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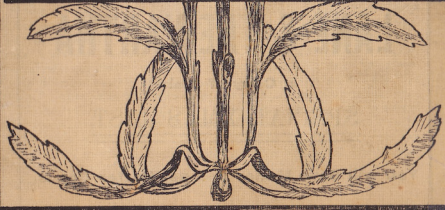
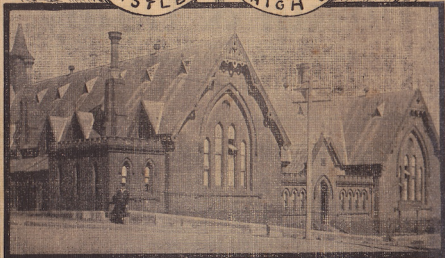
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THE MAGAZINE OF THE NEWCASTLE HIGH SCHOOL.

VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1913.

No. 1.

Officers.

Patron	C. R. SMITH, M.A.
Editor	J. W. HAYES, B.A.
Sub-Editor	H. L. HARRIS, B.A.
Sports' Editor	R. HOWARD.
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EDITORIAL.

A School Song.

Long after Euclid's Tantalizations and Cicero's Orations, the Pythagorean Poser and Pro Milone, have vanished from the mind and the reasoning of Mill and Spencer have gone into the "limbo of forgotten things," there will come into the memories of grey-headed ex-collegians words and verses and refrains of the old songs that they have roared, full-throated, and cavern-mouthed, with red and vibrant cheeks, in some college halls or common rooms; at Inauguration or Commemoration or common "burst-ohs," long-ago; when their wind was better than it is now, and their nerves were not put upon the rack by mere noise. They will come, these un-poetical, unliterary effusions, full-weighted with dear memories, knocking at the chamber door of remembrance and bidding the "old boy" throw aside his slippers and smoking fez and wave his arms aloft and shout his "viva for the old, old school!" So powerful are these old school songs, builders of tradition, founders of loyalty, that they have done as much as anything to force deep into the hearts and minds of English Public School men that loyalty and devotion which is sustained, through all their lives by many, to the great schools of their native land.

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We want that loyalty and that devotion here. We want it in Australia, we want it in Newcastle. We want the old boys of our school to carry with them memories that will remain for all their lives sweet and dear and we want a school song that will be the bearer of these memories, verses that will come back to them after the lapse of many years full charged with sweet remembrance of all that has been so lovable in the life up here. There is no ennobling force so potent as tradition, there is no bearer of tradition so powerful as song, and there can be no song, which will appeal to the school boy as "Our Song," the song of his school.

We call for this then. Let the poets among us turn aside from rhyming apostrophes to the rising moon and setting sun, and compose a song, which can be sung to some popular tune and which will convey the spirit of our school and help in the foundation of a sound tradition in it. Such a song would be a great acquisition, and the singing of it, a welcome addition to the programme at our functions—to those singing at all events. In addition to such a song, which would be particularly and especially ours, there is a number of songs which all High School and College students should know and sing. We append a few of these. Foremost among them is the grand old stirring "Gaudeamus igitur." How many memories it brings back to all of us who have helped to make some function glorious with our exceeding noise; when we have attempted to do full-throated justice to the fine old song. We give, also, the old favourite, "Euclid," sung for many years at Harrow, and finally a verse from "Forty Years On," the football song at Harrow. We hope that all will memorise at least the "Gaudeamus" that there may be one item at the breaking-up in which all can take a part. The message in all these school songs is the same. Let us rejoice and be exceeding glad that we are young, and that life is good, and that the wine of it is in our veins, and let us look forward hopefully to the future, trusting in our strength and in the training that we have received at the school we love.

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR

Gaudeamus igitur,
Juvens dem sumus ;
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectatem
Nos habebit humus.

Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere ?
Vadite ad superos,
Transite ad inferos,
Ubi jam fuere.

Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevis finitur;
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

Vivat academia,
Vivat professors.
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quaelibet.
Semper sint in flore.

Vivat omnes virgines
Faciles formosae,
Vivant et mulieres
Dolces et amabiles,
Bonae laborosae.

Pereat tristitia,
Pereant ocores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis autibuschius
Atque irrisores.

Vivat et respublica
Et quae illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas
Maecentium caritas,
Quae nos hic protegit.

EUCLID

Oh! have you with Euclid before you,
Full often despairingly sat,
The fifth proposition to floor you,
Your mind getting blank as your hat?
To the little black demon you owe it;
The corner at C is his den:
He waits till you fancy you know it,
Then makes you forget it again.
For he sits, a sight for to dream on
In his black boots tall and thin,
And some people call him a demon
And others a hobgoblin.

Oh! worse than the rock to the seaman,
Oh! worse than the blight to the tree,
Is the face of the little black demon,
Who lives in the corner at C.
He hops and he jumps without reason
All over and under and through,
And grins as he teaches his treason
To logic and Euclid and you.

For he sits, etc.

How sides by a curious juggle,
Together are less than the base;
How parallel lines with a struggle
Succeed in enclosing a space;
Then mixing up angle and angle
Puts lines where no line ought to be
And leaving your mind in a tangle
Goes back to his corner at C.

For he sits, etc.

But I up and I went and I took him
All capering under and o'er,
And didn't he cry as I shook him!
And taught him respect for his betters,
And thumped on his black little head;
And squeezed him the shape of all letters
And finally left him at Z.

For he sits, etc.

FORTY YEARS ON

Forty years on, when afar and asunder
Parted are those who are singing to-day,
When you look back and regretfully wonder
What you were like in your work and your play
Then it may be there will often come o'er you
Glimpses of notes, like the catch of a song:
Visions of boyhood shall float them before you
Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along.

