

# WEST HILL HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL



# 1929



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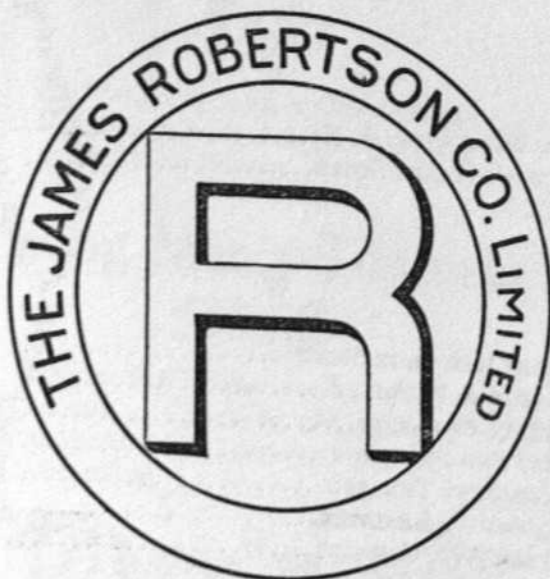
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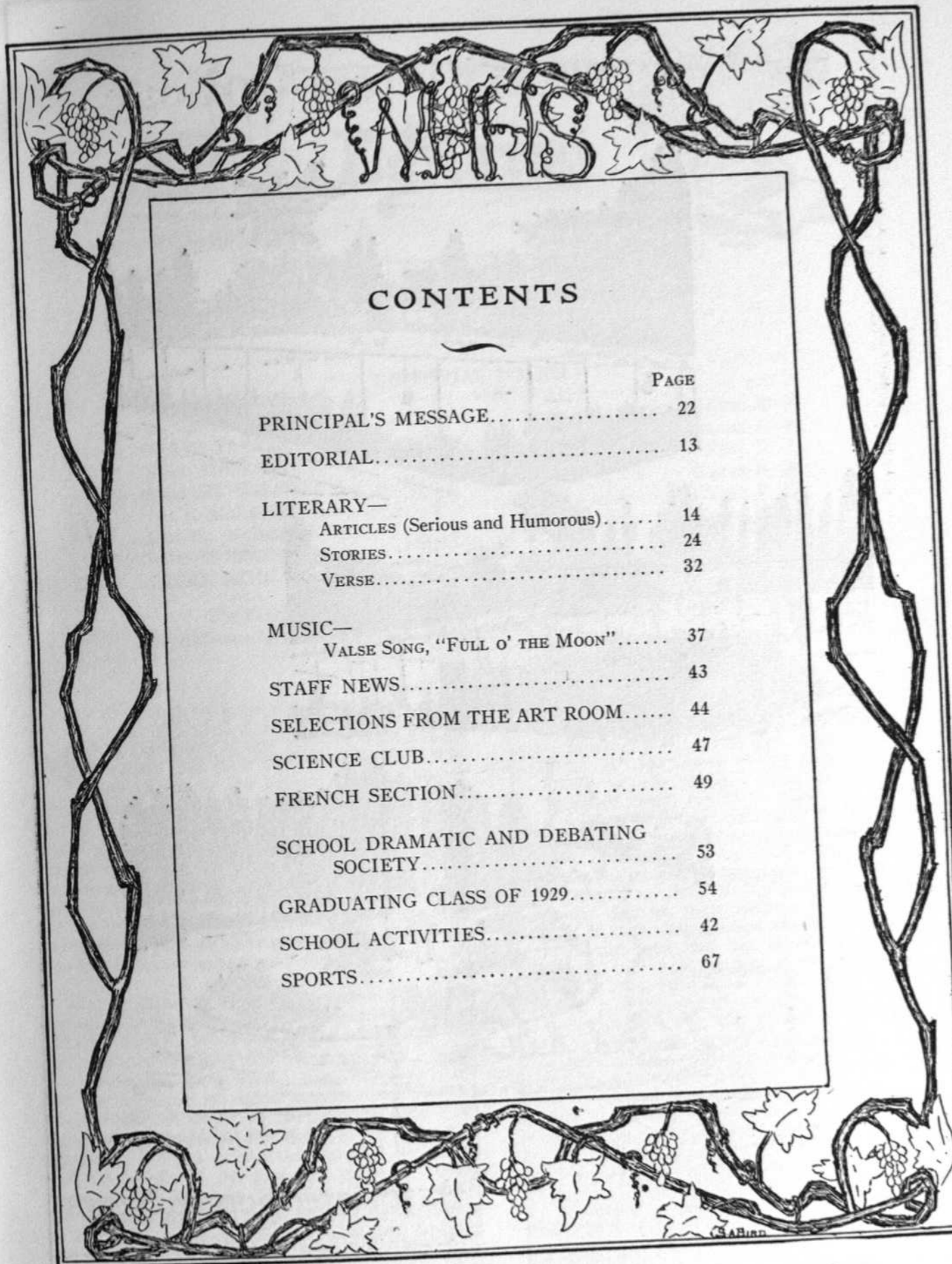
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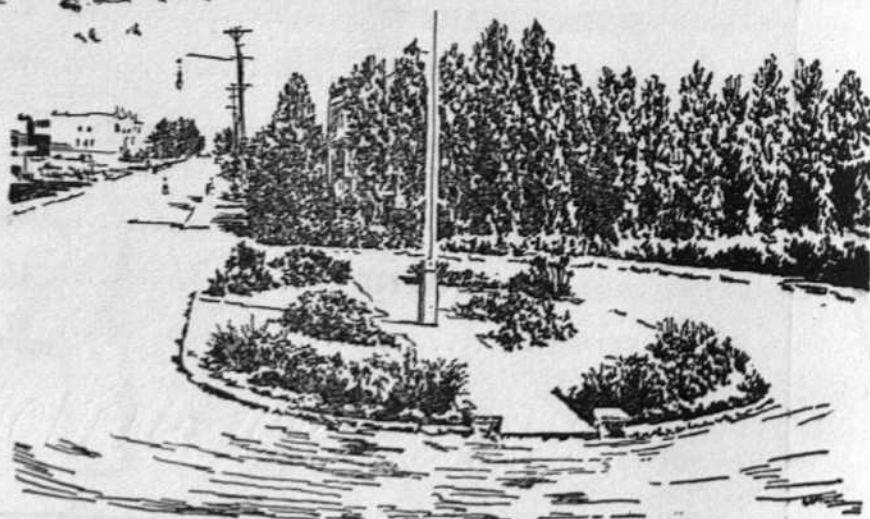
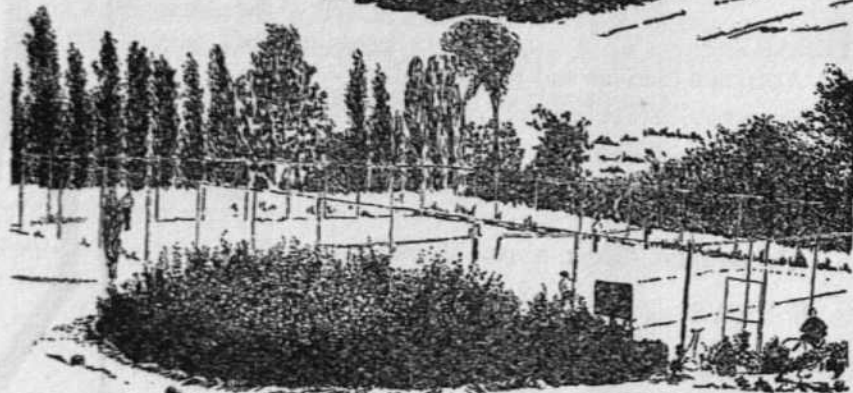
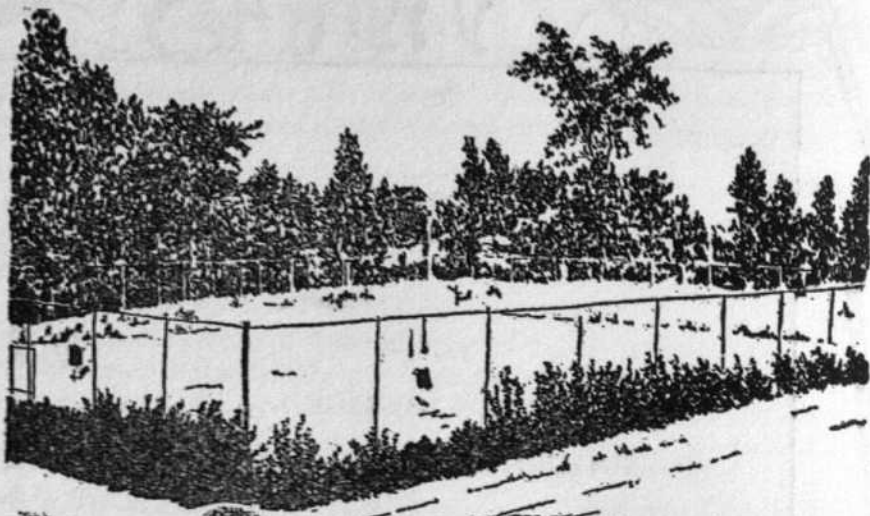
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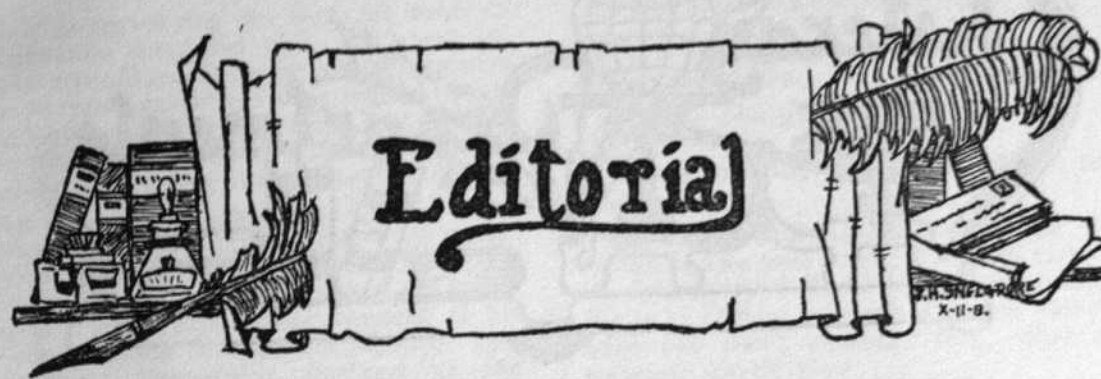
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Annual West Hill High School Annual



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Annual West Hill High School Annual



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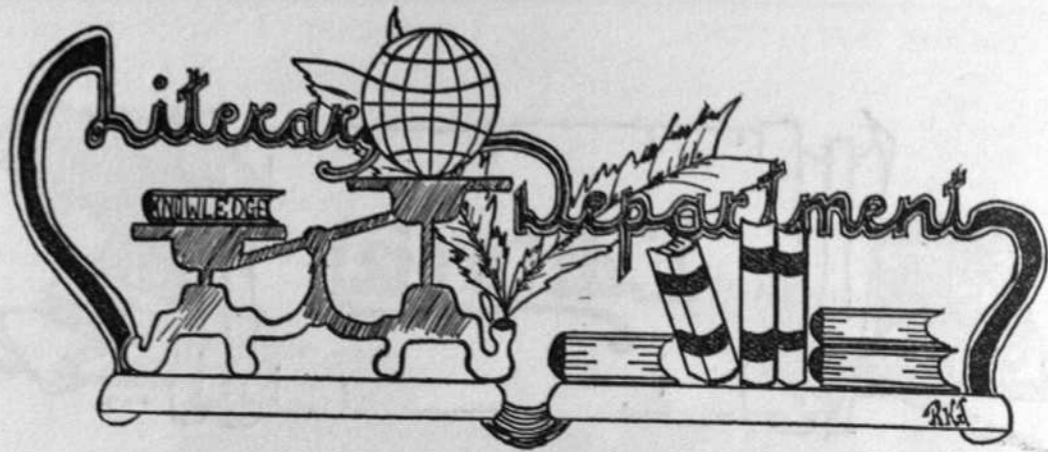
MUCH can be said of the "tyranny of tradition." We know that some traditions are harmful in their effects on the human race, but let us consider tradition in its brighter aspects. Their number is legion. Traditions are customs, practices, beliefs or legends handed down from generation to generation. The ancients knew of the multitudes who had gone before only by hearsay. In this way the members of West Hill High School have the advantage over prehistoric peoples—they have the written records and the ever-present reminders of the boys and girls who have gone before.

One of these "ever-present reminders" is our Annual. The Annual is becoming a tradition to West Hill High School. What do we know of the boys and girls who came to West Hill before our first Annual was published? Very little. Now, every time we pick up an Annual we renew acquaintance with our predecessors. It is one of the principal means by which we keep in touch with them, in spirit if not in actuality. It helps to link the pupils of the future with the pupils of the past and present. So let tradition enter into the publication of our Annual, and may this, our third issue, serve as an inspiration to the future statesmen, doctors, scientists, lawyers, and men and women in every walk of life, who have attended West Hill.

Two years ago the graduating class matriculated with a hundred percent pass list. This is a feat unparalleled in the history of the school since the first year of the school. Let us make this an Eleventh Year tradition. Let the Eleventh Year of West Hill each year emulate this record. This remarkable achievement should also serve as a stimulus to each and every pupil in the school, for each class has its final examinations, which are almost as important to them as matriculation is to the Eleventh. Let us, then, make a hundred percent pass list in each class a school tradition.

It is our hope that the school spirit, already established, will grow stronger in the years to come, this spirit being stimulated by the influence of our Annual. It is pleasing to note the "esprit de corps" prevalent in West Hill, the atmosphere of cordiality which exists between the teachers and pupils, and the ever-growing interest shown by the former in the pupils' successes. We of West Hill owe them much. They have aided considerably in compiling and producing the Annual, in coaching and conducting the athletic teams, in organizing the Literary and Debating Society, in forming the Science Club, in producing their annual play in aid of the West Hill Activities Fund, and in furthering various other enterprises too numerous to mention. They have established their tradition of service. Let us show our appreciation of their efforts by serving our school "LABORE ET HONORE."





## SPRING

PERHAPS no subject arouses such a poetical frenzy in the minds of otherwise staid and reasonable people as that of Spring. It has been the inspiration for many leather bound, gilt-edged volumes, and it is the chief reason why most editors are gray-haired.

To me (who am greatly in the minority) it is a season of rain and puddles, of melting snows and sudden frosts which transform streets from sloppy quagmires into treacherous, unexpected skating-rinks.

Summer's only drawbacks are heat and rain; those of winter are cold and snow; spring combines the worst features of both, and yet poets and would-be poets refer to it as the most beautiful of seasons.

The poet, who, comfortably ensconced before a warm fireplace, exuberates meaninglessly about the care-free lambs gambolling on the hillside, and the idyllic romance of two sparrows nesting on a bough, resolves outdoors into a human being who resents alike the chill blasts of March and the sprays of muddy water cast by passing vehicles. The "gentle zephyr" of his poetry becomes in real life a March gale with a velocity of forty miles an hour; "where the shy little violets peep forth" is probably a large stretch of marsh to which millions of mosquitoes will point, affectionately saying, "There is the spot where I was born," and "The lark singing his joyous matins" is in all likelihood a crow cawing with anticipation to a meal of delectably rotten carrion.

Of course there is some reason for this. We have just emerged from a long and arduous winter; the severe cold and lack of sunshine has taken its toll from our good spirits, and when spring approaches, the thought is in our minds, "The winter is over: let us rejoice." The result is an outburst of pseudo-poetical sentimentality.

Also, in the superiority complex of every man is the idea that he has the ability for more aesthetic work than that in which he is engaged. He believes that there is in him an artistic talent which has not been fully enough developed by either his parents or tutors, or both. Ergo, he breaks forth into mediocre verse on the slightest occasion.

One hundred years pass. I see Canada as the ideal country, that of Plato's dreams; for when spring approaches, it is regarded by all as a necessary evil; and there is a total absence of people who yield to a sudden impulse to write foolish, untruthful, rhymed verbiage about that most deceitful of seasons—Spring.

JOHN H. SHEPHERD, IX-B.

## ON TAKING A BUS RIDE

THE usual procedure in taking a bus ride is first to walk to the nearest stop. Here, without any waiting you board a comfortable bus and are rushed to your destination—theoretically! In practice, you walk to the stop. Here you wait for a long time. Then, in the distance, you espy a bus! After some time you note that it doesn't seem to be making any progress. You stroll towards it. Then, getting trapped between two stops, you see the wretched thing sail serenely past and—well, there you are!

But you should be persevering. Don't give up hope at this early stage. Assume that somewhere there is another bus. I know that sometimes this seems to be a false assumption, but at any rate it is heartening to the would-be traveller.

Now suppose, for the sake of argument, that you do get a bus. After proceeding in comparative comfort for approximately three blocks you are suddenly precipitated toward the front windshield. The student of Physics can explain this phenomenon. It is only the Law of Inertia playfully at work. By this Law you tend to stay in a state of motion, while the driver, without consulting you, has decided that the bus will take on a state of rest. Net result—you are making profuse apologies to the unfortunate victim of a severe attack of assault and battery, wholly unpremeditated.

But the joys of bus-driving are not over. There are yet other possibilities. It is the full intention of the bus-driver to follow the straightest and shortest route. But in this he has reckoned wholly without the members of the practical joking club. The employees of the Bell Telephone Company who erect fences around manholes, always in the middle of the road, are strong members. Another eminent member of this fraternity is the peanut-man who slowly wends his peaceful way along the road. Then there is the City Construction, or is it Destruction Department? These, if they are not laying a road, are picking it up. The bus manfully avoids these for several blocks, but, seeming to tire of its swaying route, jams its steering gear while the driver is trying to avoid a peanut-man and escape hitting a street car at the same time. The bus is heading for a wall when the catastrophe happens and it pulls up with a gentle sigh against this obstruction.

The passengers file out and go their ways. The faint-hearted walk the rest of the way. The brave take another bus. The driver is left to his worries.

Such are the joys of bus-riding!

W. IVAN LINTON, XI-B.

## OF COMMON IRRITATIONS

THERE is no gainsaying the fact, we moderns are continually disturbed over the most insignificant trivialities. When we take the trouble occasionally, to regard ourselves from a different angle than that in which we are shown in the best possible light, we are amazed to find how strangely annoyed and irritated we become over the smallest details.

Yet this is not peculiar to our century, or restricted to any particular people. All the races of the world, in the preceding ages, have been remarkably addicted to the over-emphasis of minor vexations. Luther, exasperated at the spiritual disappointment of his monastery routine, later startled Christendom with the Reformation. Palmerston, incensed at the discovery of a Union Jack flying at the masthead of a Chinese vessel, promptly declared war on a genuinely surprised Chinese government. An unwise word or an insulting action was sufficient during the Georgian times to send a noble gentleman to his grave.

We of the twentieth century find it difficult to understand these things. We may, and often do, think the same indignant or vengeful thoughts. We may in the full torrent of our disappointment and vexation at the fickleness of human nature and Fate, be seized with the same passions that sent our forefathers into duel and combat—but we express our feelings in gentler ways. Life has become so interesting and so vital, that we hesitate to allow our passions to over-ride us to such an extent.

Nevertheless, even though we are in this respect no worse than our ancestors, it is also true that we have not greatly improved. There seem to be so many small things to worry and harass us, and these have been multiplied a hundred-fold by modern inventions.

We seek rest and quietness amid the tranquil beauty of the countryside. Our disillusionment is swift—for the grass is covered with the dust of the highway, and our hoped-for reverie upon the grandeur of the sunset, is disturbed by the distracting rumble of the ceaseless stream of tourist automobiles.

The city is more satisfactory, because its noises are generally taken for granted, and its inhabitants are less irritated by the annoyances of modern civilization.

And yet—

We are comfortably settled to the reading of an excellent novel, when the jingle of the doorbell heralds the arrival of the grocery advertisement.

We arrive at the theatre as the overture is being played, only to discover that the tickets have somehow been forgotten.

The tramway service seems intolerable, the newspaper boy unnecessarily slow.

We are exasperated at our own and other people's weaknesses, and we are bewildered and sometimes a little discouraged at the dizzy whirl of modern life.

And yet, through all these trivial vexations, we have managed to retain a certain amount of enthusiasm and a great deal of goodness, and all that is true and fine and noble in mankind has successfully withstood the buffeting of an age of reckless carelessness.

Humanity, I doff my hat to you!

JOHN A. McLEISH, X-C.

## A CONTRAST OF THOUGHTS AND WORDS

SCENE: Mrs. Black's sitting-room.

TIME: Five o'clock in the afternoon.

CHARACTERS: Maid, Mrs. Black, Mrs. White.

N.B.—Thoughts are in italics.

MAID (entering room): Mrs. White to see you, ma'am.

MRS. B.: [*Well, wouldn't that jar you? Just when I wanted to have some peace.*] Oh, how nice! Show her in right away. (Maid leaves and ushers in Mrs. White.) [*You're a beastly nuisance, turning up just when you aren't wanted.*] Why, what a pleasant surprise! Do sit down.

MRS. W.: Thank you. You know, I was passing by, and I couldn't resist the temptation to drop in.

MRS. B.: [*I certainly wish you had kept on passing by.*] I am so glad you stopped; you are just in time for afternoon tea.

MRS. W.: I hope I am not intruding. I really should have phoned to tell you I was coming.

MRS. B.: [*You wouldn't have been coming if you had phoned.*] Not at all, I am ever so pleased to have you. [*You know, you are getting fatter every day.*] My, how well you are looking.

MRS. W.: Do you think so? I really should diet, you know, I have actually gained one pound since I saw you last.

MRS. B.: [*I'd say it was nearer twenty. You are developing into a regular walrus.*] Oh, my dear, isn't that just appalling? But you really don't show it. (Enter maid with afternoon tea.) [*I see you have had your last year's hat made over; it looks terrible!*] What a darling new hat you have on!

MRS. W.: Do you like it? It was quite expensive but I thought it was worth it.

MRS. B.: [*You lie by the clock!*] Of course it was, it is simply adorable. How much sugar do you take.

MRS. W.: Oh, none at all, thank you. It is really so fattening, don't you know. (Mrs. Black passes her tea.) Thank you very much. (She drops her spoon on the floor.) Oh, how careless of me. I am so sorry.

MRS. B.: [*You are very sloppy; pick it up and use it again.*] It's nothing at all, here is another one. [*Is your singing still as bad as it used to be?*] Oh, by the way, how are you getting on with your singing?

MRS. W.: Very well, thank you. My instructor wishes me to go abroad and study.

MRS. B.: [*He doesn't wish it half as much as I do.*] Isn't that perfectly thrilling? I really would if I were you.

MRS. W. (rising): Yes, I think I will. But I must be going now; I have stayed too long as it is.

MRS. B. (rising also and walking with her to the door): [*You can't go too soon to suit me.*] Not at all, I am so glad you stopped in. [*But if you value your life, don't dare come back!*] Come and see me some time again, won't you?

MRS. W.: I surely will, and thank you ever so much. Good-bye.

MRS. B.: [*Go to the deuce!*] Good-bye, my dear.

DONALD YOUNG, XI-B.

### AMBITION

WE went through school together, the bunch of us. At that time we all had high ambitions; each one of the old gang was going to make a great name for himself in this world. Yes, we were 'raring' to go.

For some of us (myself included) it was to be a college education first. Then, we would be ready to conquer the world. For others, the business world beckoned—they were going to work from the bottom up to the peak of the ladder. Why, they'd all be Junior Partners before we, from college, had entered upon our life's career! Those days of reckless, inexperienced youth!

Where are we now, twenty years after? Truly, our ways have parted, but after these many years, we are united still—in that not one of us has yet attained the goal he aimed at in his youthful days.

We have known hardships, responsibilities, antagonism, drawbacks, and strangely enough we have not been embittered by these factors. We have not been by any means unsuccessful—we are now men fashioned by the world of experience, which does its work ruthlessly at times.

But what has become of our ambitions? Have they entirely melted into thin air? Not yet.—We once dreamed of great things—we are now working toward things, perhaps a little less great, but nevertheless we struggle onward, and slowly upward. "And though we win our goal or only near it," we shall still be striving, learning, working—hoping.

MARGARET MILLER, X-A.

### BEING PHOTOGRAPHED

BY the time we reach that stage where we are about to have our photographs taken for the Annual—well, you know our feelings. Excited? Rather not! After waiting for this—well, I mean to say, 'blasé' describes our emotions better.

This 'blasé' attitude persists through the first sitting. At this sitting, we gracefully cross our hands and show the photographer a cameo-like profile. The photographer is apparently quite unimpressed and suggests a full-face presentation. We refuse to have our equanimity—so befitting a pupil of our grade—disturbed, and nonchalantly meet our tormentor's request, though we secretly wonder whether the enigmatic smile we have assumed has any resemblance to that of Mona Lisa.

The photos arrive! We receive a series of shocks! "Our hands don't show!" we wail. "Well," someone intelligently and unsympathetically remarks, "the Annual wants your face."

What a waste of time that manicure was! And our carefully undulating waves, how flat they look! Oh horrors, our parts aren't straight! Oh agony, our Mona Lisa smile looks like a sneer!

And so to the photographers. We really must have a decent photo. We will never be in the Eleventh Grade again! (We hope). Again we pose. Again we view the results. Our parts are straight, our faces are in gentle repose. Are we blasé?—Are we bored?—Draw your own conclusions.

MIRIAM LEVINE, XI-A.

### THE WONDER CAVES OF BERMUDA

BENEATH the surface of the ground in Bermuda are found magic caves. Magic is not an extravagant adjective to use in describing them. For years, moisture has squeezed through the limestone of which the islands are formed. When this moisture reaches the caves beneath, it has become saturated with lime. On the roof of the caves growths formed and are still forming. These growths hanging from the roof are called stalactites. Where the moisture dripped to the floor, there formed pillars called stalagmites. These stalagmites and stalactites are cream-coloured.

Nature directed the path of the lime-laden moisture, and the result is wonderful to behold. It takes one hundred years for a cubic inch to form. Thus, one can understand how patiently Nature performs her work.

The people who own these caves have installed electric lights which add greatly to the beauty of them. One can stand at the end of the cave and imagine the stalactites and stalagmites forming all sorts of objects.

In one cave with the help of the electric lights we picked out a perfect cathedral. A bride's veil may be seen in another. A Christmas tree, a Swiss peasant's cottage, and figures of human beings are also to be seen.

One who gazes on these spectacular formations is reminded somewhat of the imaginative forms which appear when gazing into a fire in an open hearth.

MARGARET WILSON, VIII-A.

### I WONDER

"Oh! such were the days which my infancy knew!"—(Byron)

ONCE upon a time there was a boy who got up at 8.45 A.M. After partaking of his breakfast in a most leisurely manner, he set off for school. Of course, it is to be taken for granted that he was not hurried by anxious parents threatening to deprive him of the privilege of doing his home-work if he were late.

When the boy arrived at school it was 9.30. As both side-doors were locked, he entered by the main entrance, lingering at the office to have a 'friendly' chat for ten or fifteen minutes with the Principal. Then he continued on his way upstairs. He put his clothes in the locker—this having been left open for his benefit—and entered the class-room. He shook hands with the teacher, spoke a few words of greeting to his fellow-students, then took his seat. He interrupted the lessons several times during the morning, much to the glee of teachers and pupils. By guffawing loudly at whimsical remarks made by the teachers, he was rewarded with a sweet smile, which he returned in a most angelic manner. On this particular day the young lad did not know his memory-work, which was most unusual, so he was allowed to play cards in the hall with the caretaker.

At the end of the term this bright lad was promoted with the highest honours. His teachers were so grieved at the possibility of his leaving school that he decided to repeat the year.

RHODA M. COOK, IX-F.

### ON THE ADORNMENT OF SLICKERS

IT is again my privilege as "Spectator" to bring before my readers another silly, injudicious and unbecoming craze that has taken the country by storm. I am referring to the widespread adornment of the nation's slickers with works of art in India ink or other mediums.

There are many excellent reasons why this practice should be abolished. Think how the adornment gives away the vintage of your slicker. A young friend of my acquaintance appeared one day in a resplendent slicker of bilious yellow hue. On the back, in bold letters was the caption, "TEACHERS PET!", below this was a sniggering "DO THEY?" in similar type. For a few months all went well. Then the joke began to pall. And, finally a year later, when the very joke appeared in the local wit column "The Passing Flower" his slicker was definitely déclassé, and his humiliation complete. He bought an umbrella.

Pictures on slickers give away the slicker's age just as quickly. You may cover the back of your slicker with a young lady in the latest of abbreviated bathing suits, and write under it something breezy, like, "LET'S GO SWIMMING!" only to find, when you take out your slicker next year, that that costume is now being worn by the fair sex for skiing, and that India ink is waterproof.

Another sad case comes to my memory. Last year one of my dear friends covered his new slicker with a beautiful "AND HOW!" The first time he wore it this year he was chagrined to notice that all his friends were sporting brand new slickers, suitably adorned with a large "WHOOPEE!" He slunk home in shame, vowing never to wear his accursed slicker of the year "AND HOW!" again. The next day it rained, and he found he hadn't a cent to his name with which to buy a "WHOOPEE!" slicker. Imagine his embarrassment!

Yesterday I went for a walk with my friend, Mr. Broadway, from London. When passing a group of young people clad in these adorned slickers which I have been discussing, I called his attention to them and asked,

"Have you any similar samples of flaming youth in London?"

To which he replied, "O ra-ather! But ovah theah we give them bo-ads with the writing on and we call them Sa-andwich Men."

Thus you see what a pernicious, uneconomical, and undignified practice the adornment of slickers is, and I hope you will profit by my advice as of yore, and put an end to the grave situation by purchasing the new "trench coats" which are to be on sale all next week at my uncle's store on Rhind Street.

GEORGE R. W. OWEN, XI-B.

### BEAUTIFUL, BUT DUMB!

Girl Friend: "Oh, do tell me something to write on for a short story."

Mary: "Write on me."

Girl Friend: "My dear, I couldn't, the teacher told me to write on quarter-size foolscap!"

### AN EMBARRASSING MOMENT

ALL that glitters is not gold." How true! Believe it or not—soliciting for a school annual is not quite as easy as it seems. Just wait till you get to Eleventh Year (?) and then you will agree with me.

The other day, wearing my best hat and sweetest (?) smile (as Mr. Ingram advised) I walked into West Sweets. I looked at—oh, let's call him Mr. Sweet (but I know differently) and said in my most charming manner,

"Would you like to advertise in our West Hill Annual?"



Mr Ingram's Delight!

He looked at me pityingly, and said, "No, Miss, I don't."

"You don't?" (in an injured tone) "Why, you don't know what you're missing, Mr. Sweet, really you don't. Do you know that this is the best—I got no further."

"Come some other time, Miss, come some other time," he fairly shouted at me.

Well, I did "come some other time" and still "some other time," but to no avail. Everytime he saw me—he detoured! It was so simple! But I was determined to get him. Then one day I walked into the store and very tactfully bought an ice-cream cone. He looked at me and there was a glimmer of recognition in his eyes.

"Don't you remember me?" I asked him, smiling as agreeably as I could. (I felt like doing something rash to him.)

"—Yes, I remember," he said.

"You told me to 'come some other time,' and here I am. Now you've got to advertise, and I'm not going to leave till you do. This is the cheapest and best way of advertising—you've got to advertise. Come now, Mr. Sweet, what will you have?" (All in one breath, because I was afraid he would throw me out.)

"All right, Miss, all right, I'll take one-sixteenth of a page." (Imagine, after all my trouble, too.)

Anyway I decided that this was better than nothing and opened my purse to take out a card for him to sign.—I didn't have one!

"I—I—I'll have to come back again," I stammered.

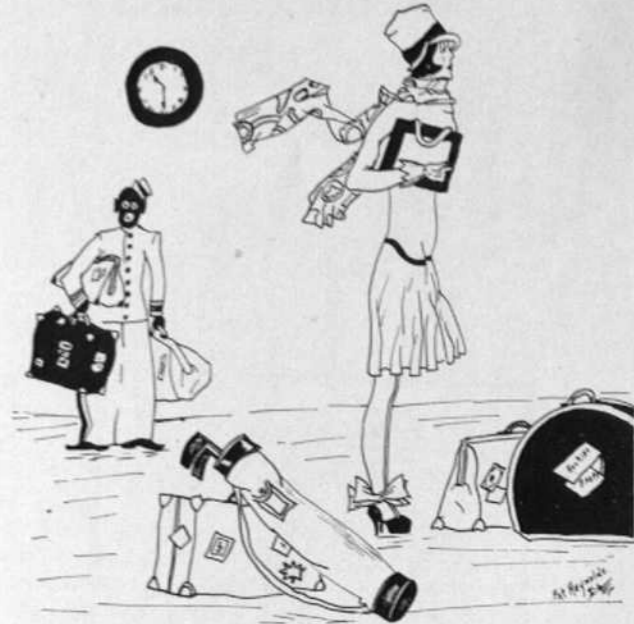
A grin spread over his face as he said.

