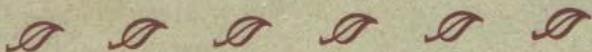


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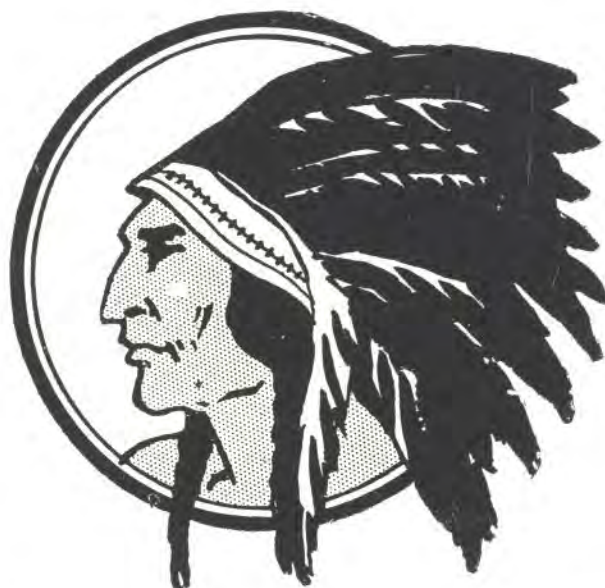
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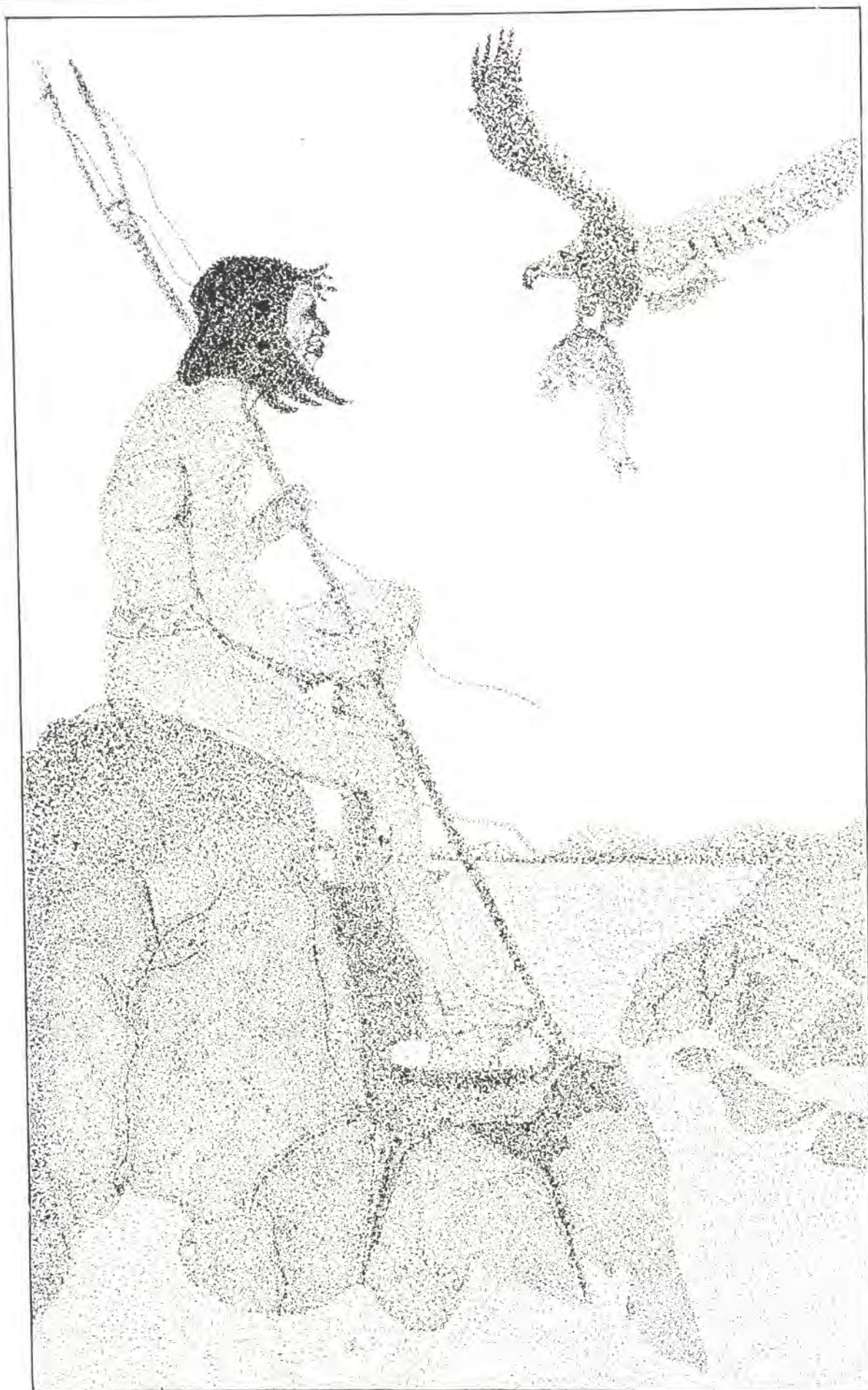
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ANOTHER milestone in West Hill's history has been passed; another chapter has been written. As we look backward over the story of this term that is closing we realize that in no way, either in glory of achievement or in maintenance of tradition, have the West Hillians failed in their duty. Indeed, with the brilliance of her graduates, and the loyal efforts of her scholars the school, though comparatively young, already has become well known among Canadian high schools. West Hill is advancing, there is no faltering in her forward march. The School's first decade was the period of foundation, but the second is the decade of progress.