"The Socialist City."

(By B. Helmore).

It was the last lesson of Thursday—Industrial History. I was rather tired, after a strenuous day of Livy, and Trigg, with a mixture of other equally unpalatable subjects, and the oft repeated phrases "direct action" and "distribution of wealth" were becoming rather tiresome. I wondered what a Socialistic State would be like. My eyes began to close and shortly after I seemed to have been transported to another part of the world. In front of me stretched a well-made level road, and in the valley a little further along, a town about as large as Maitland was situated. The only traveller beside myself was one of those gentlemen of leisure vulgarly known as "sundowners." His clothing was badly in need of repair; his swag appeared to be rather thin, and his nose betokened that he was a devout worshipper of Bacchus. Yet there seemed something romantic about this man, and as I was a stranger in the country, I decided to follow him. We walked in silence for about 20 minutes about 100 yards apart and approached the town leisurely. The traveller was bailed up by an important-looking officer, but no one appeared to notice me. "What is your name?" queried the functionary. "Haugustus Harbutnot Wentwork" was the answer. "Do you intend to stay here any length of time?" "You bet your boots, mate; I want to fill my swag before I tramp on." "Very well, you will occupy No. 7, Equality Street." "What oh! do they provide you with lodgings here free for nothing like?" "Yes, my good man, this is the Socialist city Utopia; every inhabitant has a residence of his own." "Golly, what a lovely place. How many pubs are there?" The officer ignored the last question but soon asked one himself.

"What kind of work do you prefer? We have municipal woollen works and a saddlery factory, also a foundry; you can take your choice."

"Don't worry about me, pal, I can shift for myself. When a gentleman arrives like this on a pleasure tour you don't want to worry him about work straight away. Wine and work I avoids 'em, but I don't avoid beer, no not 'alf. But since you are so anxious to know what work I'll do, I'll call in an hour's time, meanwhile I'll go to my "board and residence." One of the inhabitants kindly escorted Mr. Augustus Wentwork to his domicile, which was a really neat little cottage. His new friend pointed out a patch of ground at the back, "That's where you are supposed to grow potatoes or turnips or something else in your spare time. The council gives a prize for the best garden."

"Me grow common spuds, I might grow horcids if there was any in this benighted spot. No! no! Yours truly don't grow no turmuts!"

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"Choose the foundry, mate; I work there. They will give you till to-morrow to get ready." I live next door, so you have only to ring if you want to see me." So saying he departed, and left Mr. Wontwork to his reflections. The latter began to feel a bit hungry. He had not been able to impose on any farmer since the morning. Such at least was the opinion I formed when I saw him walking up and down his piazza grunting. Shortly after he left and I saw him slip over the fence into the next yard. About three minutes later he returned, laden with eatables—a loaf of bread and pot of honey and a freshly baked cake. I assumed that his friendly neighbour had presented him with them. He lit the gas in the front room for it was already dark, and made a good meal. Then he seemed to turn in—on the drawing room sofa, I think. As for me, I had not been noticed at all. I made my way to the foundry, for I felt confused, and curling up in a corner went to sleep. The whistle blowing at about 9 o'clock on Monday awoke me. The workmen, looking cheerful and contented, began to pour in. At the end of the line I recognised my tramp of the day before. He was talking to his newly-found friend. "Yes, mate, I felt a bit peckish last night, so I just strolled into your place and took a bit of grub. I knew no good socialist would object to that." His comrade certainly looked as if he did object, but said nothing. They passed into the works, where the foreman assigned Mr. Wontwork a job. That worthy set to work, but soon appeared to get tired. "What do we get for this, he said." "10/- a day," answered his neighbour. "10 bob a day, and what do them wool combers get?" "11/- a day, but their work is harder than this."

"That's no good to me. I'm a good Socialist, and I ain't going to see other chaps getting more than me in a dimmyeratic place like this. "What about a strike?"

"They don't have them here, mate. The council elected by us fixes the wages."

"I don't care, I'm going on strike just for an hour or two at any rate."

He slipped through the foundry door and made his way to the business part of the town. I followed the gentleman to the main street. He stopped the first-corner, and addressed him thus:—"Could you tell me where the public-house is situated." "We don't have them here, comrade," replied the questioned one. "They were abolished three years ago; we are all total abstainers in Utopia." "What! not a pub!" shrieked Mr. Augustus Wontwork, lapsing again into his accustomed method of speaking, and he began to run as fast as he could along the main street of Utopia. I followed him with my eyes until he became a speck on the road which leads into the country, and then—I awoke. There was old Room 4 again, and Mr. Hayes was asking G. R. Scott how many minutes we had before the bell ought to go. That agonising shriek of Augustus Arbuthnot Wontwork will never pass from my memory.

"A Dangerous Journey."

(By C. Peltinger.)

"I'm afraid you'll have to take her down to Bechsderf, my boy," said Jack Duncan's father, "it's a risky job, especially if those Boers have got wind of it, and although I don't like having to trust it to you, still it has to be done, and there's no one else except you."

They were standing together at the siding at Ruytenfeldt, a small town in the Transvaal, which was, however, rather important just now that hostilities were commencing between the Boers and the English, because of the fact that there was an arsenal there.

At Bechsderf they were preparing for the war, and, being short of rifles, they had sent up to Ruytenfeldt for some, which Jack's father was to have taken down. A large engine, with nine trucks of rifles and ammunition behind her, was waiting under steam at the siding for Duncan, but unfortunately he had severely scalded his right hand, and was thus quite useless as a driver, so that Jack would have to take the train to Bechsderf, eighty miles down the line.