"All right, Miss, come some other time."

Oh, well, it's all in a life-time!

MINNIE GREENSPOON, XI-A.

Annual West Hill High School Annual



MY SUMMER VACATION

HOLIDAYS will soon be here and I want to tell you about mine last summer. I went by train—one of those limited trains in which everything is limited, even the soap.

When I arrived at the hotel, I observed the following rules on the wall.

- Board—fifty cents per foot, all meals extra.
- If you find no bell you ring the towel.
- Guests will not take the bricks out of mattresses.
- No speaking to the dumb waiters.
- If you want light, lift the pillows, they are light enough.
- Those wishing to go driving will be supplied with hammer and nails.
- If room is too warm, open window and see fire escape.
- If no water turn back the cover and find the spring.
- Please write your name on the wall so that we will know you have been here.
- Guests going to bed with their boots on will please not blow out the gas, otherwise they will die with their boots on.
- With such splendid rules and regulations to guide the guests, it is needless to say I enjoyed my stay at this hotel very much.

MARJORIE R. GRAY, X-C.

HOW BRIGHT!

Oh, Mr. I—, I've made the same mistake three times and can't find it.

Miss Shearing (in English lesson): "A spring day in Canada! What could one more desire?"  
Marjorie: "Rubber boots."

"THESE AFTER-EXAM RESOLUTIONS"

WE were certainly a group of dismayed people when we discovered that the exams started in a week's time. One short week in which to make up for the folly and foolishness of five months.

"Why, the exams can't possibly start next week, sa-ay we've just started to review—"

"Yeah, and I was all prepared to turn over a new leaf, so that I wouldn't have to drive myself silly cramming."

These were just a few of the inelegant speeches that were voiced when, with horror, we realized that the phantom which had been chasing us all year had finally materialized, and the exams were no longer a ghost but a dread reality.

"Gee, why didn't I do my lessons every night?"

"Why didn't I pay attention during school hours?"

Why, why, a thousand futile "whys."

If only we manage to pass—

But the cramming comes before that, and speaking of driving ourselves silly, if truth must be told, we drive the family silly, that is, sillier than they actually are, and the teachers, well—just silly.

Mother might just as well go through High with each of her children. Not only does she listen to page after page of Latin, Literature, Geometry, or some such enlightening but altogether uninteresting subject as we recite it off in a most intelligent manner, but she is ordered to keep the family from making any unnecessary noise—that is, any noise at all. Should any one dare tune in on the radio she is met with—

"How in the world are we supposed to learn anything with that infernal racket going on?" or

"Well, if you don't want me to pass—"

But should we fail. Well, that's a different matter altogether. Whoever heard of blaming us, if such a catastrophe should occur? Weren't we disturbed one night when we were absorbed in our lessons? Of course we were. It probably happened to be one of the very few nights when we had decided to do our lessons, so that we could live in comfort next day—but we couldn't seem to settle down after being disturbed. (Any excuse is better than none.)

Oh well, I'll never let myself be caught in such a turmoil again, because I have made two resolutions:

I. To do my lessons every night—thoroughly—(thoroughly is not added as an after-thought.)

II. To pay strict attention to everything that goes on during school hours, funny or otherwise.

These will go into force in the fall when I come back from my summer holidays and am as ready, as I ever will be, to settle down. In the meantime I continue to recover from the effects of my January tests.

GLENNA THOMAS, X-C.

"What are you doing to make the Annual a success?"

"Oh, staying out of it."

We had a good joke for the Annual, but she refused to pose for the picture.

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A HALF HOLIDAY

A HALF-HOLIDAY! What a pleasant thought! February 27, 1929 was a half-holiday at West Hill because the Basketball championship had been won by girls of our school.

We wonder how many pupils will remember the occasion as vividly as we do—the girls of X-2-A?

The weather was not fine enough for outdoor sports, so it was suggested we go sight-seeing, to learn something of our own fair city.

We first made our way to the new Royal Bank Building, at the corner of St. Peter and Notre Dame Streets. After viewing the spacious banking room on the ground floor, we were accorded the privilege of going up to the Lookout on the nineteenth storey. Here we obtained a splendid view of the great St. Lawrence (still ice-bound); the new bridge stretching across the river, and yet needing a span for completeness; Mount Royal and Westmount Mountains, with Canada's greatest metropolis at their base. A vast city was spread before us as far as the eye could reach, and we realized, perhaps for the first time, the great extent of Montreal. (To those who might be interested in visiting this Lookout, we understand admission is granted to the general public from 10.30 to 11.30 A.M., and 3 to 4 P.M.)

After a swift return to earth, we made our way to the Head Office of the Bank of Montreal. While not so new or spacious as the Royal Bank, this home of a great banking business yet presents a scene of quiet dignity and grandeur to the visitor. From there we went to the Royal Trust Company's offices. Here we were shown through the Safety Deposit Vaults, 30 feet below the street level. We viewed with interest the great steel door, which is controlled by clock-work, and weighs 40 tons. This protects many millions of dollars worth of securities. We inspected the metal boxes which are rented to the public at a charge of \$5 to \$1000 per year, according to size.

Leaving the Royal Trust, we came out upon Place d'Armes Square with its monument to Maisonneuve, the founder of our city. We crossed the square and entered the Notre Dame Church. Here again we found much of interest. The richness and beauty of the statuary, windows and pictures, make this historic church one of the most outstanding of its kind on the continent. At the sides of the church are many confessionals and altars dedicated to different saints. At the entrance of each pew is a small door, a relic of older days. In the Lady Chapel at the rear, as in the church itself, tall tapers burnt brightly on the high altar, and the smell of incense was in the air. A Lenten service was in progress in the church, and we remained for some time to hear the beautiful organ and boys' choir. The singing was conducted from the pulpit, which was raised high above the congregation.

From this famous church we went to the City Hall, where we were taken through the Hall of Honour, the Council Chamber, the Mayor's private office and waiting-room. The floors and walls of marble, imported from many countries, are well in keeping with the magnificent furnishings. The stained glass windows, depicting scenes in Montreal and the vicinity, are the work of a French-Canadian artist.

Across from the City Hall is the Château de Ramezay, which is one of the most important historical picture-galleries and museums of antiques on the continent. Household furnishings, valuable pictures, and Indian, French and English relics are among the many interesting antiques to be seen. Relics of more modern times are preserved in the first motor-car driven in the city, very early fire equipment and a bone-shaker bicycle.

From here we walked past Bonsecours Market and the Nelson Monument to Bonsecours Chapel, situated very near the river. Service in this chapel is attended by many sailors, from all over the world, while in port, and for this reason the chapel is often spoken of as the "Sailors' Church." Here the prayer candles burn in quaint little ships, and the blinking lights cast many a faint gleam on valuable paintings which beautify the walls of one of Montreal's oldest churches.

Here our pilgrimage ended. Evening was beginning to close in, so we made our way back to Place d'Armes Square through the narrow streets of other days, and were soon on our way home, tired but more familiar with many of the famous places of our City.

Our half-holiday was over—but memory will make it ours forever.

GRACE COLE and JEAN HOWE, X-A.

"PROSE OR POETRY"

"WARREN HASTINGS" arrived in "The Deacon's Masterpiece" to visit "The Lady of Shalott." She refused to see him and from "The Valley of Humiliation" he returned to "The Prairies." Because of "The Eruption of Vesuvius" he went to "Kew in Lilac-Time" where he met "The Beloved Captain" who said "Warren Hastings" "Consider the Lilies" "In such a Night" or you will incur "The Anger of the Chief of Justice," whose "Highland Chivalry" has made him the champion of a certain young lady we both know." At these words "Hastings" sobbed forth the whole sad tale and received "The Beloved Captain's" sympathy.

After this "The Beloved Captain" went his way and met "Sir Roger de Coverley at Church" who sent "A Letter to Lord Chesterfield" who was "In a Canoe" in "The Pitch Lake in the West Indies." This letter said—

"Warren Hastings" is "The Prodigal Son" of "England, my England." Tell him to take the "Opportunity" of joining "Drake's Voyage round the World" and go to see "Paul's Defense before King Agrippa" in "The World's Best Company."

His "Highland Chivalry" made "Hastings" follow this advice and his motto became—"Ho, Everyone that Thirsteth."

"On His Blindness" he went to "The Village Preacher" and demanded "Mercy to Animals."

"The Day is Done."

LEONA WILANSKI, IX-A.  
SYBIL WILANSKI, IX-C.

### THE WAY OF ALLAH

AND that day there was a low murmur in the bazaar, like the soft lap-lap of brown waters," the merchant said to the greybeards, rapt with attention at his story, "and I reclined on a carpet, a red Turkey rug, beside my hubble-bubble, even as now."

"That morning there was little business; so I lay, and watched the throng, passing and repassing. I meditated—strange is the Way of Allah that this Stream of Life should never be exhausted. And there would pass a camel, ugly, filthy, but patient; or a laughing boy on a mule; or lumbering oxen. But farther in the dark bazaar a beggar shrieked and cursed, and I thought—some Arab steed has trampled him."

"Even so," said the greybeards.

"And a man came up to me then, and looked at my rugs, and said: 'Your carpets are large and cover a great ground.'

"Truly," said I, 'and soft to the feet, like thick turf.'

"And the man bent low, holding out his hand, flat, thus, and on it lay three golden coins.

"The rugs might well cover a man?' he whispered.

"Spoken truly," said I, and he gave me the three golden coins, and slid under a pile of rugs.

"Then after I had smoked some time, and there had passed three more camels, and two mules, and oxen, another man came up to me, and said: 'Thou hast a fine carved screen.'

"Yea," answered I him, 'and brought from afar by a caravan.'

"And the man bent low, holding out his hand, flat, thus, and on it lay three golden coins.

"The screen might well hide a man?' he whispered.

"Spoken truly," said I, and he gave me the three golden coins, and hid behind the screen.

"Then after I smoked some time, and there had passed many more camels, and mules, and oxen, a great disturbance rose in the crowd, and a huge black negro came forward, brandishing a scimitar, so that it caught a beam of sunlight and sent it flashing in the darkness, as a diamond might scintillate in a cave.

"The negro called in a loud voice: 'Make way, make way, O ye people, for Ali el Ussuf!'

"And a path was cleared in the throng, and I touched my head on the carpet, as he came forward on a wild Arab steed.

"But behind me there was a low scuffle. I turned my head. I beheld the two who had hid, crouched low, ready to strike the Emir. But the Emir is a kind ruler, I have great love for him. Yet it flashed through my brain that it would be foolish to call out, for then they would stab me. So I sat still as they crept forward. And beside me they jumped to their feet with a shout, brandishing their daggers. And I took hold of the edge of the carpet, which covers the floor of the shop, and pulled. And they fell to the floor, cursing, and the negro took them, and slew them.

"And the Emir came, and said, 'I perceive that thou art quick-witted.'

"And I bowed my head, and said nothing.

"And he bent low, holding out his hand, flat, thus, and on it lay a bag of gold!

"I thought—very strange is the Way of Allah that this River of Gold should flow into my hands.

"Then straightway I praised God, saying: 'Blessed

be Allah, blessed be His name. The Way of Allah is like unto a light to a blind man!"

And the greybeards murmured, "Even so."

STUART WILSON, X-B.

### ON PAINTING

THE ancients drew their pictures with primitive paints on the stone walls of their caves. The Greeks and Romans painted on the plaster walls of their palaces. The artists of the Renaissance period instituted a new method of putting their creations on canvas, which is still in vogue to-day. That is, speaking of "painting" in the pictorial sense.

There is another phase in the art of painting—the painting of the human skin. We all know it is a custom among savage races to bedeck their faces and bodies with pigments. Then remember what Caesar said about our esteemed ancestors—"Omnes vero se Britanni vitro inficiunt, quo caeruleum efficit colorem, atque hoc horridiore sunt in pugna aspectu." The savages paint their faces with the object of looking more ferocious—a strange custom! And yet the civilized idea among the ladies of to-day is not to look more ferocious with the application of paint, but to beautify the countenance. Some of the modern women achieve the same result the savages strive for, and yet they do not know it!

The practice is not confined to grown women alone. Young girls are adept in the application of cosmetics. They may be seen at all times in any public place pausing for an instant, just to touch up an eyelash, or readjust the "Cupid's bow" of their "ruby" lips.

What is the affinity between a child and a woman? They both love to paint. The ordinary child dearly loves to mess around with a box of paints and a brush, while the modern woman is an expert with her "painting kit."

The third person singular of the verb "to paint," is "he" or "she paints." "He paints" might imply a compliment but "she paints" is just the reverse.

HUGH T. AITKEN, XI-B

### DESKS

ALL day long we sit at desks. We scratch them, draw on them, write names on them, just as if we hated the very sight of them. I guess we do, too, but I wonder if any of us ever stopped a minute to consider the advantages of them.

If you are bored in a lesson, the desk may be lifted and sometimes a little piece of candy or a piece of carefully-parked gum is found. If you want to talk to your neighbor the desk top certainly comes in handy; just lift the top of the desk and there you have a nice secluded (?) spot for a tête-à-tête. Of course, there is always the possibility of a teacher interrupting you, but if she is nice and agreeable, she will leave you to yourself.

Then consider what a boon and a blessing girls find their desks! Behind its accommodating top that school girl complexion may be regained, and self-respect be recovered with the powdering of noses.

I often wonder what would happen if the boys followed our example, and indulged in "whisker-removing" during class intermissions. Think of it!

Girls, I think we'll have to be more modest.

VIOLET CASSIDY, X-C

### HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION IN RIGA

THIS subject brings back to my memory the days when the city of Riga was under German occupation. Owing to the fact that the city of Riga was being populated by Germans even before the Great War, the school system was under the influence of the German "kultur".

Education was almost exclusively the privilege of the rich and aristocratic. There were no compulsory attendance regulations; children might attend school if they wished; even the learning of such elementary subjects as reading and writing was not compulsory. In school, while German was freely spoken, other languages such as English, Russian, Latin, Latvian and French were subjects of study. In addition, the usual school subjects were taught.

The school hours were from 8 o'clock in the morning to 2 or 3 in the afternoon, without a lunch period. Every hour, 5 to 15 minutes recess was enjoyed. During these intervals, sandwiches, which the pupils brought to school, were eaten.

The school which I attended was strictly German and under the autocratic influence of the city. The existence of the school dated back for two centuries.

The management of the school was imperialistic in form. The discipline was severely military. Boys were not allowed to talk to girls on the school grounds. The punishment for violating such a regulation was severe and infinite in its variety. For the juniors there was the strap, with which we were painfully familiar. For the older boys, the cane was the instrument of torture, but this was seldom used. For minor offences, such as not paying attention on parade, we received orders to peel potatoes and chop wood for the regimental cook, who, I am glad to say, was a little more kind-hearted than the officers.

Sports such as football, bicycle races and track racing were practiced on the school grounds. The school with its grounds was situated in a park, thus setting off to advantage the château-like appearance of the school building itself.

The rooms inside had extremely high ceilings and enormously large windows. There were no individual seats for pupils. Desk and bench were built together and placed in two rows; four pupils could sit in each desk. The teacher had a high desk resembling a pulpit. The blackboard consisted of a large piece of slate, two yards in height and about three in width. This blackboard rested on a pair of wooden stilts.

There was a different master for each subject. Most of the masters were elderly and looked down on the pupils cordially and figuratively. Therefore there was little cordiality and friendship between master and pupil—only a formal respect between younger and older, which was partly enforced by the existing discipline.

The marking was quite different from the system in use here in Canada. A 'five', was very good; a 'four', was good; 'three', was as some masters call, on the border line; 'two', was a failure, and 'one' does not need any explanation. The examinations were held three times a year, the last one coming in May, which was the closing month of the year. The masters made out the examination papers for their respective classes and these were by no means easy. Nearly every school in the city had different books and subjects of study.

The pupils of Montreal should be proud of their schools. It is delightful to see over here the comradeship between teachers and pupils, which tends to accomplish as much intellectual progress as the military system of Germany.

JOACHIM C. ROSENGARTEN, IX-B.

### HISTORIC PLYMOUTH

PLYMOUTH is the most picturesque town in all of the New England States. It is situated on a bay on the Atlantic coast. Rising up from the shore of the bay is a hill on the top of which the town stands.

Plymouth besides having lovely scenery, is an important historical place. As one walks through the streets in the old section of the town there can be seen signs marking the sites of the Pilgrims' homes or maybe, the spot where a treaty was signed with the Indians, or where a skirmish with an unfriendly tribe took place.

In 1620, in the midst of winter, the Pilgrims after many hardships landed at Plymouth. They built huts, and though many died of cold and sickness, the rest stayed there and founded the present city.

The town has many interesting places to visit. At the foot of the hill you may see the very stone on which the first Pilgrims stepped from the boat. It is covered by a roof supported by large pillars. On the top of the hill is a statue of Massasoit, that brave Indian chief without whose help the pilgrims could not have lived. Near Massasoit's monument there is also a memorial to all the people on board the "Mayflower". About a block from the hill, which was used as a cemetery during the first winter, is a quaint old burial-ground which has been in use for several hundreds of years. In the centre of the town is a park in which is a statue of Priscilla, one of the brave women on board the "Mayflower." Near the monument is a stream of fresh water from which it is claimed the Pilgrims obtained their first water in a new land. Plymouth also can boast of having the oldest house in the United States. It is only a log cabin, but it is a precious possession to the town.

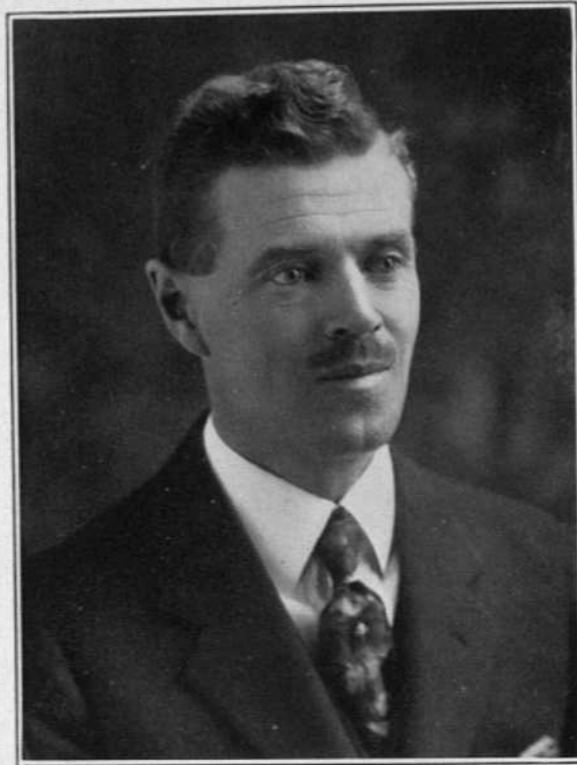
There is a museum specializing in relics of the Pilgrims. In it the hulk of a vessel about the size of the "Mayflower" can be seen. This boat was wrecked off the coast of Cape Cod a few years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. In the museum are many tools, household utensils, furniture, books and weapons, all former possessions of the Pilgrims.

A beautiful old custom is carried out annually in Plymouth. The descendants of the Pilgrims walk through the streets carrying their Bibles. They dress in costumes that have been handed down from generation to generation. This procession is held each year in memory of their brave ancestors.

You could never tire of this historic town because there is always some old place in it to see and enjoy.

LORNA ALLEN, VIII-A.

Annual West Hill High School Annual



H. C. ATKINSON, B.A.

IN this message to the school, I wish to direct the students' thought to two important matters, viz., the necessity of choice in the great number of present-day activities, and the relation of opportunity and responsibility.

With reference to the first I would point out that the High School student is confronted with a maze and a weight of activities, both at school and outside, and for the most part designed to be helpful, which tend to bewilder and overwhelm. It is only with the sympathetic guidance of those entrusted with his welfare, directing and influencing his choice, and a ready response to guidance on the part of the student, that he may hope to pass through the maze without losing his way or bear the weight without suffering from the burden.

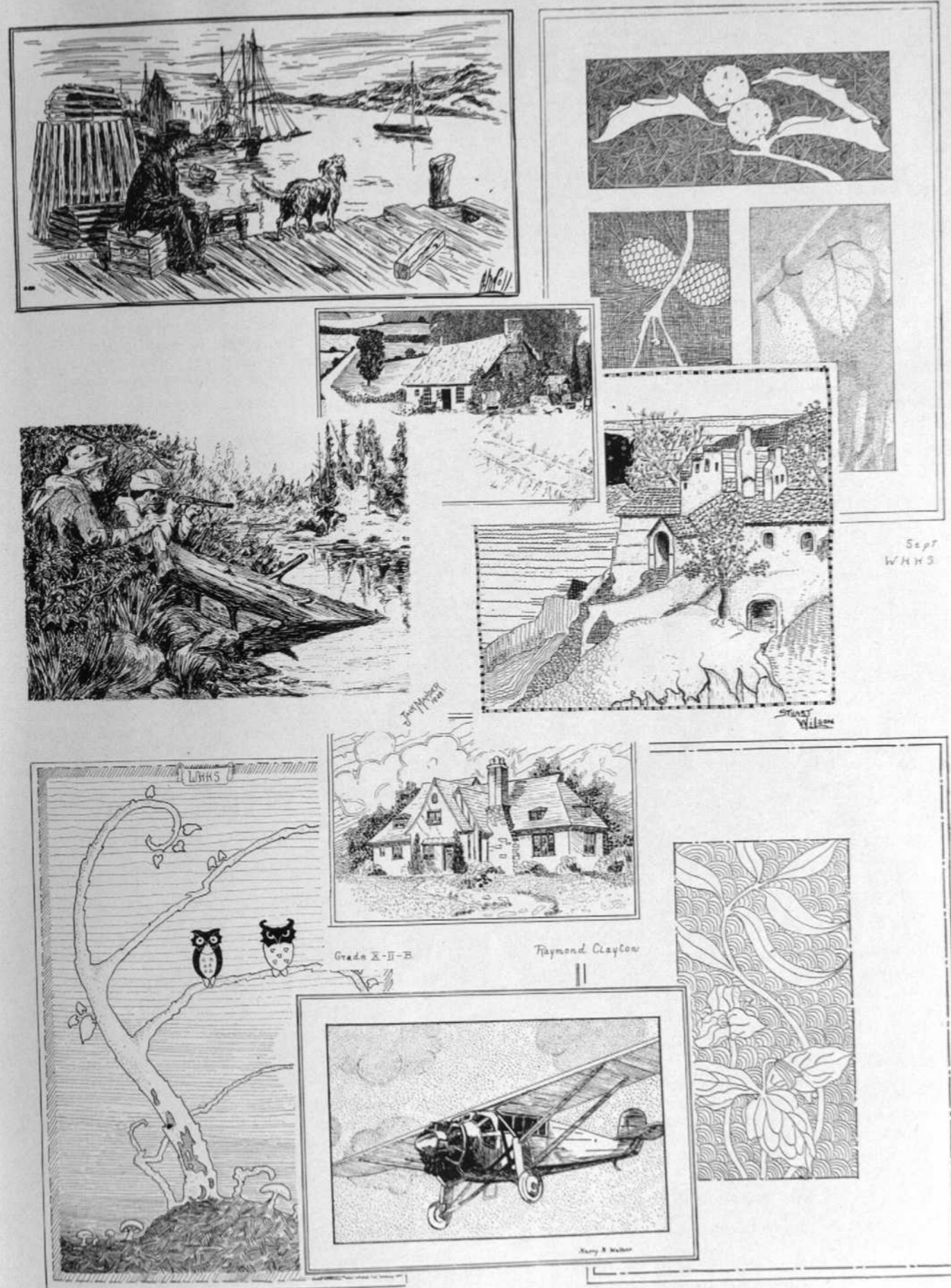
Secondly, there is opportunity on every side: opportunity to work and to play; opportunity to acquire an education or to take a position with

prospect; opportunity for the rich and for the poor; opportunity to make a life as well as a living. It should be realized early in life that with every opportunity there is a corresponding responsibility. May the following words of Sir Robert Borden, recently addressed to the students of Queen's University, expressing this thought, impress all young people:

"In the splendour of your youth you go forth affluent in your wealth of time and opportunity. Oh, be mindful of both. . . . When you shall have reached the age of three score years and ten you will realize, as you cannot realize at present, how short is the span of even the longest human life. So neglect not opportunity and squander not time; for these are your talent."

H. C. ATKINSON, B.A., Principal  
WEST HILL HIGH SCHOOL

Annual West Hill High School Annual



Allan Blane  
W.H.H.S.

Grade II-I-C  
May 12<sup>th</sup> 1927

Rice W. Dunton  
Grade V-I-G

W.H.H.S  
May

Grade X-II-B

Raymond Clayton

Sept  
W.H.H.S

## The Final Court-Martial

*Printed by arrangement with The Toronto Star Weekly*

By J. C. J. HODGSON

Illustrated by A. WYNNE CLARKE

"PARDON me—but you're wrong in barring out telepathy, if I may have my say, gentlemen." We had scarcely noticed the new-comer until then. It was in the train coming down from Muskoka last spring. We were a party of anglers homeward bound after a long week-end. He had got in half-way, at Barrie, I believe it was, and had been sitting in the corner, pipe in mouth, listening to our conversation in silence.

We all turned to him at that. There was something about him. It was the lawyer who spoke next, big Peter Hulan, who always constitutes himself our spokesman.

"Sure, sure you may," he said; "that is if you've any ideas about it."

"Not what you'd call ideas—convictions, facts, experiences, I'd say. You shouldn't bar out telepathy or even thought-transference between the living and the dead." There was a movement of impatience among us. "No, I'm not guessing, gentlemen. I know."

I suppose we did look rather incredulous.

"A man only has his own experiences to work on—that's the danger. You'd like to hear mine?" he went on, unperturbed.

Peter gave him a nod. The others assented, too.

"It happened just twelve years ago. I was out in France as assistant medical officer with the 29th Division at the time. I was supernumerary for some months—sent out here, there and everywhere.

"One of my first jobs was at the regimental aid-post at Auchonvillers. It was in the communication trench, on a slope that overlooked Beaumont Hamel. There the enemy had a whole tube-station full of saps and deep dugouts, concreted, yards and yards deep; and on top not a hint or a sign. We found it out later. It cost a heap of lives: whole battalions, the Newfoundlanders, for example . . ."

He came back with a jerk to the main argument.

"One night the bearers brought in a young fellow, a fair-headed chap of 19 or so, a South Wales Borderer. 'Alec Hughes, Congreg.' his identity disc told me. I couldn't learn much from the stretcher-bearers; they were unusually quiet about the case. Something put me on my guard. Anyhow, I got busy with the lad.

"It was a nasty wound—a little hole in front of the knee"—the speaker tapped above his knee-cap to illustrate—"but a huge lump of flesh gone from the calf below.

"I was pretty green—not long out then—but I soon spotted a tell-tale burn about the flesh, though the bearers had cut most of the trousers away. Besides there were little shreds of loose cloth about—fragments of puttee, beyond a doubt. A little warm rum brought the lad around. He had lost a good deal of blood.

"Whatever possessed you to do this, Alec, my lad? I said to him when he came round.

"He was silent a long while, gazing straight at the heavy beams of the dug-out above his head, apparently heedless as to what we were doing for him.

"I asked him again later.

"He gave a little gasp. 'Fed up, sir . . . I was fed up, doc,' he admitted. 'Made a pretty bad job

of it, eh?'

"Yes, pretty bad,' I assented.

"He paused before speaking again.

"You're not sending me down 'self-inflicted'? That's sure a court-martial, doc."

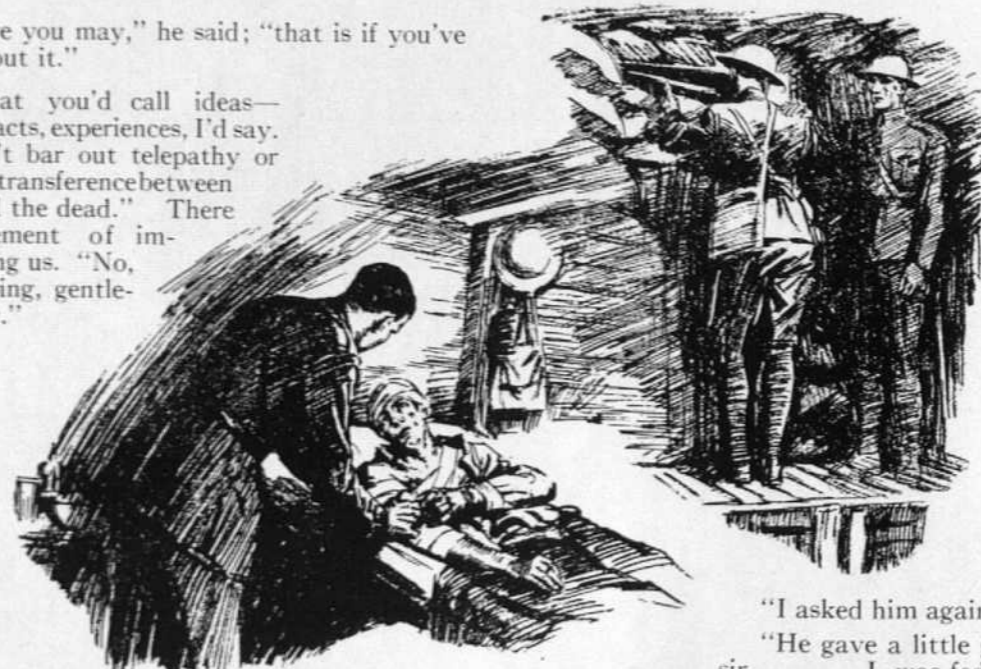
"What?' I said. 'You want me to put you down as 'wounded'? Hardly fair to your pals, is it?'

"No matter, sir. Ticket me what you like. . . I'm going before the top court of all, my final court-martial, I guess."

"Come, cheer up, man,' I replied. 'While there's life there's hope.'

"It's Self-Inflicted, You Know"

"I shook hands with him as the bearers started to carry him off to the road where the ambulances used to wait. I knew it was a bad business, but you see there was something fine about the kid's face after all.



## ON THE ADORNMENT OF SLICKERS

IT is again my privilege as "Spectator" to bring before my readers another silly, injudicious and unbecoming craze that has taken the country by storm. I am referring to the widespread adornment of the nation's slickers with works of art in India ink or other mediums.

There are many excellent reasons why this practice should be abolished. Think how the adornment gives away the vintage of your slicker. A young friend of my acquaintance appeared one day in a resplendent slicker of bilious yellow hue. On the back, in bold letters was the caption, "TEACHERS PET!", below this was a sniggering "DO THEY?" in similar type. For a few months all went well. Then the joke began to pall. And, finally a year later, when the very joke appeared in the local wit column "The Passing Flower" his slicker was definitely déclassé, and his humiliation complete. He bought an umbrella.

Pictures on slickers give away the slicker's age just as quickly. You may cover the back of your slicker with a young lady in the latest of abbreviated bathing suits, and write under it something breezy, like, "LET'S GO SWIMMING!" only to find, when you take out your slicker next year, that that costume is now being worn by the fair sex for skiing, and that India ink is waterproof.

Another sad case comes to my memory. Last year one of my dear friends covered his new slicker with a beautiful "AND HOW!" The first time he wore it this year he was chagrined to notice that all his friends were sporting brand new slickers, suitably adorned with a large "WHOOPEE!" He slunk home in shame, vowing never to wear his accursed slicker of the year "AND HOW!" again. The next day it rained, and he found he hadn't a cent to his name with which to buy a "WHOOPEE!" slicker. Imagine his embarrassment!

Yesterday I went for a walk with my friend, Mr. Broadway, from London. When passing a group of young people clad in these adorned slickers which I have been discussing, I called his attention to them and asked,

"Have you any similar samples of flaming youth in London?'"

To which he replied, "O ra-ather! But ovah theah we give them bo-ads with the writing on and we call them Sa-andwich Men."