The Annual has become an institution at West Hill. It is a living record of past events; it is, in its way, a medium of expression for younger writers of Montreal. As West Hill has developed greatly in the past twelve years, so too, the Annual has developed amazingly in a shorter time. The present publication is more than double the size of the first volume of 1927. Each year new features

In the past West Hill has progressed; in the future there must be no slackening of her endeavour. The teachers are doing excellent work, but on the pupils falls much of the responsibility. Many are needed to build up the school's institutions, her reputation, her traditions. One malcontent may undo the work of several loyal scholars. One earnest worker may do an incalculable amount toward achieving West Hill's aims. With a sense of duty and the strength to accomplish that duty, we shall make the name of West Hill glorious. Already we, of West Hill, have received a great heritage. Let us be worthy of it.



Spes Pacis

IT was the eleventh armistice. Eleven years ago that day the guns of conflict were stilled, the voice of Mars was silenced. Eleven years ago that day, a world, which half a decade previously had been drunk with the lust for war, and filled with the glory of martial music, turned sadly and brokenly to the quiet beauty of peace. The world had had war, and the sorrow and bloodshed of four years had sickened it. The awful tale of suffering and death, of intrigue and torture, of horror and counter-horror had disgusted even the advocates of struggle. The Four Horsemen had written their story in human blood—and the pages were wet with tears.

Men had gone forth to war. Men, strong and valiant; men, with their faces to the sun, and their hearts brimming with courage. And there had been youths, clear-eyed, romantic—thinking of bits of ribbon, and snatches of song, and the words of a sweetheart's farewell. They had gone; some, cheery, laughing at hardship;—some silently stern. They had gone, and many came back, and many did not. Theirs had been great ideals, their idea of strife had been a mighty, noble strife; their war was a wonderful war; their patriotism a glowing patriotism.

All found disillusionment, and some found death. Those who came back came stunned, dazed, wondering what it was all about. They had fought for their country, fought gloriously, in a turmoil of mud, and hunger, and blood.

They had found war a strange thing, an awful thing—something that clouded their minds, and maimed them, and took away their friends; something that somehow lost its idealism in its hideous reality; something that took them as youths and prematurely made them men; something that seized them in manhood, and made them misfits and wrecks.

War had drawn vitality and youthfulness and happiness and employment from them, and it would not give them back again. The soldiers had found war, *war*, not a beautiful, daring adventure. More than that, a whole world was ill.