The impromptu engine-driver climbed up to the cab, and waving his hand, started the locomotive, which, quickly gathering speed, was soon rushing across the level veldt. There was a clean stretch of forty miles before she would come to the hills. In a little over an hour they had left the veldt behind them and as they climbed the gradient the time between the peculiar clicks, made by the wheels as they crossed a joint in the line, began to become longer and longer, until when half-way up the hill, which was a long one, the locomotive was just crawling along.

The water in the tender was getting low, so Jack stopped the train at the first water tank he reached.

He was leisurely filling the engine's tank, when he heard the sound of horses galloping, and turning round, beheld a small cavalcade of Boers coming up the hill at full speed. They must have got wind of the fact that the trucks were full of rifles and ammunition!

Quick as lightning he turned off the huge tap, and rushing over to his engine, just got her on the move as the first horseman was only a few hundred yards behind. Jack opened the throttle as wide as he could, but even then the train was moving slowly. The Boers were gaining upon him and were soon abreast of the last truck.

The engineer crouched down in the cab, for dum-dum bullets were whistling over his head. In a few minutes time there was hardly anything, except what was impervious to bullets, that was not riddled. It seems nothing short of a marvel that the boy escaped with nothing more than a few scratches from flying splinters.

The train had reached the summit now, and the Boers, who were almost level with the engine, were firing shot after shot into the cab.

At the commencement of the down-hill journey, Jack did not dare to rise from his shelter to close the throttle, so that soon, having left the Boers far in the rear, he found that the locomotive was out of all control, and do what he could, he could not stop her. Each minute the wheels were racing faster, until the speed was almost ninety miles per hour. The trucks were swaying fearfully on the badly constructed track, and every time they went round a curve they heeled over ominously.

At the bottom of the hill lay the fairly long bridge over the river. As he approached this he noticed a large number of men busy working with tools on some of the pillars supporting the structure.

"What can they be doing?" he thought. He knew them to be Boers on a nearer view. Then all at once it flashed into his mind that they were going to blow the bridge up. He must get across before they could do?

Even now they had lit the fuse and were running away.

Now the engine is on the bridge. Every minute the boy is expecting to be blown to atoms, but his anxiety is not for himself, but for the train.

While half of the trucks are on the bridge, there is a low rumble, and the end over which the train has passed is blown into the air.

Just as the trucks are entirely off the remaining part, there is an explosion, and then—flying debris. While the train is still rushing, out of control, across the open veldt, another fear creeps into his mind.

Will the points be open?

As good luck would have it, they are, and without any mishap, the train passes over them. Now he has but to climb the hill in front of him and then he is at his destination.

Whereas the first bill had almost proved his destruction, this one was his salvation, for it checked the speed of the locomotive, which, before it was half-way up, was not only under complete control, but also labouring with its heavy load.

A few minutes later those who were waiting for the Bechsderf ammunition train were considerably surprised to see an engine and trucks, which looked as if they had been through a rain of bullets, come creeping into the depot. They did not know that the Boers had actually commenced fighting as yet.

And they were even more surprised when they saw that the driver was a boy of fifteen.

People often remark what a strange thing it is that Jack Duncan has a V.C. for the Boer War. "We never knew that he was in it; he must have been just a boy," they say.

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CRICKET.

The cricket season opened rather badly for the N.H.S., but now we are in the middle of it better results can be expected. Maitland so far has been victorious, still we hope to assert ourselves once more. Our captain, W—R—, has not been playing up to his usual form, especially with the bat; also several Maitlanders would sooner face the bowling of the dreaded L—J—. M—D— of the second year has proved to be as useful as anybody in the team—his batting, bowling and fielding being excellent.

Three one-innings matches have been played, all of which we have lost: At Newcastle, 87—68, 114—113. At Maitland, 178—50. A competition between this school and M.H.S. (first eleven only) has been arranged, the winner to receive a framed acknowledgement of their success. The above matches will not affect our chance, since last Friday's game commenced the competition. Batting first we compiled 132 runs while Maitland scored 83. Although we have a good chance our opponents may pull up and defeat us in the second innings as this is a two days' match.

Under the skippership of G. Scott and H. Walker, the Second Eleven has been giving a good account of itself. Out of four matches we have been victorious in three and were only defeated when playing against a combination of the First and Second Elevens.

SWIMMING.

Many ex students of this school of rather pessimistic tendencies lament the decline of sport at "the old school." In this branch of sport at least we have some very promising fellow students. K—M— (third in championship of school at last Carnival) is seriously thinking of challenging Duke Kahanamoku when he visits Sydney. The Duke swam in "Dead Water" at Hawaii and perhaps will not be up to our N.H.S. representative's form.

Our able instructor, Mr. Hallett, wished to form a Life Saving Class but owing to counter attractions (cricket etc.) it was not possible. Some students here have their Life Saving Certificates, but every swimmer should have a try for at least the most elementary one.

Competitors for the Annual Carnival should soon begin to practice seriously. It is greatly to be pitied that the school (i.e., non-swimmers) does not take much interest in this function. In comparison with the sports, the swimming carnival is rather poorly attended.

Girls' Sports.

Friday afternoons are taken up with tennis and swimming. As yet we have not brought to light any Fanny Duraok, but the club has some most enthusiastic members.