Thus you see what a pernicious, uneconomical, and undignified practice the adornment of slickers is, and I hope you will profit by my advice as of yore, and put an end to the grave situation by purchasing the new "trench coats" which are to be on sale all next week at my uncle's store on Rhind Street.

GEORGE R. W. OWEN, XI-B.

## BEAUTIFUL, BUT DUMB!

Girl Friend: "Oh, do tell me something to write on for a short story."

Mary: "Write on me."

Girl Friend: "My dear, I couldn't, the teacher told me to write on quarter-size foolscap!"

## AN EMBARRASSING MOMENT

"ALL that glitters is not gold." How true! Believe it or not—soliciting for a school annual is not quite as easy as it seems. Just wait till you get to Eleventh Year (?) and then you will agree with me.

The other day, wearing my best hat and sweetest (?) smile (as Mr. Ingram advised) I walked into West Sweets. I looked at—oh, let's call him Mr. Sweet (but I know differently) and said in my most charming manner,

"Would you like to advertise in our West Hill Annual?"



Mr Ingram's Delight!

He looked at me pityingly, and said, "No, Miss, I don't."

"You don't?" (in an injured tone) "Why, you don't know what you're missing, Mr. Sweet, really you don't. Do you know that this is the best—I got no further."

"Come some other time, Miss, come some other time," he fairly shouted at me.

Well, I did "come some other time" and still "some other time," but to no avail. Everytime he saw me—he detoured! It was so simple! But I was determined to get him. Then one day I walked into the store and very tactfully bought an ice-cream cone. He looked at me and there was a glimmer of recognition in his eyes.

"Don't you remember me?" I asked him, smiling as agreeably as I could. (I felt like doing something rash to him.)

"Yes, I remember," he said.

"You told me to 'come some other time,' and here I am. Now you've got to advertise, and I'm not going to leave till you do. This is the cheapest and best way of advertising—you've got to advertise. Come now, Mr. Sweet, what will you have?" (All in one breath, because I was afraid he would throw me out.)

"All right, Miss, all right, I'll take one-sixteenth of a page." (Imagine, after all my trouble, too.)

Anyway I decided that this was better than nothing and opened my purse to take out a card for him to sign.—I didn't have one!

"I—I—I'll have to come back again." I stammered.

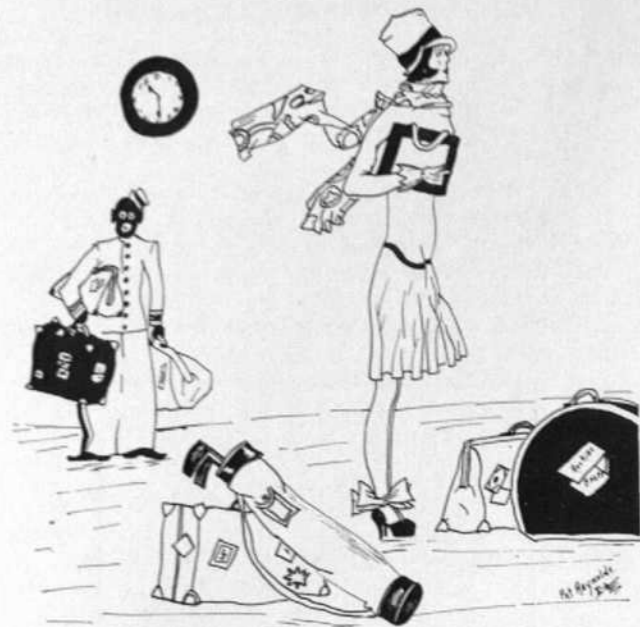
A grin spread over his face as he said,

"All right, Miss, come some other time."

Oh, well, it's all in a life-time!

MINNIE GREENSPOON, XI-A.

## Annual West Hill High School Annual



### MY SUMMER VACATION

**H**OLIDAYS will soon be here and I want to tell you about mine last summer. I went by train—one of those limited trains in which everything is limited, even the soap.

When I arrived at the hotel, I observed the following rules on the wall.

- Board—fifty cents per foot, all meals extra.
- If you find no bell you ring the towel.
- Guests will not take the bricks out of mattresses.
- No speaking to the dumb waiters.
- If you want light, lift the pillows, they are light enough.
- Those wishing to go driving will be supplied with hammer and nails.
- If room is too warm, open window and see fire escape.
- If no water turn back the cover and find the spring.
- Please write your name on the wall so that we will know you have been here.
- Guests going to bed with their boots on will please not blow out the gas, otherwise they will die with their boots on.

With such splendid rules and regulations to guide the guests, it is needless to say I enjoyed my stay at this hotel very much.

MARJORIE R. GRAY, X.C.

### HOW BRIGHT!

Oh, Mr. I—, I've made the same mistake three times and can't find it.

Miss Shearing (in English lesson): "A spring day in Canada! What could one more desire?"  
Marjorie: "Rubber boots."

### "THESE AFTER-EXAM RESOLUTIONS"

**W**E were certainly a group of dismayed people when we discovered that the exams started in a week's time. One short week in which to make up for the folly and foolishness of five months.

"Why, the exams can't possibly start next week, sa-ay we've just started to review—"

"Yeah, and I was all prepared to turn over a new leaf, so that I wouldn't have to drive myself silly cramming."

These were just a few of the inelegant speeches that were voiced when, with horror, we realized that the phantom which had been chasing us all year had finally materialized, and the exams were no longer a ghost but a dread reality.

"Gee, why didn't I do my lessons every night?"

"Why didn't I pay attention during school hours?"

Why, why, a thousand futile "whys."

**If only we manage to pass—**

But the cramming comes before that, and speaking of driving ourselves silly, if truth must be told, we drive the family silly, that is, sillier than they actually are, and the teachers, well—just silly.

Mother might just as well go through High with each of her children. Not only does she listen to page after page of Latin, Literature, Geometry, or some such enlightening but altogether uninteresting subject as we recite it off in a most intelligent manner, but she is ordered to keep the family from making any unnecessary noise—that is, any noise at all. Should any one dare tune in on the radio she is met with—

"How in the world are we supposed to learn anything with that infernal racket going on?" or

"Well, if you don't want me to pass—"

**But should we fail.** Well, that's a different matter altogether. Whoever heard of blaming us, if such a catastrophe should occur? Weren't we disturbed one night when we were absorbed in our lessons? Of course we were. It probably happened to be one of the very few nights when we had decided to do our lessons, so that we could live in comfort next day—but we couldn't seem to settle down after being disturbed. (Any excuse is better than none.)

Oh well, I'll never let myself be caught in such a turmoil again, because I have made two resolutions:

I. To do my lessons every night—thoroughly—(thoroughly is not added as an after-thought.)

II. To pay strict attention to everything that goes on during school hours, funny or otherwise.

These will go into force in the fall when I come back from my summer holidays and am as ready, as I ever will be, to settle down. In the meantime I continue to recover from the effects of my January tests.

GLENNA THOMAS, X.C.

"What are you doing to make the Annual a success?"

"Oh, staying out of it."

We had a good joke for the Annual, but she refused to pose for the picture.

## Annual West Hill High School Annual

### A HALF HOLIDAY

**A** HALF-HOLIDAY! What a pleasant thought! February 27, 1929 was a half-holiday at West Hill because the Basketball championship had been won by girls of our school.

We wonder how many pupils will remember the occasion as vividly as we do—the girls of X-2-A?

The weather was not fine enough for outdoor sports, so it was suggested we go sight-seeing, to learn something of our own fair city.

We first made our way to the new Royal Bank Building, at the corner of St. Peter and Notre Dame Streets. After viewing the spacious banking room on the ground floor, we were accorded the privilege of going up to the Lookout on the nineteenth storey. Here we obtained a splendid view of the great St. Lawrence (still ice-bound); the new bridge stretching across the river, and yet needing a span for completeness; Mount Royal and Westmount Mountains, with Canada's greatest metropolis at their base. A vast city was spread before us as far as the eye could reach, and we realized, perhaps for the first time, the great extent of Montreal. (To those who might be interested in visiting this Lookout, we understand admission is granted to the general public from 10.30 to 11.30 A.M., and 3 to 4 P.M.)

After a swift return to earth, we made our way to the Head Office of the Bank of Montreal. While not so new or spacious as the Royal Bank, this home of a great banking business yet presents a scene of quiet dignity and grandeur to the visitor. From there we went to the Royal Trust Company's offices. Here we were shown through the Safety Deposit Vaults, 30 feet below the street level. We viewed with interest the great steel door, which is controlled by clock-work, and weighs 40 tons. This protects many millions of dollars worth of securities. We inspected the metal boxes which are rented to the public at a charge of \$5 to \$1000 per year, according to size.

Leaving the Royal Trust, we came out upon Place d'Armes Square with its monument to Maisonneuve, the founder of our city. We crossed the square and entered the Notre Dame Church. Here again we found much of interest. The richness and beauty of the statuary, windows and pictures, make this historic church one of the most outstanding of its kind on the continent. At the sides of [the church are many confessionals and altars dedicated to different saints. At the entrance of each pew is a small door, a relic of older days. In the Lady Chapel at the rear, as in the church itself, tall tapers burnt brightly on the high altar, and the smell of incense was in the air. A Lenten service was in progress in the church, and we remained for some time to hear the beautiful organ and boys' choir. The singing was conducted from the pulpit, which was raised high above the congregation.

From this famous church we went to the City Hall, where we were taken through the Hall of Honour, the Council Chamber, the Mayor's private office and waiting-room. The floors and walls of marble, imported from many countries, are well in keeping with the magnificent furnishings. The stained glass windows, depicting scenes in Montreal and the vicinity, are the work of a French-Canadian artist.

Across from the City Hall is the Château de Ramezay, which is one of the most important historical picture-galleries and museums of antiques on the continent. Household furnishings, valuable pictures, and Indian, French and English relics are among the many interesting antiques to be seen. Relics of more modern times are preserved in the first motor-car driven in the city, very early fire equipment and a bone-shaker bicycle.

From here we walked past Bonsecours Market and the Nelson Monument to Bonsecours Chapel, situated very near the river. Service in this chapel is attended by many sailors, from all over the world, while in port, and for this reason the chapel is often spoken of as the "Sailors' Church." Here the prayer candles burn in quaint little ships, and the blinking lights cast many a faint gleam on valuable paintings which beautify the walls of one of Montreal's oldest churches.

Here our pilgrimage ended. Evening was beginning to close in, so we made our way back to Place d'Armes Square through the narrow streets of other days, and were soon on our way home, tired but more familiar with many of the famous places of our City.

Our half-holiday was over—but memory will make it ours forever.

GRACE COLE and JEAN HOWE, X-A.

### "PROSE OR POETRY"

**W**ARREN HASTINGS" arrived in "The Deacon's Masterpiece" to visit "The Lady of Shalott." She refused to see him and from "The Valley of Humiliation" he returned to "The Prairies." Because of "The Eruption of Vesuvius" he went to "Kew in Lilac-Time" where he met "The Beloved Captain" who said "Warren Hastings" "Consider the Lilies" 'In such a Night' or you will incur 'The Anger of the Chief of Justice,' whose 'Highland Chivalry' has made him the champion of a certain young lady we both know." At these words "Hastings" sobbed forth the whole sad tale and received "The Beloved Captain's" sympathy.

After this "The Beloved Captain" went his way and met "Sir Roger de Coverley at Church" who sent "A Letter to Lord Chesterfield" who was "In a Canoe" in "The Pitch Lake in the West Indies." This letter said—

"Warren Hastings' is 'The Prodigal Son' of 'England, my England.' Tell him to take the 'Opportunity' of joining 'Drake's Voyage round the World' and go to see 'Paul's Defense before King Agrippa' in 'The World's Best Company.'"

His "Highland Chivalry" made "Hastings" follow this advice and his motto became—"Ho, Everyone that Thirsteth."

"On His Blindness" he went to "The Village Preacher" and demanded "Mercy to Animals."

"The Day is Done."

LEONA WILANSKI, IX-A.  
SYBIL WILANSKI, IX-C.

### THE WAY OF ALLAH

AND that day there was a low murmur in the bazaar, like the soft lap-lap of brown waters," the merchant said to the greybeards, rapt with attention at his story, "and I reclined on a carpet, a red Turkey rug, beside my hubble-bubble, even as now.

"That morning there was little business; so I lay, and watched the throng, passing and repassing. I meditated—strange is the Way of Allah that this Stream of Life should never be exhausted. And there would pass a camel, ugly, filthy, but patient; or a laughing boy on a mule; or lumbering oxen. But farther in the dark bazaar a beggar shrieked and cursed, and I thought—some Arab steed has trampled him."

"Even so," said the greybeards.

"And a man came up to me then, and looked at my rugs, and said: 'Your carpets are large and cover a great ground.'

"Truly," said I, 'and soft to the feet, like thick turf.'

"And the man bent low, holding out his hand, flat, thus, and on it lay three golden coins.

"The rugs might well cover a man?" he whispered.

"Spoken truly," said I, and he gave me the three golden coins, and slid under a pile of rugs.

"Then after I had smoked some time, and there had passed three more camels, and two mules, and oxen, another man came up to me, and said: 'Thou hast a fine carved screen.'

"Yea," answered I him, 'and brought from afar by a caravan.'

"And the man bent low, holding out his hand, flat, thus, and on it lay three golden coins.

"The screen might well hide a man?" he whispered.

"Spoken truly," said I, and he gave me the three golden coins, and hid behind the screen.

"Then after I smoked some time, and there had passed many more camels, and mules, and oxen, a great disturbance rose in the crowd, and a huge black negro came forward, brandishing a scimitar, so that it caught a beam of sunlight and sent it flashing in the darkness, as a diamond might scintillate in a cave.

"The negro called in a loud voice: 'Make way, make way, O ye people, for Ali el Ussuf!'

"And a path was cleared in the throng, and I touched my head on the carpet, as he came forward on a wild Arab steed.

"But behind me there was a low scuffle. I turned my head. I beheld the two who had hid, crouched low, ready to strike the Emir. But the Emir is a kind ruler, I have great love for him. Yet it flashed through my brain that it would be foolish to call out, for then they would stab me. So I sat still as they crept forward. And beside me they jumped to their feet with a shout, brandishing their daggers. And I took hold of the edge of the carpet, which covers the floor of the shop, and pulled. And they fell to the floor, cursing, and the negro took them, and slew them.

"And the Emir came, and said, 'I perceive that thou art quick-witted.'

"And I bowed my head, and said nothing.

"And he bent low, holding out his hand, flat, thus, and on it lay a bag of gold!

"I thought—very strange is the Way of Allah that this River of Gold should flow into my hands.

"Then straightway I praised God, saying: 'Blessed

be Allah, blessed be His name. The Way of Allah is like unto a light to a blind man!"

And the greybeards murmured, "Even so."

STUART WILSON, X-B.

### ON PAINTING

THE ancients drew their pictures with primitive paints on the stone walls of their caves. The Greeks and Romans painted on the plaster walls of their palaces. The artists of the Renaissance period instituted a new method of putting their creations on canvas, which is still in vogue to-day. That is, speaking of "painting" in the pictorial sense.

There is another phase in the art of painting—the painting of the human skin. We all know it is a custom among savage races to bedeck their faces and bodies with pigments. Then remember what Caesar said about our esteemed ancestors—"Omnes vero se Britanni vitro inficiunt, quo caeruleum efficit colorem, atque hoc horridiore sunt in pugna aspectu." The savages paint their faces with the object of looking more ferocious—a strange custom! And yet the civilized idea among the ladies of to-day is not to look more ferocious with the application of paint, but to beautify the countenance. Some of the modern women achieve the same result the savages strive for, and yet they do not know it!

The practice is not confined to grown women alone. Young girls are adept in the application of cosmetics. They may be seen at all times in any public place pausing for an instant, just to touch up an eyelash, or readjust the "Cupid's bow" of their "ruby" lips.

What is the affinity between a child and a woman? They both love to paint. The ordinary child dearly loves to mess around with a box of paints and a brush, while the modern woman is an expert with her "painting kit."

The third person singular of the verb "to paint," is "he" or "she paints." "He paints" might imply a compliment but "she paints" is just the reverse.

HUGH T. AITKEN, XI-B.

### DESKS

ALL day long we sit at desks. We scratch them, draw on them, write names on them, just as if we hated the very sight of them. I guess we do, too, but I wonder if any of us ever stopped a minute to consider the advantages of them.

If you are bored in a lesson, the desk may be lifted and sometimes a little piece of candy or a piece of carefully-parked gum is found. If you want to talk to your neighbor the desk top certainly comes in handy; just lift the top of the desk and there you have a nice secluded (?) spot for a tête-à-tête. Of course, there is always the possibility of a teacher interrupting you, but if she is nice and agreeable, she will leave you to yourself.

Then consider what a boon and a blessing girls find their desks! Behind its accommodating top that school girl complexion may be regained, and self-respect be recovered with the powdering of noses.

I often wonder what would happen if the boys followed our example, and indulged in "whisker-removing" during class intermissions. Think of it!

Girls, I think we'll have to be more modest.

VIOLET CASSIDY, X-C.

### HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION IN RIGA

THIS subject brings back to my memory the days when the city of Riga was under German occupation. Owing to the fact that the city of Riga was being populated by Germans even before the Great War, the school system was under the influence of the German "kultur".

Education was almost exclusively the privilege of the rich and aristocratic. There were no compulsory attendance regulations; children might attend school if they wished; even the learning of such elementary subjects as reading and writing was not compulsory. In school, while German was freely spoken, other languages such as English, Russian, Latin, Latvian and French were subjects of study. In addition, the usual school subjects were taught.

The school hours were from 8 o'clock in the morning to 2 or 3 in the afternoon, without a lunch period. Every hour, 5 to 15 minutes recess was enjoyed. During these intervals, sandwiches, which the pupils brought to school, were eaten.

The school which I attended was strictly German and under the autocratic influence of the city. The existence of the school dated back for two centuries.

The management of the school was imperialistic in form. The discipline was severely military. Boys were not allowed to talk to girls on the school grounds. The punishment for violating such a regulation was severe and infinite in its variety. For the juniors there was the strap, with which we were painfully familiar. For the older boys, the cane was the instrument of torture, but this was seldom used. For minor offences, such as not paying attention on parade, we received orders to peel potatoes and chop wood for the regimental cook, who, I am glad to say, was a little more kind-hearted than the officers.

Sports such as football, bicycle races and track racing were practiced on the school grounds. The school with its grounds was situated in a park, thus setting off to advantage the château-like appearance of the school building itself.

The rooms inside had extremely high ceilings and enormously large windows. There were no individual seats for pupils. Desk and bench were built together and placed in two rows; four pupils could sit in each desk. The teacher had a high desk resembling a pulpit. The blackboard consisted of a large piece of slate, two yards in height and about three in width. This blackboard rested on a pair of wooden stilts.

There was a different master for each subject. Most of the masters were elderly and looked down on the pupils actually and figuratively. Therefore there was little cordiality and friendship between master and pupil—only a formal respect between younger and older, which was partly enforced by the existing discipline.

The marking was quite different from the system in use here in Canada. A 'five', was very good; a 'four', was good; 'three', was as some masters call, on the border line; 'two', was a failure, and 'one' does not need any explanation. The examinations were held three times a year, the last one coming in May, which was the closing month of the year. The masters made out the examination papers for their respective classes and these were by no means easy. Nearly every school in the city had different books and subjects of study.

The pupils of Montreal should be proud of their schools. It is delightful to see over here the comradeship between teachers and pupils, which tends to accomplish as much intellectual progress as the military system of Germany.

JOACHIM C. ROSENGARTEN, IX-B.

### HISTORIC PLYMOUTH

PLYMOUTH is the most picturesque town in all of the New England States. It is situated on a bay on the Atlantic coast. Rising up from the shore of the bay is a hill on the top of which the town stands.

Plymouth besides having lovely scenery, is an important historical place. As one walks through the streets in the old section of the town there can be seen signs marking the sites of the Pilgrims' homes or maybe, the spot where a treaty was signed with the Indians, or where a skirmish with an unfriendly tribe took place.

In 1620, in the midst of winter, the Pilgrims after many hardships landed at Plymouth. They built huts, and though many died of cold and sickness, the rest stayed there and founded the present city.

The town has many interesting places to visit. At the foot of the hill you may see the very stone on which the first Pilgrims stepped from the boat. It is covered by a roof supported by large pillars. On the top of the hill is a statue of Massasoit, that brave Indian chief without whose help the pilgrims could not have lived. Near Massasoit's monument there is also a memorial to all the people on board the "Mayflower". About a block from the hill, which was used as a cemetery during the first winter, is a quaint old burial-ground which has been in use for several hundreds of years. In the centre of the town is a park in which is a statue of Priscilla, one of the brave women on board the "Mayflower." Near the monument is a stream of fresh water from which it is claimed the Pilgrims obtained their first water in a new land. Plymouth also can boast of having the oldest house in the United States. It is only a log cabin, but it is a precious possession to the town.

There is a museum specializing in relics of the Pilgrims. In it the hulk of a vessel about the size of the "Mayflower" can be seen. This boat was wrecked off the coast of Cape Cod a few years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. In the museum are many tools, household utensils, furniture, books and weapons, all former possessions of the Pilgrims.

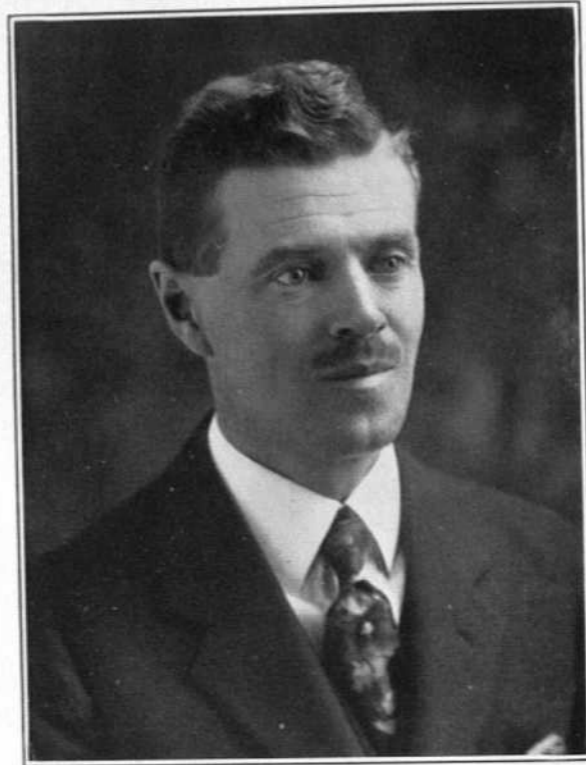
A beautiful old custom is carried out annually in Plymouth. The descendants of the Pilgrims walk through the streets carrying their Bibles. They dress in costumes that have been handed down from generation to generation. This procession is held each year in memory of their brave ancestors.

You could never tire of this historic town because there is always some old place in it to see and enjoy.

LORNA ALLEN, VIII-A.



Annual West Hill High School Annual



H. C. ATKINSON, B.A.

IN this message to the school, I wish to direct the students' thought to two important matters, viz., the necessity of choice in the great number of present-day activities, and the relation of opportunity and responsibility.

With reference to the first I would point out that the High School student is confronted with a maze and a weight of activities, both at school and outside, and for the most part designed to be helpful, which tend to bewilder and overwhelm. It is only with the sympathetic guidance of those entrusted with his welfare, directing and influencing his choice, and a ready response to guidance on the part of the student, that he may hope to pass through the maze without losing his way or bear the weight without suffering from the burden.

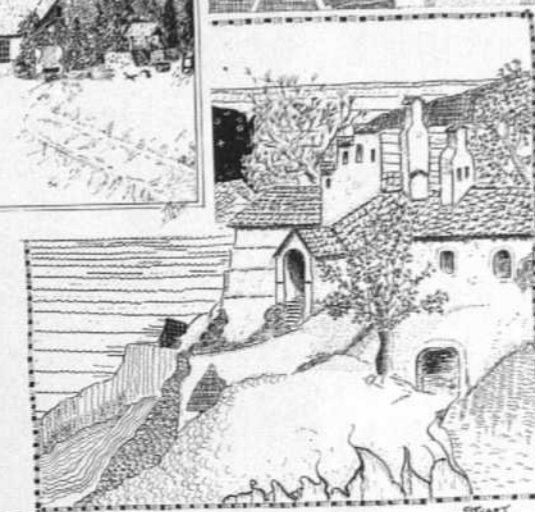
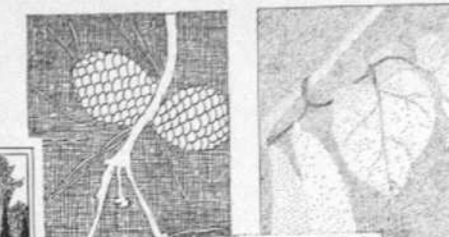
Secondly, there is opportunity on every side: opportunity to work and to play; opportunity to acquire an education or to take a position with

prospect; opportunity for the rich and for the poor; opportunity to make a life as well as a living. It should be realized early in life that with every opportunity there is a corresponding responsibility. May the following words of Sir Robert Borden, recently addressed to the students of Queen's University, expressing this thought, impress all young people:

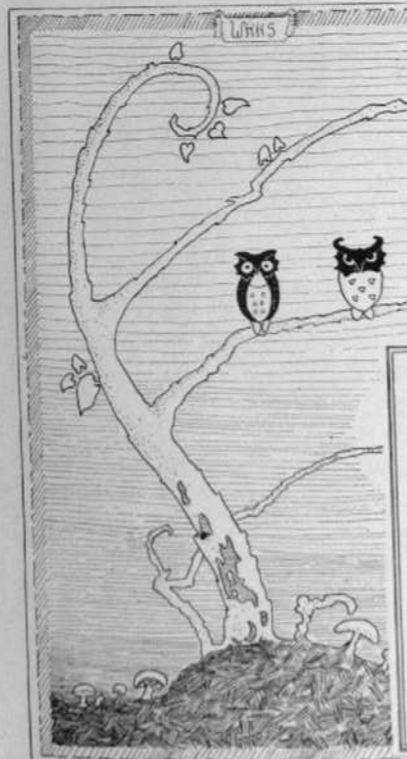
"In the splendour of your youth you go forth affluent in your wealth of time and opportunity. Oh, be mindful of both. . . . When you shall have reached the age of three score years and ten you will realize, as you cannot realize at present, how short is the span of even the longest human life. So neglect not opportunity and squander not time; for these are your talent."

H. C. ATKINSON, B.A., Principal  
WEST HILL HIGH SCHOOL

Annual West Hill High School Annual



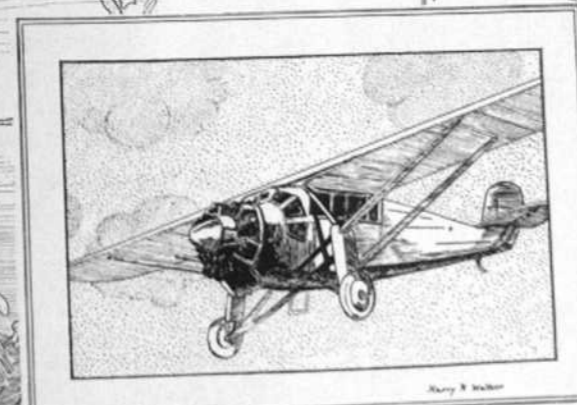
Sept  
WHHS



ALLAN BLONZ  
WHHS



Grade X-II-B  
Raymond Clayton



Grade III-I-C  
May 12 1927



Rose W. Dunton  
Grade 7-1-B

W.H.H.S  
May

## The Final Court-Martial

*"Printed by arrangement with The Toronto Star Weekly"*

By J. C. J. HODGSON

Illustrated by A. WYNNE CLARKE

"PARDON me—but you're wrong in barring out telepathy, if I may have my say, gentlemen." We had scarcely noticed the new-comer until then. It was in the train coming down from Muskoka last spring. We were a party of anglers homeward bound after a long week-end. He had got in half-way, at Barrie, I believe it was, and had been sitting in the corner, pipe in mouth, listening to our conversation in silence.

We all turned to him at that. There was something about him. It was the lawyer who spoke next, big Peter Hulan, who always constitutes himself our spokesman.

"Sure, sure you may," he said; "that is if you've any ideas about it."

"Not what you'd call ideas—convictions, facts, experiences, I'd say. You shouldn't bar out telepathy or even thought-transference between the living and the dead." There was a movement of impatience among us. "No, I'm not guessing, gentlemen. I know."

I suppose we did look rather incredulous.

"A man only has his own experiences to work on—that's the danger. You'd like to hear mine?" he went on, unperturbed.

Peter gave him a nod. The others assented, too.

"It happened just twelve years ago. I was out in France as assistant medical officer with the 29th Division at the time. I was supernumerary for some months—sent out here, there and everywhere.

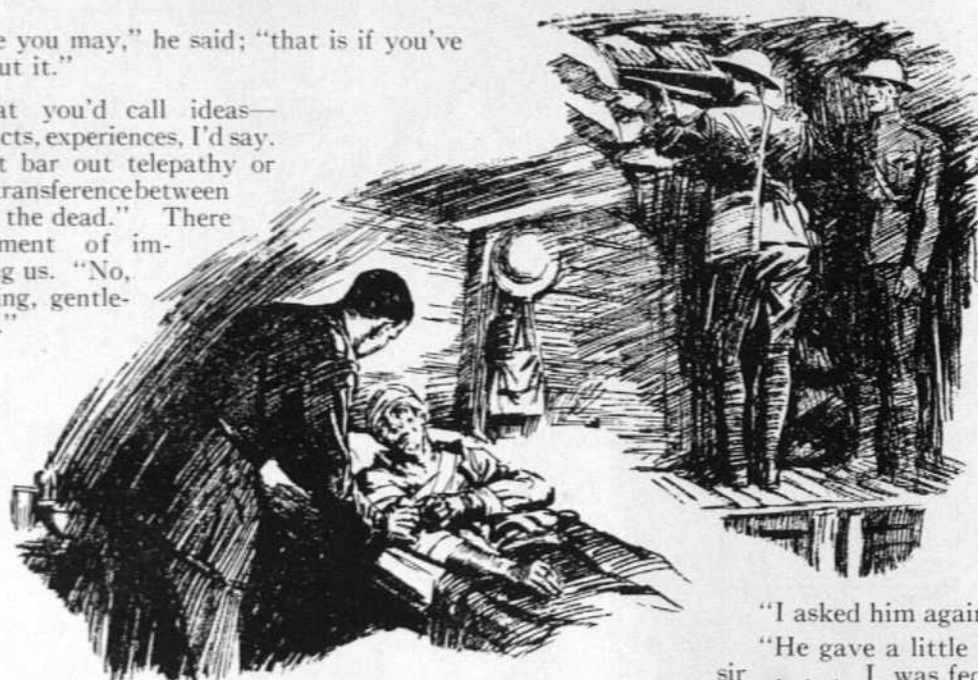
"One of my first jobs was at the regimental aid-post at Auchonvillers. It was in the communication trench, on a slope that overlooked Beaumont Hamel. There the enemy had a whole tube-station full of saps and deep dugouts, concreted, yards and yards deep; and on top not a hint or a sign. We found it out later. It cost a heap of lives; whole battalions, the Newfoundlanders, for example . . ."

He came back with a jerk to the main argument.

"One night the bearers brought in a young fellow, a fair-headed chap of 19 or so, a South Wales Borderer. 'Alec Hughes, Congreg.' his identity disc told me. I couldn't learn much from the stretcher-bearers; they were unusually quiet about the case. Something put me on my guard. Anyhow, I got busy with the lad.

"It was a nasty wound—a little hole in front of the knee"—the speaker tapped above his knee-cap to illustrate—"but a huge lump of flesh gone from the calf below.

"I was pretty green—not long out then—but I soon spotted a tell-tale burn about the flesh, though the bearers had cut most of the trousers away. Besides there were little shreds of loose cloth about—fragments of puttee, beyond a doubt. A little warm rum brought the lad around. He had lost a good deal of blood.



"Whatever possessed you to do this, Alec, my lad?" I said to him when he came round.

"He was silent a long while, gazing straight at the heavy beams of the dug-out above his head, apparently heedless as to what we were doing for him.

"I asked him again later.

"He gave a little gasp. 'Fed up, sir . . . I was fed up, doc,' he admitted. 'Made a pretty bad job

of it, eh?'

"Yes, pretty bad,' I assented.

