on application to THE HEAD MASTER.