Our tennis for some little time has not been on a high plane. This is largely due to want of practice. Our lower court has been destroyed, so that we have at present but one court for the whole school. This is totally inadequate. Since last issue of the "Novocastrin" we have had two matches with West Maitland High School. On both occasions we were very badly beaten, the Maitland girls being quite top notchers compared with our representatives. The rest during the holidays will refresh us in mind and body, and then Maitland, beware

FORM REPORTS.

4th FORM.

The far-famed 4th Year has been in a very disorganised state of late owing to the extraordinary desire of certain persons to "fag." Such a phenomena required thorough investigation, with the result that the world-renowned detective who nestles in the bosom of our class was set to solve the mystery. He reports that it is due to the approach of some mighty disaster, which is vulgarly known as "a 1 exam." We are all eagerly awaiting this, which is to arrive, we are assured, on Monday.

During the quarter J. C. Watt deserted the sinking ship, and his present whereabouts are completely unknown to us. This will provide the school historian with an opportunity of pushing his researches for which he has already become so famous.

One of the ex-members of the class is at the present time "rocked in the cradle of the deep," and is probably experiencing the delights of being washed out of bed at 1 o'clock (parlour, 2 bells) by an extra big sea.

A debate was held unexpectedly during the visit of the inspectors, with the result that "owing to the inherent fickleness of minds of the plebs" (to use Livy's expressive phrase) a former decision was reversed, to the great detriment of the School.

The valiant Richard Howard is already struggling against one exam., and so far seems to be getting the better of it. Perhaps this is due to the charming company which he enjoys during his fight (for fuller particulars apply to Richard in person).

Well, with three cheerers for the dauntless three who are coming to school till the bitter end, and are going to prevent 4th year from being "wiped out of existence, I shall close this epistle, hoping that Pa and Ma and Baby are quite well.

Yours truly,

WHATS-HIS-NAME ?

FORM III.

Each action has an equal and opposite reaction. Mr. Heatley, in six months, could not impress this fact upon us as clearly as did our half-yearly. The latter came as a shock to most of our numbers, but some were quite prepared for it. During the heat of the engagement no after effects were felt by the aforesaid members but now the reaction has set in, as is shown by their non-attendance. Perhaps they are also too modest to receive their papers with 23% (top marks).

The lot of the student is indeed hard. One week we had to lament the loss of our dearly beloved Frois—the next week the fate of so many of us was decided and, according to reports of the teachers, our class runs the risk of being further diminished, as below 50% is not a pass! Several of our late companions, before they left, tantalised us with a fourteen weeks holidays—till the opening of the Training College—but the laugh is now on our side, since they have been appointed to different schools as practice teachers.

PUBLIC SERVICE.

The Examination, which we were all looking forward to, has now passed, and now we are looking forward to the next one in May. We tried to uphold our reputation for "fagging," but our deputations to return to work, was contemptuously ignored. We now comprise the band of "outcasts." It being too hot to play cricket, and there being no shady places to play cards, we took up our abode in room 6. The "professional police" raided our den, and our "materials" were stolen. We still continue to be the "outcasts" but our grievances cannot be enumerated in so small a space.

P.S. The "outcasts," however, have been cordially invited to be present at the Newcastle High School on Monday afternoon, to greet the High Commissioner for Australia.

FORM IIA

Dear Mr. Editor,—In your last issue we mentioned the Intermediate Certificate Exam., and now we are pleased to say that it is all over. We have little to complain about on the whole, but we must remark that the French was "Dutch" to most of us, and the less said about Physics the better. So much for the exam. We have now settled down to a well earned rest.

School days during the past term have been uneventful, the monotony only being broken at intervals by the cheerfulness of our dear friends, Mac and Sweetie.

A Glee Club has been inaugurated in the class, and the leader considers that he has some very promising material to work on. Sweetie, of course takes the principal part, his instrument being a melodious (?) gilt cithara. Mac of "The Force," comes next with "agony pipes." The above performers have had several rehearsals during the lunch hour, but apparently Newcastle schoolboys do not appreciate classical music while they are so busily engaged. The minstrels consequently have met with a mixed reception and find it necessary to take up their stand at a considerable distance from the school.

Several amusing statements have been put on paper during class exams. by unconscious humorists. We are pleased to learn from these that Caesar was captivated by the first flatterer "who spread his neck" (?) And that Ligarius chose a time "to become a woman."

We are now making preparations to welcome Sir George Reid, who is honouring the Newcastle High School with a short visit. It was necessary to rig up the flag pole and in so doing the principle of the lever was practically demonstrated by the teachers who assisted.

It is now time to close, so wishing you and the rest of the staff a Merry Christmas and a jolly holiday.

We are etc.,

The old original IIA.

FORM IIB

The last report of the old year and how tired we are! Under the circumstances it seems impossible to do ourselves justice. Just think of it, three and a half days of examination! And what a fright some of the papers gave us. History papers were to be handed up in four separate bundles. Alas, some of us did not have four bundles. We passed up what we had, forgetting that Angustus ever lived or that Cernesert was a fairly important personage in his own day.

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But thank goodness! examinations have some use after all. Our teachers consider we have acquired all the information necessary for a distinguished career in life, and so refuse to teach us any further. We are now resting after our great exertions. May examinations be few and far between, is the earnest prayer of IIB, and may holidays come often and continue long.

FORM IIC.

Form IIC has always been famous for its hard work. In spite of this some of our information was very badly digested, and if the examiners are not down with brain fever, it will not be that of IIC. What silly questions examiners do ask! A carpenter pulls a nail with a claw hammer and he doesn't worry why he manages much better than if he had used his fingers. Why then should poor defenceless Intermediate Candidates use up their energy in answering the question.