"He paused before speaking again.

"You're not sending me down 'self-inflicted'? That's sure a court-martial, doc.'

"What?' I said. 'You want me to put you down as 'wounded'? Hardly fair to your pals, is it?'

"No matter, sir. Ticket me what you like. . . I'm going before the top court of all, my final court-martial, I guess.'

"Come, cheer up, man,' I replied. 'While there's life there's hope.'

"It's Self-Inflicted, You Know"

"I shook hands with him as the bearers started to carry him off to the road where the ambulances used to wait. I knew it was a bad business, but you see there was something fine about the kid's face after all.

"Next day I got a note from brigade, ordering me to report at the R.A.M.C. headquarters away in the rear. I had to interview the medico chief, the A.D.M.S., about the supplies and preparation for a coming offensive, though of course the offensive was not even hinted at in the order.

"I took the opportunity of calling at the main dressing-station to see if young Hughes was still there. I found him in an emergency hospital they had rigged up near the village.

"You're not sending him down the line?' I said to the orderly, a lance-corporal, who showed me into the hut.

"Serious case, sir. The major thinks he'd best stay here a while. Besides, it's a self-inflicted, you know.'

"The lad was lying there, his eyes closed and a tense expression about the blanched cheeks that seemed to me to show little promise.

"He's conscious?' I asked.

"Now and again, sir.' There's been a good deal of hemorrhage. We've been trying saline injections.'

"I took his wrist and tried the pulse.

"He might make it yet, if you look after him, corporal,' I remarked. 'That is, of course, if he . . .'

"As I was speaking the boy's eyes opened and he made a brave attempt to smile as he recognized me.

"Well, Alec, my boy, going strong, eh?'

"Hello, doc,' he said; 'yes, I'm still here.'

"I drew near to the stretcher, which was supported on two long poles that ran lengthwise along the hut.

"There's something troubling you, Alec,' I said. 'Tell me, what is it?'

"It's the ticket, sir. I'm down as self-inflicted.'

"The lines in his forehead contracted as he spoke.

"Pooh, lad; that's nothing. You can live that down. Pull yourself together and go back to the battalion. You'll show 'em you're a real soldier yet, a regular fire-eater.'

"A light shone momentarily in his clouded eyes and faded away again.

"Ay, that'd be fine, sir . . . The old lads. . . I came out with them eight months ago . . . Bethune, the Salient, Cosy Corner, Hill 60 . . . The smile died out and his brow wrinkled again. 'But it's no use, doc. I can't do it.' His eyelids fell once more and his breathing rose fitfully.

"I looked at him a while; then an idea came to me.

"Listen to me, Alec,' I said. 'You hear me?'

"His lips formed an inarticulate 'Yes'.

"I'll have your ticket changed. 'Accidentally wounded.' You can go down the line that way. How's that, eh?'

"The wrist I was holding in my hand moved until the boy's fingers were closed around mine in an eager grasp, the strength of which surprised me. His head settled further back on the straw pallet and I saw the lines in his face smooth out as if by magic. I bent lower to hear his whispered words:

"'Accidentally wounded! That's good, sir! . . . It'll not hurt them so much at home. You're a white man, doc.'

"You'll pull yourself together then? Why, boy, you will win a V.C. yet!'

"I don't think so, doc. My brother will, though . . . I know that.'

"I left the hospital soon after that.

"You did him a heap o' good, sir,' said the lance-corporal. 'I think he'll make the turn now.'

"I hope so,' I said. 'Give him every chance.'

"I called at the major's tent before I left and after some trouble I got his word that the boy's classification would be changed as I had promised. On my return to the battalion a day or two later I found another job awaiting me. I was to take duty temporarily with the battalion on our right.

"A new division was coming in there, or so the rumor ran, and I, with my few weeks' service, was to show them the ropes.

"In the morning I walked over the open to Englebelder. It was a little village, blown almost flat. The walking was safe enough during the day when no snipers were out. The Fritz artillery would rarely send a shell after a solitary pedestrian. I spent the day yawning and sleeping among the poppies that covered the village, the only living thing there except for a few rats and a skylark or two, in what had once been a busy group of farm-buildings.

### The Posthumous Victoria Cross

"At night they came up. Curiously enough, it was more Welshmen—a battalion of Monmouths. I showed them the way into the line and saw them settled down. Their M.O. was a good sort, so I spent the evening with him. We sat late at cards.

"After midnight the very devil of a row burst out like a thunderclap—a night-raid on our sector beyond a doubt. A whizz-bang came shrieking over, wrecked the door of the aid-post and put out the two men on duty there. I got up at once to give a hand. There was no need to be told what was coming.

"Half an hour later, before the bombardment was over, we were snowed under with cases. The trench-mortars did most of the damage. The men came streaming in. We got 'em away as best we could. It was warm work, with an occasional five-nine dropping along the rear lines.

"Towards dawn they brought in a corporal to the dug-out where I was working. He was almost 'a goner' then. He had held up the left wing of the attack with a Lewis gun, been buried twice by the 'flying pigs' and finally got the best part of a field-gun shell all to himself. There was talk of sending his name through for a D.C.M. or a V.C.

"Great show you put up, corporal,' I said, while I was working on him with the iodine and lint. 'Everybody here is telling me about you.'

"He smiled wanly at that.

"Doc, come here.' His voice was low, but distinct. 'It wasn't bravery. I had made up my mind to go. Did it last night. You might as well leave me.'

"Nonsense, man, you're dreaming. And all these decorations and things waiting for you . . . a nice ward in Blighty, some sweet young thing, perhaps.

"He moved his head slowly.

"No use, doc; I'm going, I tell you.

"He had one arm unwounded. He put a hand on my wrist as I was working with a roll of tape, and his voice dropped confidentially. I still remember the action quite well and the sleepy resignation in his eyes.

"Listen, sir—I've a brother in the S. W. B.'s—Alec. Hughes by name. He came to me last night. I saw him as clear as I see you now, ay, better. He's gone—and he's wanting me. I heard him speak."

"I suppose my sudden interest was evident, but I didn't think he could notice it.

"You know him, doc?"

"I nodded. 'Yes, a good lad,' I said. I put down the roll, for I was tired and amazed, I suppose.

"Well, he's gone and I'm going, too. We were always great pals, him and me. We joined up the same day."

"You saw him?" I said. I was interested in spite of myself.

"Yes, on the fire-step last night. He was standing there at the loophole, alongside o' me, keeping watch . . . about thirty minutes before they started shelling."

"Outside I could hear the rumble of the wheels on the trench-railway. The bearers were returning with the stretchers.

"Come on, buck up, corporal," I said. "There's your taxi outside. Your turn for home now."

#### OVERHEARD IN GRADE XI

"Who's the new girl on the first floor?"

"Say, 'Wes,' did you sell an add?"

"Aw, hang it all, fellows! Keep quiet."

"Well, the show at Loew's isn't bad."

"Let's all go to the Gayety Tuesday!"

"Did you have any cash on the game?"

"Have you heard the limerick about—"

"Well, I'll bet, mine's right just the same."

"Is the date all set for the dance yet?"

"Hey, Max, were you singing last night?"

"The pins won't be ready till Monday."

"Gee! Aren't these pictures a sight?"

"I say now, if this was in England."

"Gee! That history test sure fell flat!"

"We're running against Percy Williamsth"

"Say, Mack, where d'ya get the brown hat?"

"She said, you told her, he told me."

"The Maroons are away below form."

"I wouldn't have gone if she'd asked me."

"Hey, look out, you fellows—here's NORM!"

(Ed. note)—Metre as irregular as any taxi-cab's.

TRACY LUDINGTON, XI-B.

"And I'm going there." He shook my hand. "You're a good sort, doc," he said, "but you're wasting your time. I know it."

"He died, of course. I heard that later. Men in that mind usually did. They just let go, as it were, and sank."

"And it's right his brother died before him?" put in Peter. He was of a skeptical turn of mind, as lawyers are, but I could see he was impressed.

"I went down to the dressing-station next day," went on the stranger. "They were back at Louvencourt; and I found young Alec's papers there. Yes, he died at midnight."

Peter Hulan shook his head.

"A queer business all right, doctor." He puffed in silence at his pipe. "Tell me—he got the V.C., the brother, eh?"

The doctor nodded. "Awarded posthumously. I saw it gazetted myself."

Outside the sun was setting over the hills on our right and a group of heavy pines went sweeping backward past the panes of the carriage.

"Not much use to a man, that, eh?" ventured someone at length.

The doctor turned on him quickly. "I disagree, sir," he said shortly. "Disagree profoundly. Isn't that exactly what happens to all the great souls, the real leaders of men? You're a Christian, I suppose? You see, after all, it depends on a man's religion."

(Copyright)

#### POPULAR SONGS AND WHEN TO SING THEM

When the teacher is out of the room:—

"Ain't We Got Fun?"

When the teacher is giving the strap—

"It Goes Like This."

After a pupil receives the strap—

"It Made You Happy When You Made Me Cry."

When you expect a failure and get perfect—

"I Faw Down an' Go Boom."

On the way home from school—

"Just Another Day Wasted Away."

After a visit to the office—

"Among my Souvenirs."

After neglecting your homework and getting away with it—

"Lucky Day."

June 29th, after looking at your report—

"Here am I Brokenhearted."

Graduation Day—

"Good-Bye Forever."

After just receiving a brain-wave during an exam—

"Then Came the Dawn."

While studying the night before an exam—

"It's Three O'Clock in the Morning."

At 3.30, when you are kept in—

"The Prisoner's Song."

After failing in Latin—

"That's my Weakness Now."

DAVID KENNEDY, X-B.

## KALENDRIA

### A HASTY ADOPTION

THE charming little town of Kalendria was completely under the sway of the mayor: therefore it was very up-to-date. Why! 'Twas only a month ago that His Worship bought a car. The town was very proud of that car, and so was the mayor. But this was only one of the startling things the mayor had done, so that by and by his townsmen came to look upon him with wonder, and in anything he suggested they obligingly acquiesced.

His Worship the mayor was accustomed to flavour his breakfast with news, but this particular morning he had only succeeded in cutting the top off his boiled egg, when his eyes rested on a large black headline and stayed there. Soon they began to run excitedly over the print, growing larger and blinking more rapidly in the effort.

"A splen-did idea," he muttered. "A capital idea! We must adopt it! We must adopt it! We must—"

Here the mayor ripped off his napkin, leapt from his chair and, paper in hand, made a dash for the door. A minute later he was rushing hatless down the main street. This was very unlike His Worship (who always wore his tall silk hat with pompous dignity), and it created quite a sensation.

"What on earth's possessed the mayor?"

"He's even forgotten his hat!"

"Look! He's heading for the town hall!"

"I wonder what it will be this time!"

Lack of breath didn't stop our hero from taking the town hall steps three at a time. It would take more than that to check his aroused impetuosity. Still clutching the paper he entered the hall and proceeded to ring the bell which was to summon his six aldermen.

Kalendria's town hall had been freshly white-washed that year by order of the mayor. It was a square wooden building situated about half way up the main street. To the onlooker it was not very imposing, but to those who knew what it contained it was one of the most interesting places in town. It was here that the mayor had installed a radio. He had intended to have a telephone, but on account of the fact that no one else in town would have one, he decided to drop the idea.

While the mayor, having rung the bell to his satisfaction, was taking his chair in the council-room, the six aldermen had collected and started on their way. It was indeed an honour to be one of the aldermen of Kalendria, and the six were well aware of the fact. In groups of two they paraded with manly strides up the main street, receiving bold looks of admiration from all sides. They were still in step when they had climbed the town hall steps, and with several successive winks, they at once and the same time removed their hats with grand flourishes.

They entered in state and came upon the mayor chuckling delightedly to himself.

"Come in and be seated," he cried with a wave of his hand towards the six empty chairs. "I've made a discovery in the newspaper, a noble discovery!"

The aldermen exchanged glances with serious smiles, and hoped for the best.

"Might I request Your Worship to give us the main idea?" one meekly suggested.

"Certainly, certainly! It's just this! We'll have to change our present calendar system!"

His auditors gasped. His Worship was rather improvident. Change the calendar? Impossible!

"We'll be the first town to do it," he went on. "There'll be thirteen months of equality and an extra holiday, an extra holiday, just think!"

His aldermen thought. It was rather a brilliant idea!—very like His Worship indeed!

"Yes, Your Worship, that would please us one and all. The school-children would be in ecstasy, and my wife would have an extra trip into Rendome. We certainly must adopt it!"

"That's just as I thought!" exclaimed the mayor. "But you must hear the details from this paper and then we can begin right away to carry them out."

"Calendar Reform.—A year of thirteen months of exactly four weeks each has been strongly advocated here. Each month is to commence with a Sunday. The extra month, by name Sol, would come in between June and July, and the extra day would be a holiday after the 28th of December. Leap day would be another of those rare rests, coming in after June 28. It is needless to say that many advantages would arise."

"Now I have it all figured out," continued His Worship. "To-day is June 29. So to-morrow should be by rights the first of Sol at least. Although this is only Tuesday, to-morrow must be Sunday, and then we're off!"

"I wonder if the minister will have his sermon ready!"

"And what shall we do for calendars, Your Worship?"

"Just leave that to me. I'll speak to Bob Sanders and Tom Brown and anyone else that I find has a typewriter, and get them to type a hundred or so each. Possibly they can manage. But we can arrange all details later. We'll have to notify the townsmen right away!"

"Yes, and how'll we do that?"

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"Why, that's simple! I'll get my car and drive slowly up and down the streets while one of you calls out the information from the back-seat!"

"It wouldn't look very dignified for an alderman, would it?"

"Dignity, man! Give your dignity a rest for to-day! This thing must be done quickly by any possible means."

"Yes, I see that. Then we might as well begin right away."

"I'll run home for my car and be back in a minute," agreed the mayor.

So presently the townsmen again saw His Worship running hatless through the streets, with his coat-tails flying in the wind two or three feet behind him. They were not so seriously shocked this time, for they had begun to realize that something extraordinary was in the air.

Meanwhile, at the town hall, a heated argument was taking place.

"I can't do it, that's all! I can't lose my dignity for this!"

"Who ever heard of such a thing. Of course the people will realize—"

"Yes, they'll realize—, but that won't put it any further away from their sense of humour!"

"It would be making a terrible mistake. I couldn't go through such a predicament."

"You do it, Ben," said one, addressing the little man whose good-natured wife was in the habit of making weekly visits to Rendome.

"Yes, Ben, it's up to you!"

"We've chosen you, Ben, you must stick by us!"

"Yes, Ben, you're just the man for that job!"

"You should feel honoured, Ben!"

"Don't forget you'll be riding in the mayor's car, Ben!"

"Why me?" cried Ben. "My wife's bound to see me, and if she does I can't answer for the consequences. She'll be beside herself."

"That's right, there's his wife to consider!"

"Take a chance, Ben!"

"Yes, Ben, she might miss you!"

There was no way out of it. Someone had to do it, and he was the victim. Anyway, it would soon be over, and his wife might possibly have gone into Rendome.

Just then the mayor stalked in.

"I think there's room for all of us," he cried heartily. "We'll take this hand-bell along to gather the crowds. Are you all ready?"

"Please, Your Worship, my wife expects me home by now!"

"I have a date with the barber in five minutes, Your Worship!"

"I promised I'd have the wood in early this morning, Your Worship!"

"Please, Your Worship, my son Johnny's taken ill a-bed!"

"I have to meet my wife at ten sharp!"

"Well, Ben Chancey, it looks as if we'll be going alone, then. I've decided we'll just do the main street, and ask the people to spread the news."

"That's a small improvement. I'll get my hat and we can get down to business."

"That's the idea! Won't they all be delightfully surprised!"

The two walked calmly down the town hall steps and took their seats in the car. With two minutes cranking, the mayor had his unique possession running, and drove it down to the foot of the street, where, in a wide circle, he turned, and stopped.

"We'll have the first meeting here, Ben. I thought it would be better to stop on every block so we can be more easily heard, and I will be able to do the speaking myself!"

Ben uttered a groan of relief. It wouldn't be so bad after all, so, with his spirits attentive to the novelty of the situation, he rang the bell loud and long.

Immediately, from every corner within hearing, men, women, children, and dogs, scurried forth to satisfy their burning curiosity. The dogs barked and howled from behind the children; the children chattered and cried from behind their mothers; the women gasped and whispered from behind their husbands; and the men grinned and looked serious from behind their hats.

"Ladies and gentlemen," His Worship addressed the heaving commotion: Ben sat erect, "at my proposal, your council of six able men have unanimously decided upon the adoption of a thirteen-month calendar."

His audience gulped and stared stupidly. The dogs set up a long drawn-out wail.

"In this calendar," continued the mayor, "the thirteen months will each have twenty-eight days; the new month, Sol, will come in between June and July; each month will commence on Sunday; the extra day, Year Day, will be a holiday on December 29th; and in leap year, an extra holiday will come in between June and Sol."

The children cheered and renewed their gymnastics.

"As this is June 29, to-morrow must be the first of Sol, and seeing that each month has to begin on a Sunday, to-morrow will be Sunday."

The women frowned, and drifted away to do their baking.

"As for the matter of calendars, I intend to speak to the owners of type-writers, and you will be presented with one each for the rest of the year. From this adoption it is expected that many great advantages will arise, and it is our sincere wish that you spread the news as much as possible."

The men turned and sighed indifferently.

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Thus the morning passed quickly for the mayor and Ben Chancey as they repeated their performance at numerous intersections along the main street.

At noon Ben hurried home and found his wife in the kitchen preparing lunch. He entered sheepishly and seated himself rather awkwardly on a chair near the door.

"Well, dear," he began. "I've had a very busy time this morning!"

"I presume you must have had, as this is the first time I've seen you to-day! Why can't you be like other men and make yourself a bit useful around the house? Don't you realize we've a large house and a large family? I haven't had a moment's rest all morning!"

"Yes, but dear, I've been very busy myself. You see—er—it's—er—it's just like this,—er—the mayor's having a new thirteen-month calendar adopted!"

"And what reason's that for you not showing yourself one minute of the day at home?"

"You see—er—dear, it's just like this! To-morrow's Sunday, and—"

"To-morrow's Sunday? What ails you? To-morrow is **not** Sunday! The sooner you get off to bed the better!"

"But, dear,—er—it's just like this—er—you see, the new calendar begins to-morrow and each month has twenty-eight days and begins on a Sunday, and as this is more than June the twenty-eighth to-morrow must be the first of the new month to be called Sol, and as it has to begin on Sunday, therefore to-morrow's Sunday!"

"And I don't know in the least what you're talking about!"

"Anyway, dear, you see to-morrow's Sunday,—er—if you don't,—er—you can ask the mayor."

"Yes, ask the mayor! And I predict that the mayor is going to have to answer a good deal of 'askings' before very long."

"Well, the fact remains, dear, to-morrow's Sunday," and Ben shifted a bit uneasily.

"Yes, to-morrow's Sunday, but what's that to do with your wasting your time like this?" and Mrs. Ben seized the rolling-pin. "Can't you move at all and do something?"

Ben shifted a bit more. Who was the fellow who invented rolling-pins anyway?

"And seeing to-morrow's Sunday, I suppose you expect me to get the baking done? Well, you're mightily mistaken! I'm going into Rendome this afternoon and you're doing the baking!"

So Ben stayed in all afternoon and did the baking. Next day he went on diet.

His Worship the mayor did not find it as easy to get the calendars printed as he had thought he would, but so far he had come up against no insurmountable difficulty. He rallied all those who owned type-writers at the town hall that evening, and within four hours over two hundred calendars had been printed and distributed around the town. On the whole, the mayor had passed a very enjoyable day.

The morrow came,—Sunday—Sol 1st. The sun rose and laughed haughtily at his namesake. Kalendria awoke, yawned, and smiled. So this was Sol! The little town was in the middle of a great adventure and nobody realized it, except perhaps old Sol himself. He certainly shone with extraordinary zeal that first morning. A few hours later he heard the faint tinkling of church bells and watched the little procession of Kalendrians walking to the morning service.

The mayor was out bright and early to church that morning, partly because he was curious to see how many of his townsmen would be out, and partly to hear how good the minister was at giving impromptu sermons. As to the first reason, his curiosity was satisfied, so apparently others were anxious to hear the minister too.

But news does not often travel speedily to ministers, especially absent-minded ministers who lock themselves in their study for the day. The clock showed five past eleven and the choir had all taken their places; ten past eleven and the minister had not yet come; a quarter past eleven and still no minister. The mayor began to grow restless, then the choir decided to start singing the first hymn. That done, proceedings came again to a standstill. The mayor seemed to feel every eye upon him and became extremely uncomfortable. The stewards commenced to take up the collection. Folks began to whisper, the choir to titter. It was quite plain that the minister had no intention of arriving, as in all likelihood he hadn't heard that to-day was Sunday, the first of Sol.

The mayor felt very self-conscious. He thought it was up to him to say something, but just what would he say? At last he arose and walked up to the altar.

"Ladies and gentlemen, apparently our reverend minister has not heard that to-day is Sunday and is not expecting to come out to church, so there is no use in waiting for him. We shall sing one more hymn for this morning, and I will try to arrange for a service tonight at 7.00 P.M."

Many exchanged smiles and the mayor's cheeks flamed scarlet. Undaunted, he walked back down the aisle to his pew, and the rest of the day passed without interruption.

The following Thursday, Mrs. Benjamin Chancey decided to take a trip into Rendome, so she hitched up her horse and buggy and rode jerkily over the country road toward her beloved home-town. There was to be a dance the next evening at Kalendria, and she was bound that she would wear the lovely mauve dress that she had previously seen in one of the store windows in Rendome. Mrs. Ben was very proud of the fact that she looked better in mauve than any other woman in Kalendria, and she would be too busy preparing for the supper, to drive the four miles into Rendome the next day.

It was still early in the afternoon when she reached her destination. The town seemed extraordinarily quiet. None of the farmers were working around in the fields, but a few were loafing on the porch of the hotel at the corner. They seemed a trifle amused when they saw the lone buggy coming up the street, and wondered what Mrs. Benjamin Chancey was in town for this time of week. It was a well-known fact

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that she always came to Rendome to do her shopping, but she had seldom come for any other purpose since her aunt died.

The horse stopped in front of the hotel, and Mrs. Ben called one of the men to her.

"Why so quiet in town to-day, Mr. Saul?" she asked. "I just dropped in to buy a new dress, but it looks as if a plague had practically swept the place clean of its inhabitants."

Mr. Saul grinned.

"You must have made a mistake in the days, Mrs. Chancey, to-day's Sunday."

"Sunday? To-day's Thursday! Sunday?"

Apparently Mrs. Chancey had had a stroke. She certainly was turning a nasty colour.

"Oh, yes, how foolish of me," she said. "I forgot that we had changed our calendar. To-day's only Thursday in Kalendria!"

So saying she turned her horse with a ghastly look and headed for home. No doubt they were all laughing at her now. Why had she told Mr. Saul that she had come in to buy a dress? It would be all over town in a day. Rendome would have a good laugh over this, but she would never purchase another article there again.

The horse couldn't cover the ground fast enough for Mrs. Ben. The mayor would certainly hear of this scandalous affair, and she would not spare him. Kalendria was very much shocked to see Mrs. Ben Chancey come galloping back into town at such a breakneck speed. She drew up at the door and rushed in.

"Benjamin! Benjamin! Where are you? Come here immediately!"

And Ben came running down the stairs as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Yes, dear! Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Anything? Anything? I never felt so mortified in all my life! You've got to persuade the mayor to change the calendar back again!"

"Why, what's the matter, dear?"

"Matter? Why I went into Rendome this afternoon to buy a dress and had to be told by Mr. Saul that to-day was Sunday there! You know I can't stand being laughed at, and the joke will spread all over Rendome in no time at all. To-morrow you're to go and explain my mistake to Mr. Saul. I'm going to speak to the mayor about this, and he'll never hear the end of it!"

And the mayor never did.

By the end of the second week of Sol, Mrs. Ben had gathered around her a chosen number of her friends, about twenty in all. With grand solemnity they signed a pledge to adhere to the old calendar, whether others did or not. On the whole, they managed to make matters entirely miserable for the mayor. When Sunday came round they refused to acknowledge it as such, and had a private church service the following Thursday. The mayor was unable to control his indignation and broke in on the little meeting and gave the sermon.

Matters took on a more serious air when others began to side with Mrs. Ben against the mayor and the new calendar. His Worship had spoken of advantages arising from this adoption, but as far as they could see there had been nothing but trouble. Kalendria had had several visitors on Sundays this month, and none on Thursdays. Many thought this a bad state of affairs from a business point of view, so that ere long the majority of Kalendrians had arrived at the wise conclusion that they had to change back to the old calendar system.

Accordingly, on the evening of Sol 18th, a number of anti-calendarists held a meeting at Mrs. Ben Chancey's to decide how they would persuade the mayor to give up his brilliant adoption.

"We could elect one of us to go and tell the mayor all the disadvantages we are up against."

"One who wouldn't give in to his foolishness!"

"Why not write up a petition and march up to the town hall with it."

"Yes, that's a good idea!"

"And if he refuses we can go on strike, anyway he isn't likely to refuse when he sees us all waiting."

"That's just the thing to do!"

"And who'll present it to him?"

"Why, Mrs. Chancey of course!"

"Well, let's begin writing it up. Could we have a pen and some paper, Mrs. Chancey?"

"Certainly, there's some here on the writing desk. What shall we say first?"

"Your Worship—"

"No, just plain 'mayor' would suit him better!"

"All right, then," said Mrs. Ben writing it down. "Just Plain Mayor" it shall be! "We have the pleasure of informing you that the majority of—"

"The very large majority!"

"—the very large majority of the people of Kalendria are against—"

"Are very much against!"

"—are very much against this thirteen-month calendar. Yes, that's a good beginning! Just a minute until I get it all down. . . . all right! 'We would like to have the old—'"

"We want the old!"

"We want the old calendar system back again!"

"Right away!"

"—right away."

"And we must be satisfied!"

"—and we must be satisfied."

"That ought to be enough! We can say the rest if we have to!"

"Yes, that's all right!"

"Shall we wait until morning?"

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"No, it's only eight o'clock and the mayor will be still at the town hall! We might as well go now!"

So the little band marched forward gallantly to the attack, gathering soldiers as they went. By the time they reached the town hall there was quite a regiment of them. The mayor was sitting in the public room of the hall, trying to get something on the radio, when Mrs. Ben, at the head of her army, rushed in upon him.

Without a word she handed him the petition. The mayor stood up and began to read with deep concern:

"Just Plain Mayor,—

We have the pleasure of informing you that the very large majority of the people of Kalendria are very much against the thirteen-month calendar. We want the old calendar system back again right away, and we must be satisfied."

The mayor was flabbergasted. Change his calendar back to the old one? He looked around at the ever-increasing mob and his spirits failed him. He might as well give in at once, so he did.

"Ladies and gentlemen, to-morrow we change back to the old calendar system. To-day is—"

"July 17th," Mrs. Ben shot at him.

"Sol 18th," concluded the mayor. "To-morrow will be July 18th."

"Sunday!"

"Yes, Sunday."

"And I'll speak to the minister now!"

"Well, then, that's that. To-morrow is Sunday July 18th," said the mayor.

"And what about my birthday, ma?"

"And mine too? Mine was July 6th!"

"And our wedding anniversary, whatever shall we do, dear?"

"I was asked to go to Alaska on July 3rd!"

"Well, this is a nice mess!"

"I have a suggestion," sang out the mayor. "Let's proclaim Monday a holiday and hold a grand celebration for those who have missed their birthdays and anniversaries, etc."

"Sometimes he does hit upon first-rate ideas!"

"Sure! We all agree with him there!"

So Monday was proclaimed a holiday by order of the mayor, and happily it turned out to be a bright, sunshiny day. Hundreds attended the festival, including His Worship and Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Chancey, and it turned out to be a grand success.

"Well, Ben, it's been quite an experience," said His Worship.

"Yes. I almost think I'd like to go through it again—only for my wife!"

"Sh! now!"

BETTY GUY, X-A

THE DIARY OF A MODERN AIR-MAIL PILOT

April 1. Made uneventful flight, Montreal to Toronto—Broke two speed records for mail 'planes.

April 2. Flew New York to Chicago, carrying Express. Attacked by five air bandits over Chicago. Shot down four with my automatic.

April 3. Flew a load of dynamite to the mines. Dropped part of load on forest fire. Put it out.

April 4. Ran into fog between New York and Washington. Came out flying upside down. Struck landing gear on top of mountain. Landed in Chesapeake Bay. Swam ashore with mail.

April 5. Another uneventful flight, New York to Chicago. Two forced landings because of hail storms. Ho-hum. . . . Life is too monotonous. Leaving for Chicago to get job as bank messenger.

Entries came to a sudden end—

ALEX. ROSE, X-B.

"HOWLERS"

A triangle with all three sides unequal is obscene.

From a Canadian History Paper we learn that: "Quebec has no port."

OUR SCHOOL SONG

WE are very pleased to announce that Mr. Irvin Cooper has kindly consented to the publication in this Annual of one of the numerous hits in his opera "Full o' the Moon." This opera was put on last year by the girls of West Hill and Commercial High Schools, and met with great success.

Mr. Cooper has offered to compose the music for a school song. A competition is being held for this purpose. The requirements for those entering are that the writer be a pupil of West Hill and that the words be absolutely original. No parodies will be considered. Only words are necessary, as Mr. Cooper will compose suitable music. All entries are to be handed in to the Principal before December 2nd, 1929. A prize will be given for the best composition, the winner being announced at the Christmas closing.

The song with words and music will be published in Annual 1930.

Here is a beautiful example of sheer inaccuracy. "Great Britain fought the Crimean War in South Africa."

A PASSING ACQUAINTANCE

Clipity clop, clipity clop,  
Along the road at a canter,  
Went a rider indeed  
On a fine swift steed,  
Shouting in good natured banter.

"Hallo! Hallo! Hallo! Is this the way to go  
To a tavern bar, that's not too far,  
Where the drinks are hot and plenty?  
For I'll tell you why, if you'll draw nigh,  
To-day I'm one and twenty;  
And my uncle Clyde, on my father's side,  
Has left to me his charger;  
And as you see has made to me,  
The joys of life the larger.

"All skies are blue, all pals are true,  
When I feel a good mount under.  
And let me say, 'fore I ride away  
'Tis a wonderful world—By thunder!  
Oh! what did you say, was the shortest way  
To a near and friendly tavern?  
First turn to the right, and there in sight  
Of a lofty mountain cavern  
A rocky trail, through a wooded vale  
Will lead me to the town  
And to the west of the town, my quest,  
Wherein I'll sit me down.

"I'll quaff 'em off, like a city toff,  
In an armchair by the blaze.  
Well, I must be gone, for the eve is on."  
He called from the gathering haze,  
"First turn to right? Thank you, good night."  
And was lost to the traveler's view.  
But the quick, sharp beat of the iron clad feet  
I heard as they onward flew.

Clipity clop, clipity clop,  
Along the road at a canter,  
Went a rider indeed  
On a fine swift steed,  
Singing in jovial banter.  
And fainter still,  
As they bridged the hill.  
Clipity clop, clipity clop.

THOS. W. BURGE, X-B.

AURORA

The eastern sky was flushed with dawn.  
Aurora rose and shed her ray  
Of golden light across the land.  
She, in her winged chariot drawn,  
Dispensed the morning dews that day  
From out her rosy-fingered hand.

O, Roman goddess of the dawn,  
Mother of winds and white-hot stars,  
Who bringest light to gods and men,  
I watch thee in thy chariot drawn,  
Till, thy work done, in peace or wars,  
Thou glid'st into thy gloomy den.

BETTY GUY, X-A.

THE JOLLY WINTER TIME

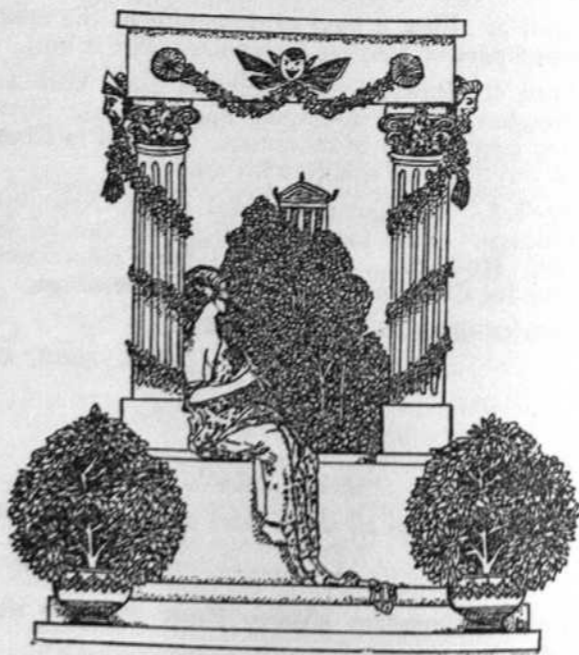
I know some girls are very fond  
Of summer by the sea,  
And some will sing  
Of early spring,  
But that does not suit me.  
I always say  
The holiday  
Is Christmas time, you see!

