

Prince Alfred College

CHRONICLE.

VOL. II.—No. 7.]

ADELAIDE : OCT. 12, 1885.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

EDITORIAL.

MUCH has been said of late years upon the necessity of boys taking proper physical exercise. Wherefore various institutions have been formed in our schools to encourage the systematic training of the bodily powers, and, at the same time, as a means of amusement and recreation. But this must not be deemed of more importance than mental culture. There was a time when might was right, and when men were valued according to their physical powers, when he was accounted noblest who could draw the longest bow and count the greatest number slain in battle. But such a state of society has for ever passed; and now the human mind is rightly acknowledged to be a far mightier power than the body, and it therefore demands our first and most earnest consideration.

It is a common saying, that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and it might also be added a sickly boy. Now there is a class of school-boys, most diligent seekers after knowledge, who spend the play hours poring over their books, taking little or no vigorous exercise. These are feeding their minds at the expense of their bodies, and on such the necessity of taking part in some healthful pastimes

needs to be urged. The human frame requires a considerable amount of exercise in order to be preserved in a healthy condition; and if we deny it this the consequence will most probably be the loss of strength. And what a loss is that! It should also be remembered that physical vigour adds great force to a man's character and renders him, too, a much more useful member of society. Moreover, a little recreation gives rest to the mental faculties, and enables one to return to work with a clear head and renewed energy. But again there are others who appear to take as their motto all play and no work. What the result of acting upon this principle may be, we are not told; but we make bold to say that its consequences are even more serious than those mentioned above. On these must be impressed the need of mental culture, of learning to acquire independence of thought and action.

Many are inclined to think that their education is finished when they leave school and they throw aside books altogether. Rather should they consider this as the starting point from which afterwards to drink deeper at the spring of knowledge. A rich and precious field of literature is at the disposal and within the reach of all; and from it may be

obtained information on almost any subject, and pleasure infinitely more substantial than derived from frivolous enjoyments and wasted opportunities.

"OUR UNIVERSITY FRIENDS."

(BY ONE OF THEM.)

No. 7.—*Two Post-mortems.*

"Bring out your blades, bandages, and blood-holding can,

The proper study of man-kind is man."

(*The Spanish Student.*)—Medical.

The biggest sceptic on earth would admit that the wicked old powder-magazine has been converted into a DISSECTING ROOM. Yes, and now six saucy saw-bones (an irreverent dog styles them "Powder-monkeys," but they are more cheerfully known as "Post-mortems") may be seen doing deeds of butchery five days a week. In these days of civilization too! Their blood be upon their own heads. A casual visitor to this den of cut-throats could not fail to be struck by the appearance (and p'raps by the fists) of the two ring-leaders. They are, I blush to write it, both old scholars of peaceful P.A.C. The smaller of the two rejoices in the premature title of "Doctor." Those small fry, who made such a barbaric row the day we lost to the "Prince Alfred's," have cause to remember "Doctor's" skill at football. A brownish pair of "nickers" that show the effects of time and busters are also evidence of his training. Like most school boys, "Doctor" is young, headstrong, generally *en deshabille*, always very disorderly, and a giver of nasty jars. I speak from bitter experience, for to row and rubs he treats friend and foe equally. Very gullible is he, yet you couldn't stuff him that he hasn't genius. No, his trumpeter is not

dead. He is the sole patentee of a laugh for it baffles all imitation and description, so to know it you must hear it. It's a sight to see him rush down to the tennis-court (N.B.—Subscriptions to defray expenses of same are thankfully received by Treasurer "Box") armed with chemistry note-books. After jarring the players' feelings by his noisy and uncomplimentary salutation, he seats himself on the lap of mother earth, opens one book and regards its inside frowningly—for one minute only—then bawls out "Well-played, Gairey; good again, Goldy." After studying earnestly for half-a-minute longer, the voice of "Doctor" is again heard to disadvantage "Fault! go on, it *was*. Ah! Cheats never prosper." Another minute's hard work at chemistry and the irrepressible remarks "What play! Dont talk to me; I'm studying!" Amid such scenes as these the whole afternoon passes. Total real work done by "Doctor"—0. But "they laugh who win" and as "Doctor" never plays tennis, of course he never loses thereat, consequently the laugh is never turned against him. Happy mortal! Despite these eccentricities of genius, our subject is really a companionable little chap, mirth-provoking to a fault, deliciously green, a rigid anti-tobacconist and a staunch teetotaler. If his falsetto voice were "just a leetle bit" less high than one of his upright collars, and if his nature were a trifle more infused with the milk of human kindness, he would be a student of the first water. By this I *don't* mean to say he would be a shallow student. Should he successfully "rag through" his M.B. exams. (but who would bet on it?) he will degenerate into a fussy little doctor, a man who can tell you what, whereabouts, and why your ailment is, and all about it before you know that you are not well.

And if at some future date, dear reader, you feel a desire to die, by all means send for the "Doctor," and that same day from your death-bed he will

"Take his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow."

"*Post-mortem No. 2*" is one of the few favoured fellows who have no enemies and therefore no nasty nick-names. 'Tis true that at school he answered to the name of "Mag" and still responds to the call of "Garey," but neither of these is "an eke name." A steady worker he, without deserving the nick-name "Stewpot," a lover of manly sports, without being a time-wasting enthusiast therein. Indeed, of late years, as the ills that solid flesh is heir to have in turn afflicted him, he has gradually abjured field exercises wherein he shone conspicuously. Lawn-tennis is an exception, for he is our champion "tennis'un" and, like the brook, he will doubtless go on for ever beating his opponents. Time after time have the "arts" laboured and striven to wrest the palm of victory from the "Post-mortems," and time after time have their efforts been nullified by the redoubtable "Garey." Solid and good-all-round in person and character, he is a fellow of considerable weight, physically and morally, and among non-smoking and non-imbibing undergraduates (the "Greek Adverb" is *not* one) he is deservedly popular. A generous rival, the anapathetic one, he would prefer to be beaten by an opponent worthy of his steel, than to win by a doubtful "vantage." But like most tennis-players he has his "faults," though they are not criminal. For example, he hasn't any sympathy for the weaknesses of this wicked world, and so he is somewhat cynical. Not that a contempt for "mashers" and love-sick maidens—for "Garey" is as deaf to the appeals of