Some men had done great deeds and received decoration, and some had done great deeds and received no recognition at all. That was part of the struggle. Men, lonely and penniless, not caring a fig for life, were spared; and men with wives and loved ones, with ambitions and high hopes, were lost to the world. That was the fiendish irony of the thing. Those who loved to dream before beautiful paintings and beautiful nature settings were, perhaps, never to see again. Sensitive men were unbalanced by the thunder of shells, and strong men hopelessly broken by the hideous works of the gas. That was war.

The world had had its fill of conflict. It had placed the god of War upon a pedestal of whiteness, and the whiteness had changed to a deep and significant red.



THE CENOTAPH OF LONDON

That was eleven years ago. On the first armistice everyone hated war; on the eleventh armistice everyone embraced peace. There is a difference. We are to-day working for world understanding, for international friendship, for racial intercourse. Last year, at the Cenotaph at London, bright military forms were lacking to the ceremony. All was khaki, and white, and black, symbolizing the quietness of peace, ostracizing the pomp of war. We are working for peace, we are hoping for the outlawry of world conflict.

Eleven years have passed. Eleven years is long in a generation. The horrors, the bitter remembrances of war are softening, are losing themselves in a mist of reverence for our dead. A new generation is growing up; a generation that plays loudly and happily and sincerely with wooden swords and cocked paper hats; a generation that has miniature battles, that fights enthusiastically in miniature wars.

Cynics say that war is inevitable. They maintain that war is an economic necessity, that it is useful and necessary to rid the world of surplus population. They point to the generation that is growing up, a generation that never knew of the diabolical ugliness of strife—that never read of it. They talk of civil war, and racial war, and economic war, and wars of jealousy, and piracy and avarice.

Cynics say that war is inevitable—

We do not know. We know only that to-day the nations of the world are working in their assembly for the consummation of the great principles of peace. We know only that we must

attempt to impress a younger generation with the redness of the poppy, and the sadness of the cenotaph.

We know only that we shall, in the face of all discouragement and all cynicism, hope and pray that another great struggle may not wrack the world, may never break up the content of a nation's families, or bring sorrow upon the love of a nation's people.

We shall follow a great ideal; we shall consecrate our energies to the fulfilment of a great purpose.

We shall win.

JACK McLEISH, XI-1C

OPPORTUNITY

TOO few of our young people start out in life with a purpose. If a lighthouse points out the way for ships to sail safely, so opportunity is ever pointing the way to people who are seeking success. The great men and women of Canada today could always see a port ahead of them—towards this harbour they directed their course. Adverse winds tried to blow them seaward, but by their courage they prevailed, and their ultimate success should give to modern youth an example and an inspiration.

No land offers greater opportunities than Canada. A wonderful story of its future will be unfolded by you who determine it. "The nineteenth century," said Sir Wilfred Laurier, "belongs to the United States, but the twentieth century belongs to Canada."

FRANCIS LAUER, IX-2B.

IL DUCE

A One-Act Play

PLACE: The interior of a Government building in Rome.

SCENE: Mussolini is seated at a polished mahogany table, signing papers. Before him is a battery of gold pens. He signs each paper with a different pen.

An Orderly stands by the door.

MUSSOLINI:—Call in the Cabinet. [Exit Orderly.] [Enter, on tiptoe, the Ministers of War, Finance, Colonization, Education, Public Health, and Justice—all without portfolios. They carry steel helmets marked: FOR USE IN CASE OF IRE.]

Gentlemen, I have before me a petition from the United Hotelkeepers of Rome, for the abolition of "See Naples and Die" and the substitution of "See Rome—The Home of Mussolini."

CABINET: Passed in its entirety, by your leave.

MUSSOLINI: Passed, in the Tenth Year of the Reign of Mussolini and the Year of Our Lord 1930. (Signs.) [Enter silently the King of Italy, the Ghost of Julius Caesar, and not so silently—three identically equal American college students.] Here, gentlemen, is a petition from the Bricklayers' Union of Genoa, asking for an increase in their hourly wage. Do you think that they are underpaid?