The papers on the whole were wearying. The English and French papers were the only cases in a barren Sahara.

We consider that we have earned a good holiday and the one who mentions work is threatened with a liberal supply from the water-tap.

FORM IID.

IID have always had a reputation for brains and a kind Department has just given us an opportunity to set forth our brilliancy. I wonder how the parables will tickle the ears of the examiners. It is currently reported that one of our members wrote about a young Jackass. How representative of our class! Still we all expect IID to lead the way in the examination results. We feel that our teachers have never valued us at our true worth, but, now that we have independent examiners we are certain that our genius will be appreciated.

T. Cadell, our athletic representative, is going to uphold the honour of the class at the High School Sports Meeting in Sydney. We wish him every success. Good-bye to work, and hip-hip-hurrah for a jolly good holiday.

FORM IA.

Eminent critics predict a great future for IA. There are some whose pristine and brilliant qualities point to careers of great men, as Sol Green and Jerry Jerome, and it is safe to say that even Billy Ward's fame will be excelled by some of our numbers who have the pernicious habit of laughing at their own jokes.

A little admonition in this respect to some of our beloved mentors might serve its purpose.

From this it behoves us to exclude our trusty henchmen, "Soap and Squib" who effervesce with "Wise saws and modern instances," and "Poky Lauder," who does get off one funny joke for every five attempted.

We have this quarter committed breaches of the by-laws and other awards, by working long after closing time. We have consumed much of the midnight snowflake, in wading through the pages of material that will not be much assistance to those of us who, in after life, follow the callings of the great men already mentioned. Imagine Jerry Jerome trying to evade straight leads to his "pelvis."

We have covered some ground, and in Latin have already "towelled Messrs. Scott and Jones up the whiskers." In English we have dragged old Henry V. from his grave and next term we hope to learn something of fighting and love-making from this distinguished gentleman.

In Australian History we have learned how the blacks fought the goannas in sandholes and came out without a scratch, and how many "travellers" gave up the task of crossing the Blue Mountains because there were no houses along the roads, where they could beg a "bit of tucker."

We are weary, and we thank the wise administrators of the Education Department for their wisdom in setting apart six weeks to allow us to recuperate and mingle with our kin and fellow men free from the cares of watchful eyes and detention lists.

FORM IB.

The members of "IB" are slowly getting over their surprises which have arisen from the results of the yearly examination. Latin proved a failure to most of us, but on the whole (five subjects already received) we have done excellently, especially in French, thanks to our only lady teacher, who gets on very well with us. But, alas! we are about to lose her, we all join in wishing such an excellent teacher "Good Luck."

Since the yearly examination we are putting more energy into our work, and are paying attention and do everything we are told. What? You don't believe us? Ask any one of our teachers, and listen well to what he tells you.

Even if we are not the best division of the first year, we have in our section a coming Artist and Poet, who can draw anything from a dog to a human being. He even composes poetry about our professors. Of course, if you can't scan it, you have to appeal to your friend, who will demonstrate to you that he does not write "Iambic" or "Blank Verse," but he uses a method of his own.

As well as a poet we possess a fine band, conducted by S.S. with "Max" second in command. Indeed they are real good at the game by this.

As regards sports, "IB" is at the head of the first year classes—the girls' half anyhow. The boys, unlike the girls, spend most of their time in reading French Authors, Latin Grammars, and English Text Books, and thus it is that the boys of "IB" are by far intellectually superior to the girls.

In closing, we wish all of the other sections in first year, success and promotion into second year. May they have a pleasant holiday.

FORM IC.

The time has again arrived for us to give the report of the 'eads of the 1st year, namely, the IC-ites. If anybody dare dispute our right to this title we only point them out to "Dad" and "Mum," and they instantly acknowledge that they were in the wrong.

"Stay and rest thy weary head upon this breast."

After a tedious examination the students of IC (especially T—B—) wish that these words of wisdom should be taken, chewed and digested by one or two of our teachers.

It was announced in our last report that we had lost "our favourite joke-cracker." But we have found a better one in the person of W—B—, who is always ready with his humor.

Several IC boys have been eagerly awaiting engagements to help Bert Bailey to produce "On Our Selection," but they were disappointed. We have several budding players—W— thinking himself A. I. in the role of "Mum"; W— J—, who wishes to fight Bert Bailey and others for the position of "Dad"; "Old Polly" (R.P.) is excellent as "Sarah," while R— B— takes the cake as "Kate."

The girls prided themselves in beating the boys in last exam, but they are being beaten in this exam. There is one thing in which they excel, that is talking.

So on the floor lay Loky dead,
And round lay thickly strewn
Prawns, fish and nice red lobsters,
Which all the 'eads had idly thrown at Loky.

THE IC 'EADS.

FORM ID.

ID, as usual, is still forging ahead. It possesses most of the brilliant scholars of the First Year. We are said to be the pride of it. All have worked to get into Second Year, but when the results came out they caused consternation among the members of ID. One of the champions of this Form is Miss D— C—, who nearly knocked our intimate friend "Scotchie" into the holidays because he came first in Latin. Some of the teachers regard us as lightning calculators and walking dictionaries combined. In our lessons there are many interesting parts—which are those that are left out. We all wish to be one of those to go into 2nd Year, so as to get the fortnight extra holiday after the Intermediate Exam.

We are etc.

FORM CI.

Now that the terrifying ordeal—namely, the Yearly Examination has passed, we hope soon to be enjoying our Christmas vacation. Our famous class, however, is fast diminishing, two or three having left, while others are seriously considering the matter.