fashion and the fair sex as your hermit—is unworthy of him, but an excess of this sort of thing tends to make a man heartless, cold-blooded, and regardless of what Grundy's spouse may say. Of course, I know, these qualities go to make up our average doctor; all the same I warn "Garey" to mind his P's and Q's, or else one of these fine days he will go administering a dose of prussic acid ($\text{Fe C}_6 \text{N}_6 \text{K}_4$) to some sick person, and, subsequently finding out his mistake, will remark with that peculiar shrug of shoulders and apologetic half-laugh that he affects, that he was afraid he had made a clerical error. That he was rather sorry the affair had occurred, but as it was no use crying over a corpse, he would take poetical license and proceed to dissect the deceased in question for the edification of the noses of medical students. Furthermore, although "Box" is too inquisitive, "Garey" is not enough so. He strictly minds his own business, and leaves others to mind theirs. If the latter did so, well and good, but as there are such young and inexperienced creatures as "The Infant," "The Innocent Abroad," and "The Doctor" in our midst, "Garey" might with advantage inflict some parental care and castigation on them. Considering that he is such an open-handed fellow it's rather surprising he hasn't gone in for the latter before now. But there is still time. Again, when a good joke is "raconteured" to "Garey" (a rare occurrence in the 'Varsity) he exhibits idiosyncrasies that are blameable. Imprimis, he plants his hands in his grey coat pockets, screws up his mouth, eyes, and shoulders, stares at the would-be joker for five minutes, then suddenly as the light of understanding illumines his intellect and he sees the point, his eyes sparkle, his cheeks dimple, his mouth

opens, and he gives vent to a semi-quaver sort of piping guffaw, as who should say, "It's not really funny, you know, but for the life of me I can't help laughing." With a little more energy, and a lot less inertia, "Garey" will be the doctor *par excellence* in South Australia. You don't say so?

(To be Continued.)

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE SEA.

Ye mighty waters, how ye stir my soul
To thoughts divine and contemplations deep!
The boundless waste beyond man's weak control
Suggests the Infinite who us doth keep.

When peacefully at rest the billows sleep,
And gently kiss the sands upon the shore,
Then timidly retiring to the deep
Do vanish, and are seen to rise no more;
When softly blows the zephyr in the sail,
And calmly rests the boat upon the wave,
My thoughts are wafted heavenward, and they
 hail

A glimpse of that bright land beyond the grave.
But now the hollow wind doth rise and moan,
And all the ocean wailing makes response,
As if t'were crying out 'gainst human wrong,
And warning men their evils to renounce.

The mighty breakers swell with foaming rage,
And dash their fury on the rock-bound coast,
Then send their spray aloft, as if to wage
Destructive warfare 'gainst the heavenly host.

But, baffled, they retire with gloomy frown,
And gather up their angry powers once more,
Then on the rocky coast come sweeping down,
As though to take by storm the eternal shore.

But He, who rules the waters by His word,
Hath here decreed their proud might shall be
 stayed;

And o'er the turmoil the command is heard
"Peace, peace, be still!" At once it is obeyed.

With sullen groans the angry waves recede,
The troubled waters calm their raging wild,
And peace doth reign supreme. So mankind, freed
From bondage and from sin, enjoys God's mercy
 mild.

J.N.R.

THE BREAKING UP.

At half-past two o'clock on Friday, September 25, the school assembled in the big room to give the third term of this year its *coup de grace*.

Mr. Bramley was with us on the last similar occasion, but had never seemed strong, and it was with little surprise that we learnt about five weeks ago that the doctors had ordered him back to England again. He had not worked here six months, and had felt feeble much of that time. We were sorry to lose him, for he was just beginning to know the boys and to understand how to manage them. He showed himself a scholar and a Christian gentleman in all he said or did, and we hope to hear he is better in health.

First the Head Master read the roll in the new school order. Four hundred and four it totalled, and nearly all in their places well and strong, though there have been several "bad colds" about during the term.

The "duces" of the forms are stated in the following list.

Sixth	Form	Burgess T. M.
Lower Sixth	"	Simpson A. E.
Fifth	"	Chapple F. J.
Lower Fifth	"	Bathurst H. C.
Upper Fourth	"	Dempster W. E.
Middle	"	Mugg E. B.
Lower	"	Darling J.
Upper Third	"	Sorrell F.
Middle	"	Dowie N.
Lower	"	Johnstone P. E.
Second	"	O'Donnell E. D.
Lower Second	"	Pustkuchen L. P.
First	"	Woodforde G.
Lower First	"	Addison H.

A few words of commendation were made *en passant*.

In the Sixth, Burgess retained his place easily, was first in every subject but German, there beaten by Fischer only.

In the Lower Sixth, Simpson kept the first place as he had done all the year, though Maegrath was quite close up to him. Verco had gained ground considerably, and Bollen did very well whenever present.

In the Fifth Form Chapple held the place he had had all the year, and Charlick, Wheatley, Walker, Wilkinson, and Fischer had made great strides forward.

In the Lower Fifth, Bathurst, promoted from the Upper Fourth at the beginning of the term, had mounted to the top, while Allen had risen many places. Salter, Wilson, and Braund kept well in front still.

In the Upper Fourth, Dempster, introduced from the class below, had risen to the top, Levine running him close, and Bailey beating him on the examination list, with Hammer close behind.

In the Middle Fourth Martin had almost done the same thing, but Mugg and Hill had just proved too good for him. He was first, however, in the examinations, with Goldsworthy only one mark behind, and Combe quite close to that.

In the Lower Fourth Darling was first, but Hague and Lillecrapp headed the examination list, and Parsons, just promoted, had risen to be fourth.

In the Upper Third, Sorrell had mounted seventeen steps to the top, Jude keeping close behind him, while Sanders and Madge had beaten him in examinations.

In the Third Form Dowie, Crooks, Row, and Burnett had practically kept their places, while Barnard had risen thirteen places. Levine and Harris stood well on the examination lists.

In the Lower Third P. E. Johnstone

and Benda, coming from the Form below, had made their way in one term to the front. Cooper, Percival, and Edwards stood well in the examinations, too.

In the Second O'Donnell had done well, but Mason and Taplin had beaten him in the examinations, while Marshall and Basedow were quite close behind.

In the Lower Second Pustkuchen, Handyside, and Chapman had about kept their places, while Büring and Leschen were only a few marks off them in the examinations.

In the First Woodforde and Hughes had proved too good for Addison, Bailey, and Shepherd, who, however, were only a few marks behind.

In the Lower First Addison and Fuller kept first and second, though Shepherd surpassed them at the examinations, and Birks tied with Fuller.