MINISTER FOR FINANCE: No, they are getting two thousand lire an hour now.

MUSSOLINI: Their wage will be raised to three thousand lire per hour. Any complaints? Signed, Mussolini. (Signs paper.)

COLLEGE STUDENT: That's mortar the Union's taste.

MUSSOLINI: I have before me, gentlemen, a letter from my Chief Executioner asking a pardon for one Guglielmo Schmitto. What is your opinion of this case?

MINISTER FOR JUSTICE: By your leave—

COLLEGE STUDENT: Axe us another!

MINISTER FOR JUSTICE: By your leave pardoned.

MUSSOLINI: Execution will take place September 3rd, in the Tenth Year of Mussolini's Reign, etc. (Signs.)

[The King drops a handkerchief. Students dive to pick it up.]

KING: No, no, my sons, let me pick it up. It is the only thing in Italy into which I can put my nose.

MUSSOLINI: And last of all, gentlemen, here is a far-sighted proposal for the discouragement of the consumption of olives, spaghetti, wine,—

MINISTER FOR WAR: By your leave, never— [The Cabinet dons its helmets.]

MUSSOLINI: Passed. Any complaints? (Signs.)

GHOST OF CAESAR: Mussolini, I want to congratulate you! I thought I was good but you're better. You, Mussolini, are a true Dictator!

COLLEGE STUDENT: The Duce he is! (Exeunt.)

ALEX. ROSE, XI-2B.

ON ESSAY WRITING

THE person who, on hearing that an essay must be written at school the next day, exclaims, "Oh, that's easy," gives me a sincere pain in the neck, to express my feelings in the picturesque language of to-day. I could rise up and smite such a person hip and thigh, after the approved biblical manner. In olden days, one used to be able to do this, either with the jaw-bone of an ass, or with one's bare hands. But, since then, several modifications have been made to this privilege. The Marquis of Queensbury has lived and died, leaving, as a constant reminder, the "Queensbury rules," which rates "striking hip and thigh" as a foul blow. Added to this is the fact that if one applies the aforementioned punishment to one's enemy in public places, such as the street, one is promptly arrested by the nearest policeman. This practically renders this act obsolete. Oh! for the days of yore!

Why, in that golden time, our ancestors were taught that Might was Right, that the earth was flat, that the moon was hung in the sky by a string, and that if a person annoyed you, the only way to be rid of him was to kill him. That was the time when suits of armour were in vogue, along with bustles, castles, and other inconveniences.

A suit of armour would not be amiss nowadays, at that. What with motorists, unreliable derricks, and street thugs, a suit of armour would be a distinct asset to the average pedestrian. But it would have to be of a non-rustable metal, such as gold. Otherwise its upkeep would be more than its worth at the present cost of "Brasso."

I wonder if modern cars are constructed with dire intent to throw puddles of water from their resting place on the ground onto the clothing of passing pedestrians. Or did this attribute of theirs come to them by accident? At any rate, a person receives more baths (—bawths) intentional or not, in the spring-time than at any other time of the year.

Another peculiar property of motor cars is the driver. There is none greater—no, not even in the whole world. The ancestry of these drivers must have originated in those knights, who, with their horses laden with a ton or more of armour, used to ride down the footmen of the armies in the battles of yore.

That was the time of Lucretia Borgia, who, if she liked not a husband, gently removed him by means of a poison. Compare this with the wives of to-day, who use more subtle methods of removing from this mortal coil unsuitable spouses. Our papers continually bear the statement, in large black letters "Wife uses axe to kill husband," and such educational captions. Shades of Troy! What is to become of us?

After all, the world of to-day is not so bad, and people still abhor as much as ever dying and departing for a "better world beyond." And except for the people that I mentioned at the beginning of this attempt, I am quite satisfied with it. Man lives to grumble, and is never contented with his lot, and even I (ahem!) am no exception to the general rule.