We have here an extract of one of "Miffs" famous experiences—

The noble "Miff" stood on the floor;
The sentence had been passed—
One hour on Friday was the law,
And he in Room 1 was cast.

To him it was a mystery,
The hour it seemed a day;
He was thinking of the history,
For which he had to pay.

He then gazed wistfully at the door,
So near and yet so far,
And then he wished the ancient lore,
P P

Miff is indeed the "Rep" of our class, and we are no doubt proud to own him.

We hope to be back after the Vacation securing promotion and new honors. Wishing all Second Year candidates success in the "Intermediate Exam," we are for ever the C "Reps."

FORM CII.

Mr. Editor,

Dear Sir,—The exam, being over every boy member of CII has decided to spend their holidays with R— F— at Lake Macquarie. He has been kind enough to promise us a good good time with his motor launch, S.S. "Never-budge," which is fitted with the famous Union Engines, of which we read so much.

We regret the absence of F... H... from amongst us, but he has gone to help keep his country's name up.

As space is limited we must say "little" in praise of the fairer sex, not forgetting the famous talking machine, patented 1910 and still finding a ready sale on the market. Another member of our form, "Dream," has taken to gunnery as a profession, but is rather a bad hand at the game.

Yours faithfully,

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School Notes.

The Intermediate Certificate has come and gone. All luck to the candidates who have been through the ordeal. One budding aspirant for the certificate was heard to describe Room 7 as a "Death's Hole"; this looks ominous.

At time of going to press the Leaving Certificate Exam. is still continuing. The famous "Ten" are working hard and we all hope that University Exhibitions and T.C. Scholarships will crown their efforts.

Our famous Public Service Class, too, has had to face the school boy's f.e.—examination. They are certain to do well, but how will the school serve without the melodious voice of our "Peter?"

The Probs. too, have had to take their gruel and are now busily engaged in teaching mental gymnastics to the young idea.

A number of the pupils of N.H.S. sat for the Theory Examination of the Incorporated Phonographic Society of Australia. They obtained the following marks:—Florrie Lutz, 81 p.c.; Charles Brice, 80; Hunter Smith, 73; Esmond Kirk, 70; S. Smallman, 69; H. Brown, 55; P. Jordan, 55; G. Thorley, 54. This speaks well for Mr. Brown and the Commercial Classes.

Taking all examinations into consideration, there have been over 130 candidates during the past three months. This will give some little idea of the development of the school.

Heard during CI English lesson:—"Tell me what you can about Sir John Falstaff?" Bright Pupil:—"Sir John Falstaff was the wife of— The remaining portion of the answer was lost owing to the frivolity of the class.

From the Science Exam:—"Soft soap is used by women to wash their hands; men use hard soap—it is not so strong as soft soap."

From the Geometry Answers:—"Quodra adum surdum." "Proof by supposition." This was proved by reducing it to ridicule.

From the History Answers:—"Wentworth was born in 1794, and stopped there some time."

"Alexander's army consisted of cavalry, guards, infantry, military monarchy, and other "troops."

"Alexander marched an army into Phalanx." "His mother died at the age of three years."

Our congratulations to Miss Flynn, Mr. Gibson and Mr. Harris, on their approaching matrimonial venture.

Our best thanks are due to Mr. Solomon, who devoted two prizes for competition among High School Pupils, in connection with last issue of the "Novocastrian."

The prizes were won by Evelyn Nicholls and George Scott.

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Parables from the Natural History of Geometry without Tears

"DON'T OVERWORK."—C. 2, Chap. I., Verse I.

Once there were three examiners: a big examiner, a middle-sized examiner, and a small examiner. The big examiner set big propositions, the middle-sized examiner set middle-sized propositions, and the little examiner set little propositions. One day the big examiner said, in his big voice, "Let us set to work." And similarly for the other two terms. Then the big examiner, on his big blackboard, wrote a big enunciation, and the other two made epic repetitions like Arnold in "Balder Dead." Then said the big examiner, in his corresponding big voice, "This proposition is too easy," and the others joined in the chorus like members of the Glee Club. Then said the big examiner, "Let us go and worry Second Year." And it was carried unanimously. While they were worrying Second Year, in came little Proposition VI., and she looked at the big enunciation on the big board and said she had the toothache. And she looked at the middle-sized proposition in the middle-sized blackboard, and said she had been absent when it was set. And she looked at the third enunciation and said "I think I can guess this one," and then she superposed herself on the blackboard. And the three examiners came back, and the first two make cursory remarks, and the little examiner said, "Here is a proposition VI., which is absurd." So the three examiners eliminated her with a duster.

And just as she was reduced almost to a minus quantity, she said to a big, mild, fat circle who was described near her, "Dear Circle, will you look after my little corollaries for me? No one else will, unless they're made compulsory; I fell quite Q.E.D.—almost done."

"Dear, dear," said the Circle, "what do I know about corollaries? I wish someone would give me a straight tip about them. I'll ask the Pencil who goes all through the book for a lark." So she asked him. He could not remember, but he promised to inquire. Next time she saw him he said "I have some remarkable news for you." "Oh, do tell me." "Well," he said, "hold your diameter, for it is really very surprising; but many corollaries, if you work them out, come out as circles." "Oh," said the Circle, "I'm sure that is a hyperbole; their mother was a pure-bred Alexandrian proposition. It cannot be true." "Yes," answered the Pencil, "and there is more still." "Oh, do be quick," said the Circle, in an almost gatty voice, "you are so blunt-sometimes." "Well," answered the Pencil, "I am not a commercial pencil, so I don't speak Short-hand. But one day you will be a proposition yourself." "No, no," said the Circle, "you are trying to square me." But it was true; one day her diameter was produced and her transverse tangents appeared, and through the air she floated, a beautiful proposition, for above the heads of all the pupils.