There were words of censure spoken, too, but we don't tell tales out of school, so they must not be recorded; but with a hope they will not be deserved again, they shall be passed by. The list closed with just one cheer for the "wooden spoon," which made the Headmaster remark that that honoured individual had improved considerably in the term. His lateness accounted for much. He hoped, too, that no one would imagine he thought well of the top boys only. If anyone had worked honestly and steadily he had a feeling of satisfaction in his conscience which was worth more than anyone's praise; and increased power was the best reward; everyone could gain that, and it would help all the lifelong. He urged upon all regular, steady, and cheerful work, according to the strength, not learning by fits and starts, and to be driven to it.

LIST OF CERTIFICATES GAINED.

The Sixth	Form	4	or	5	of the class.
" Lower Sixth	"	8	"	'47	"
" Fifth	"	11	"	'35	"
" Lower Fifth	"	7	"	'24	"
" Upper Fourth	"	17	"	'49	"
" Middle	"	23	"	'66	"
" Lower	"	13	"	'39	"
" Upper Third	"	8	"	'23	"
" Middle	"	0	"		"
" Lower	"	7	"	'23	"
" Second	"	7	"	'19	"
" Lower second	"	20	"	'66	"
" First	"	20	"	'74	"
" Lower First	"	2	"	'14	"

So the First Form had secured the best results, the Lower Second and the Middle Fourth the next best. The Third Form had the worst place on the list, no boy in it earning a certificate. The Headmaster said such a thing had never occurred before and never should again.

He then wished all a pleasant holiday, hoped to see all punctually on Monday, October 5, refreshed and recruited, ready for the work of the most important term of the year.

THE ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS.

(BY OUR SPECIAL REPORTER.)

This event, the most important in P. A. C. athletic circle, took place on Saturday, September 12, with its customary *éclat*. The weather was most favourable, the day being warm and bright with scarcely a cloud visible. This event had been long looked forward to most eagerly by all the pupils of P. A. C.

Great credit is due to Mr. Sunter, whose indefatigable exertions, both on and previous to the day of the sports, tended greatly to their success, while the secretaries, Heath and Readhead, with their committee should not be forgotten.

Messrs. Martin and Jenkyns officiated as judges, and Mr. G. M. Ewan as starter. Punctually at two o'clock the bell was rung to announce the start of the first race. There was a large attendance of visitors, and the committee engaged a brass band, which aided in the amusement of the afternoon.

At the close of the proceedings the prizes were gracefully presented by Mrs. Chapple, who had kindly consented to distribute them on this occasion. Rev. R. M. Hunter, in apologising for the absence of the Rev. C. T. Newman, President of the College, proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Chapple which was heartily received. Our Head Master responded, and after the customary three cheers for the Queen, the ladies, and prize givers the proceedings closed.

The following is a list of the prize winners.

1. 150 yds. Handicap Flat Race, (1st event for College Cup).—P. Heath (scratch) 1, J. Darling (5 yds.) 2. In this race, as in all the others for the College Cup, Heath came *facile princeps*.

2. One Hundred Yards Handicap Flat Race.—F. Darling (3 yds.) 1, T. Pustkuchen (5 yds.) 2. This race was won in very good style by F. Darling, with Pustkuchen a good second.

3. Handicap Running High Jump.—R. P. A. von Bertouch (2 in.) 1, (4ft. 11 in.) N. Dowie (4 in.) 2, (4 ft. 8 in.) A very closely contested event. H. Dixon jumped the same height as von Bertouch, but the latter had 2 in. handicap.

4. One Hundred Yards Champion Race.—P. Heath 1, H. Dixon 2. Won easily.

5. One Hundred and Fifty Yards Medley Race.—N. Dowie (hopping) 1, R. Hill (hopping) 2, Muecke (running backwards) 3, Toms Bros. (pick-a-back) 4. This race caused some amusement, the manners of locomotion being most varied. Won by Dowie with Hill a close second, and Muecke not far behind.

6. One Hundred Yards Champion Race (under 15).—J. Darling 1, F. W. Trudgen 2, R. Wilson 3. A fine race, one of the most closely contested of the afternoon.

7. One Hundred and Fifty Yards Handicap Flat Race (second event College Cup). Heath 1, Dixon 2, Nicholson 3. Easily won by Heath, who was far and away too good for any of the other competitors in the College Cup Events.

8. One Hundred Yards Handicap Flat Race (boys under nine).—F. Gardiner (5 yds.) 1, J. Büring (3 yds.) 2. A very juvenile race, pretty closely contested. It created some little amusement.

9. Two Hundred and Twenty Yards Handicap Flat Race (run in heats).—A. Tilly (10 yds.) 1, E. A. Bailey (20 yds.) 2, Fowler (10 yds.) 3, Joyce (5 yds.) 4. An exciting race, there being thirty competitors. Tilly soon passed those who were more heavily handicapped than he and led to the finish.

10. One Hundred and Fifty Yards Handicap Flat Race (boys under 15, run in heats).—J. Darling (scratch) 1, Wheatley (5 yds.) 2, P. Stewart (2 yds.) 3, R. Wilson (scratch) 4. A closely contested race. Won in good style by Darling with Wheatley a close second.

11. One Hundred and Twenty Yards Handicap Old Scholars' Flat Race. Rhodes 1, Stephens 2. It was pleasant to see amongst us so many old and well-known faces. Our ex-champion ran a very good second.

12. Four Hundred and Forty Yards Handicap Flat Race (third event for College Cup).—P. Heath (scratch), R. Hill (3 yds.), A. Tilly (10 yds.) This was the most closely contested of the College Cup events, about a dozen starting for it.

13. One Hundred and Twenty Yards Handicap Flat Race, (boys under 13).—A. Hamilton (scratch) 1, C. E. Stephens (scratch) 2, W. Phillips (2 yds.) 3. An exciting finish, Stephens being a good second.

14. One Hundred and Twenty Yards Handicap Flat Race.—A. G. Fischer 1, D. Fowler 2, Von Bertouch 3. A very fair race, Fischer being hard pushed by the second and third men.

15. Kicking the Football.—J. Winzor 1. The kicking was not at all brilliant, the distance kicked being only about 55 yds.

16. One Hundred and Twenty Yards Old Scholars' Hurdle Race.—B. Henderson 1, D. G. Eran 2.

17. One Hundred and Twenty Yards Handicap Hurdle Race.—H. Dixon 1, P. Hill 2. Only three stated.

18. Half Mile Handicap Flat Race.—F. Joyce (15 yds.) 1, Sobels (25 yds.) 2, F. A. Fischer (60 yds.) 3, C. Stephens (60 yds.) 4, Stow (60 yds.) 5, R. Hill, Fisher (10 yds.) 6. The best race of the afternoon, Sobels led till within twenty yds. of the goal, but was passed by Joyce, who led the weary runners to the winning post.