E. C. BOURDON, XI-2B.



The Grand Canal and the DOGE'S PALACE

VENICE

VENICE

"I saw from out the wave her structures rise,
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand,
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me and a dying Glory smiles...
Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred
isles."

Byron (Childe Harold)

VENICE was founded in 421 A.D. by "good Christians" who named her, Venetia from the Latin, "veni etiam-veni ancora," which means "Come once more,—come again." When one first comes to Venice, the predominant effect that it has on the mind is its unreality, it seems as though it might vanish in the night. Not even the colour and noise of early morning, when the market-boats with multi-coloured sails come in; when green, purple and red, their cargoes are unloaded, or when the fishing-boats bring in with them, the clear, pungent odour of the lagoons to which one must surrender can convince one that she is not an illusion. For during the first few days after one's arrival the mind seems to lose footing upon fact.

And this intangible aspect is made greater by the fact that hardly anybody seems to have anything to do. One gradually forgets or comes near to forgetting the facts of a great, moving, anxious, toiling world outside. If you want to dispel these illusions roughly, go to Venice in winter. But it is an experiment of the riskiest, for then rich and poor alike are paralysed with cold from their ice-cold stone and marble floors.

But winter passes and spring comes. Venice becomes herself again. The canals are gleams of silver-grey. The Grand Canal, "that wonder-

avenue of palaces," and the Ducal Palace, "the central building in the world," draw you to them, the former by its wonderful palaces, the latter by its three great elements made manifest in stone—Roman, Lombard and Arab. The magnificence of St. Mark's upon its unparalleled Piazza strikes a note of distinction so typical of Venice at her best. The four-hundred foot Campanile, soaring skyward, looks down upon the glowing scene of the Piazza, set around with wonderful buildings.

As the days go on, a few flowers appear here and there along the canals, while the green of acacia or tamarisk is seen in different places above some sculptured greyness. Yet these do not tally with the Dalmatian wine-boats in the Grand Canal with the Istrian wood-boats moored in the Guidecca, nor with the gondolas gliding across the blue lagoon. The fiore di mare, the flowers of the sea, are the true flowers of Venice. Is not the city herself like one great shell, tinted with opal and mother o' pearl, through which you may hear the echoes of great days and deeds?

All the four winds whose likenesses are shaped in stone upon the capitols of the Piazzetta—Levante, the East wind, who raises the sun from the sea, Hotro, the South wind, who holds the sun in his right hand, Ponento, the West wind, who dips the sun into the sea at night and Tramontana, the North wind, who gazes up at the North stars, call to you, through the great shell that is Venice. Before this ethereal city sinks back into the grey lagoon that gave her birth—before her thousand years of marvel crumble beneath the touch of a prosaic century—Veni etiam, Come again—!

ALLAN WILKINSON, IX-2B.

THE HUE AND CRY

WHEN first the silver screen emitted sounds more or less intelligible—in unison with its flickering shadows, many people cried out in protest. The majority of them were nervous folk, or slightly deaf ones—or theatre owners.

Accordingly, when the next step—natural-colour photography—was taken, the cries became louder and shriller, and those people with weak eyesight joined the "silent" host. There arose shouts, especially editorial shouts, of "nerve-wracking, dazzling, dizzying, unnatural." Many dramatic critics, fearing the downfall of the theatre, turned their inky artillery on the twain. But Colour and Sound, the Hue and Cry—marched triumphantly forward.

And yet, when you come to think of it, there is a real need, a crying need, for colour in our moving, talking, singing and dancing pictures. Examine the plots—if any—of six or seven financially successful photoplays; cut them up—if the censor has not forestalled you—and mix them together. Do you see the reason for colour now? The heroine, according to our mixture, is usually blue; the hero is also blue, but occasionally he sees red; the villain, a deep-dyed one, I see, is proved to be yellow; if there is a taste of murder in the mixture we may find the detectives in a brown study—or a pink vestibule—and so on, far, far into the night...

Yes, Colour and Sound, the Hue and Cry, are here to stay.