—H.D.

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"THE TEST MATCH."

("By "Also Ran.")

As the fateful day drew near, excitement waxed great. It was rumoured that the Masters at practice had discovered several "dark horses" (most of these later turned out almost invisible). Naturally Mr. Harvey had them well drilled in the conversational method; quite a number of the team seemed very good at conversation. Being a Friday, they all had to learn the following song:—

In us you see a company,
Devoied all to bat and ball.
Just watch us bat,
Now here us hawl,
We're a champion team for things like that.

In summer-time's delightful air,
When the grass is green and our form is fair,
We find that life has a real elixir,
In an easy ball and a well-hit sixer.
But nothing can equal our deep despair,
When we've made a duck and fear a pair,
And the bowler sends us a regular mixer,
We wave the bat, but the darned thing tricks her.

But just at present
Things are so pleasant,
We hope to bat
So well, our hat
We'll have to raise to the company,
Applauding a graceful century.

At this point the team practiced hat-raising (few of them needed it later).

Naturally, Mr. Harvey won the toss. No one manipulates the gentle threepence better. He carefully inspected the wicket and the sky and thought of his team's fielding, and decided to bat. As he and Mr. Walker went to the wickets, a hush came over the field, except where Emily de Vere of C2 kept going like the brook in the poem. It was a splendid day for cricket; the sky looked as though it had just been done with Brilliantshine, and the ground was as even as a master's temper—or perhaps, it would be better to

say, it was as flat as his jokes. (Just because he fluked 24, the Editor insisted on my writing a full report. I'm bothered if I get up to my own innings, anyhow). Contrary to general expectations, the runs came most freely from Mr. Walker's bat, so freely and gracefully at first that someone murmured 1820. But only the second digit was wanted, and L. Chippendall was responsible for his seeking the sympathy of his colleagues on the boundary. Mr. Gibson has cut out everything about his innings, and it was the best part of my article too, and very appropriate for a Christmas number. Then came Mr. Hayes, and the two "Hamilton Horrors" were now together (that name is due to the third girl from the left of the second row in the pavilion). The styles of the two artists were in marked contrast; Mr. Harvey in his hitting observed all the classical unities (action—straight; place—boundary; time—often). Mr. Hayes displayed a romantic dash and variety. If there had been any aeroplanes over the ground, he might have caused a horrible accident. As it was he gave one of the planets the fright of its life. His principal fault was in hitting one or two balls straight along the ground. Probably it was sheer absence of mind that caused it. The rumour that he bribed all the boys not to catch him is officially contradicted, but it is hard to think of any other explanation. However, even his luck has its limits, and he departed for 24, probably wondering how he did it. Mr. Henderson made a faultless three and then made a mistake with a straight one, or perhaps it broke—if he had known which he might have played it. Wickets now fell as fast as the holidays go, but the scores were as short as the time for an Intermediate French paper. But Mr. Harvey was going like the square root of two, or the rules of the French subjunctive, or any other of these monotonous unending things. Finally, after wearing out the scorers' two pencils, he was stumped. He made 137, and the total was 190. It should be mentioned that Mr. Scouler (muttering under his breath "amaham, amahas, amahat"—said to be an old Indian charm for good luck) scored a vicious four, which only Messrs. Harvey, Walker and Hayes had done.

I am not going to say much about the other side's innings. They made 285 for 4 wickets (Howard, 64; L. Chippendall, 55; Rushton (retired) 41; C. Scott (retired) 42; M. Downie (not out) 50; L. Jones (not out) 23. But there was no style about it. They just scored and kept scoring. They certainly placed their catches well. None of them came near me or Mr. Harvey, but apart from that, it was just runs and runs and runs. I soon became tired of it myself.

By the way, it is said that Mr. Hayes and Mr. Harvey are going to sing the following duet at the breaking-up:—

Mr. H.—'Twixt no two amateurs alive,
Are cricket critics so divided.

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Mr. H-y.—In that great match, they said, no drive
Was e'er so good as those that I did.

Mr. H-s.—I drove a ball once o'er the bound.,
So far the thing was never found
(A little boy had hid it).

Mr. H-y.—And I once laid the wood on hard,
And splintered palings round the sword
('Twas with an axe I did it).

Together—I'm sure that I agree
You are as good as good can be
(Nearly—not quite—as good as me).

Mr. H-s.—I will not boast about my luck,
But never yet have I made a duck.

Mr. H-y.—And I once hit the six-fold leather,
Right from Glebe to Merewether.

Together—I'm sure that I agree,
You fib as bad as bad can be
(Nearly—not quite—as bad as me).

The charge will be 6d to go out.

P.S.—If you want to know who I am, I will tell you this—Double my score,
add 5, multiply by 5, subtract 25, and divide by 10, and that is how
many runs I made.

Reasonably Secure.

In St. Paul's, London, one day a Yankee traveller was being shown round
by a guide. "That, sir," said the guide, "is the tomb of the greatest naval
ero the world ever knew—Lord Nelson. This marble sarcophagus weighs forty-
two tons. Hinside that is a steel receptacle weighing twelve tons, and hinside
that is a leaden casket, ermetically sealed. Hinside that is the mahogany
coffin 'olding the ashes of the great 'ero."
"Wa'al," said the Yankee, "I guess you've got him. If he ever gets out of
that, wire me at my expense."

He : "I dreamt last night that you mother was ill."
She : "Brute ! I heard you laugh in your sleep."