NEWS FROM "OLD BOYS."

Several interesting letters from "old boys" in England are to hand lately, which show attachment to the old school, and thought about it. Here are some extracts all may like to read:—

One writes—"The *P. A. C. Chronicle* is well got up."

Another—"It is a capital thing for a large school." "We have a paper, *Alma Mater*, in connection with the Aberdeen University, which in my humble opinion, is inferior to the *P. A. C. Chronicle* in many respects. We will send a contribution soon."—[Do. so.—Ed.] "There are many P. A. C. boys in London." "We met Percy Robin in Scotland last vacation, stumbled across him on the steamer, on a trip to Staffa and Iona." "We met Rogers in Edinburgh."

"I am glad you are teaching Greek in the Lower Sixth and Fifth Forms now, it is a most useful subject for anyone going to a University."

"Do you teach Physics to any of the forms? It would be a great advantage if you could." [Four forms have studied it the last three years.] "I wish I had given more time to sports at school, I never was strong."

Another old boy from West Australia writes:—"There are several old P.A.C. boys over here. Alfred Wells as a surveyor holds a high position in the Survey Department. Lowe is doing well in business, and Langford is a very useful

fellow in connection with our Church and Sunday school. Robinson is thought much of; he is in the lawyer's office here and conducts cases in court. Persons coming here from the Eastern colonies, say that Prince Alfred College is decidedly the best educational institution in the Colonies."

FOOTBALL.

The past season might have been a very successful one had our twenty turned up as they should have done. During the first term the attendance throughout was good; but after the oval match the enthusiasm almost died away, and but for the energy of Rischbieth, Mr. Boddiner, and a few others we should not have played any matches after the June Holidays.

Our first twenty should have played seventeen matches, but owing, in some instances, to our not being able to get together a team, we only played twelve games, of which we won eight and lost four. On April 18 we defeated the Medindie second twenty on our ground by six goals eight behinds to one behind. On the following Saturday we met the Norwood Colts, who defeated us by six goals to two. We next played the Creswick second, and after a close contest succeeded in beating them by three goals ten behinds to one goal eight behinds. On May 16 our contest was against the Albert Juniors; but the day being very wet only eight of our twenty turned up, but these proved equal to their work and won by one goal seven behinds to three behinds. Owing to the Old Scholars' match on the Adelaide Oval on May 23, we put off ours to witness the con-

test. The match with Whinams was looked forward to with great eagerness by the boys, and quite a crowd assembled to see it, but from the start our fellows had it all their own way, and won by five goals seventeen behinds to one goal five behinds. For P.A.C., A. King, Oldham, Rischbieth and Fischer played well, while Williams and Warren worked hardest for Whinams. The following Saturday the Gawler club forfeited to us, and on June 13 we had to forfeit to the Norwood Colts. The match with St. Peters' closed the matches for the first term. On July 18 we suffered a defeat from the Medindies; scores were ten goals to two. On July 18 we again proved too good for Whinams, whom we defeated by four goals ten behinds to one behind. On the following Wednesday we proved too good for the Insurance Companies, and being unable to get a team together after this match we wound up our season. We all thank Mr. Boddiner for the kind interest he has taken in our twenties, and for his efforts to keep us together and encourage practicing.

P.A.C. v. UNIVERSITY.

As the members of the Adelaide University were unable to get together a team to meet our twenty on a Saturday, a match was arranged for the afternoon of Wednesday, June 19. The match started at 3.30 punctually, and there was a goodly number of spectators, as most of the boys waited to see the match. The game resulted in a win for us. Scores—4 goals 11 behinds to 1 goal 1 behind. Our players deserve great credit for the way in which they played together, and the opposing team was one by no means to be despised, as it included some mem-

bers of the leading Adelaide Clubs as well as some members of our teams of former years. Those who played specially well for us were Fry, Fischer, Hill, R. Rischbieth (Capt.), and Loutit, while Hall, Acraman, Hill, A., and Joyce strove hard to avert a defeat.

P.A.C. v. INSURANCE OFFICES.

On the following Wednesday we played a team picked from the members of the Insurance Companies, and again proved too good for our opponents. Scores—3 goals 7 behinds to 1 goal 5 behinds. For us Fischer, Hill, Readhead, Hastwell, Heath and Finlayson played well, while for them, Warren, Hamilton, Shaw, Kekwick and Shierlaw especially distinguished themselves.

CRICKET.

FIRST ELEVEN CRICKET FIXTURES.

Oct.	17—Imperial C.C., our ground.
"	24—Wanderers C.C. "
"	31—Incognite C.C. "
Nov.	7—Stiggians
"	14—Whinham's, our ground.
"	21—
"	28—Telegraph C.C., our ground.
Dec.	5—
"	12—G.P.O. Cricket Club, our ground.
"	19—Mt. Barker C.C., at Mt. Barker.
Jan.	30—Telegraph C.C., their ground.
Feb.	6—G.P.O. "
"	13—Imperial "
"	20—Incognite "
"	27—Somerton "

Copies of the *Chronicle* may be had at the Wesleyan Book Depot—Price, 6d.

SHEARING.

A few weeks hence and all Australia will resound with the busy hum of thousands of workers, who are all labouring with the same view, and the results of whose united toils will after the lapse of perhaps a month's time manifest themselves in the crowded warehouses, the bustling trollies, and the homeward-bound fleets of woolships that all contain Australia's staple product—wool. This is *the* event of the year on all sheep-stations, and it is in preparation for this event that the tumble-down shed is patched up, the long hut renovated, and the rouseabouts' hut rebuilt. It is also in preparation for this event that that long panting team of bullocks is hauling those immense chests of tea, those gallons of vinegar, tons of flour, and dozens of shears, that form some of the numerous etc.'s so indispensable in station life, painfully over the sticky plain towards the homestead. Every "hand" on the "station" is bustling with work and his own importance, for in a few weeks some sixty men will arrive and he will for the time become a unit; but then comes pay-day, the "shearers" depart, the great "woolshed" becomes silent, but the "hand" stays on and talks to each fellow "hand" that he encounters from the neighbouring station of last month's "clip." For about a month shearing is the almost ceaseless topic, but then the last mustering takes its place, then the last bush-fire, and so on through the course of the year, until "shearing," all important "shearing," again arrives. The boss receives every day a dozen or so of brightly-hued envelopes, addressed in cramped hands to the "Manager" of such a "Station," or "Mister" so and so, or maybe "The Boss," of—run, and to all

these the manager is expected to reply, and reply he does, all day long, until he has a "full board," and then an advertisement appears in the local paper, the brightly hued envelopes cease to arrive, and the "manager" has leisure to attend to some of his numerous duties, for he is by no means idle. Every station has a shed, and every shed has a set of rules. To these rules the men do not usually pay the slightest heed, for how can they, when they are ordered not to enter the shed by the wool room, when the wool room presents the only means of entering; not to swear, when they cannot work without swearing; and finally, not to smoke while shearing, when shearing is an utter impossibility in their eyes, without smoke? And so the rules are disregarded and hang disconsolate upon their allotted pegs, until some daring "pickerup" draws a fancied semblance of the "super's" face upon the despised rules in red raddle and they are finally taken down.