ALEX ROSE, XI-2B.

THE RISKS OF METAMORPHOSIS

HE was a Hindoo, and for some hours had been telling us of the practice of occultism. I was greatly interested in the subject, as I had spent some time learning the tricks; but my knowledge seemed a trifle when I heard of his. Among other things, he assured us that two personalities might be interchanged, each taking the others outward form. I informed him that I would be willing to change places with Jones, our principal, at any time.

"I would like to have a try at running this college in my own way," I told him.

As I looked into his eyes, I began to feel sleepy, and dozed off.

I awoke, startled, and looked around me in amazement. I was seated at a large desk, littered with papers. There seemed something vaguely familiar about that desk. Before I had time for further consideration, someone burst through the door, and thundered: "What is the meaning of this?"

I looked up horror-stricken, for the new-comer was myself! He looked at me in amazement. In a moment I realized what had happened. I had been taken at my word—Jones and I had exchanged bodies. I explained to him what had happened, but instead of enlightening him, I increased his amazement.

"Something must be done," he exclaimed. "You must have us changed back at once."

By this time I had begun to appreciate my position. Now was my chance to run affairs in my own way.

"But what am I to do?" asked Jones in bewilderment.

"There is nothing you can do," I assured him, "but go to my room, and keep quiet. No one will believe you if you tell them what has occurred."

During the next hour my sympathy for Jones grew. First there were interviews with students: one couldn't understand why he should take Latin, and thought I should see that the University regulations were changed to suit his tastes; another was unable to bring his fees until Nickel went up; a student, who had left school after failing three times in succession, called to have me write him a recommendation. Then there were letters, and more letters, which had to be answered. I pushed them aside with a groan.

Then the office-boy announced that outside was an applicant desiring to enter the Senior Form. When I found he had never had French or British History, I told him to return the next morning. Perhaps by that time Jones would be back to do his own worrying.

That afternoon, feeling rather tired and disgruntled, I decided to go to see my girl. I knew she would sympathize with me, and I began to feel positively gay as I neared her home. I bounded up the verandah where she was sitting. Imagine my chagrin when she greeted me with a polite:

"Good afternoon, Sir."

"Oh, forget it," I exclaimed, "Can't you greet a fellow civilly when he's all tired out, and wants some amusement?"

"Really, Sir, I think you are forgetting yourself," she replied frigidly.

I had forgotten. I was in Jones' body. I turned around in dismay, and whom should I see coming up the path but Jones himself. I rushed to meet him and began to explain the situation. He only laughed out and assured me he was enjoying his position. I warned him that I could easily destroy his reputation, and left hurriedly to return to the college.

The office seemed stuffy, so I went out again; but when I saw Jones coming in my direction, I turned and retraced my steps. Not until I reached his office did he overtake me. By that time I had the desk between us.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" I jeered at him.

"Oh, I've attended to that." He seemed quite satisfied with himself. "I've made you look quite a fool to your girl."

I cleared the desk with a jump.

"Remember," he cautioned, "it's your own face you'll bang up if you start fighting."

I was beyond caring. I aimed a blow at him. I felt myself falling, falling—and with a start I awoke.

MARY BOSTROM, XI-2A

CRAZY WORDS

"I take Pleasure in Announcing," "Crazy Words," by "Marianne."

"I Wonder Where My (lesson) is To-night?" Well, I'll have to use "My Imagination." (A bit later) "I'm Tired and I Want to Go to Bed." I slept "Through the Dark of Night;" "Then Came the Dawn." "You've Got to Get up!" Darn it all "That's Her Now."

Down at breakfast "Louise," where is "The Cream in My Coffee?"

Louise—"Oh Cut Yourself a Piece of Cake." As I dash out the door "Somewhere a Voice Is Calling"—"Button up Your Overcoat."