When winter's mantle decks the earth  
With frost and softest snow,  
The firm, crisp ice  
Looks rather nice  
Upon the ponds, you know.  
When one gyrates  
Upon one's skates,  
I simply long to go.

And when the early evening ends,  
To sit around the fire,  
And then to quail  
At some ghost tale,  
While flickering flames leap higher,  
Will always be,  
At least to me,  
My principal desire.

The jolly parties we all have  
Cement our friendship true,  
It's often told  
Old friends are gold,  
And silver are the new.  
And I am loth  
To part from both,  
As, doubtless, so are you!

JEAN LOTHIAN, IX-A.



"SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT"

(With apologies to William Wordsworth)

She was a Phantom of delight,  
With cheeks so red and eyes so bright;  
A lovely (?) maiden to me sent,  
To be a moment's ornament.  
Her eyes were bright (though slightly crossed);  
Her auburn hair was backward tossed;  
Her rouged lips were none too small,  
Yet for her beauty I did "fall";  
A trifle fresh, and very gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and to slay.

I saw her upon nearer view,—  
A spirit, yet a woman too!  
She was no treat for weary eyes,  
(At least, so said the other guys).  
Her homeliness I did not mind,  
For, you all know that Love is Blind.  
What cared I for her ugly looks?  
I've never heard of pretty cooks;  
And beauty being but skin deep,  
Most maidens find it hard to keep.

I took her to the show one day,  
She nearly made my hair turn grey;  
One time she let out such a shout,  
The ushers came and turned us out.  
We went to church one Sunday morn,  
From then I wished she'd ne'er been born;  
I told her she'd have one more chance  
And took her to the High School dance;—  
From women's toils I now am free!  
For them I care no more! Whoopee!

WILLIAM D. McDONALD, XI-B.

"THE SPECTRE"

Of all the horrors known to man,  
There's none to me like "June Exam",  
It looms before me every night  
And I awake quite cold with fright.  
There's a dread spectre at my bed  
Which laughs, and often it has said—:  
"YOU are the one, who all year long  
Went your way with the merry throng,  
To movies, parties and the rest  
But in June said, 'I did my best!'  
And if you fail, whose fault is that  
But yours, who every ev'ning sat  
And 'listened in' without a thought  
Because to you it pleasure brought?  
Whereas if each and every night  
Your books were opened to your sight,  
And you had read, and had digested  
Those subjects teacher had suggested,  
Instead of failing you'd be strong  
And then when June should come along,  
There'd be no need for you to "cram"  
To try and pass the "June Exam."  
Mark what I say; and don't forget it,  
Or, later you will sure regret it."

The moral's there, as you may see,  
For it applies to you—and me!

PHYLIS MORANT, IX-A.

OUTDOOR LIFE

The stately pines were listening  
For secrets in the wood;  
The silver birch was listening  
To hear what news it could.

A streamlet on the mountain side,  
A-trickling on its way.  
In spring the sweet violets abide  
The sunshine of the day.

And from the mountain side we see  
Deep rivers and brown hills.  
In autumn you may see a tree  
So lovely that it thrills.

But when the snow and ice have come  
And no birds present are;  
You see, the birds have all gone home,  
Southwards they've flown afar!

The snow all melts and runs away,  
Then springtime comes again.  
Sometimes you hear on summer's day  
The warbling of the wren.

MADLINE HODGSON, VII-A.

A FAN'S FATE

A "Fan" arrived at the Forum one night,  
To see his team 'bring home the bacon',  
"By Jinks," thought he, "I have plenty of time."  
Alas! he was sadly mistaken.

The seething crowd 'round the Forum did stretch,  
It covered the sidewalks and street;  
He pushed one way, but was forced in another,  
And nearly was knocked off his feet.

At last he lit on the end of a queue,  
And joined in the shivering fold;  
For hours he stood—he was bumped and was pushed,  
Until he had caught a bad cold.

He knew by now that the game had begun,  
Despite this he still stood in line;  
From time to time he fought forward an inch,  
Until the late hour of nine.

"At last," thought he, "I am nearing my goal,"  
For ahead he saw quite a fuss;  
Imagine his rage when he found that he was  
In line for the Atwater bus!

DONALD YOUNG, XI-B.

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## HOMEWORK

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As down the street of West Hill passed  
A youth, who bore with hands of ice,  
A pile of books with this device:  
My Homework!

His eye was sad; his heart beneath  
The West Hill shield's protecting sheath  
Was filled with sadness and with grief;  
For seldom did he get relief  
From Homework!

In rink and gym he saw the light  
Of 'lectric lamps gleam warm and bright:  
He set his thoughts upon his home,  
And from his lips escaped a groan:  
Darn Homework!

"Try hard to pass!" the teacher said,  
"Exams are low'ring overhead.  
The questions will be hard," he sighed,  
And loud the clarion voice replied:  
"Do Homework!"

"O stay!" the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary brain with dance and jest."  
A longing shone within his eye,  
But still he answered with a sigh:  
"I've Homework!"

"Beware the hours which quickly pass  
Between the study-room and class,"  
This was the teacher's last good-night!  
A voice replied far out of sight:  
There's Homework!

At break of day as heavenward  
The teacher's gentle snores were heard,  
His weary eyes scanned every word  
His dry and parched lips murmured:  
Dear Homework!

A student with his hair tossed round,  
Half-buried in his books was found,  
Still grasping in his hand so thin  
A copybook, crammed to the brim  
With Homework!

There, in the morning light so gray,  
Lifelike and beautiful he lay,  
Stretched out full length upon his bed,  
But still this thought ran through his head:  
My Homework!

DOROTHY SOMERS, VIII-A.

## IMPERFECT

A wild cold breeze, the swaying trees,  
And Hell's own fire was flashing.  
The thunder growled, the furies howled,  
And darkened clouds were dashing.  
The lightning flashed, the thunder crashed,  
It was a dreadful night.  
The wild wind shrieked, the sky was streaked,  
The furies roared their might.  
The Angel of Death, with wanton breath  
Whirled o'er the trembling land,  
Like man so crazed, so wild and dazed  
He wields destructive hand.  
A finger of fire, with terrible ire  
Searched out his frightened prey,  
And with a crash, and ghostly flash,  
Descends. . . . One soul has passed away.  
Then down the rain in torrents came,  
As if to wash the sin  
From that poor soul, the furies toll,  
A man that once had been.

The storm passed o'er. The fire no more  
Comes forth in deadly darts.  
No more the gale, with throaty wail  
Sends fear into our hearts.  
No more the storm in awful form  
Sweeps all before its blast;  
But still that night of awful fright  
Is not yet of the past.

Thus like a storm of ugly rage,  
Of passion, grief, or sorrow—  
Today we flail with pointed words,  
Repent them on the morrow.  
And though to those with whom we're wroth,  
By what we do or what we say,  
We try to make amends again,  
But what is done, won't smooth away.

THOS. W. BURGE, X-B.

## TO A SPIDER

Creepy, crawly, little spider, I don't like to be a  
chider,  
But why will you make your web across the door-  
way of my room?  
You're a nuisance, little creature, smiling there with  
every feature,  
'Cause I sound just like a preacher, preaching  
from the distant moon.

But I would my pleas could reach you, and perhaps  
a lesson teach you!  
Don't you know just what would happen if I  
chose to close my door?  
Spin your web in some far corner! Even though it is  
forlorn  
You'd not be a wretched mourner, mourning,  
webless, on the floor!

BETTY GUY, X-A.

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## THE THUNDERING HERD

The street car stopped at Atwater,  
Its doors were open flung;  
The reigning peace and seeming quiet  
Were killed. The loud cheers rung.

The passengers looked up at once  
With sad and shocked surprise,  
And as the wild stampede got on  
They opened wide their eyes.

A hush! Then with one sweet accord  
The cheers rang forth again!  
And soon the whole wide world did know  
West Hill had won the game!  
KATHLEEN HODGSON, VIII-A.

## A "PHONEY" BUSINESS

The other day I called my friend  
Upon the telephone;  
He said, "Hello!" I started off  
Just like a gramophone.

The reason was, that I had loaned  
To him a lot of 'kale';  
He hadn't paid it back, I wished  
To send him straight to jail.

I talked unceasingly, I raved,  
He could not say a word;  
I called him every single thing  
That to me then occurred.

At last I stopped for want of breath—  
Cool as a cucumber,  
The voice came back across the wire,  
"You have the wrong number!"  
DONALD YOUNG, XI-B.

## THE LATIN TEST

The minutes quickly pass away,  
This Latin is no jest.  
I wish I'd studied yesterday;  
You see, this is a test.

The sweat of pain is on my brow,  
My gosh! What agony!  
What is the Latin word for "cow"?  
Oh dear! What can it be?

I dip my pen into the ink,  
And grasp my paper tight.  
But oh, how hard it is to think  
Of anything to write!

I never thought that I was dumb,  
But now I know I am.  
What is the future of "I come!"  
Eureka! Veniam!  
IRWIN BROWN, IX-B.

## THE MAILMAN

Through the blinding snow, with his eyes aglow,  
And his face all drawn and pale;  
'Neath the wintry sky and the stars on high,  
Comes the man who brings the mail!

With a faltering yell, like an old cracked bell,  
At the post he halts his pack!  
And he stops the din, as he staggers in  
With the mail upon his back!

But he straightens up, like a chastised pup,  
And his face is lined with pain.  
The director's shout sends him running out,  
And he tries the scene again.  
GEORGE R. W. OWEN, XI-B.

## A MIDNIGHT SÉANCE

'Twas the night before History, and all thro' the house  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.  
I said that I'd study from seven till twelve,  
And into my History I started to delve.  
Comes half-past eleven my head starts to droop,  
'Tis here now that Wyclif is planning his coup.  
My eyes are half closing, no! this will not do,  
When along comes King Henry and Elizabeth, too;  
When the Black Death is over then I'll take my rest,  
Oh, may I sleep deeply the sleep of the blest!  
DOROTHY GORDON, VIII-C.

## SPRING!

Whoopie! Whoopie! Spring is here!  
The skies are blue and eggs are dear!  
The lambkins gambol on the hill,  
The stag at eve has drunk his fill.  
O hear the joyous birdies sing  
As o'er the meadows green they wing!  
And February bears the bier—  
So long, you nuts, my keeper's here!



### WHEN SHAKESPEARE MET JULIUS CAESAR

IT is extremely hard to read passively any censure of a friend, relative, or ideal. Censure of the last mentioned is by far the most difficult to endure, especially when the writer is dead and gone. I have often constructed in my dreams little tableaux in which I, or my heroes personified in myself, meet and defame their defamers. Here is one, characteristic of them all, in which that bronzed, stern, silent warrior Caius Julius Caesar confronts his impugner, the mountebank William Shakespeare.

Shakespeare hurries forward with hand extended and a fawning smile, "How now, great Caesar, that did lie so low. Art arisen?"

Then Caesar raising his imperial head, "Ha, false knave, did'st write of my bandy legs, and of my falling sickness. No man may be a hero to his valet, but how could'st thou know that my limbs which from earliest infancy beneath the heavy folds of my robe, I did conceal, were curved to the shape of a horse's flank? As for my falling sickness, as well you do know 'All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players,' and, forsooth, it being the fashion, and the custom of my generation, to faint, to swoon, this I did on occasion, and flatter myself that it was nicely and properly done. So, false wretch, thou cringest! Remove that robe, that patch there beside thy nose, and that great curling wig. Dost blanch! Have I found thy weakness? Uncover!"

"Nay, nay, mighty Caesar, August Julius, 'tis but indigestion, a slight over-indulgence in mine host of the Mermaid's 'pieces of venison,'" cried the affrighted playwright.

"None the less shalt remove thy robe."

Here ensues a strife, a little quarrel, with much scuffling, and frightened squeaks from the writer, and much fierce grunting from the warrior. At last rising from the ground, C. Julius plucks the cringing 'Plague of Schoolboys' from the ground and holds him up to view.

"That noble brow, O learned friend, doth gleam and shine like new-polish'd armour or rather, that plagiarist's pate, from which fear of the catch-polls hath driven the hair, doth reflect the sun as the snow capped top of Ida. That patch now, what does it conceal?" quoth the mighty J. C.

An agonised scream from the helpless wretch, and the patch is removed, along with a goodly expanse of dirty beard.

"As I live, a pimple!" roared the delighted Roman. "And bow legs now! I do declare upon a farm wert born and bred, for surely between them a pig did run when thou wert a helpless bawling brat. And from that paunch I do perceive, thou hast been indulging on the proceeds of Bacon's honest labour, in whose name I spurn you, and throw you in the ditch."

So having vindicated himself, Julius casts him in a ditch, and strides away, leaving the helpless Shakespeare, with much moaning to extricate himself from the mire.

TOM CALDER, XI-A.

### MOUNTAINS, AND CLIMBING THEM

ACCORDING to the ancients this world was a world of contraries—there was heat, and there was cold; there was dryness and there was dampness: so, taking such a reasonable-sounding proposition as true, and using it as an axiom, let us say—there are mountains, and there are plains. But that statement leaves out of account the rolling country, the low foothills; so, to strengthen the saying, to lend a "hovel-post" to the verbal hut—we solemnly qualify it with the deep and philosophic observation that "there are mountains, and MOUNTAINS," and that we are talking of MOUNTAINS only. But leaving such a rare atmosphere, abandoning such a metaphysical maze, we proclaim to all and sundry that there never was flat land comparable to mountainous land. We announce to "he who runs" that we prefer the three-dimensional over the two-dimensional as we would rather have three dollars than two. Let men sing of the prairies and the plains, but where would they be without THEIR mountains—the clouds!

It is significant that it was in a mountain that the Greek gods dwelt. It was the mountains which were the thrones of mighty. It is the mountain's bulk which rises superbly and arrogantly above the plain, thrusting skyward. When we wish to describe a Samson or a Hercules we say that he was a "mountain of a man." And when Paul was extolling Charity over Faith and Hope, he could think of no stronger deed Faith could do than remove mountains. To the Hebrews the mountain was not a seat of God, but a nature-made Tower of Babylon—a step on the road to Heaven. It is written in the Old Testament that Moses received the Ten Commandments from God on the summit of a mountain.

Men climb mountains for all reasons. One man will climb them to fetch his cows home to be milked, another to see the sun set. Mirzah climbed the hills above Baghdad to spend the sabbath in meditation and prayer. Mining engineers climb mountains to find gold. In a war-time speech David Lloyd George told how the boys, who lived in a sheltered Welsh valley, would climb the hill above the village "to have a glimpse of the great mountains in the distance, and to be stimulated and freshened by the breezes which came from the hill-tops, and by the great spectacle of their grandeur." But, the chief reason for climbing a mountain is to reach the top.

An unclimbed mountain will bring dreams to the dullest and life to the laziest. Such a mountain casts a spell about it—there is a challenge in its demeanour, an invitation in its appearance. Men will risk life and limb to conquer it. Few things have caused such a sensation in late years as the attempt to scale Mt. Everest. And, perhaps, there are still young Alexanders, who are inwardly delighted that the attempt was a failure—that there is still something to overcome!

STUART WILSON, X-B.

## WALTZ SONG

from the Opera

### Full o' the Moon

Words by PHYLLIS BILTON

Music by IRVIN COOPER

Hark is it  
Ah! there's a

on...ly the night breezes . sigh..ing? No there are strains in the  
note thro' the mel..o..dy stealing. Sadder and softer and

distance re...ply...ing. Struck by the hand of a Rom..an..y band  
sweetly app..eal..ing. Now swelling high in a des..o..late cry



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ten.

Full of the fire of the passionate south. Haste to the dance it is  
Now singing safely with aching re..gret. Must we re-mem..ber that

wildly re..beat..ing. Black eyes are flashing and bold hearts are beating,  
There's a lo..mor..ow, Pleasure is ev..er re...cated to sorrows,

Wild with the fire of a gypsy de..sire. Full of the strength and  
Dance while we may, Summer soon has it's day. Winter is coming

**CHORUS**

gladness of youth. You will for..get. Full o' the moon, in June, when hearts are in

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ten

Too soon a..las, too soon a..las must

sever. Night of romance perchance, at mornings

glance The dance must die, the dance must

ten

die for ev...er. Let us away, be gay, while yet we

**Rail**

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Musical score for the first system of a song. Lyrics: 'may The day too soon will'.

Musical score for the second system of a song. Lyrics: 'se — Let us dance in the strain of a gypsy re...'.

Musical score for the first time of a second song. Lyrics: 'rain, once a... gain under star..lt skies'.

Musical score for the second time of a second song. Lyrics: 'rain, once a... gain under star..lt skies'.

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Handwritten signature: 'John Cooper Sr'

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OUR GUESTS



THE A. B. C. OF SAFETY

ON the morning of September 24th, an automobile on the back of which was strapped a bicycle, drove up to our school. This was sufficient to arouse the curiosity of the students and at once they began to picture all kinds of bicycle acrobatic stunts which might be performed for them by the owner, Mr. H. St. Onge, of the Quebec Safety League.

In the Assembly Hall, Mr. St. Onge gave a splendid talk and demonstration of the precautions which should be taken by all those riding bicycles on our busy streets. One of the main points he brought to the bicyclists was that they should signal when they wished to make a turn. In this way the motorist behind would be forewarned and would slow up, if necessary.

He illustrated various points about cycle riding, by mounting his bicycle and circling round the platform. He mentioned an excellent way to remember the safety motto "Always Be Careful," by making use of the first three letters of the alphabet.

The rapt attention given by the students was proof of the intense interest taken in the address of Mr. St. Onge, and it is hoped that less "Accidents Befalling Children" will be the result.

MARION DUNBAR, X-A.

AMERICAN WOODWIND QUINTET

IN February of this year our school had the privilege of listening to a delightful concert given by the American Woodwind Quintet, from New York City. This concert was under the auspices of the McGill Conservatorium of Music. The different instruments used by the Quintet are the Flute, Oboe, English Horn, Clarinet, Bassoon and French Horn. The concert opened with the Allegro Spiritos, from Divertissements in F Major, by Mozart. Following this selection, each player gave a short talk about his instrument, concluding with a solo. The concert was brought to a close by a delightful rendering of "The Fairy Tale," "Pastoral Dance," by German, and "Presto in G Major," by Haydn. The programme was much enjoyed by all.

ALICE WATSON, X-A.

FOR the past three years West Hill has been fortunate in having as guests many prominent men. Among those present this year, at the devotional exercises on Monday morning, were Mr. N. F. McEwen, an educationalist; Rev. H. S. Laws of St. Matthew's Church; Rev. E. Scott and Rev. E. B. Lindsay, clergymen of the Church of St. Columba; Mr. Lou Buckley, an active worker of the Y.M.C.A.; Rev. B. B. Brown of Wesley United Church; Dr. Malcolm Campbell of the First Presbyterian Church; Rev. R. McGregor of Madison Baptist Church; and Rev. J. Smyth, Chairman of the Protestant Board of School Commissioners.

Our Armistice Service, conducted by Rev. E. Scott, proved to be more impressive than on former years. The whole school assembled to commemorate the sacrifice of our soldiers. Mr. Scott read "The Silent Toast," a poem to the memory of our Glorious Dead. During the year, he has given us generously of his time, has brought us many beneficial ideas, and has helped us by his kindly interest in the activities of the school.

Rev. T. A. Halpenny was present at our Christmas Closing Exercise. He spoke of God's great gift to the world, and reminded us that we should give, not to receive something in return, but rather to make others happy.

Later on in the year Archdeacon Fleming, an Anglican Missionary to the Arctic, gave us a lecture, illustrated by lantern slides, on his wonderful work in that district. He helped us realize how trivial our hardships are compared with those endured by others. Such an address served to widen our interest, and was thus a true factor in education.

On behalf of the pupils of the school we wish to say how grateful we are to these gentlemen for giving us of their valuable time. We certainly appreciate their kindness, and sincerely hope to have them with us again on some future occasion.

ANNIE BURNIE—LILLIAN RATTRAY, X-A.

OUR VISIT TO THE ROYAL EDWARD INSTITUTE

DURING the Christmas holidays the girls of Tenth Year made their annual Christmas visit to the Jeffrey Burland School—Royal Edward Institute. A large quantity of canned goods and provisions, contributed by Tenth Year, as well as a bag of potatoes given by the Ninth Year—Second Half class, had been sent down beforehand. Chickens were bought and delivered for the dinner provided.

A party of Tenth Year girls went down to the Institute on the morning of December 27. We decorated the tables and filled bags (which we had made) with fruit and candy, and set them around at the places. Several humorous recitations were given by one of the boys and girls, and these were much enjoyed by the boys and girls.

Miss Hutchison, the matron and teacher of the Institute assured us that the chicken dinner was a much-looked-forward-to event, and a long-remembered one. It was really a pleasure to be able to give the children a little enjoyment and we all profited by our visit.

MARGARET MILLER, X-A.

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## SCHOOL RECORDS

EVENT	CLASS	RECORD	RECORD HOLDER AND DATE
50-YARD DASH.....	Senior Girls.....	6½ secs.....	Elizabeth Boyles..... 1929
	Int. Girls.....	6½ secs.....	Ethel Baillie..... 1928
	Junior Girls.....	7 secs.....	Norah Thorp..... 1929
	Midget Boys.....	6¾ secs.....	Marjorie Mott..... 1929
75-YARD DASH.....	Junior Boys.....	9 secs.....	John Hopper..... 1929
	Donald Reid.....	1928	
100-YARD DASH.....	Senior Girls.....	13½ secs.....	Margaret Walford..... 1927
	Int. Girls.....	13 secs.....	Sylvia Rothchild..... 1927
	Junior Girls.....	13½ secs.....	Ethel Baillie..... 1927
	Senior Boys.....	10¾ secs.....	Clinton Husband..... 1928
	Int. Boys.....	11 secs.....	Seymour Isbits..... 1928
220-YARD DASH.....	Senior Boys.....	24½ secs.....	Clinton Husband..... 1928
	Junior Boys.....	27 secs.....	Donald Reid..... 1928
440-YARD DASH.....	Senior Boys.....	57¾ secs.....	William Tait..... 1928
	Int. Boys.....	59¾ secs.....	Seymour Isbits..... 1928
880-YARD RUN.....	Senior Boys.....	2 min. 23¾ secs.	James Edwards..... 1929
MILE RUN.....	Senior Boys.....	5 min. 12 secs.....	Jack Donnelly..... 1927
120-YARD HURDLES.....	Senior Boys.....	16 secs.....	Ross Weston..... 1928
	Int. Boys.....	17½ secs.....	William MacDonald..... 1928
DISCUS THROW.....	Senior Boys.....	85 feet.....	Fraser Pelletier..... 1927
JAVELIN THROW.....	Senior Boys.....	118 feet 4½ ins.	Edmund Hay..... 1929
SHOT PUT.....	Senior Boys.....	41 feet 4 ins.....	Clinton Husband..... 1928
RUNNING BROAD JUMP.....	Senior Girls.....	13 feet 5¼ ins.....	Dorothy MacKenzie..... 1927
	Int. Girls.....	13 feet 8½ ins.....	Marion Henson..... 1926
	Junior Girls.....	12 feet 10¼ ins.....	Norah Thorp..... 1927
	Senior Boys.....	19 feet 2 ins.....	Ross Weston..... 1928
	Int. Boys.....	18 feet 0 ins.....	William Tait..... 1927
	Midget Boys.....	12 feet 11½ ins.....	John Hopper..... 1929
RUNNING HIGH JUMP.....	Senior Girls.....	4 feet 5 inches.....	Ethel Steen..... 1924
	Int. Girls.....	4 feet 4 inches.....	Elizabeth Boyles..... 1927
	Junior Girls.....	4 feet 1½ ins.....	Ethel Baillie..... 1927
	Senior Boys.....	5 feet 4 inches.....	David Mitchell..... 1927
	Int. Boys.....	4 feet 11 inches.....	George Owen..... 1927
	Junior Boys.....	4 feet 8 inches.....	Donald Reid..... 1928
STANDING BROAD JUMP.....	Senior Girls.....	7 feet 1 inch.....	Doris Weeks..... 1927
	Int. Girls.....	7 feet 2 inches.....	Margaret Hare..... 1926
	Junior Girls.....	7 feet 3 inches.....	Norah Thorp..... 1927
HOP, STEP AND JUMP.....	Senior Girls.....	28 ft. 11 ins.....	Dorothy MacKenzie..... 1927
	Int. Girls.....	30 ft. 1 inch.....	Norah Thorp..... 1928
	Jun. Girls.....	28 ft. 1 inch.....	Norah Thorp..... 1927
	Senior Boys.....	39 ft. 10 ins.....	Ross Weston..... 1928
POLE VAULT.....	Senior Boys.....	8 feet 9 inches.....	Edward Jones..... 1927
BASEBALL THROW (12").....	Senior Girls.....	140 ft. 2¼ ins.....	Jean Luckwood..... 1929

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### OUR LATEST GRADUATE!

N. G. S. INGRAM, B.Sc.:

When a man's busy, why, leisure  
Strikes him as wonderful pleasure;  
'Faith, and at leisure once is he?  
Straightway he wants to be busy.

Fav. Exp. "Come on, Fellows!"

Pet Avers. Winters in Canada.

Ambition. To find the most economical method of  
doing every thing.

Hobby. Amateur theatricals.

Activities. See below.



N. G. S. INGRAM, B.Sc.

### THE STAFF

The news that Mr. Ingram was leaving West Hill at the close of the present school year came as a great surprise to pupils and teachers alike, who knew him as "unencumbered with wife" but regarded him as "wedded to West Hill."

In reviewing the six years Mr. Ingram has spent in this school, we note that he has always taken a prominent part in the educational and recreational life of the school. For the first three years Mr. Ingram carried out the onerous duty of Athletic Adviser to the joint Boys' and Girls' Athletic Association. As such, Mr. Ingram supervised all sports, though he made Basketball his special province. The former pupils and present pupils are greatly in his debt for the able manner in which he represented their interests in this branch of sport.

No true Scot, however, can become a convert to a game of another country, without in turn wishing to proselytize his mentors. This is true of Mr. Ingram. Having acquired a knowledge of Basketball which has secured his recognition as an efficient Basketball referee, he decided that Scotland's great winter game was deserving of attention. So he launched the Inter-school Soccer League in chilly Canadian waters, but thanks to his efforts, the league is a very live one, and this school has fittingly justified his action by winning the City Senior Championship.

Mr. Ingram's activities on the school's behalf have not been confined solely to Athletics. Every new venture undertaken by the school has found in him an energetic helper. In the success of the Teachers' plays he has played a major part both on and off stage; in inaugurating the Science Club he has introduced into our school life a splendid educational activity; and in organizing the Advertisement Canvass for the Annual, he has met with such success that we envy his new employer's gain and deplore our loss.

Again, as Eleventh Year master, his work has met with suitable acknowledgement in the excellent pass list of each graduating class.

Though leaving us, Mr. Ingram has not lost interest in education. His business interests have been transferred but in his personal interests we hope West Hill will always hold a firm place.

Sir, we thank you for your interest in our school and we hope for your continued interest. Our "Ave atque Vale" is—

"May your shadow never be less, Sir!" (or in the Doric), "Lang may your lum reek, mon!"

Our High School Staff is being further depleted by the desertion of Miss Tait. We pardon her, her desertion. Her excuse is a praiseworthy one, viz: matrimony.

"Every good wish for your Future Happiness, Miss Tait!"

Through increased enrolment, the Seventh Year classes at present accommodated will be transferred. This deprives us of the assistance of the Seventh Year teachers, Misses Pollock, Fleming, Grimson and Samson. Miss Grimson has also the same good reason as Miss Tait for leaving.

We hope that we shall continue to enjoy the fruits of these three ladies' labours in the Educational field, and to Miss Grimson we also extend every good wish for the future.

In February 1919 when this school was first opened, Miss Pollock was one of the two teachers then conducting classes in the school. Since then, her services have been interrupted on two occasions only: one, when she visited the United Kingdom and the Continent as an exchange teacher; the other, when through lack of space, she was accommodated for one year with her class at Kensington School.

Selections from



the Art Room



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### FORMER PUPILS' SUCCESSES

THOSE who remember Stephen and Edward Walford, former pupils at West Hill, will be interested to learn what success they are achieving. They are both holding excellent government positions in the United States. Stephen Walford is Poultry Inspector in the state of Indiana, Edward's main occupation at present is getting married. From all reports he appears to be taking it very seriously. He also is a Poultry Inspector, but in the state of Connecticut.

Alfred Walters Hobart graduated from the University of Chicago in 1926 with honors in Comparative Religions. A year later he received the degree of B. D. from his Theological School. Last October he was ordained in the Unity Liberal Church of St. Cloud, Minnesota. He is finding preaching very fascinating work.

Allan Latham spent the year 1927-1928 studying Economics at the University of Berlin. This year he has held a fellowship in Economics at Harvard University. Next year he will be the Henry Lee Fellow in Economics at Harvard University.

After spending a year in the Sun Life Assurance Lindsay Miller enrolled in the Faculty of Arts, McGill, last fall.

Peggy Miller, '27, after studying art for a year at the "Beaux Arts," took a position in the Bell Telephone last fall.

Margaret Munro of the class of '28, successfully completed a business course at the Mother House last fall. She is now occupying an excellent position in the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company.

Edmund G. Collard, '27, is making a name for himself at McGill. He is an Honour Student in History and English. In March he was awarded the "Talbot Papineau Cup" in a public speaking contest. In rendering the decision for the judges, Dean Ira Mackay noticed that "Collard not only showed a knowledge of material and displayed a pleasing style, but also demonstrated the difference that exists between a writer and a public speaker, namely, that quality known as promise."

### CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY-EIGHT GIRLS

H. ADELE ALGUIRE.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
ELEANOR M. M. BLACK.....	Macdonald College
ALICE S. BRUCE.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
HARRIETTE L. BURGE.....	Notre Dame de Grace Business College
ROSE COHEN.....	O'Sullivan's Business College
ELEANOR M. DIXON.....	Macdonald College
MARGARET A. JEFFREY.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
ALMA E. JOHNSON.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
BEATRICE M. KAPLAN.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
EVELYN F. KRAVITZ.....	Brooklyn Hospital, Brooklyn, N.Y.
SYLVIA J. LEIBOVITZ.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
EVELYN E. MCCOLLUM.....	Bell Telephone Company of Canada
DOROTHY M. MIMMS.....	Bank of Montreal
EDITH C. NEAL.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
R. MONA PALMER.....	Northern Electric Coy.
AIDA M. W. SACH.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
ESME B. SIBLEY.....	Northern Electric Coy.
FLORA B. STEEN.....	Bell Telephone Company of Canada
BETTY J. P. WINTERS.....	The Royal Bank of Canada

### BOYS

HARRY M. ADELSTEIN.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
GORDON F. ALLO.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
GORDON W. BENSON.....	Bank of Commerce
STUART A. BIRD.....	Consolidated Dye Stuffs Corporation
HENRY N. BOULKIND.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
CYRIL D. CARNELL.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
JASON J. COHEN.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
L. DEAN CORNELL.....	Feller Institute, Grande Ligne
KENNETH G. DALRYMPLE.....	Bell Telephone Company
ARCHIBALD M. EDINGTON.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
DONALD S. FLEMING.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
ISADORE GOLDNER.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
HUGH R. GRANT.....	Bank of Commerce
WILLIAM E. HENDERSON.....	School of Commerce, McGill
S. ARTHUR LITWIN.....	H. Litwin & Co.
J. NORMAN LOUCKS.....	School of Commerce, McGill
HAROLD P. LYON.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
NELSON E. MCNIFF.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
LINDSAY G. MORRIS.....	School of Commerce, McGill
HARRY D. MOUNT.....	Shawinigan Water & Power Company
BRAM ROSTON.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
WILLIAM SELLAR.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
MEREDITH G. SMITH.....	P. S. Ross & Sons, Chartered Accountants
H. RONALD SMITH.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
JACK C. SMITH.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill

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### THE SCIENCE CLUB

#### THE SCIENCE CLUB

EARLY in the term Mr. Ingram suggested that a Science Club be formed. He stated that there had been such a society in the past at West Hill and that many good speakers had consented to give talks. A committee was elected to form a society. At a general meeting of the eleventh years it was decided to have Eleventh Year pupils as members and to allow a certain number of Tenth Year pupils to attend the lectures. The following officers were elected: Donald Young, President; Estelle Beauchamp, Secretary; and a committee consisting of Loula Lortie, Hugh T. Aitken, and Herbert Tees.