The woolshed is usually situated in a central portion of the "run," and is nearly always surrounded by a number of small paddocks, into which the sheep required on the morrow are driven. As shearing begins to-morrow the "rouseabouts" are busy driving a flock of phlegmatic stud sheep into the shed, but as these sheep are usually the most valuable, and therefore the best cared for, their task is a hard one. On comes the lazy mob at a pace that would vex even a drover. The pet sheep has not yet become accustomed (most sheds possess a pet sheep, viz.,—a sheep reared by hand, that runs into the shed and through the pens, and thus gives the sheep a "lead") to his work, and innocently gets mixed up in the centre of the flock, so a rope is tied round his neck and he is literally hauled into the shed,

and the stud ewes languidly follow as befits their exalted birth.

The interior of the "Woolshed" consists of perhaps a row of 20 pens, two deep, placed in the centre of the building, with a floored space on each side, between the pens and the wall, technically termed the board; each shearer has a little door in the opposite wall, through which he thrusts the sheep he has shorn, which forthwith finds itself in a small pen devoted to the sheep shorn by that particular shearer. At the opposite end of edifice from which the sheep enter is placed a table that extends lengthways nearly across the building; this is termed the wool-table, and is constructed of battens, nailed at about an inch distance from each other. Upon the sheep being shorn a boy termed a "picker-up" runs up catches the fleece up in a peculiar manner in his arms, and taking it down to the wool-table, by a dexterous throw spreads it upon the wool-table in much the same way as does a waiter treat a large tablecloth. The man who presides over the wool-table is denominated the wool-sorter, he is usually as much a gentleman as the "super" of the shed, and it is required that he should have been well grounded in his profession, if possible in a woollen factory. Seizing the fleece he directs the assistants what parts to remove, and then himself rolls the fleece into a ball, ties it with a string, pulls out a lock of the fleece, closely examines it by pulling, relaxing, and feeling, and finally mutters "clo" or "co," and it is neatly stacked in the line designated by the sorter.

As it is of vital importance that all wools should be correctly classified, a number of compartments resembling long narrow stalls, are erected, and are termed "bins." These bear the legends, 1st cloth-

ing, 2nd clothing, 1st combing, 2nd combing, locks, "pieces or bellies," and if the manager desires to have his wool still better classified, still more bins are provided. From the "bins" the wool is removed to the press, where about 90 fleeces are put into a wool-bale, two men tramp round on a raised platform far above the floor; the press strains, creaks, and groans as the powerful lever presses the elastic wool into the bale, the men descend, sew up the top of the bale, the massive sides of the press fly open, the bale is stencilled with its No. and contents, weighed and packed away in the wool-room, to be hoisted in a few days into a lumbering waggon that delivers its load to long lines of railway trucks, or fussy river steamers, to be taken to our ports, whence it is shipped to England or elsewhere, to appear in the form of cloths that present an unlimited variety of colors.

CHRISTMAS PRIZES.

How are these determined? This is a question often asked. An answer may be useful. By three things taken together.

- (1) The position held by each boy in his form at the close of the third term.
- (2) The position held at the close of the fourth term.
- (3) The position held on the lists of the marks gained at the "final examinations," held early in December.

The last item counts twice as much as each of the others; and as the weekly examinations enter into and do much towards deciding the first and second lines as well, it would not be far from the mark to say the prizes are determined by the examinations.

And this seems the fairest way, for all

boys have the same questions to answer then. In "rounds" in class, some may get hard and some easy questions. Then there is a way of learning hurriedly and of getting a smattering that may last long enough to secure "daily marks," but the "exams." test what is retained, what boys carry about with them, not what has just been snatched up. It is thorough well mastered work that forms the store to draw from at examinations. Also, the papers written are taken up and corrected by the masters out of school hours, then returned to the boys and gone over in class, so that each may see on what principles the answers have been marked, and see that he has his fair share of marks on those principles. They may appeal if a mistake has been made, and they often do.

Who get the class prizes? The highest third of each class. If there are thirty boys in a class, the highest ten have prizes. Is the system perfect? No! Here is a boy of fifteen, say in the fourth, third, even second form taking a prize, and here is one of fourteen in the fifth without one. This seems unfair. And yet it would be unfairer to keep it from him. He came late to school, had had few advantages. Being old and big he would no doubt be classed as high as possible when the classes were settled at Midwinter, and if by Christmas he has done the six months' work so well as to be near the top of the class, he has probably worked harder than the younger boys in the class, and well deserved his prize.

At any rate, the system is a clear one, and can be well understood, and leaves very little room, if any, for partiality; it is mathematical and rigid. Like all systems, doubtless it works harshly here and there; but that can't be helped.

The special prizes and scholarships are decided on conditions plainly set forth in the notice-board. Many of these are fixed by the trust deed made by the College with the donor. These fall for the most part to boys of the Sixth and Fifth Forms. They are open to the whole school, but as the competition is not restricted these are pretty sure to carry them off. However, there have been occasional surprises.

Few things are looked back on in later life with more genuine pleasure than prizes won at school, so let each do his best to gain one.

WONDERFUL PRESENCE OF MIND.

A TRUE STORY.

Some years ago an English family living near Bombay resolved to remove to the seaside during the hottest of the summer months. The family consisted of the father and mother, three or four boys, and two girls, one of whom was about five and the other about fifteen years of age. On a fine day at the beginning of summer, the tents, and necessary utensils, and furniture were conveyed to the spot chosen for their temporary abode; and all hands were busy in erecting them, and getting things into order. Late in the afternoon the mother and her little girl lay down in one of the tents to rest, and soon fell asleep. The father and boys were busy setting up a second and preparing shelter for the night, while the older daughter was quietly working in the tent where her mother lay asleep. Never dreaming but that all was well, she chanced to cast her eyes upon the two so peacefully sleeping, locked in each other's arms, when, to her horror, she beheld a large and deadly cobra twined around her mother's arm, and resting its

vile head upon the pure cheek of her unconscious sister.