There goes "Peggy O'Neil." "Hello Baby." "How Are You?" "It Won't be Long Now" before we are saying "Good-bye forever" (?) to the "Good old-fashioned school-days." "Among My Souvenirs" I shall remember the "Happy Days" I spent "In the Little Red School House." "High Upon a Hill Top," where the teacher used to "Lift up Her Finger and Say—" spell "Constantinople." "It Goes Like This," "C-o-n-s-t-a-n-t-i-n-o-p-l-e." "That's a Good Girl." Sitting down I thanked "My Lucky Star;" because sometimes "We Make Mistakes" and then it was "Please Come Back to Me," usually for three-thirty.

"But after all is said and done,

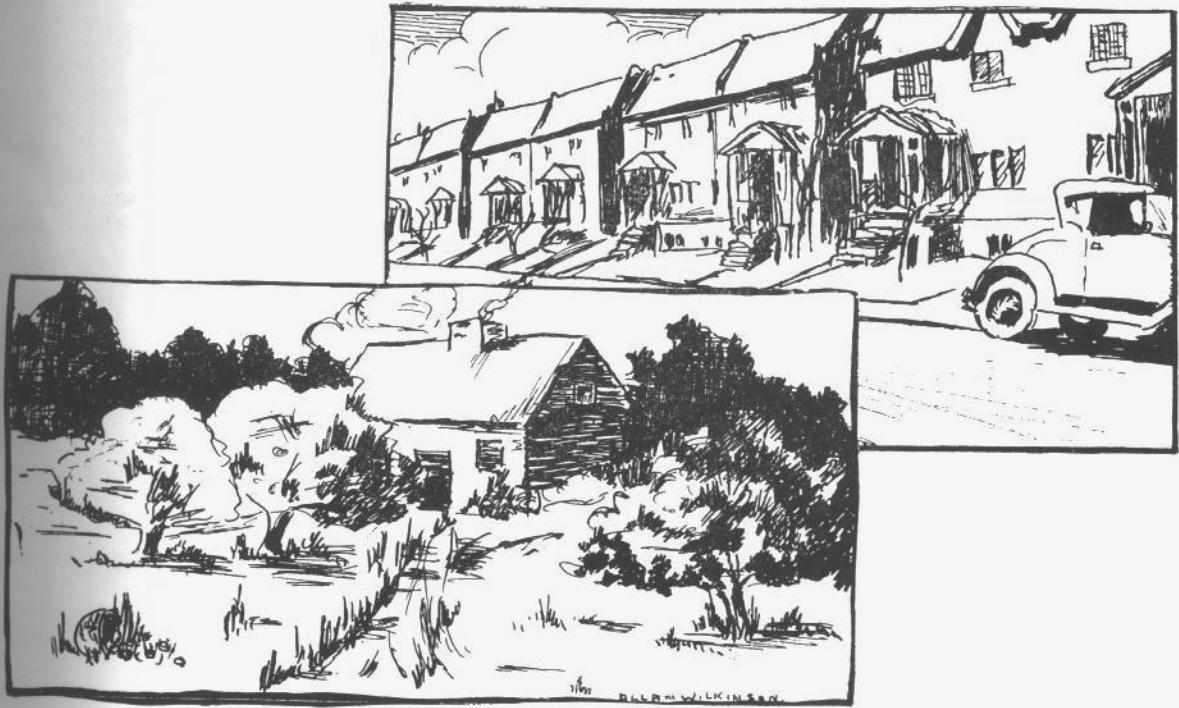
There is only one,"

West Hill school-days, that's you.

I can hear someone saying, "Pull Your Shades down, Marianne."

So, "Good Night, Ladies."

M. REID, XI-2A.



Notre Dame-de-Grace—To-day and Twenty Years Ago.

NOTRE DAME DE GRACE

IF we looked back at Notre Dame de Grace about twenty years ago, we would find it consisted largely of farms and vacant lots. People living there were considered as living in the country. As Montreal grew, the western part of the city increased; farms were sold and divided into building lots.

About twenty years ago Sherbrooke Street was a rough country road, with the street-car tracks running along it on sleepers. The street cars were called "Montreal Park" and "Island", running every twenty minutes during the day, and every forty at night. The nearest stores were at Victoria Avenue.