With the help of Mr. Ingram, this committee arranged an interesting program of lectures, by such well-known speakers as Dr. A. V. Douglas, Dr. N. N. Evans, Dr. D. A. Keys, Dr. R. C. Stewart, Mr. I. Cooper, Mr. S. A. Beatty and Dr. W. H. Hatcher.

Dr. Douglas is connected with the Physics Department of McGill University. She has studied under the famous Dr. Rutherford at Cambridge, and gave us a very interesting lecture on "Starlight."

Dr. Evans is the Matriculation Examiner in Chemistry and a professor of that subject at McGill. He spoke on "Diamonds" and exhibited many models of famous diamonds.

Dr. Keys is the head of the Physics Laboratory work at McGill. His lecture was entitled "Drops and Bubbles." He delivered this lecture at the Juvenile Lectures at McGill some years ago.

Dr. Stewart is the Medical Examiner for the school and is connected with the Royal Victoria Hospital. He spoke on "Poisons." He pointed out the different kinds of poisons and their effects and proper treatments.

Mr. Cooper, the director of Music at West Hill, gave an interesting talk on "Acoustics." This was given in the Auditorium and most of Tenth and Eleventh Years were present.

Mr. Beatty is a research student in Biology at McGill. He is studying for his Ph.D. Degree. He spoke on "Muscular Movement." He performed interesting experiments upon the nerves of a frog.

Dr. Hatcher is one of the professors of Chemistry at McGill. He gave an interesting lecture on

"Colloids" which he illustrated with many good experiments, one of which showed "Chemical plants."

Slides or experiments or both were used in all the lectures.

At one of the meetings three Eleventh Year pupils gave papers. Ruth Wilanski spoke on the "History of Mathematics." Donald Young talked on "Radium," while Ivan Linton explained the inside of an atom.

These lectures were so commendable that a brief summary of them is given on the following pages.

The fact that this venture has met with such marked success should be an incentive to those who follow after, to continue the work that graduation forces us to relinquish.

TRACY LUDINGTON—WM. IVAN LINTON, XI-B.

#### THE HISTORY OF MATHEMATICS

THE earliest written mathematical work which we possess was written by an Egyptian priest named Ahmes about 1000 B. C. Very little is known about the scientific achievements of the other nations of the world contemporary with Egypt at this time. The foundation of the Greek school of mathematics is usually attributed to Thales of Miletus who was born about 640 B. C. In the course of trade Thales visited Egypt and there his interest in mathematics was first aroused. Like many of his contemporaries he dabbled in philosophy and astronomy.

There was a school, during Alexander the Great's rule, which flourished at Elea and here Zeno first propounded his well known paradox of Achilles and the tortoise. He argued that, if Achilles ran ten times as fast as the tortoise, yet, if the tortoise had a thousand yards' start, it could never be overtaken for when Achilles had run a thousand yards, the tortoise would have advanced one hundred yards; when Achilles had run this hundred yards, the tortoise would be ten yards ahead, and so on.

The leading personage, in the Athenian school, was Plato, the distinguished pupil of Socrates. Although primarily a philosopher, Plato has an assured

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place in mathematical history. The Greek mathematicians of this period were mainly interested in the solution of three problems (1) Squaring the circle—that is, constructing a square equal in area to a given circle; (2) Duplication of the cube—construction of the side of a cube, the volume of which should be twice that of a given cube; (3) the trisection of a given angle.

An interesting legend is associated with the doubling of the cube. The story has it that the Athenians suffered from a plague in 430 B. C., and consulted the oracle for relief. Apollo ordered them to double the size of his cubical altar. The ignorant Athenians, however, doubled the edge of the cube, thereby increasing its volume eight fold. This angered the god and the plague continued to distress the populace. A second appeal disclosed that it was the volume of the altar and not its edge which must be doubled. So another altar was built of the same size as the old one and placed alongside it. Even this did not satisfy the exacting Apollo who required the doubled altar to be in the form of a cube. The Athenians then consulted Plato, but the philosopher was unable to help them. The versions of the story here end rather abruptly; the outcome is not told but it seems likely that Apollo began to think of other things and forgot his altar.

Some of the most prominent mathematicians of this period are Hippias, Hippocrates and Menaechmus, tutor to Alexander the Great.

During Alexander's rule the design of the city of Alexandria was placed in the hands of Dinocrates, architect of the famous temple to Diana and Ephesus.

The mathematical department of the University of Alexandria was in charge of Euclid, one of the best known of the Greek mathematicians—and it influenced the work of generations of students who worked for the improvement of mathematics. He was the author of several books, although his "Elements" is the best known and forms the basis of all present day geometry books.

The reason that algebra is a universal language, which does not depend on the nationality of the writer, is due to the fact that the symbols used to indicate the various operations and relations are widely understood and adopted. This has not always been the case and, for a long time, during the early history of the subject, there was no accepted notation in algebra but each writer used any symbol that suited him.

RUTH WILANSKI, XI-A.



### RADIUM

IN 1896, a French professor, called Henri Becquerel, was experimenting on the salts of uranium. He discovered that he could obtain distinct photographic impressions with the salts of this element, even although he covered the plate with black paper. These experiments marked the discovery of what we now know under the name of "radio-activity."

The question that naturally arose was—"Is the radio-activity of uranium due to the presence of an impurity in it?" Prof. Pierre Curie and his wife Marie started some research work to answer this question, by trying to separate this then-unknown compound from the uranium salts. Their work was entirely successful and in 1898, at Paris, they discovered two new elements, polonium and radium.

Pure metallic radium is an extremely difficult thing to prepare, but it has been done by the electrolysis of radium chloride. Radium is a white metal but, on account of the facility with which it combines with other substances, it is usually kept as radium bromide or radium chloride.

Radium rays are similar to X-rays, only they are stronger and can be detected after having passed through several feet of solid iron. The radiations from uranium and radium are very much alike. This is due to the fact that uranium gradually decomposes into radium. The radium then turns, finally, into radio-lead, which resembles, in many ways, ordinary lead. In fact, some people believe that the vast supply of lead in the world is just dead radium. The estimated value of radium is from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 an ounce.

Radium in minute quantities exists practically everywhere but only in a very few places in sufficient quantities to pay for its production. The main supply of radium, in the past, has come from a celebrated mine in Bohemia, called the Joachimsthal Mine. This mine has produced nearly all the radium there is in the world at present. It was from here that M. and Mme. Curie obtained the ore, called pitchblende, from which the first radium in quantity was extracted. There are smaller mines in Utah and Colorado, in New South Wales and in Cornwall, England.

The process of extracting radium from its ores is an expensive one, as it takes a hundred tons of rich ore to produce a thimbleful of 75% pure radium salts.

In 1901, Becquerel was using for some experiments a tube containing a small quantity of pure radium. He accidentally put this tube into his pocket, and carried it about for several hours; a fortnight later a severe burn appeared on his flesh. This incident of the famous "Becquerel burn" induced scientists to experiment and some very valuable medical discoveries resulted. Radium is put into a glass tube, and this, in turn, is put into a gold, silver or platinum one, the radio-activity depending on the thickness of the metal. It is used thus for curing rheumatism, cancer and many other diseases and ailments.

At present there is only from 30 to 35 grams of pure radium salt in use throughout the world. Its high cost and scarcity put it out of the reach of many; but, as the supply increases, not only will the price decrease, but doubtless new uses will be found for this remarkable element, which will make it even more beneficial to mankind than it is at present.

DONALD M. YOUNG, XI-B

## Annual West Hill High School Annual

### INSIDE THE ATOM

ON the Science Society's program of lectures this one was somewhat unfortunately announced as "Ivan Linton—Inside the Atom." An atom is the smallest quantity of an element that can be obtained. Until recent years it was thought to be indivisible, but now we know that it is not. When an atom is divided, however, it no longer retains its identity. For instance, when an atom of hydrogen is divided, it is no longer hydrogen.

A thing that should always be kept in mind when discussing atoms is their extremely small size. Lord Kelvin has estimated that, if a drop of water were magnified to the size of the earth, an atom would be smaller than a tennis ball. An atom cannot be seen with the aid of the most powerful microscopes.

What is the inside of an atom like? Well, a hydrogen atom contains a central nucleus, consisting of a proton. An electron revolves around the nuclear proton much as the planets in our Solar System revolve around the sun. In the case of helium the nucleus contains both protons and electrons but only electrons revolve around the outside. The atoms of the other elements are composed along the same general principles.

The elements have been arranged in order of their ascending atomic weights by a Russian—Dmitri Ivanovitch Mendeleeff. These elements have been numbered: hydrogen is one, helium two, and so on up to ninety-two which is uranium, the heaviest element that we know. From the atomic number, as this is called, a rule for determining the composition of the atom has been formed.

The only difference between mercury and gold is that mercury has one more proton and one more electron than gold. If this electron together with the proton could be removed from the atom of mercury then we should have gold. It is claimed that this has been accidentally accomplished in Germany. There they had a tube of mercury heated in a violet-ray lamp and when the mercury cooled down traces of gold were found in it. If this is true the transmutation of metals that the alchemists dreamed of, was not impossible, although gold made by this process would be more expensive than gold obtained from ordinary sources.

The most recent explanation of the northern lights regards them as due to electrons, ejected from the sun at enormous speeds, which are collected and guided in long spirals to the earth's polar latitudes owing to the earth's magnetic force. Here they cause luminosity.

About a hundred years ago matter was conceived to be built up of molecules which were then thought to be indivisible. Then molecules were conceived to consist of atoms which in their turn were thought to be indivisible. Now atoms are conceived to contain electrons and protons which are thought to be indivisible. Who can say but that in the next twenty or thirty years electrons and protons may be thought to consist of something smaller again? And then somebody, perhaps in this very school, will say that twenty years ago atoms were conceived to be made up of electrons and protons which were thought to be indivisible but now (he will say) we know better. And so on down the ages.

WM. IVAN LINTON, XI-B.

### IT SOMETIMES HAPPENS

"Been to many dances this year?"  
 "No, not many."  
 "This your first?"  
 "No, not quite."  
 "The second?"  
 "Hardly."  
 "The third?"  
 "No."  
 "The fourth?"  
 "No."

Pause.

"How many have you been to?"  
 "Well, I've lost count."  
 "Then you must have been to a lot."  
 "Not so very many."  
 "Half a dozen?"  
 "No, not as many as that."  
 "Five?"  
 "Yes, about five."  
 "It's hard to remember."  
 "Yes."  
 "Yes, they are so much alike."  
 "Yes."

Pause.

"Not at all different from one another."  
 "No."  
 "Quite similar, in fact."  
 "Yes."  
 "Yes."

Pause.

"May I see your programme?"  
 "You may have number five. It's a waltz."  
 "I like to waltz, don't you?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Afraid you won't be able to read my writing."  
 "Oh, I'll remember."  
 "I never could write well."  
 "Couldn't you?"  
 "Rotten pencils."  
 "Yes."  
 "The points often break."  
 "Yes, sometimes."

Pause.

"Well, number five. I'll remember."

Music. Number five.

"Had a hard time finding you."  
 "Did you?"  
 "Yes. A lot of people here."  
 "Yes."

They collide with another couple.

"Awfully sorry, my fault."  
 "It's quite all right."  
 "People do get in your way."  
 "Yes."  
 "Beautiful flower you're wearing."  
 "Do you think so?"  
 "Yes. What kind is it?"  
 "A rose."  
 "Really."

Music stops.

"Thank you."  
 "You're welcome."  
 "I enjoyed it very much."  
 "Did you?"

MARY BOSTROM, XI-A

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VERITAS FIAT

or

WHY THE STANDARD-BEARER OF THE TENTH LEGION BECAME A HERO

According to a Recently Discovered Letter to His Wife

My dear Rufilla,

As you will remember from my last letter we were about to cross the Sea of Torment, called by the barbarians of these regions the "Channel." The crossing was very rough, to such an extent that even our great Julius was twice forced to decline his meals at the appointed hour.

Having reached the coast of the Land of Mist, as it is called by the barbarians, we dropped anchor off an open and sandy shore.

Having rested for about one day, Caesar ordered an attack on the British who had gathered in large numbers along the shore. After viewing these affairs, a lieutenant of the ninth legion, being still disturbed by the roughness of our crossing on the previous day, told the great Caesar to betake himself unto the deep. Caesar reprimanded him gently, saying: "My good Lucius, in the left-hand bottom drawer of my desk, beneath a pile of handkerchiefs, you will find a phial of poison. If you should mistake it for wine and die thereof, it will be for the good of our beloved army."

So died Lucius Piscus.

After all preparations had been made, and as we were ready to disembark, I mounted the bulwark, intending to exhort my comrades. But the ignoble Commius Lapidus, whom on the previous day I had defeated at dice, pushed me ungently with his spear in the direction of the wild waves.

At once I found myself chin-deep in the water. Although I shivered with the cold of it, I shouted cheerfully, "Come on in, boys, the water's fine."

Thereupon all the legions leapt down from the ships, and, following my beloved standard, advanced to the shore.

The barbarians, being totally surprised at the sight of us southerners in the water, were unable to withstand our attack. When the battle was over we built a camp.

The nights are very cold in this region. (I am sending you two pairs of socks to darn. Please forward my winter underwear by chariot-post). The Britons have long fair hair. (They must use large quantities of peroxide.)

Everybody in the camp is happy and contented. My tent mate, however, fell down and broke his collar bone.

Wishing you the same,

Your loving husband,  
GEMULLUS.

P.S.—Don't send me any more nagging letters. I want to enjoy this war in peace.

ALEX. ROSE, X-B.

There was a young lad of Montreal  
Who grew so exceedingly tall.  
To his friends' questionnaire,  
"Is it cold 'way up there?"  
He loftily replied "Not-a-t-a-l!"

THE LAST STRAW

It was our last day in the country! We had packed our clothes, prepared the lunch for the train, and sent off the furniture that morning. We were going to take the eleven-thirty train for the city.

Mother and I were closing and locking the windows, when suddenly we heard a noise at the front door. I ran down-stairs to find what the matter was. It was Tommy. He had fallen into the lake with his best clothes on. His other clothes were packed, so I had to search through all the trunks to find some for him. This kept us waiting for quite a while.

It was ten o'clock. We had an hour's walk to the station, so we decided to start right away. We had not gone far when it began to rain, and we were immediately soaked. I suddenly remembered that I had left open the window which I had been in the act of closing when Tommy fell into the lake.

"There's lots of time," I said to the others. "You go on, and I shall catch up to you." I hurried back to the house, and had just arrived at the steps when I remembered that I had not the key. I hurried back to the others. They were almost half way to the station, and were surprised when I asked for the key. "You have no memory," said my older sister, "You are as stupid as an owl."

After telling her that she had forgotten to give me the key, and thus reducing her to silence, I ran back to the house.

It was almost eleven o'clock, by my watch, when at last I caught up to them again, only to be greeted with the information that mother's watch as well as mine was twenty minutes slow.

We almost ran the rest of the way. When we arrived breathlessly at the station, we discovered that our train was there.

"We have not missed it, anyway," said mother in a relieved tone of voice, "I was so afraid it would go without us. We would have nowhere to stay, because the furniture has gone."

"All aboard! Tickets, please!" shouted the guard. Mother opened her purse.

"Oh!" she cried, "I packed my other purse, forgetting that the tickets were in it!"

This was the last straw!

ELIZABETH COUTTS, X-C.

LOGIC IN A GRAMMAR LESSON

TEACHER: The feminine of stag?

PUPIL: Hen.

TEACHER: Don't be ridiculous!

PUPIL (explaining): Well, a stag party is a party attended only by males and a hen party is.....

Who are the young couple at West Hill  
Whose schooldays 'con amore' they do fill,  
They early and late  
In-ter-dig-i-tate  
While journeying to and from West Hill.  
Answer (any love-sick couple).

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LES MARGUERITES

DANS les champs, les marguerites s'épanouissent, rivalisant de grâce avec les hautes herbes et les blés. Leurs pétales semblables à des doigts uniformément longs et blancs autour du cœur jaune, s'écartent ou se resserrent au caprice du vent.

Qui de nous, même à l'âge où nous sommes, a résisté au désir de les effeuiller en disant: "un peu, beaucoup . . . ?" Elle nous ont menti souvent; souvent elles nous ont promis pour toujours un bonheur qui n'a pas duré. Qu'importe!!!

C'est d'incertitude que vit l'espérance; le lendemain de leur mensonge, au premier détour du chemin où fleurissent les marguerites, encore nous les arrachons, encore nous les interrogeons. Là-bas parmi les hautes herbes et les blés, elles oscillent et se balancent. Le soleil qui décline met du bleu à leur corolle, de l'or en leur calice. Chacune d'elles me parlerait; à chacune d'elles, je voudrais demander ce que seront les lendemains, en jetant au vent et à l'espace des pétales qui ne comprennent rien à ce qu'ils disent.

Puis je broierais entre mes mains le cœur que j'aurais mis à nu; "ce pauvre cœur de fleur . . ."

"Pâquerette."

ANITA COUSIN, IX-A.

LE GARÇON BRILLANT

UNE fois il y avait un petit garçon qui avait huit ans. Il aimait, comme les autres garçons de son âge, à faire des questions à ses parents.

Il a dit à son père: "Papa, pendant que je marchais dans la rue aujourd'hui, j'ai vu un garçon boiteux qui semblait triste parce qu'il avait perdu de l'argent. Ainsi comme il ne pouvait pas le trouver, il s'en alla. Puis j'ai commencé à chercher sans succès. Pendant que je cherchais, une femme est venue. Elle a vu que j'étais triste et elle m'a demandé ce que je cherchais. Je le lui ai dit. Alors elle m'a donné de l'argent et je l'en ai remerciée beaucoup. Cet argent est-il à moi? Faut-il le rendre à cette femme?"

Mon père a répondu que je devais rendre l'argent à cette femme quand je la rencontrerais.

J'ai dit: "Peut-être ne la reverrai-je plus, alors je dois garder l'argent; ou peut-être, si je la rencontre, je ne la reconnaitrai pas. Alors l'argent sera à moi, n'est-ce pas? Je pense que je sais comment on peut gagner de l'argent facilement."

JOYCE HAYWARD, IX-A.

Il y avait une fois un homme,  
Qui mangeait toujours une pomme,  
Parce qu'une pomme par jour,  
Eloigne le docteur,  
Et il n'aimait pas cet homme.

BEN COSSMAN, X-B.

Jos.—Un membre de votre famille a-t-il jamais fait un brillant mariage?  
Jean—Oui, ma femme.

Avec quelle main fumes-tu la cigarette?  
—Avec aucune, je la fume avec ma bouche.

L'instituteur—Ton petit frère a la typhoïde. Crois-tu l'attraper aussi, toi!

L'enfant—Oui, monsieur, lorsque mon frère en aura fini.

En auto

Sais-tu où nous conduit cette route, à l'hôpital ou à la morgue?

Napoléon n'a jamais su ce que c'était que la peur. Pourquoi ne l'a-t-il pas demandé à quelqu'un?

Tu as un pardessus épatant, veux-tu me donner l'adresse de ton tailleur?  
Oui, mais à condition que tu ne lui donne pas la mienne.

Au magasin

Le client—Vous dites que cette couverture est toute laine et elle est marquée coton?

Le commis—Bien monsieur, nous la marquons comme cela. . . . c'est pour tromper les mites.

MARJORIE BRADBURY, VIII-C.

### MONSIEUR PERRICHON VIENT AU CANADA.

EN entrant à la porte de l'école un jour, j'ai aperçu un groupe d'élèves qui avaient l'air d'être très excités. Quand ils m'ont vue, ils ont crié: "As-tu entendu les dernières nouvelles? Tu ne devineras jamais! Monsieur Perrichon, le carrossier de Paris, sa femme et sa fille viennent au Canada."

Une semaine après je suis allée à Québec faire une visite. En même temps j'ai pensé que Perrichon arriverait à Québec. Le premier janvier je me suis rendue au quai. Le bateau arrivait à trois heures. Quand il s'est approché du quai, j'ai vu un gros homme court avec un manteau de fourrure et aussi une grosse femme et une jolie jeune fille. J'ai reconnu tout de suite M. et Mme. Perrichon et Henriette.

Quand le bateau s'arrêta, un employé aida M. Perrichon avec ses bagages et lui demanda: "Est-ce tout?" "Attendez une minute," répondit M. Perrichon, "je vais compter mes bagages: valises, trois; ma femme, quatre; ma fille, cinq; moi-même, six; mon carnet, sept; et mon panama, huit. Oui, c'est tout." Tout le monde se mit à rire. M. Perrichon voyant qu'on riait de lui, se retourna et dit: "Ah! pardon, c'est la première fois que je voyage."

Ils montèrent dans le train pour Montréal, et comme je parlais aussi ce jour-là, je me mis dans le même wagon. Perrichon dit à Henriette de sortir son petit carnet et d'écrire: "La terre est toute blanche au Canada."

Arrivé à la gare Place Viger, il alla trouver un agent de police et lui dit: "Prenez mes bagages et mettez-les dans un fiacre." "Comment?" "Je veux un fiacre," répéta Perrichon. "Pardon, monsieur, je ne comprends pas l'anglais."

Ils partirent dans un taxi pour l'hôtel Ritz-Carlton. Quand ils furent dans leur chambre Perrichon vit un bouton de sonnette. Comme il voulait de l'eau chaude il le poussa, mais personne ne vint. Il alla chercher le gérant, qui lui dit que les sonnettes n'étaient pas en ordre et qu'il y avait de l'eau chaude dans les chambres de bain.

Perrichon appela Henriette et lui dit: "Ecris dans ton carnet—les sonnettes au Canada sont là seulement comme ornement. On trouve de l'eau chaude dans les chambres de bain."

Le soir en se couchant Perrichon mit ses bottines à la porte de sa chambre. C'est la coutume en France quand on veut faire nettoyer ses bottines. Le lendemain matin il alla les prendre mais elles n'étaient pas là. Il commença à crier: "Mes bottines, on me vole, ma fille, ma femme, la France, on me vole!"

L'employé vint lui demander ce qu'il avait, alors il dit: "J'ai laissé mes bottines devant la porte et quelqu'un me les a volées." "Mais," répondit l'employé, "ce n'est pas là qu'on doit laisser ses bottines." "Ah, pardon," dit encore M. Perrichon, "c'est la première fois que je voyage."

Après avoir vu toutes les places importantes, Perrichon quitta Montréal avec Mme. Perrichon et Henriette. J'aime à croire qu'il n'eut plus d'aventures désagréables.

JESSIE DONALD, X.A.

### LE GARÇON DE MANOIR

Il y avait un garçon de Manoir,  
Qui ne faisait jamais ses devoirs;  
Les examens de juin,  
Étaient la fin  
De ce beau petit garçon de Manoir.

WILLIAM ABRAMS, X.B.

### RABELAIS

UN des plus grands écrivains que la France a produits était Rabelais. Né vers la fin du quinzième siècle, il eut une très bonne éducation. Il étudia neuf langues et toutes les sciences qu'on connaissait à son temps. Il devint religieux et médecin. La plupart de ses œuvres scientifiques sont perdues, mais on garde encore ses romans.

Il aimait bien à manger et à boire, mais c'était surtout un farceur. Toute sa vie il faisait des mots pour rire. Une fois il était à Lyons, sans argent et sans amis, et il voulait se rendre à Paris. A cette fin, il brûla un morceau de bois et mit les cendres dans un paquet, sur lequel il écrivit, "Poison pour tuer le Roi." Puis il le donna à un juge. Celui-ci l'envoya au Roi à Paris. En y arrivant il reçut sa liberté, aussitôt qu'on le reconnut.

Dans son dernier testament il dit:

—Je dois beaucoup d'argent, je n'en ai pas, le reste je donne aux pauvres.

Il était humoriste jusqu'à la fin de sa vie.

On écrivit sur son épitaphe:—

Pluton, prince du noir Empire  
Où les tiens ne rient jamais  
Reçois aujourd'hui Rabelais  
Et les tiens auront de quoy rire.

NATHAN KEYFITZ, X.B.



### THE WEST HILL HIGH SCHOOL DRAMATIC AND DEBATING SOCIETY

THE year 1929 saw the formation of a Dramatic and Debating Society of West Hill High School. The officers elected were as follows:—

Hon. President: Miss R. M. Shearing.

President: George Owen.

Vice-President: Sybil Jacobs.

Secretary: Eppie Munro.

An advisory board consisted of one representative from each class. The members were, Viola Shiells, Max Feldman, Stuart Wilson, Ruth Morris and Jimmy Edwards.

The first undertaking of the society was the arranging of a debate which took place on Nov. 21, '28, between boys of the tenth year. The president, George Owen, was in the chair. Those debating were Robert Goodier and Stuart Wilson on the affirmative side, Nathan Keyfitz and Allan Finlayson on the negative side. The subject was "Resolved that modern man is being mastered by his own inventions." The decision was given in favour of the affirmative side.

An informal debate was held on Dec. 10, '28, with George Owen as chairman. The subject was, "Resolved that examinations should be abolished, and promotions based on daily work." Helen Perry and Herbert Tees presented points for the respective sides. The audience, composed of pupils of Tenth and Eleventh Years then refuted these points or added others. The decision, by vote, was a tie.

On February 7, '29, the first inter-school debate of the season brought West Hill High School and Strathcona Academy together to discuss the subject, "Resolved that examinations as conducted in the High Schools of Montreal are a true test of intellectual ability." The affirmative side was upheld for West Hill by Margaret Miller and George Owen, while Strathcona Academy was represented by Robin Greenfield and Madeline MacFarlane. Ruth Morris

of West Hill was in the chair. The judges announced that West Hill had won more points. The negative speakers who represented West Hill at Strathcona were Ruth Wilanski and Max Feldman, while Strathcona's affirmative speakers were Kenneth McIntyre and Alice Morrison. In this debate our representatives were also successful.

The final debate for the city championship took place on March 28, '29, in the Westmount High School auditorium. The subject was "Resolved that the thirteen month calendar should be adopted by the nations of the world." West Hill was represented by Betty Guy and Herbert Tees, while Montreal West was represented by Robert Woodhead and Muriel Sowerby. The decision was given in favour of the Montreal West Team who were presented with the silver cup for the city championship.

On April 25, '29, the last meeting of the Society for 1928-29 was held. The Trial Scene from the Merchant of Venice was presented by the girls of Tenth Year. The cast was as follows:—

Shylock—Margaret Miller.

The Duke—Ruth Morris.

The Clerk—Ena Alexander.

Portia—Marion Dunbar.

Nerissa—Grace Cole.

Antonio—Jessie Donald.

Bassanio—Marion Appleton.

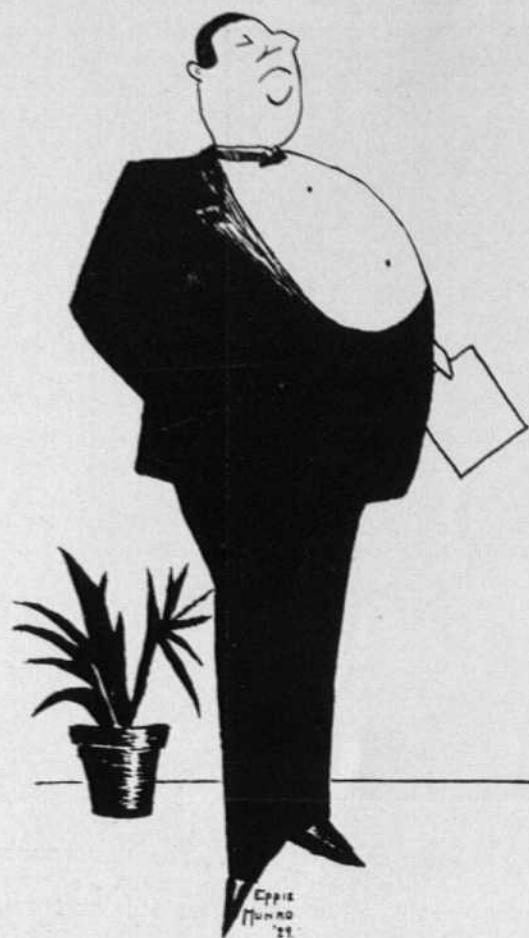
Gratiano—Dorothy Oswald.

Musical selections were also rendered by girls of Ninth Year under the direction of Mr. Cooper. An entrance fee of ten cents was charged to cover expenses.

Great credit is due the girls of Tenth Year for their excellent performance on this occasion, and West Hill congratulates them most heartily. West Hill also wishes to thank all the debaters, the girls of Ninth Year and Mr. Cooper and teachers for helping to make such a great success of the Dramatic and Debating Society of 1928-29.

EPPIE MUNRO, Secretary.





# INTRODUCING The GRADUATING CLASS Of 1929



**ESTELLE BEAUCHAMP:**

"Those smiles unto the moodiest mind  
Their own pure joy impart."

- Fav. Exp. "By golly."
- Ambition. To win a Marathon in the Olympics.
- Hobby. Running to and from school.
- Pet Avers. Writing up minutes of the Science Club.
- Activities. Secretary of Science Club. Class Lieutenant.

**ELIZABETH BOYLES:**

"What thou art we know not."

- Fav. Exp. "I'm sorry."
- Ambition. To clear 5 ft. in a high jump.
- Hobby. Sports.
- Pet Avers. Blushing.
- Activities. Badminton Representative '27, '28, '29.



**MARGARET BRYSON:**

"Eternal sunshine settled on her head."

- Fav. Exp. "Imagine my embarrassment!"
- Hobby. Writing homework on the board.
- Ambition. "x" (i.e. unknown)
- Fav. Past. Answering the door.

**GERTRUDE CHORLTON:**

"I play with the bulls and the bears,  
I'm the Bartlett of market quotations.  
I am in with the private affairs  
Of the principal borrowing nations."

- Fav. Exp. "Listen!"
- Ambition. To see Nickel go up.
- Hobby. It concides with that of J. P. Morgan and others.
- Pet Avers. A slump in the market.

**EVA COSSMAN:**

"Have you not heard it said full oft  
That her 'nay' doth stand for 'naught'?"

- Pet Chatter. "May I have another pose, please, Mr. Gordon?" "Buddy Rogers? Oh that was last week!" "Is it 'doo' or 'dew,' Mr. MacGowan?" "What are you laughing at?"
- Ambition. To speak French as the Parisians do.
- Hobby. Opening and closing the windows.

**ELSIE EDINGTON:**

"Silence and modesty are two very valuable qualities."

- Fav. Exp. "Is that so?"
- Ambition. To outdo Lindy.
- Hobby. Publishing annuals.
- Asset. Demureness.
- Activities. Member of Editorial Board of Annual '28, '29.

**MISSIE GREENSPON:**

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low,  
An excellent thing in woman."

- Fav. Exp. "Oh, Mr. MacGowan!!"
- Ambition. To do an algebra example all by herself.
- Hobby. Discussing this and that with Loula.
- Pet Avers. Chapped lips.

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HELEN HUGHES:

"She's little but she's wise,  
She's a terror for her size."

- Fav. Exp. "I'm all over red paint!"
- Ambition. To be just a little taller.
- Fav. Past. Keeping Mr. Wrigley wealthy.
- Pet Avers. Freckles.
- Activities. Class Captain.

SARA ISSENMAN:

"Her glossy hair was clustered  
O'er a brow bright with intelligence."

- Fav. Exp. "Whoopee!"
- Hobby. Geometry exercises.
- Fav. Past. Helping Freda with aforementioned subject.
- Assets. A sunny disposition and a big smile.

FLORENCE JONES:

"Work and worry have killed lots of good girls,  
So why should I take a chance?"

- Fav. Exp. "Why, hello!"
- Ambition. To be a globe trotter.
- Pet Avers. Dance committees.
- Assets. A happy-go-lucky disposition.
- Activities. Class Basketball '26, '27, '28, '29. Senior Basketball '27, '28, '29. Capt. Senior Basketball '28. Basketball Representative '29. Secretary A.A.A. '28. Class President '29.