She was struck with sudden amazement and fright. What was she to do? To interfere, to call for assistance or make the slightest noise, would be but the death warrant against those she loved so dearly. All seemed lost. But suddenly she thought of the Hindoo snake charmers, whom she had so often seen charm these reptiles with the strain of some hoarse instrument. Quick as thought she fixed her eyes on those of the snake, and began to sing some sweet air, being careful to keep very exact time. The snake returned her steady gaze, but otherwise remained unmoved. Presently it slowly raised its head and began to swing it to and fro, beating time to the music. Gradually it uncoiled itself from the mother's arm and approached the singer, who did not, for one instant, remove her eyes. Slowly backwards moved the girl, and slowly after her the cobra, still swaying its head in time with the music. Backwards through the tent, across the beach, and into the water she moved, still after her followed the snake. Still deeper, never faltering in her strain or losing her fixed gaze, she went, and still the enchanted snake followed, and soon got into too deep water and was drowned.

The brave and trembling girl returned to the tent in her dripping garment and found her mother and sister still buried in unconscious sleep.

Presently an elder brother entered and said: "What pretty music you were giving us just now, Kate; where did you learn that?" In reply the noble girl related the story to the assembled family. With what feelings of tenderness they, and especially the mother and child, regarded her, and what blessing they heaped upon the head of her who had saved two precious lives

so near the brink of death, I must leave my readers to imagine.

The party returned home next day; and the idea of spending a summer at the seaside utterly abandoned.

R.E.

SATURDAY NIGHT'S TUB.

The prevailing impression in the minds of grown-up people with regard to children is that they live in the golden age, and that they have no troubles of any kind. The truth is, however, just the opposite; they are smacked or scolded for innumerable trifles. I remember often being warned against the danger of throwing stones; but often the sight of some unlucky tom-cat on the roof was too much temptation, and the stone intended to prove fatal to the cat, would by some mysterious power be brought into contact with the up-stairs window, causing considerable damage. The desire for the neighbours' apples also often proved fatal to my garments, as their dog would generally come snapping just below my legs, while I was in the dangerous act of getting over a fence that had a top-railing of spiked wire. The punishments thus entailed, however, were mere trifles of sorrow compared with Saturday night's tub. The water is nearly always miserably cold. The victim of the operation is clutched by a huge nurse, stripped naked, and plunged into the bath. The chilliness of the water takes away one's breath for the moment, but it is useless to attempt to rise from it, owing to the firm grip which she has managed to get on the back of your neck. Now she starts scrubbing (I suppose what she thinks the floor), at least that is the impression of the scrubbed one at the time. Any attempt at making

a noise is quickly stopped by a sponge, well lathered with soap, which is generally passing your mouth at the time. The soap fills both eyes and mouth, but she takes no notice of the appeal for the towel, and instead, dashes some cold water, which causes one to gasp painfully. Then, as a last resource in her desperate attempt to bring the skin to a white colour, she dips both head and body under the nasty fluid at the same time. You think then that she has gone to sleep or forgotten that you were under water, but at last she brings you up feeling very much like a drowning man who has sunk twice, but been caught on his last descent and dragged to shore. The nurse then pulls up her victim very much as she would a poodle, and certainly with little more thought of his feelings; then with a very rough towel she attempts to rub all the skin off, her nails at the same time keeping up an unpleasant friction on the back of the neck, which certainly does not tend to make one a scrap more comfortable. But at last bed and ease come, indeed a consoling emotion most pleasing, but you make a vow that if ever you have any children, the nurse shall not bathe them except under your own special supervision.

SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS.

I am constantly being asked to give information on the making of pieces of scientific apparatus, so that I am sure there are many who would like to show the result of their labours at the forthcoming distribution of prizes at the Town Hall. I willingly offer a prize of one guinea for the best piece of apparatus made by any P.A.C. boy. The apparatus may illustrate any branch of science taught in the College.

D. WALKER.

MY FIRST DAY AT COLLEGE.

BY "YOUNG'UN."

I am only a little boy, a boy of low degree, and I haven't a big brother to fight battles for me; and so it was with my courage imbedded in my lace-up boots, and with my mamma, that I appeared last Monday, a new boy, outside the gate. Tho' schoolboys' remarks break no bones (I am very spidery in physique), it's always more comfortable to arrive first day *not* in single blessedness. As my feet scrunched the gravel on the path that I thought led to PRISON, how I envied the free-and-easy air of the lads who disported noisily on the prison recreation-ground. Did my eyes deceive me? No! there were little chaps, no bigger than myself, actually running in and out of the great whited sepulchre with smiling morning faces! Surely, methought, it can't be such a bad place, but yet—I never finished that thought, for the next thing I remember was sitting on a yellow chair, punctured with holes, in the mysterious reception-room, trying to make out I was A1 at lessons. But it's hard to hoodwink a sage dominie and to my disgust I found that an upper third at Miss Scraggem's was depreciated to a lower first at this school. Such is progress. But they order things differently at a college.

Of that awe-inspiring assembly (summoned by the clang of an ugly bell at 9.15 a.m.) all I saw and heard was boys. Boys to the right of me, boys to the left of me, boys in front of me, hollered and thundered; then the head-master—stopped the 400. Then a grand chorus of lusty voices sang to the stirring strains of a harmonium a paeon of praise, after which I have a dim recollection of my neighbours

and me marching duck-fashion through corridor and class-room till our leader came to a full-stop inside a be-desked and be-blackboarded room. This was lower first form.

A few introductory remarks and raps with his stick on the desk from my teacher caused my fears to subside and my terrors to assume pleasing shapes, insomuch that when an interval of play was announced, I out of sheer lightness of heart proposed to a cheeky school-mate that we should adjourn to the back of the stables, on pugilistic business bent. But you will be glad to know that my antagonist glanced critically at my prominent knuckles and—better counsels prevailed. How I subsequently weathered a storm of chaff, incited by my keeping my bag on all day and astonished eyes on everything collegian; how I proved myself one of the right sort by tumbling into the creek at first sight; how the shortness of the afternoon and the night's home-work surprised me; are they not matters of history? If not, they ought to be. In short I was agreeably disappointed in my views on life and work at college.

 GREAT MEN.