The Last Straw.

"Well, gents," said the school caretaker, "I'm honest, and I won't stand
being suspected. If I find anything about the school when I'm sweeping I
always return it. Every now and again someone, who is too cowardly to face
me, gives me a slur. Why a little while ago I read on the blackboard : 'Find
the least common multiple.' Well, I looked all over the school for it ; but I
shouldn't know it if I had met it in the street. Last night, in big writing on
the blackboard, it said : 'Find the greatest common divisor.' Well, I says to
myself, both of them things are lost now, and I'll be accused of steain' 'em, so
I'll quit !

Xmas Time

AT

WINN'S

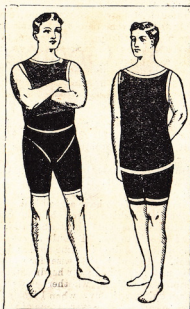
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Visit of Sir George Reid.

Monday, December 1st, 1913, was a red-letter day in the history of Newcastle High School, for on that day Sir George Reid, High Commissioner for Australia, paid us a visit. In a few appropriate words the Headmaster welcomed our distinguished visitor, and after the captain of the school (Dick Howard) had presented him with an illuminated address from the pupils, Sir George rose to say a few words to the students. He said—

"The first thing I want to do is to have a good look at you. A great statesman, Lord Roseberry, who visited this country about 30 years ago, told me that he wanted to know as much as he could about Australia, in the short time he was going to be here, and he said to me, "I would like to go and see the children in your Public Schools. I want to drop in some day, and see them just as they are every day in the week." I think he was wise, for you are the Australians of the future. I am of the past, and when your headmaster said I was one of the greatest men of the Empire, I wondered whether he was making any personal allusion to my size. I am dying with envy when I look at you, because when I walk about I have a load to carry. However, some of you boys, and perhaps I may say girls, may in years to come, be even bigger than I am. Now I wonder whether it occurs to you what a lucky thing it is to be born in Australia? You are all busy playing every moment that you can. I don't know whether you ever play the wag. Do you remember this, that it is a lucky thing to find yourselves alive in Australia. Why? Because, in the first place, it is the healthiest country in the world. That was something. The number of people who die, per 1000, is less than any country in the world. It is a country in which you can enjoy going out in the open air. In some other countries they are half the year buried in snow, while in others the heat is so great as to be almost unendurable. Here you have a climate in which you can enjoy yourselves. It is a climate in which you can get hungry easily. In some countries children get hungry, but their parents have no food for them. How would you like to get a square meal once a week? Young Australians get comfortable homes, good food, and a glorious climate. Do you ever think what you owe to your mother and father? A nice home, regular meals, everything on the cheap. Where do you get all these things from? From your father and mother. The debts you owe are all due to your father and mother, and there is one way you can pay them without putting your hands in your pocket. You can be polite. You can show your desire to enjoy their society, and tell them the things which happened outside. You see some boys and girls at picnics, and other places who talk to strangers, and keep all their manners for outsiders, and people say what polite boys and girls they are. This is sham politeness. Real politeness is like the light of the sun which radiates from the centre. Let your politeness radiate from the home.

Some of you are trying to learn as much as you can; others are trying how little they can learn. Some look upon school as an awful nuisance. Remember that as you work in this High School so you make a comfortable home for yourselves. This is a race. You know how you strive to win the prize for a race, no matter how small the value of the prize may be. You are engaged in a race, a battle. The race of success, the battle of life. Each one is trying to get on in the world. Now is your time while you are young. There is money in it. I



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advise you to have any amount of play. If you were to work too hard you would tire your brains. Is there anyone here who is likely to overwork at school if so I would like to shake hands with him? There are two ways of working, just as there are two ways of reading. I remember a youngster of mine who, when he was two or three years of age, used to climb up into my bed when I was reading the newspaper, and he would also read the paper; but he read it upside down. There are many grown people who read their paper upside down. They do not care to spend their time on detail. When you are at work, put your mind on it. Train your mental eyes to see the lessons you get. One of the grand things about the mind is the more you cultivate it, the richer it becomes. When you take pride in your lessons, your mind soon becomes wealthy.

You not only have a grand country here, but you belong to a grand Empire. When the aboriginal natives had this country they had a grand country, but they had not a grand breed. You come from a grand breed, from a race that has spread itself all over the world, and the British race has shown itself to be one which is engaged in making the world brighter, and better. You would have become I do not know what, but for the British flag. With the British flag hoisted over this country there is no combination of nations which would have the pluck to attack it. They would soon make short work of us here but for that flag. Some day we will make our strength so great that we can defend ourselves; but when we are strong enough for that, we must not forget what we owe to the mother country. Other nations might then say Australia and Canada are now by themselves, we will whack the old country out; but there is something in breed and history, and they will find that we will join and protect our mother country.

The heads of this country (whose portraits I see hanging on the wall) were out in Australia, and they got such a good idea about Australia, that she has no better friends than she has on the throne of England to-day.

I could not go to a High School or University because I had to work at 13 years of age, but I always said that when I grew up I'd try to give the young people a better time than I have had. When the time came I took the sixth office in the ministry for that purpose. I established schools, the evening university, and state system of education. There are to-day 3000 boys in the high schools, 16,000 in the technical schools, and hundreds in the classes of the university. I did it all in twelve months, and it was a good job I did, for I was kicked out the next year."

A hearty vote of thanks was accorded Sir George for his address. After three rousing cheers for the King had been given, our visitor set out to interview the pupils of Cook's Hill Superior Public School.

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