EVELYN KAY:

"Teach me half the gladness  
That thy brain must know."

- Fav. Exp. "I'm not funny, I'm comical."
- Ambition. To make a splash in the aquatic world.
- Fav. Past. Taking the temperature report down on time?
- Assets. Cheerfulness and good humour.

HELENE KOHOS:

"I knew a maid, a young enthusiast,  
Her eyes were not the mistress of her heart."

- Pet Chat. "Couldja die?" "Who's going down for buns?" "What have I done?" "What did you say, Mr. MacGowan?"
- Pet Avers. Hard work.
- Hobby. Arriving just on time if not later.

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FREDA LEIBOVITZ:

"And when she will, she will, you may depend on't,  
And when she won't, she won't and there's an end on't."

- Fav. Exp. "I know the answer but I can't express it."
- Hobby. Asking questions.
- Pet Avers. The point outside a circle from, etc.-ad inf.
- Activities. Class Basketball '26, '27, '28, '29.

MIRIAM LEVINE:

"Merriment is a philosophy not well understood."

- Fav. Exp. "Well-l-l--l."
- Ambition. To have long hair.
- Hobby. Reading.
- Assets. A sense of humour and a hearty laugh.

LOULA LORTIE:

"With gentle yet prevailing force  
Intent upon her destined course."

- Fav. Exp. "For Pete's sake."
- Hobby. Carrying off medals when she has nothing else to do.
- Fav. Past. Talking to Minnie.
- Ambition. To be a financier.
- Activities. Member of Executive of Science Club. Vice-President A.A.A. '28.

LORNA McQUESTON:

"The female of the species is more deadly than the male."

- Fav. Exp. "Don't be ridiculous."
- Ambition. It changes every day.
- Hobby. Permanent waves.
- Pet Avers. Runs in stockings.
- Activities. Class basketball '26, '27, '28, '29. Captain Junior Basketball '26, '27. Senior Basketball '28. Tennis Team '28.

EPIE MUNRO:

"A creature not too bright or good  
For human nature's daily food."

- Fav. Exp. "I think you're awful."
- Hobby. Soliciting ads for the Annual.
- Pet Avers. History.
- Assets. Tact, talent and debonairness.
- Activities. Class Basketball '26, '27, '28, '29. Vice-President A.A.A. '29. Junior Basketball '29. Secy. of Dramatic and Debating Society '29.

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### JOY OSWALD:

"She was a scholar and a ripe and good one."

Fav. Exp. "Oh, say!"  
 Pet Avers. Long skirts.  
 Liabilities. A minus quantity.  
 Assets. Diligence and naturally brilliant mind.  
 Activities. Senior Basketball '26, '27, '28.

### FRANCES PERRY:

"To spend too much time on studies is sloth."

Fav. Exp. "What is the next period?"  
 Hobby. Music or what have you.  
 Pet Avers. French.  
 Fav. Past. Collecting money.  
 Activities. Class Basketball '26, '29. Class Treasurer.

### HELEN PERRY:

"To idle and get results is a gift."

Fav. Exp. "Don't laugh, it's tragic."  
 Fav. Past. Teaching Florence algebra.  
 Hobby. Cutting wisdom teeth.  
 Pet Avers. Running to school.  
 Activities. Class Basketball '26, '27, '28, '29. Junior Basketball '27, '28, '29. Capt. Junior Basketball '29. Secretary A.A.A. '28. President A.A.A. '29.

### VIOLA SHIELDS:

"A bright airy lady, skilled to speak,  
 And skilled to hold her tongue."

Fav. Exp. "I don't believe it."  
 Ambition. To beat G——'s Buick.  
 Pet Avers. Brown suits.  
 Fav. Past. Committees.  
 Activities. Class Basketball '26, '27, '28, '29. Swimming representative '29. Class Representative Dramatic Society '29.

### ADELINE SILVER:

"She was pensive more than melancholy,  
 And serious more than pensive,  
 And serene it may be more than either."

Fav. Exp. "Shh-hh-h-h!"  
 Pet Avers. Arriving at school on time.  
 Hobby. Regulating the heat.  
 Assets. Red hair and an affinity (?) for Latin.

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### LESLIE TROUGHTON:

"She liked whate'er she looked on,  
 And her looks went everywhere."

Fav. Exp. "When I was at Macdonald—."  
 Hobby. Talking, talking and talking.  
 Ambition. Olympics, we think.  
 Assets. Friendliness.  
 Activities. Class Basketball '29. Baseball '29.

### RUTH WILANSKI:

"I know what to say and to do  
 And what to keep under the turban."

Fav. Exp. "Isn't that coy?"  
 Ambition. A floating college, an Hispano-Suiza-controlling stock in C.P.R.  
 Assets. Brains and a sense of humour.  
 Activities. Debating team '28, '29. Secretary of H. S. Debating League '29. Debating Representative '29. Class Secretary '29.

### HUGH T. AITKEN:

"A youth, light-hearted and content  
 I wander through the world."

Fav. Exp. "Poke off, eh!"  
 Pet Avers. Arguing.  
 Hobby. Using Alexander's ink.  
 Ambition. To be an authority on English pronunciation.  
 Activities. Editor of Annual '29. Science Club Committee '29.

### ALFRED ALEXANDER:

"Oh blush not so! Oh blush not so!"

Fav. Exp. Absolutely expressionless.  
 Pet Avers. People who claim that Maroons didn't "get gypped."  
 Hobby. Tennis.  
 Ambition. To run an ink filling station at a profit.  
 Activities. Sergeant Cadet Corps.

### TOM CALDER:

"Oh Sleep! it is a gentle thing  
 Beloved from pole to pole."

Fav. Exp. "Sure that's true, I read it in the *Saturday Evening Post*."  
 Pet Avers. Sneaking into class after late-bell has sounded (?)  
 Hobby. Talking marathons.  
 Ambition. To write a new "World's Progress."  
 Activities. Jun. Hockey '26. Int. Hockey '27. Sen. Hockey '29. Sen. Soccer '29. Int. Basketball '29.



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MAX FELDMAN:

"Heard melodies are sweet,  
But those unheard are sweeter."

Fav. Exp. "Tune in on 'La Presse' tonight, boys."  
Pet Avers. Listening to Tracy's jokes.  
Hobby. Competing with static.  
Ambition. To head the bill at the "Empress."  
Activities. Jun. Basketball Champs. '25 and '26. Int. Basketball Champs '27. Int. Basketball '28. Int. Rugby '28. School Debating Team '29.

DONALD GAULDIE:

"Thou foster-child of silence and slow time."

Fav. Exp. "Don't bother me, Stursberg."  
Pet Avers. Being interrupted.  
Hobby. Telling Stursberg where the place is.  
Ambition. To be a strong, silent man.

EDMUND HAY:

"And French he spak ful fayre and fetisly,  
After the scole of Stratford-atte-Bowe."

Fav. Exp. "Aw! Gee!"  
Pet Avers. Canadien Supporters.  
Hobby. Knitting.  
Ambition. To be a Professor of French.  
Activities. Sen. Rugby '26, '27 and '28. Captain Sen. Rugby '29. Sen. Basketball '28 and '29. Sen. Hockey '28 and '29. Class Secretary '29.

SEYMOUR ISBITS:

"Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems most strange that men should fear."

Fav. Exp. "Yethir, but you should have theen the other guy."  
Pet Avers. Being called a "fresh young thing."  
Hobby. Explaining why the accident wasn't his fault.  
Ambition. To emulate "Perthy Williamth."  
Activities. Int. Track Champ '28. Indoor Champ. Relay Team '28. Sen. Rugby '28. Track Team '28 and '29.

WESLEY JOHNSTON:

"Oh bed! Oh bed! delicious bed!  
That heaven upon earth to the weary head!"

Fav. Exp. "Consider yourself squashed!"  
Pet Avers. Fellows who don't like bridge.  
Hobby. Bridge.  
Ambition. To write a book which will enlighten above-mentioned fellows.  
Activities. Captain Jun. Hockey '27. Jun. Basketball Champs '27. Int. Basketball '28. Int. Hockey '28. Sen. Rugby '28. Sen. Hockey '29. Sen. Soccer Champs '29. Sen. Basketball '29. Sen. Rugby '29.

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HOWELL JONES:

"On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined!"

Fav. Exp. "Torvis."  
Pet Avers. Getting phone calls meant for another of the Joneses.  
Hobby. Refinishing desk tops.  
Ambition. To go to West Point.  
Activities. Jun. Basketball '25. Sen. Basketball '27 and '28. Sen. Hockey '27 and '28. Class Vice-President '29.

RALPH LINTON:

"This fellow was a soldier bold,  
And used to war's alarms;  
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,  
So he laid down his arms."

Fav. Exp. "Of forgoonessake!"  
Pet Avers. Big girls.  
Hobby. Spats.  
Ambition. To beat Tilden.  
Activities. Sen. Soccer '28. Sen. Soccer Champs '29. Lieut. Cadet Corps.

IVAN LINTON:

"Yet holds the eel of science by the tail."

Fav. Exp. "Sorry, sir!"  
Pet Avers. Listening to W.C.P.'s 'dumb' questions in Chemistry Class.  
Hobby. Attending scientific lectures.  
Ambition. To create a theory as simple as Einstein's.  
Activities. Captain Cadet Corps.

ELLIOT LOZOFF:

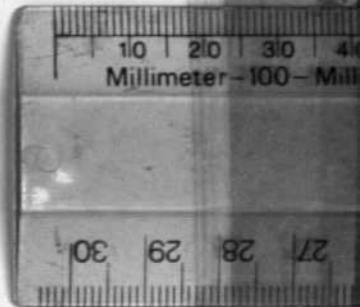
"The light and lustrous curls—  
That made his forehead like a rising sun."

Fav. Exp. "Cut it out eh, Isbits!"  
Pet Avers. Side-boards.  
Hobby. Raising albino rats.  
Ambition. To pitch for the Royals.

TRACY LUDINGTON:

"Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he!"

Fav. Exp. "Have you heard this one?"  
Pet Avers. Anything Collegiate (?)  
Hobby. Raising moustaches.  
Ambition. To drum at the "Westmount."  
Activities. Drum-Major Cadet Corps.



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WILLIAM MACDONALD:

"O were I one of the Olympian twelve."

Fav. Exp. "What've I done now?"  
 Pet Avers. Spending money.  
 Hobby. Burning the cinders.  
 Ambition. To break his 100-yard record of 9 seconds flat.  
 Activities. Jun. Track Champ '27. Track Team '26 '27, '28, and '29.  
 Int. Rugby '28.

RICHARD MILLER:

"Twelve years ago I was a boy."

Fav. Exp. Unprintable.  
 Pet Avers. Hearing that the Trig. course has been changed again.  
 Hobby. Reducing cellular tissue to free chemical molecules.  
 Ambition. To write a short story.  
 Activities. Sen. Hockey '28. Class President '29.

GEORGE OWEN:

"Good reasons must of force give place to better."

Fav. Exp. "Isn't this what it means, sir?"  
 Pet Avers. Being contradicted.  
 Hobby. Explaining what other people mean.  
 Ambition. To outdo Clarence Darrow.  
 Activities. Sen. Soccer '26 and '27. Captain Sen. Soccer '28 and '29.  
 Track Team '26 and '27. Jun. Basketball '26. Jun. Hockey '26.  
 Edit. Board of Annual '27. Treasurer of A.A.A. '28.  
 Int. Basketball '28. Sen. Hockey '28 and '29. Debating Team '28 and '29.  
 Class Treasurer '29. Sec. A.A.A. '29.  
 Pres. Literary and Debating Society '29.

CHARLES PELLETIER:

"None but the brave deserve the fair."

Fav. Exp. "If you'd weigh the "pros" and "cons"—  
 Pet Avers. Asking a sensible question.  
 Hobby. Staying up late every night—studying.  
 Ambition. To hang out a sign "Avocat."  
 Activities. Lieutenant Cadet Corps.

ALWARD SAMMETT:

"Much study has made him very lean,  
 And pale, and leaden-eyed."

Fav. Exp. "C'mon, cut it out, Owen!"  
 Pet Avers. Worshipping Morpheus (?)  
 Hobby. Dodging N. G. S. I's chalk.  
 Ambition. To give Mr. Sommerville a good poke in the ribs.  
 Activities. Sen. Soccer '27 and '29.

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PETER STURSBURG:

"Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:  
 I thought that all things had been savage here!"

Fav. Exp. "By Jove!"  
 Pet Avers. Being caught on the other side of the room.  
 Hobby. Rolling "r's" in French class.  
 Ambition. To understand a Canadian joke the first time he hears it.

HERBERT TEES:

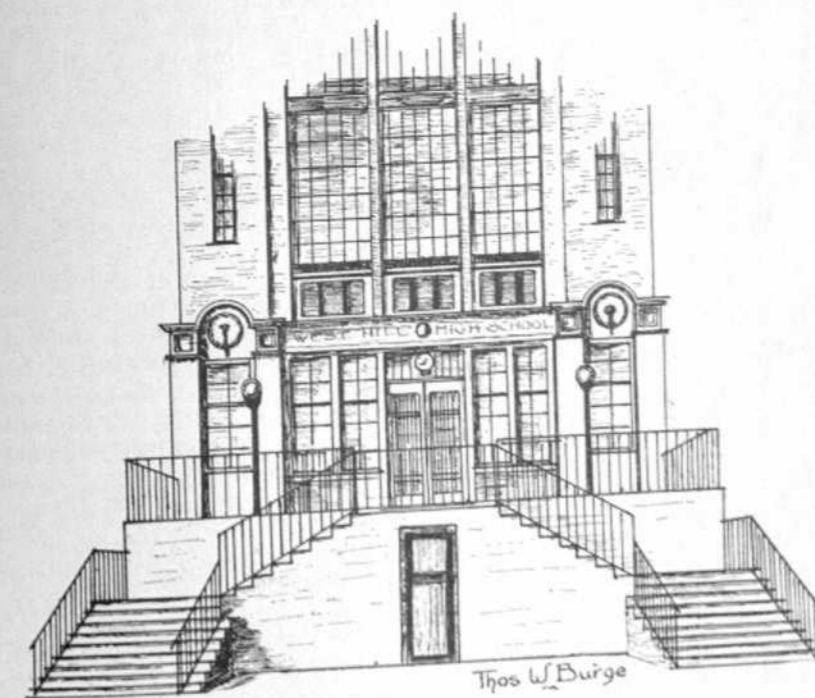
"Let knowledge grow from more to more."

Fav. Exp. "What am I, Tracy? A target?"  
 Pet Avers. Being asked for ink.  
 Hobby. Dusty tomes.  
 Ambition. To crack a pun that will shut Young up forever.  
 Activities. Science Club Committee '29. Debating Team '29. Lieut. Cadet Corps.

DONALD YOUNG:

"A brainy boy, and bound for fame.  
 In future years you'll hear his name.  
 Excelsior!"

Fav. Exp. "Sunuva-such!"  
 Pet Avers. People who don't like puns.  
 Hobby. Paronomasiuming.  
 Ambition. To get a "funny-bone" printed in Judge.  
 Activities. Jun. Basketball '26. Edit. Board of Annual '28. Int. Hockey '29.  
 Science Club President '29. Mem. Convener of A.A.A. '29.  
 Major Commanding Cadet Corps.



## The Cadets



THE WEST HILL HIGH SCHOOL Cadet Corps, under the capable direction of Captain Sommerville has just completed a very interesting and varied programme. The activities commenced with the attendance of forty cadets at the Armistice Day Service in Dominion Square, and the march past the Governor General. On the following day, they also attended the Memorial Service held in Notre Dame de Grace Park, where the Major, accompanied by the officers, presented the school wreath.

Donald Young was in command of the company, with Ivan Linton as second-in-command. Under Charles Pelletier, Ralph Linton, and Herbert Tees, three full platoons were enrolled. The parades, which began in early March consisted of company and arm drill.

Shooting was carried on regularly during the winter and spring months at the ranges of the Royal Montreal Regiment. There was a decided improvement this year, and the targets of some of the younger cadets were very encouraging. Eleven cadets qualified for the Bronze Pins given by the Dominion Marksmanship Club, and one, Douglas Maxwell, for the Silver Pin. Two teams were also entered for the Provincial Championship Competition in which the members acquitted themselves very creditably.

Another branch of work in which the cadets were interested was signalling. Under the direction of Sergeant-Major Boileau of the Royal Canadian Regiment, eleven boys took a six weeks course in Semaphore. They all passed their tests successfully, receiving the certificates and five-dollar bonuses awarded by the Department of National Defence. In addition to this, eight cadets attended the Army Qualification course of six weeks at Military Headquarters on Bishop Street. At the end of the course, seven of these were successful in obtaining first class certificates with the accompanying bonus of fifteen dollars, and one received a third class certificate with the award of five dollars.

One of the school duties which members of the cadet corps have undertaken is the raising of the flag. This has been largely confined to three boys—Jack Douglas, Harry Cook and David Kennedy, who deserve the highest praise for turning out so faithfully at all seasons of the year.

On May the nineteenth, the cadets took part in the Garrison Church Parade, and on the following day the inspection was held, with Colonel Keefer as the Inspecting Officer. Company drill, Arm drill, signalling and a Guard Mounting Parade were the main features. Considerable inconvenience was experienced this year, both in the Inspection and weekly parades on account of the poor condition of the field, which had been used in former years as a training ground. However, the plot of ground in front of the school proved quite suitable.

The great enthusiasm which the cadets put into their work is shown by the fact that several of them, especially the signallers, have joined the second division of the Canadian Field Artillery and attend the weekly parades at the Craig Street Drill Hall. They will go with their batteries to the Government Artillery Camp at Petawawa, Ontario, for a period of nine days this summer. Apart from these, twenty-five cadets will also go to the Cadet Training Camp at St. Johns, Quebec.

In spite of his numerous other school activities, Mr. Sommerville has been in charge of the cadet corps for the past three years. During that time, he has devoted his Saturday mornings to the shooting and has spent two afternoons weekly, each spring, conducting the drill. He takes a personal interest in the signalling, and he will accompany those cadets going to St. Johns to see that they are given proper attention. The school is very grateful to him, and takes this opportunity to express its deep appreciation of his efforts.

W. CHARLES PELLETIER, XI-B.

## "HUGO"

THE small French village of Dumoine was situated far up in the north of Canada. In winter the village was almost isolated, for the only means of reaching another habitation was by way of an old Indian trail which skirted the mountains, and this was so perilous when packed with snow that few men would venture on it. The most striking figure of that tiny village was Hugo Grenfell. He was a well-built fellow of about thirty years of age. He was not handsome but amazingly impressive. For eight years he had been mail-carrier for the village but this was almost a thing of the past, for one of Hugo's worst fears had been realized. A railway had been constructed through the village and he would no longer be needed to carry the mail. He had been summoned by Mr. Cartwright, who was in charge of the railway, and he was now waiting for him. As he waited he wondered what would become of him now. They would certainly offer him a new position—but would it be to his liking? He couldn't possibly accept an indoor job. At this moment his thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of Mr. Cartwright. He gave Hugo the briefest of nods—"No doubt you have heard that the new railway will open next month," he said. "We no longer require your services. The trip you are making to-day will be your last. I have arranged for you to receive one month's salary. Good morning." Hugo turned and left the cabin in a daze. So they were not going to give him a position; he hadn't thought of that possibility. He was about to move on, when the cabin door opened and Mr. Cartwright appeared again.

"There are some very valuable papers coming in the next mail," he said, "I wish you would see to them personally."

Hugo seemed hardly to hear him and was off in a flash. At a short distance from the cabin he came across his friend Pierre with the dog-sled and mail bags.

"Have you got everything ready?" asked Hugo.

"Yes," answered the Frenchman, "but I want tell you there be big storm ver' soon."

Hugo laughed; he knew better than to argue with Pierre over any matter concerning the weather. He fastened on his snowshoes, and with a shout to the dogs, and a wave to Pierre, he was off.

The weather was exceptionally fine and Hugo reached his destination in record time. He went to the post office, attended to the mail and received the bags for the return trip. Early the following morning he was setting out when a gentleman came up to him, and handing him a bulky envelope, said:

"I hope you were not going to forget this, for it is very important that it should reach Dumoine as quickly as possible." Looking up Hugo saw a middle-aged gentleman; he was smiling kindly and his grey eyes seemed to give Hugo their mark of approval. "I am afraid it had entirely slipped my memory," said Hugo. As he said these words, the thought flashed through his mind that he had been discharged by the company to which this man belonged and that

still they called upon him to do services for them. Why should he do things for people who cared so little for him? It was not right to expect it. He looked up, determined to tell this man what he thought, but as he did so his angry eyes met the kind eyes of the person opposite and he said:

"I think it is a great honour to be trusted with such an important document, and I will see that it gets there safely." With these words Hugo called to his dogs and with a jingle of bells he was off once more.

The weather continued fair and on the evening of the second day he had covered almost two-thirds of the trail. He was up very early the next morning as he wanted to reach Dumoine that evening. It was a bright cold day and as Hugo breathed the fresh invigorating air a thrill ran through his veins. How glorious it was to be free! With that thought a shadow crossed his mind. This was the last journey he would make with the mail. How he had enjoyed this task! What would he do now? Perhaps he would have to return to the city. Even as he thought of the possibility, he shuddered. About noon the sky darkened over. Pierre was right, as usual, there would be a storm, but he would get home before it came, he was quite sure of that. An hour later the storm was upon him. Hugo muttered under his breath, he should have had sense enough to camp farther back. He couldn't possibly do it now as the trail was high up in the mountain at this point. The wind blew hard. The snow was so thick that he could not see a yard in front of him. It was a regular blizzard. The wind was against him, his face burned, his eyes smarted. And now he was coming to the most dangerous part of the trail, on one side a rocky ascent, on the other a drop—a drop meaning certain death. He trusted to the instinct of the dogs. Suddenly the sled gave a jerk, then it was pulled forward violently. Hugo was thrown headlong with great force, his face struck the rear part of the sled, he was plunged into darkness. When Hugo returned to consciousness he remembered suddenly what had happened, he started up quickly and a sharp pain passed through his head. He instinctively raised his hand to it and as he did so he felt something warm and moist—the blood was flowing from a huge gash.

The storm was still raging, and although Hugo knew it would be very dangerous to move on, he knew also that he would expose himself to far greater danger by remaining where he was, so he commenced slowly to make his way along on all fours. He felt a piercing pain at every movement, and all his limbs were aching, but he kept on. He knew that about a mile from where the accident had taken place, there was a small shack, and to this he must get. He crept on and on; he felt so tired that to lie down and sleep in the snow would have been joy, but he knew better, he knew that if he yielded to this temptation he would be found by his friends a frozen corpse. This thought gave him new strength, and he kept doggedly on.

The wind has almost ceased now, although it was still snowing. Suddenly Hugo's strength gave out. He could go no farther. He looked up and not fifty



yards away was the shack. He made one last effort and then fell in the snow. A great peace came over him, he felt so comfortable, his brain became dazed, he felt as if he could sleep on for ever.

When Hugo returned to consciousness the second time, he found himself in his own cabin. Very gradually the tale of his miraculous escape was revealed to him. He was told by Pierre's wife, Marie, how Pierre had feared for his safety when the terrible storm had come upon them. How he had set out to meet him and how when the storm was at its height he had been driven to take refuge in the cabin which Hugo himself had tried to reach. But when the storm had abated Pierre had set forth again, and he had not gone very far when he came across Hugo's body half-covered by snow.

The letter with which Hugo had been intrusted was safely delivered, and not long afterwards he was rewarded by the company. They gave him a large sum of money and the position of chief ranger. He found his new job very much to his liking, and he often stopped to think what might have happened if he had not been able to control his temper, when he first encountered the president of the firm; and what was more important, if he had not had a good friend like Pierre, who risked the dangers of the storm because he felt that Hugo was in danger.

AUDREY ALLO, X.A.

BY THEIR UMBRELLAS SHALL YE KNOW THEM

AFTER deciding to write on the subject of umbrellas, my first act was to see what Mr. Webster had to say on the subject. Here is his dictum—Umbrella! a covered screen carried in the hand for protection from sun or rain.

Now this is quite helpful, but to me an umbrella has a much more important use than that of mere protection. A. A. Milne, of "When we were very young" fame, claims that cigars are without parallel as revealers of character. To my mind, there is nothing comparable to an umbrella as a character-revealer of its owner.

When I see a black umbrella with a long, gold handle, deeply engraved, I immediately form the mental picture of its owner as an elderly, motherly woman, kindly-dispositioned, whose kindness runs to the keeping of a jar of cookies in the pantry for the benefit and enjoyment of her grandchildren.

Then what of the plain umbrella, with the small gold cap on the end of the handle? This type usually is carried at arm's length, unopened, even in heavy rain. My mental picture of the bearer of an article of this sort is that of an absent-minded professor, who scratches his pancakes while pouring the molasses down his back.

The expensive-looking umbrella, borne by a strong right arm, and used as a cane in fine weather, what of it? I know its owner right away. He is a successful business man, kind to his family and dumb animals, aggressive to his office staff, with the possible exception of his stenographer, and a lover of a quiet game of bridge in the evening.

The last type that I think of is the short umbrella, of a brilliant red or green hue. When this umbrella is in use, the bearer is usually a wearer of a gaily coloured slicker, which is further adorned with numerous signs and drawings. The wearer, in all likelihood, is a college student who is more to be pitied than laughed at.

Thus when you buy your next umbrella, be careful to buy one that suits your character, otherwise your friends may form a wrong opinion of you.

DAVID KENNEDY, X.B.

"TICKETS, PLEASE!"

A Play in One Act.

SCENE I—Tramway car at Guy Street.

ENTER—Nervous old lady.

CONDUCTOR: "Tickets, please!"

(Old lady hands conductor a transfer and retreats to back of car, swaying a little to windward as the car moves.)

CONDUCTOR (loudly): "Say, lady, this transfer's a week old!"

NERVOUS OLD LADY (making her precarious way up car): "B-b-but I j-j-just got off the other car and onto th-this one."

CONDUCTOR: "You must be mighty slow then. Sure you didn't take a vacation in between?"

NERVOUS OLD LADY: "B-b-but really—"

CONDUCTOR: "Tickets, please!"

(Old lady hands him a ticket and again starts up the aisle, dropping a bag of ripe tomatoes in her agitation.)

CONDUCTOR: "En avant! Push up in front!"

OLD LADY (after fumbling in her carpet bag for some time, again bears down upon conductor): "P-p-please, Conductor. I-I gave you the w-wrong transfer—"

CONDUCTOR (fed up): "En avant! Lots room up front!"

OLD LADY: "B-b-but—"

CONDUCTOR (as car stops and more people enter): "Tickets, please!"

RUTH MORRIS, X.A.

In English Literature Lesson

TEACHER (illustrating vers libre) recites from Walt Whitman:

"Head, neck, hair, ears, drop and tympan of the ears, Eyes, eye-fringes, iris of the eye, eyebrows, and the waking or sleeping of the lids,

Mouth, tongue, lips, teeth, roof of the mouth, jaws, and the jaw-hinges,

Nose, nostrils of the nose—"

PUPIL (sotto voce): Is this an organ recital?

"Wanted, a man to travel in jewellery and silver-plated articles."

"Lie the parcel on the table and then go and lay down."



Boys' Fourth Field and Track Meet

THIS year, the Boys held their Field Day on May Sixteenth, at the Percival Molson Memorial Stadium.

The weather for the Meet was rather inclement and consequently few records were broken. Considering the unfortunate running conditions, the returns for the various events were very commendable. A very creditable feature of the meet was the large number of boys who competed in each and all of the events.

The results of the Boys' Meet are given below:—

- Senior Events**
- 120-YARD HURDLES: 1. G. Owen, 2. W. Tait, 3. W. MacDonald. Time: 16 1/2 secs.
  - DISCUS THROW: 1. G. McBurney, 2. J. Mander, 3. G. Owen. Distance: 81 ft. 7 1/2 ins.
  - JAVELIN THROW: 1. E. Hay, 2. W. Tait, 3. G. Owen. Distance: 118 ft. 4 1/2 ins.
  - POLE VAULT: 1. H. Shapiro, 2. R. Walker and W. MacDonald. Height 8 feet 9 ins.
  - 100-YARD DASH: 1. W. Tait, 2. S. Isbits, W. MacDonald, J. Mander. Time 11 seconds
  - 1 MILE RACE: 1. R. Walker, 2. D. Gaudie, 3. B. Smaill. Time: 5 mins. 42 secs.
  - 8-LB. SHOT PUT: 1. G. McBurney, 2. G. Owen, 3. E. Hay. Distance: 37 ft. 2 1/2 ins.

- 440-YARD DASH: 1. W. Tait, 2. W. MacDonald, 3. J. Mander. Time: 58 1/2 secs.
- 880-YARD RUN: 1. J. Edwards, 2. R. Edwards, 3. G. Dupont. Time: 2 mins. 23.2 secs.
- RUNNING BROAD JUMP: 1. W. Tait, 2. G. Owen, 3. B. Smaill and J. Edwards. Distance: 17 ft. 4 1/2 ins.
- 220-YARD DASH: 1. J. Mander, 2. W. Tait, 3. W. MacDonald. Time: 25.4 secs.
- HOP, STEP AND JUMP: 1. G. Owen, 2. J. Edwards, 3. B. Smaill. Distance: 34 ft. 3 ins.
- SENIOR RELAY RACE: 1. 10-2B., 2. 10-1C., 3. Wm. Tait. Time: 4 mins. 23 1/2 secs.
- Champion of Senior Section: Wm. Tait
- Runner-up: G. Owen

Intermediate Events

- 120-YARD HURDLES: 1. L. Jack, 2. C. Ballantyne, 3. E. Parsons. Time: 18 1/2 secs.
- RUNNING BROAD JUMP: 1. E. Ikin, 2. E. Parsons, 3. S. Taylor. Distance: 16 ft. 5 ins.
- 100-YARD DASH: 1. S. Taylor, 2. W. MacKenzie, 3. K. Aldrich. Time: 11 1/2 secs.
- 440-YARD DASH: 1. A. Laing, 2. S. Taylor, 3. K. Aldrich. Time 16 1/2 secs.



Annual West Hill High School Annual

RUNNING HIGH JUMP

1. C. Ballantyne 2. H. Shapiro 3. A. MacGillivray  
Height: 4 ft. 7 ins.

RELAY RACE

1. IX-2B. 2. X-2B. 3. VIII-1H.  
Time: 1 min. 49½ secs.

Champion of Intermediate Section.....S. Taylor  
Runner-up.....C. Ballantyne

Junior Events

RUNNING HIGH JUMP

1. D. Stursburg 2. R. Brown 3. B. Watt  
Height: 4 ft. 5 ins.

75-YARD DASH

1. V. Hulin 2. L. Howitz 3. J. Brodie  
Time: 9½ secs.

220-YARD DASH

1. V. Hulin 2. D. Radovsky 3. M. Edwards  
Time: 28½ secs.

RELAY RACE

1. VIII-2B. 2. VIII-1K. 3. VIII-2D.  
Time: 58.3 secs.

Champion of Junior Section.....V. Hulin

Midget Events

50-YARD DASH

1. J. Hopper 2. G. Robinson 3. H. Swindon  
Time: 6½ secs.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP

1. J. Hopper 2. D. Stursburg 3. G. Robinson  
Distance: 12 ft. 11½ ins.

RELAY RACE

1. VII-A. 2. VII-2C. 3. VII-D.

Champion of Midget Section.....J. Hopper  
Runner-up.....G. Robinson

INTERSCHOLASTIC TRACK AND FIELD MEET

COMPETING against over 50 schools West Hill gained fifth place in the Interscholastic Track and Field Meet. The Midget Relay Team composed of Swinden, Stursberg, Hopper and Anvore won the 440-yard relay. George Owen secured second place in the 120-yard high hurdles event; Jimmy Edwards came third in the 880-yard run, and the Senior Relay Team put up a good fight to nose into third place. The members of this team were Bill McDonald, Jimmy Edwards, Seymour Isbits and Bill Tait.

TRACY LUDINGTON, XI-B.

SOCCER

THERE is a saying that the third attempt is lucky. Whether this is infallible, we cannot say, but at least it proved to be true for the Senior Soccer Team last fall. After being runners-up for the championship for the last two years, they finally came through and won it—the third year of the team's existence. The team was only beaten once during the season. As a result of this success, West Hill's reputation has been further enhanced, and there is now in the school a handsome bronze shield, with the school's name engraved on it, which will remain in the school for at least a year; while the players are each the proud possessors of a fine silver medal.