L. S. Z.

Most very great men have had their trials and hardships; and, indeed, through them they gained their excellence. Very many of the most eminent poets, writers, statesmen, astronomers, explorers, engineers, generals, or admirals had to work their own way up in the world. They had not the advantage of having parents able to support them at school or spend much money on suitable education. By their own effort and perseverance they

obtained the funds necessary for the scanty cultivation of their faculties, and, indeed, were compelled to work at manual or physical labour almost day and night to secure these. Such men as Livingstone, Stephenson, Arkwright, Garfield, Gladstone, and a great many others who have attained high positions in the world, and thus become prominent over their fellow-creatures, have reached and gained such high positions, for the most part, because they have been industrious and have made the best use of the time at their disposal. If they have not at first succeeded, they have obeyed that old apothegm, "Try, try again;" they have tried until they have gained their object. Mark, my friends, industry and perseverance were the means by which these men became so distinguished and accomplished everything they set their hand to. And it is the same to-day. If we have any ambition to rise in our calling, we shall not gain the desired position by boasting and in our minds lauding our natural ability, but by assiduity and constancy, making the most and best of our natural ability, and seeking to develop it. Those who are gifted with special power should not hide their talent in a napkin, but they should use it, and use it as skilfully as they are able. They should be careful for their gifts to secure as interest wisdom, and not foolishness.

Again, there are some who consider that they are unable to do certain things. Well, if you have such thoughts, remember that fancy goes a long way, and pay the more attention to these subjects that seem beyond you; spend more time and keep to them till you conquer. If you do this you will soon find out you are not so feeble as you anticipated. The work which we boys have to do is, comparatively speaking,

nothing when placed by the side of what some of these renowned personages have passed through. They have had to work all the day to support themselves, and had to learn their lessons whenever an opportunity has offered itself after, and to obtain help the best way they could.

Let us, therefore, who have better chances of improving our intellect, follow in the footsteps of these great men at the least in one particular, and that is, Let us do our work with will and determination, and depend upon it, we shall get on rapidly, and at the same time well.

Lives of great men all remind us,
 We can make our lives sublime;
 And departing leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time.

HOLIDAYS.

There is no schoolboy whom I have ever met, who does not look forward eagerly to holidays. The breaking-up day is always reckoned as a joyous time. There are some who like holidays because there is no work to do (*miserum genus*); some who have worked hard and feel that the rest is a well-earned blessing; some who think of the rides, picnics and parties, etc.; and some who look forward to going home to see parents and the home again. Many boys also, especially of the first class, say that they wish there were more holidays; and their only care during them is that school is coming on directly after. This is only a schoolboy feeling, though, and it is not till they get into business that they find out the value of holidays.

Holidays are more than a relaxation and luxury; it is necessary that anyone who does any regular hard work should have

some time to himself to recruit his mind and body. The harder one works the more will he enjoy his holidays. Better to live a life of endless work than of endless idleness.

I have found that those who are lazy at school, are also lazy in holidays. When school recommences, though they won't admit it, they are somewhat sick of them, and do not eagerly desire another week. This leads me to another question—what to do in the holidays.

This depends mostly on circumstances. The stock method of spending the time is to visit some friend in the country. There they find enjoyment the whole day long, either hunting, fishing, boating, shooting, playing cricket, specimen-collecting, or in some other such amusement.

However, boys do not as a rule go away four times a year, and it is harder to find something to do at home than in the country.

A CAMEL'S REVENGE.

The following story is told of a very sagacious camel, which belonged to a driver in an oil mill in Africa. On one occasion the man in a burst of rage beat the animal very cruelly. He saw that it did not forget the injury and was only awaiting a suitable opportunity to take vengeance, and accordingly he watched it closely. The prudent beast perceived that it was watched, and became quite mild and obedient again; the man therefore thought that the beating was forgotten, and ceased to be careful. One night, after the lapse of several months, he was sleeping as usual on a platform in the mill, while the camel stood in a corner. Chancing to wake in the night, he saw, by the clear moonlight, the camel look

cautiously around and then steal softly towards a bundle of clothes lying on the floor and resembling very much a sleeping figure. It dashed itself violently upon them and rolled its whole weight over them; it then with a satisfied air walked back to its corner. The man arose and spoke, and when the camel perceived its mistake it was so mortified that it dashed its head against the wall and died immediately.

B E E S.

In the insect world the bee perhaps is the most interesting and useful. But for them we should never get honey, and a great number of useful trees would not exist, for the fruit would not form, and so no young ones would rise to take their place.

If any one wants a hobby, let him try bees. He will find them interesting, amusing, and very productive of pocket money; this last, no doubt, would be a great point in their favour.

Boys as a rule are afraid of them, but in reality they are harmless. If well looked after they seldom sting, and when they do it is only a sharp pang lasting a minute or two, and then a finger like a bolster for a few hours.

I have kept them since I was ten and will continue to do so as long as I can. I got my first swarm by chasing it across a field in which our Sunday-school picnic was until it settled, and then I got a man living near to lend me a box and captured it.

If you fail in your first attempt, try again, for you are almost certain to succeed in your second.

H.W.C.

ACROSS THE BORDER.

One fine Saturday afternoon the steamer *Claud Hamilton* left for the South Eastern ports, reckoning amongst its passengers two persons who were going for a trip across the Border.

After a smooth passage, the steamer reached Kingston at ten minutes past eight the next morning. As the train should have started ten minutes before, and the jetty being three-quarters of a mile long, we had an unenviable task to perform in catching it. However, we succeeded, and after six hours' travelling we arrived at Wolseley, a station three miles this side of the Border.

From this place the rest of the journey was performed in a buggy. The ride was rather eventful, as the road was full of holes not quite large enough to admit all four wheels together.

The first sign that we were approaching the Border was the red telegraph post which marks it. On this post the Victorians have placed their wires a foot higher than ours. The first Victorian township we came to was North Lillimur. Here, as in fact in all the neighbouring townships the houses are built of wood and galvanized iron.

A few miles further on is Tarrock, near which we stayed for about a week. The country here is overrun with rabbits, a large number of which, of course, we shot. We also went out kangaroo hunting with our dogs, but did not meet with much success.

A great characteristic of that part of the country is the number of Government reserves. These reserves have generally a dam at which the farmers around may water their cattle.

The country is very thickly wooded, bullock, mallee, and different kinds of gum are the most common. At present the Border population is but small, owing to the difficulty of communication between it and the nearest seaports. However, when the intercolonial railway is finished, the country around there will undoubtedly become more flourishing, and attract a much larger number of inhabitants. In closing, I would remark that a trip to the Border will well repay the expense and trouble of getting there.

A TRAVELLER.

INDIAN FAKIRS.

Amongst the religious fanaticism of the inhabitants of the East, the most remarkable, perhaps, is Fakirism. The Fakirs, who number several millions, think that by removing themselves altogether from the rest of the world, and practising great self-mortification they are serving their deity, and acting in a manner well-pleasing to him. Their condition is most wretched. They usually go quite naked, and live in caves or dens, from which they seldom come forth except to entreat charity of passers-by, who, by the way are supposed not to refuse it. A little of this, perhaps, they use for themselves, the rest goes to the temple of some god. Most of them are absolutely filthy; they never wash themselves, and what garments they may wear are never changed, the hair and nails, too, are never cut. They eat food scarcely fit for pigs, and drink water "that would turn a European sick to look at." Various, too, are the ways in which they distort their bodies. Some place them in most unnatural and painful positions, till it is impossible to assume an upright position

again; others tie heavy weight about themselves which cut into the flesh; some have even been known to allow themselves to be roasted before a slow fire, or to be suspended by hooks, which are fastened in the flesh. Wherever these people go the inhabitants flock out to do them homage and to worship them, and the more deplorable and vile a Fakir's appearance, the holier he is considered.

NOTES AND NEWS.

A. W. Hill has just passed the examination of the Apothecaries Society in London.

T. C. Bennett and F. W. Counter at Aberdeen University, have passed their second and first professional examinations for the M.B. degree respectively.

Frank Colton, who is studying medicine at University College, London, has passed his Preliminary Scientific M. B. at the London University. We congratulate him on having the courage to face a course of training so searching and on the success in it so far secured.

Cecil Davenport has secured the title of M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P., and is continuing his studies, hoping to secure the fellowship of the College of Physicians also.

Sydney Holder's friends tell us he has passed the M.B. examination at the University of London.

Received with thanks:—The *St. Peter's School Magazine* (No. 10), The *Newingtonian* (No. 6), The *Melburnian* (No. 10), The *Handwicke College Review*, The *Melbourne University Review* (No. 9), The *G. H. Tatler* (Nos. 3 and 4).

A capital photograph of the college has recently been taken by the Government

Printer, to be shown at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition in London next year, and a few copies can be had from him by boys or masters at very reasonable prices; 3s. mounted, 2s. unmounted.

A Lawn Tennis Club has been formed amongst the boys and Mr. Chapple and Mr. Martin of the masters have joined it. The first match was played on Saturday Sept. 19 against the "SKRIBS" at Kensington Park and resulted in an easy victory for P.A.C. Mr. Chapple and Rowley Hill played Messrs. Furner and Benson and won 6—3, 6—3. Messrs. Martin and David Fowler played Mr. Holden and F. Furner and won 7—5, 7—5. It is hoped that regular practice may be held, say every Wednesday, and great improvement seen. The Head Master is an enthusiast in the game, and will do all he can to forward it.

We expect to hear of the arrival of the P. A. C. boat, four-oared half outrigger, any mail now. Mr. Van Senden has kindly taken a great deal of trouble in the matter, sending the order to Salter, of Oxford, seeing to the shipping at the London Docks, &c. £40 were remitted on account some months ago, and it is hoped £50 will cover everything. The receipts show, collection in school, £24 12s. 6½d.; old scholars, £8 6s.; Head Master, £5; assistant masters £5; Total £42 18s. 6½d.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS.—It will be remembered that when the last public competition took place for these valuable scholarships, open to all under eighteen, worth £50 a year for three years, Hollidge of P. A. C. was first, Duence of P. A. C. second, and Hayward, the famous cricketer of St. Peter's, third; Joyce of P. A. C. and Andrews of S. P. S. C. were marked *proxime accesserunt*. Hayward has

lately left for England to go on with his studies there; and the balance of his scholarship is advertised as open for competition. We had hoped that Joyce would have tried for it. But we are sorry to learn that he thinks that as he has dropped "arts" lately and has been giving his attention to "medicine" the last six months, he will have no chance of success.

PRINCE ALFRED OLD COLLEGIANS' ASSOCIATION.

The Annual General Meeting of this Association was held at Messrs. F. D. Beach & Son's Restaurant on Saturday, the 12th September. There was a fair attendance of members, and the President occupied the chair. The Committee wished to get a crowded house, and for that reason fixed the meeting for the evening of the day on which the College Sports took place; but notwithstanding this fact they were disappointed, for the house was certainly not a crowded one. The members present, however, manifested great interest in the proceedings, and, we believe, enjoyed the evening very much.

The Report and Balance Sheet (which see below) for the year were read and adopted, and the usual vote of thanks passed to the retiring officers. Mr. G. M. Evan in moving, and Mr. J. R. Anderson in seconding the adoption of the Report and Balance Sheet, congratulated the Association on the satisfactory state of the funds, and the progress made during the year.

The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows:—President, Mr. J. A. Hartley, B.A., B.Sc.; vice-presidents, Messrs. F. Chapple, B.A., B.Sc., A. Scott, B.A., and J. T. Sunter, B.A.;

hon. secretary, Mr. E. B. Colton; hon. assistant secretary, Mr. C. S. Mead; hon. treasurer, Mr. A. Langford; auditors, Messrs. P. Wood and E. H. Bakewell; committee, Messrs. J. R. Anderson, G. W. Cooper, G. S. Cotton, G. M. Evan, A. H. Hill, M. Meyrick, and C. E. Robin.

REPORT.

"The Association continues to prosper, notwithstanding the bad seasons and depression in trade, and the committee can present you once more with a favourable report and balance sheet. Thirty-one members have been elected during the year, and the balance in the Bank is larger than at the end of last year. The committee intended to carry out the recommendations of the last annual meeting with reference to the publication of the report in the *P. A. College Chronicle*, but in consequence of a misunderstanding on the part of the Secretary as to the date of publication, arrangements could not be made with the Editor to do so. It will, no doubt, be carried out during the coming year. There was a splendid muster of old scholars at the annual dinner, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The success attending the dinners is in a great measure due to the fact that they are held at the College; and the Committee desire to thank Mr. and Mrs. Chapple for their uniform kindness and sympathy on those occasions. The usual sum of £15 15s. has been voted by the Committee for the Scholarship, and £6 6s. has been divided between the Prince Alfred Boat Club and the Athletic Sports Fund. The Scholarship last year was won by Mr. D. H. Hollidge."

E. B. COLTON,

Adelaide, Sept. 12, 1885. Hon. Sec.