The Juniors, though they did not win a championship, also acquitted themselves very well, and brought to light some promising material which should fill in the gaps that graduation will make in the Senior Team.

The season was a success, considered from all angles. Both teams got along well together, and play ran smoothly. This was largely due to the efficient and enthusiastic training which was given to us by Mr. Aitken, and those of us who played this year feel quite sure, that, as long as Mr. Aitken is in charge of the teams at West Hill, they will always do well and bring honour to the school, whether they win championships or not. The school was very fortunate in having the use of a fine playing field, which was obtained through the efforts of Mr. Ingram. We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Ingram.

Now all worthy success warrants celebration, so the Seniors were given a banquet at the Queen's. (Thank you, Mr. Brash!) After the banquet a slightly over-weight company hied their way to the Capitol and thus rounded off a hearty evening and a season that was a success in every sense of the word.

GEO. R. OWEN, XI-B.

TENNIS

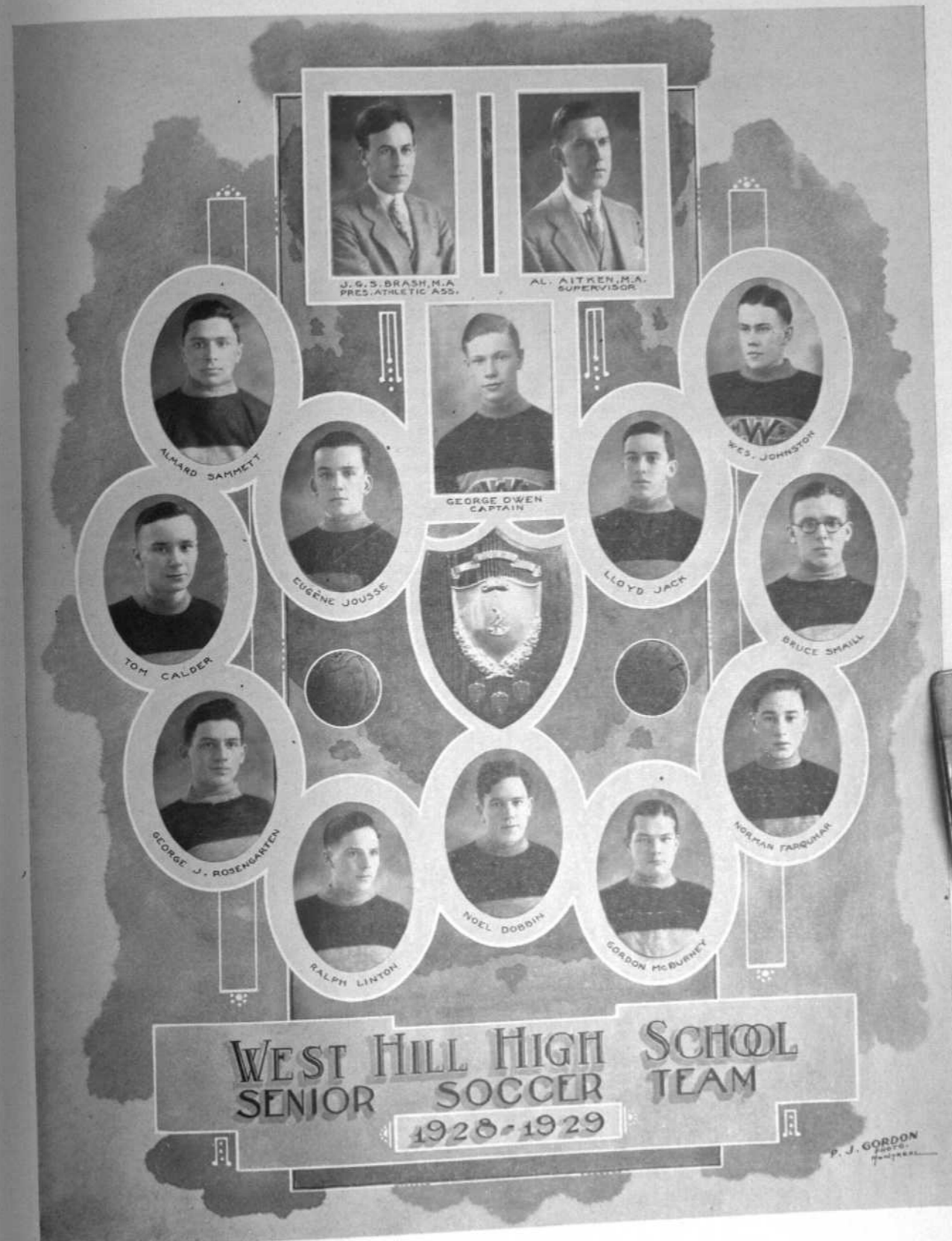
SOON after school had opened in September, Mr. Brash suggested a tennis tournament for the beginning of the school's activities. A notice was soon posted to this effect, and fifty-six entered, all enthusiastic aspirants, hoping, and practising hard at every available moment.

The first round progressed rather slowly owing to rainy weather. There were no shake-ups in the first round, the four veterans of the courts, F. Jack, A. Alexander, E. Ogilvy and R. Linton experiencing little difficulty until the third round. Here Ogilvy was put to a severe test by a newcomer to West Hill, but at last was successful. F. Jack still later defeated Ogilvy in the semi-finals, 6-1, 6-0. In his section R. Linton entered the finals after a difficult bout with Osborn, winning by the close score of 6-3, 6-6, 10-8.

The final round was played between F. Jack and R. Linton. F. Jack held the better of the play until the third set which he lost 6-1, but he rallied and took the fourth set 6-4, winning the championship.

RALPH LINTON, XI-B.

Annual West Hill High School Annual





## Annual West Hill High School Annual

### THE BOYS' DEMONSTRATION

THE boys of West Hill High demonstrated the results of long and arduous practice on Wednesday evening, the twenty-fifth of March, when they gave their annual physical-training demonstration for the parents' benefit. The boys responded well for voluntary work and classwork was not less enthusiastically practised.

On demonstration night the attendance was very large, the parents being interested, no doubt, in their boys' progress. The visibly and audibly excited boys in the recreation room were hardly recognizable when they appeared on the gym floor in the various drills. Exercises were done with machine-like precision, orders were no sooner given than executed, and almost military discipline was maintained throughout the evening, emphasizing more and more the fine training the boys had received. Future field athletes showed their prowess in performing the intricate movements of field sports. These movements, when executed by several boys in unison, had a striking effect. The performance on the apparatus, by volunteers, was remarkable, the boys truly showing themselves most agile and supple in performing marvellous feats on the box, mats, and parallel bars. The building of the pyramids was a novelty that evoked much applause.

The Grand March, a complete show of West Hill's boy-power, ended the evening's activities as far as the boys were concerned. Ald. Drummond, the chairman, and others joined in complimenting the boys, and, at the same time, gave them some very good advice concerning other activities. Mr. Brasford was deservedly praised for the fine work which had been evident every minute of the evening. Individual and team prizes were presented, showing West Hill to be no laggard in the department of sports. As the performance closed with the National Anthem, I am sure that the boys felt that they had accomplished something worth while, and that the parents, as spectators, could be proud of their boys.

BRUCE P. SMAILL, IX-B

### HOCKEY

WEST HILL again entered a hockey team in each of the three divisions of the Interscholastic Hockey League—Junior, Intermediate and Senior. Though they did not win a championship, as they did last year, the standing of the teams was high, all three teams finishing in third place, missing the championship by a small margin. The teams were well managed, and, despite lack of practice, were in fairly good condition from the beginning.

In the greater proportion of the games the teams were well supported by the school, the attendance increasing greatly when the entrance fee of ten cents was removed. The spectators are to be thanked for being orderly and undemonstrative in spite of strong opinions.

TOM CALDER, XI-B



GEORGE OWEN  
CAPTAIN, SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM

### BASKETBALL

WEST HILL was well represented in the Interscholastic Basketball League in the past season. Senior, Intermediate and Junior teams were entered.

Graduation took from us many strong players, therefore the Senior Team was perhaps not quite so strong as it had been in former seasons. Nevertheless, all credit is due to the past season's Seniors, who are to be commended for their sportsmanship when playing against stronger teams from Westmount and Montreal High.

The Intermediates almost won the title for their division. After leading the league for the best part of the season, they lost to Verdun. The latter had been trailing one game behind West Hill up to this time, so that the loss necessitated a play-off between the two teams. The epidemic of 'flu,' which was prevalent at the time of this game, kept several of the players out of the play. The players on hand, however, put up a stubborn fight, and did not admit defeat until Verdun had displayed their best basketball of the season.

The Juniors did not get far in their division this season. This was largely due to their lack of experience and skill, the gaining of which requires more practice than they could have.

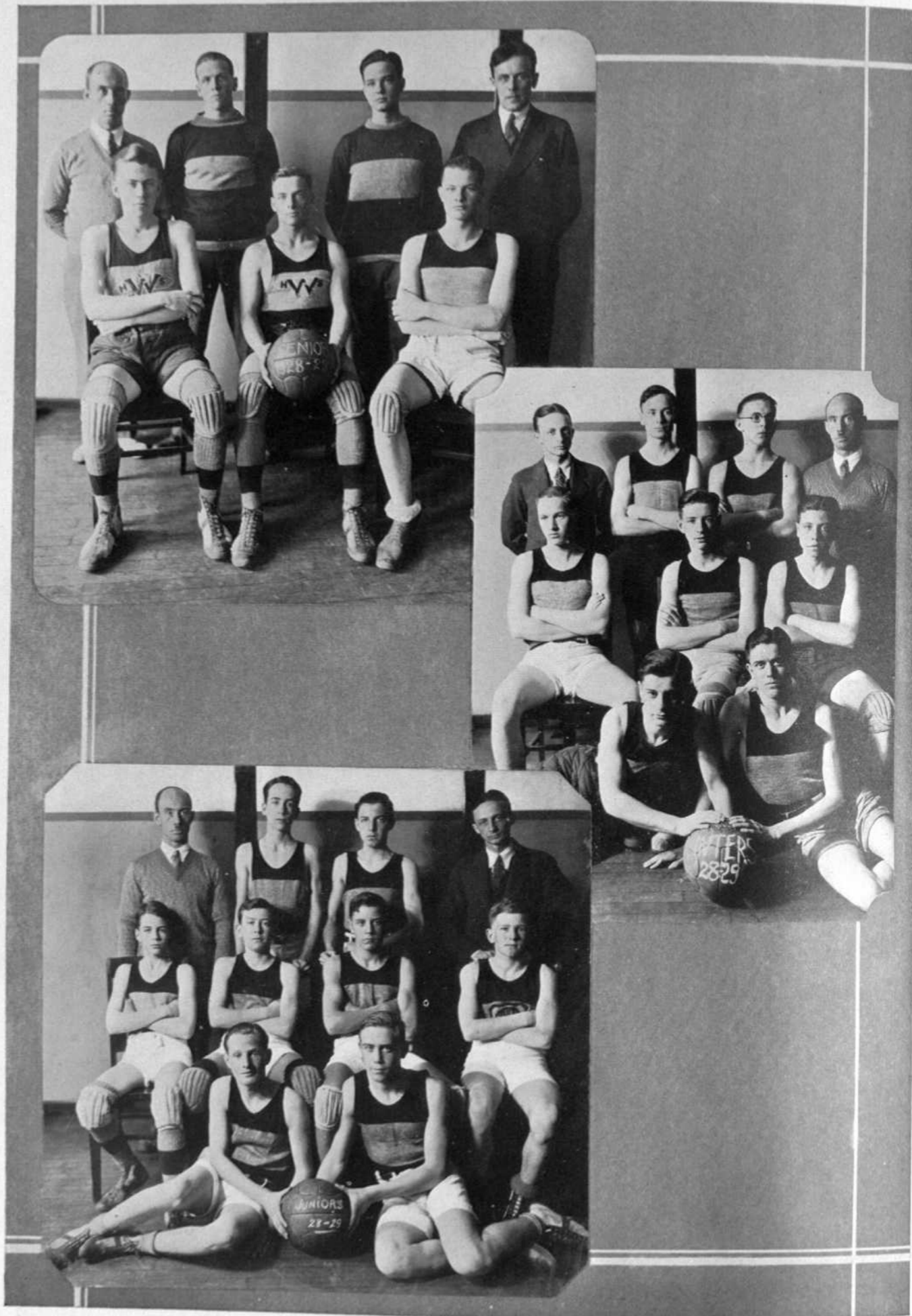
Though no championships came to West Hill, the fine sportsmanship and team-play displayed by the boys were a credit to the school as well as to the boys themselves.

KENNETH H. LECLAIR, IX-D

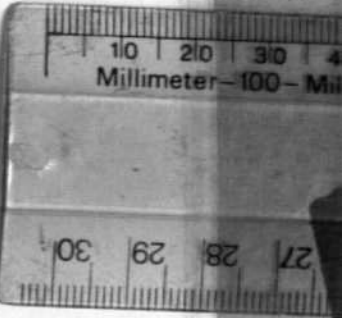
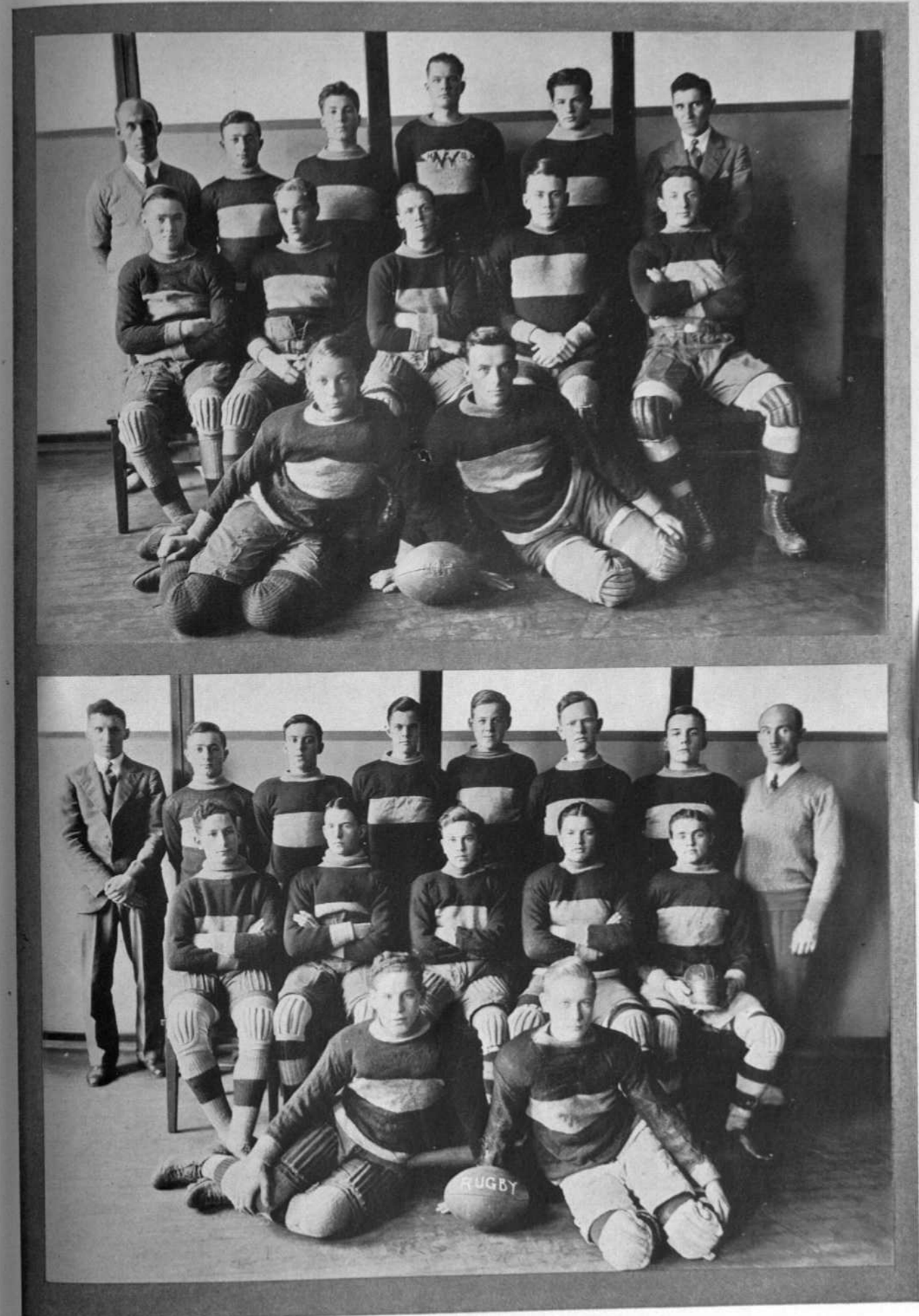
## Hockey Teams



### Basketball Teams



### Rugby Teams



## Annual West Hill High School Annual

### GIRLS' FOURTH TRACK AND FIELD MEET

**T**HE Girls' Annual Track and Field Meet was held Monday May 27th, at the McGill Stadium. The weather proved ideal, a large crowd turning out to cheer on their favorites.

Elizabeth Boyles, last year's runner-up, won the senior aggregate with a total of 15 points. Norah Thorp, who came second in the Intermediate section last term, succeeded in winning the Intermediate Championship, capturing 5 events for a total of 25 points. Marjorie Mott won the junior aggregate, gaining 16 points.

Three records were broken, Marjorie Mott taking  $\frac{3}{8}$  sec. from the Junior 50-yard record, Elizabeth Boyles lowering the Senior 50-yard mark by  $\frac{3}{8}$  sec., and Jean Tuckwood throwing the baseball 140 ft.  $2\frac{1}{4}$  inches to add nearly 30 feet to the old mark.

#### SENIOR EVENTS

50-YARD DASH.	1. Elizabeth Boyles 2. Augusta McLachlin 3. Eppie Munro Time 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.
100-YARD DASH.	1. Elizabeth Boyles 2. Hilda Young 3. Eppie Munro Time 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.
STANDING BROAD JUMP.	1. Doris Clayton 2. Norma Woolley 3. Estelle Beauchamp 6 feet 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
RUNNING HIGH JUMP.	1. Hilda Young 2. Agnes Lough 3. Lillian Rattray Augusta McLachlin 4 feet 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches.
RUNNING BROAD JUMP.	1. Estelle Beauchamp 2. Hilda Young 3. Dorothy Swinden 10 feet 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
HOP, STEP AND JUMP.	1. Elizabeth Boyles 2. Lillian Rattray 3. Hilda Young 28 feet 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
SENIOR CHAMPION.....	Elizabeth Boyles
RUNNER UP.....	Hilda Young

#### INTERMEDIATE EVENTS

50-YARD DASH.	1. Norah Thorp 2. Ethel Baillie 3. Eva Hembling Time 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.
100-YARD DASH.	1. Norah Thorp 2. Edith Varey 3. _____ Time 13 $\frac{3}{8}$ secs.
STANDING BROAD JUMP.	1. Norah Thorp 2. Ethel Baillie 3. Edna Jack 6 feet 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP.	1. Ethel Baillie 2. Cheridah Sheills 3. Helen Coughtry 4 feet 2 inches
RUNNING BROAD JUMP.	1. Norah Thorp 2. Barbara McPherson 3. Helen Jennings 12 feet 6 inches.
HOP, STEP AND JUMP	1. Norah Thorp 2. Ethel Baillie 3. Rita Hardy 28 feet 6 inches.
INTERMEDIATE CHAMP.....	Norah Thorp
RUNNER-UP.....	Ethel Baillie

#### JUNIOR EVENTS

50-YARD DASH.	1. Marjorie Mott 2. Virginia Reynolds 3. Helen Sare Time 7 secs.
100-YARD DASH.	1. Helen Sare 2. Marjorie Mott 3. Mary Egan Time 13 $\frac{3}{8}$ secs.
STANDING BROAD JUMP.	1. Marjorie Mott Margaret Kilpatrick 2. _____ 3. Doris Armstrong 5 feet 11 inches.
RUNNING HIGH JUMP.	1. Silvia Newbury 2. Virginia Reynolds 3. Margaret Hampton 3 feet 9 inches.
RUNNING BROAD JUMP.	1. Silvia Newbury 2. Marjorie Mott 3. Margaret Hampton 11 feet 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
HOP, STEP AND JUMP.	1. Mary Egan 2. Peggy Cookson 3. Mildred Henry 24 feet 10 inches.
JUNIOR CHAMPION.....	Marjorie Mott
RUNNER-UP.....	Silvia Newbury
BASEBALL THROW.	1. Jean Tuckwood 2. Doris Clayton 3. Cheridah Sheills 140 feet 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches.
ELEMENTARY SCHOOL RELAY.	1. VII-B. 2. VII-C. 3. VII-A.
HIGH SCHOOL RELAY.	1. VIII-2-A. 2. IX-2-A. 3. IX-2-C.
	TRACY LUDINGTON, XI-B.

## Annual West Hill High School Annual

### BADMINTON

**A**NOTHER successful year of Badminton has been concluded by the girls. This is the fourth year the girls have participated in this sport, and each year shows a decided increase in the number of members. We hope that this will continue.

The school tournament which is held each year took place in March. Norah Thorp was the winner, thus winning the cup for two years in succession. Keen interest was shown by the girls in this tournament.



NORA THORP

A prize of ten dollars was donated by the West Hill Badminton Club, to be divided between the winner and the runner-up. This has helped to hold the interest of the girls. We take this opportunity to thank the club for their interest in our school sports.

May the future be as successful as the past has been.

ELIZABETH BOYLES, XI-A.

### SWIMMING

**T**HE girls of West Hill held a school swimming meet at the Westmount Y.M.C.A. Natatorium on December 1st, 1928. There were entries for fifty, one hundred, two-hundred, and four-hundred yards, also two entries for the mile. Each girl who took part will receive a certificate.

The girls wish to extend their thanks to Miss Bell, Miss Sutherland and Miss Mills, who officiated as time-keepers.

VIOLA J. SHIELLS, XI-A.  
Swimming Representative.

### THE GIRLS' DEMONSTRATION

**O**N Thursday evening, April 18th, parents and friends again assembled to watch the girls' physical demonstration.

Exercises occupied the first part of the programme. These consisted of gymnastics, club swinging, tumbling, form exercises, rope climbing, balancing, vaulting, exercises on the march, wand drill, and marching. They were briskly and efficiently done by all the girls, and were greatly enjoyed by the audience.

The second part of the programme consisted of dances. The grace and rhythm with which they were done was very noticeable. O'Katharina, by IX-F, was greatly applauded, as were the Welsh Dance, by VIII-E, Little Old New York, by VIII-A, and Hungry Don Juan, by IX-C. The Arkansas Travellers, by VIII-C, and Brittany Peasants, by XI-A, were attractive dances. Contrast was shown in the Gypsy Dance, by IX-A, and the graceful Wedgewood China Gavotte, by X-A. Eleventh Year presented "Poet's Love," the solo part of the poet taken by Florence Jones.

The Grand March, by the school, followed the dances. The presentation of prizes was then made.

The inter-class basketball cup was presented to X-A by Mr. J. W. Meldrum. The tennis cup was won by Augusta McLachlan, IX, and the school badminton tournament by Nora Thorp, VIII-A.

Athletic distinction crests were presented to the members of the school basketball teams by Mr. Watson. Winners in the swimming meets were presented certificates by Mr. Ernest Smith.

Presentations were made by the girls to Miss Bell, and to Miss Hibbard, the pianist.

Miss Bell spent much time and patience preparing the girls for the demonstration, and her work is greatly appreciated.

MARY BOSTROM—PATRICIA REYNOLDS, X-A.

### "TIME!"

#### Girls' Final Inter-Class Basketball Game, X-A vs. XI-A.

**T**HE timekeeper's voice made itself heard among the shouts of the players and the cheers of the spectators, "Time!" How our hearts sank! What a difference two more seconds might have made! The referee did not call out the score—she would not have been heard anyway. But she did not have to—we knew what it was; at least we knew what it meant. We had lost, and by one point. That was what made it worse—by one point. I could readily understand the wild frenzy of our opponents, and perhaps envy them just a little. I had been so hopeful that we would have been the ones to cheer them—as the losers, it is true—and to console them and excuse ourselves on the grounds that they had another chance. But for us there will be no other chance. We are the senior grade and we have lost!

VIOLA J. SHIELLS, XI-A.

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### THE ATHLETIC PARTY

THE Annual Athletic Party, the opening event of the Girls' A. A. A., was held in the gymnasium before a most interested and enthusiastic audience. Each class presented a skit or play, previously prepared.

"The Beauty Doctor," played by girls of VIII-A, attempted to beautify various victims by means of tonics, but, needless to say, they were not always successful.

The girls of VIII-C took us for a ride on an overcrowded trolley. It was evident that on this particular car, "Conductors Prefer Men."

In the skit presented by VIII-G, "Tom's Practical Joke" proved to be a mischievous prank played by Tom through the supposed deafness of his aunt and cousin.

VIII-M girls decided that "Renting Jimmie" would overcome their difficulties, both financial and otherwise, and so they proceeded to put him up "for let" to the highest bidder—just for the day.

"The Desperate Lover" of IX-A went through some very realistic and strenuous emotions. "Possible, but not probable."

"The Charade" given by IX-E kept the audience guessing for a while.

"Auntie," by the X-C girls, proved to be a swiftly moving story with a plot. All the players were more or less humorous, and the antics of the make-believe niece (who was really a thug) kept the audience in constant laughter.

The X-A girls introduced a new side of school life to the audience, in "A Backwood's School." The prim teacher had her hands full in attempting to manage her badly-behaved pupils.

J. Caesar and his assassins played before our eyes in persons of XI year girls. Caesar's means of conveyance (a go-cart), many humorous incidents, and the dramatic way in which the players died, transformed that great tragedy into a most amusing comedy.

The programme over, ice cream cones were distributed (a task involving much difficulty) and later the girls dispersed, well pleased with the afternoon's entertainment.

MARGARET MILLER, X-A.  
Sec'y. Girls A. A.

### GIRLS' BASEBALL

SPRING came, and upon its arrival the basketball season closed, and the baseball players began to think that it was time for a "swing at the ball." This was shown by the large number that gathered at the first practice, and at each successive practice the turnout increased. Among the numbers that have arrived, many are showing remarkable ability, and it is hoped by all that, when the team has been picked and the games arranged, the Girls' Baseball Team may be as successful in this sport as the teams have been in basketball this season.

CHERIDAH SHIELLS, X-A.  
Baseball Manager.

### TENNIS

MANY entries were made for the girls' tennis singles last season which was one of the important events of the year. The tournament was won by Angusta McLachlan who defeated Lorna McQueston after a long and enjoyable game which drew many spectators. A match was arranged to be played between the girls of Westmount High and West Hill High School, but the season being so far advanced the game had to be put off.

The victor in the Boys' Singles Tennis Tournament was Freeman Jack.

ANGUSTA McLACHLAN,  
Tennis Representative.



ANGUSTA McLACHLAN  
TENNIS CHAMPION

### GIRLS' BASKETBALL

THE WEST HILL HIGH SCHOOL girls' basketball teams have both enjoyed a very successful season. The senior team has captured the Senior City Championship, the first time West Hill has had this honour for about five years. Throughout the whole season they did not meet with one defeat.

The Juniors were not quite so successful but deserve almost as much credit. They won the Western Championships with a clear sheet of victories to their credit, but bravely bowed to defeat when the Montreal High Juniors proved too strong.

The Senior team ended their basketball season with a friendly game against the "Old Girls," which they won.

Miss Bell has worked hard coaching the teams and much of their success they owe to her. We hope that next year her efforts will be rewarded in the same way.

FLORENCE JONES, XI-A.  
Basketball Manager.

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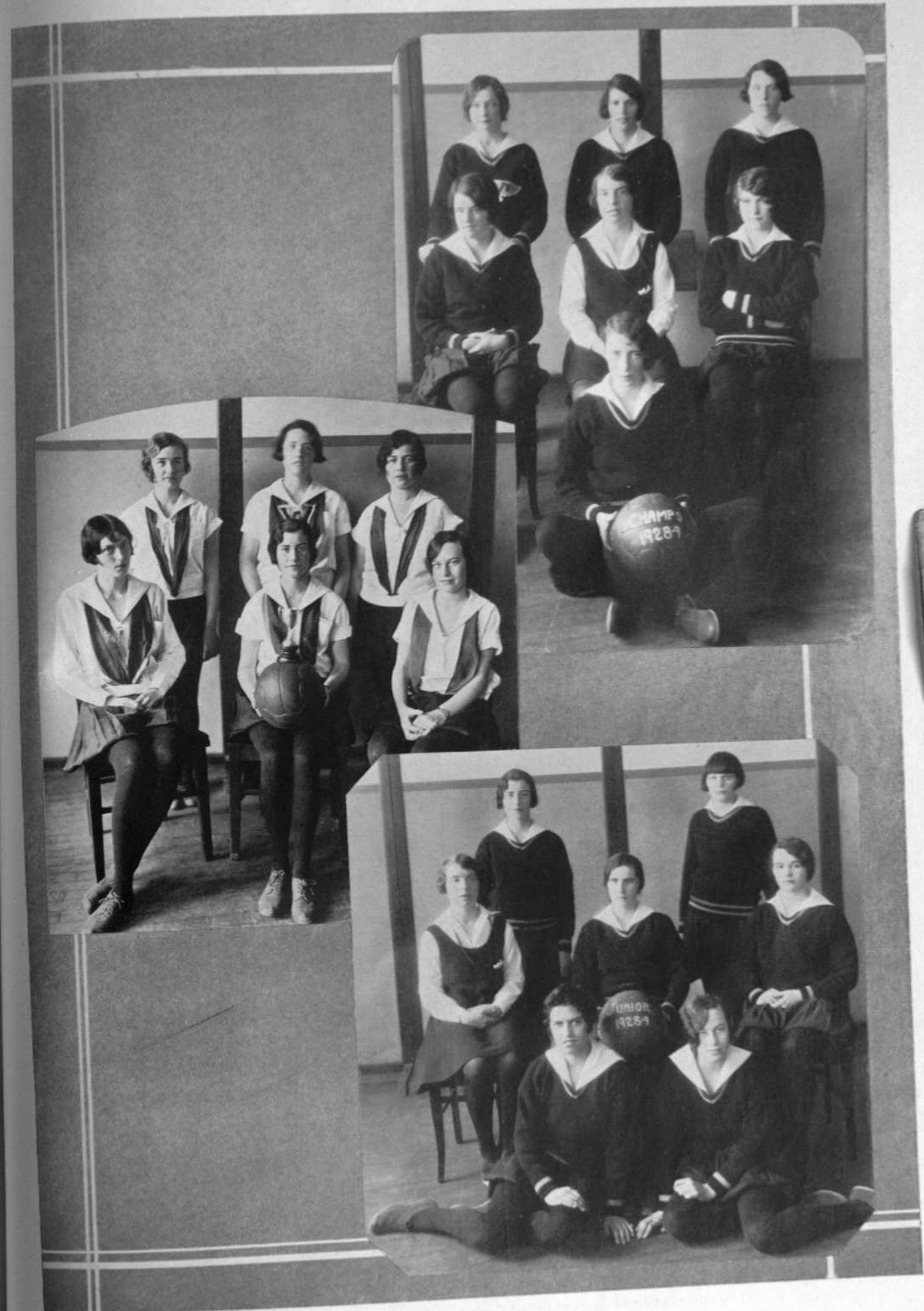
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Basketball Teams



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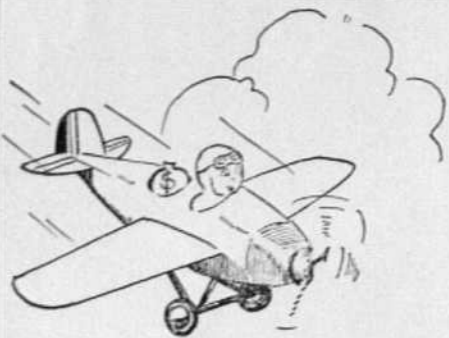
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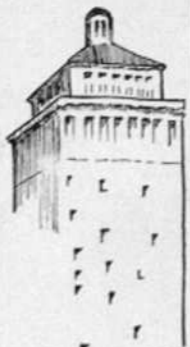
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