About five or six years after Sherbrooke Street was paved, Girouard was begun. It, too, was a rough rugged road, and very hilly, but the hill was cut away, and the avenue paved.

One of the most important streets was Decarie Boulevard, in fact, it was the main road, running North and South. The Post Office was situated at the corner of Notre Dame de Grace and Decarie, and here some of the people living above Cote St. Luc would come for their mail. Two years ago it was taken down, with the widening of Decarie.

Soon many farms such as the Decarie melon farm, extending from Cote St. Antoine Road to Villa Marie Convent, were cut up, and streets were made. These Decarie melons were noted all over the world. Where Herbert Symonds School now stands was once a melon patch.

In 1925 Monkland Avenue, which was a rough road, with very few houses scattered along it, was paved to West Hill, and a year later opened to Sherbrooke. Now it is becoming a great commercial avenue.

Brodeur and Duquette avenues were a part of the "Priests' Farm," until about three years ago.

West Hill itself was built on a farm, which was owned by the Decaries and Prudhommes, and extended from below the tracks to Cote St. Luc Road. The brick farmhouse still stands south of the tracks.

Terrebonne Avenue, which until two years ago was a path through trees, now has a fine school, and buildings are rapidly being built along it.

Notre Dame de Grace now boasts of its fine streets, churches and schools. The district has grown until it is now the largest ward in Montreal.

MILDRED DARLING, IX-2C.

NON OMNES MORIENTUR

"Poetry", says Robert Lynd, "is that which reminds us of reality, and that we live in a world, not merely of twenty-four-hour days, but of great occasions." From this world with its reiterated twenty-four-hour days and its less frequent great occasions, a noted poet has recently slipped away. The life and poetic achievement of Robert Bridges, Poet-Laureate since 1913, merit grateful tribute, but his passing should not call forth grief. For eighty-five well-spent years had Dr. Bridges looked with understanding eye on all things lovely, and only a few months before the end had gathered his rich experience into a crowning work—his "Testament of Beauty." His testimony given, surely it was fitting that his days be rounded with a sleep.

In his early manhood Robert Bridges was a practising doctor of medicine, but he turned from his profession to give us healing for the soul as the old Greeks called books. Dr. Bridges never wrote merely to please the public but rather to gratify his own high standards—

I too will something make
And joy in the making.

His last "Testament of Beauty" is not his first, for years earlier he had proclaimed—

I love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them.

To such a man, the sleep of death came to end full and happy days,

I have lain in the sun,
I have toiled as I might,
I have thought as I would,
And now it is night.

Since our Annual last appeared, another poet has passed mortality's frontier—he who stands first of our Canadian singers, Bliss Carman. In his case it seems more difficult to believe that the span of life was not cut unduly short, yet there are words of his own which tell us that Bliss Carman wished for such an end as came to him—

Let me not linger o'er the page
In doubting and regretful age.

It would be an utter mistake to take such words as these to mean that Bliss Carman was one who longed for easeful death. One has only to turn to his lyrics in honour of "Mother April" to learn how joyfully he welcomed all the promise of life which April offers. April, he says,

Trails her robe of woodland flowers,
Violet and anemone;
While along the misty sea,
Pipe at lip, she seems to blow
Haunting airs of long ago.

and again, in "Spring's Saraband,"

She comes to lure the world anew
With joy as old as time.

We salute the poets who have gone, but who have left to us

All that can be worth the rescue
From oblivion and decay,—
Joy, and loveliness, and wisdom.

THE SAGUENAY RIVER

THOSE who have sailed up the Saguenay River have seen one of Canada's most wonderful natural beauty places. The entrance to the river is guarded by two famous rocks, named Capes Eternity and Trinity. These tower into the sky, making a most interesting spectacle. When looked at in a particular way, the lowest point of Cape Trinity remarkably resembles an Indian's head; while at the highest point of the same cape, a statue of the Virgin has been erected.

In some places, the water of the river is deep enough to cover the masts of any sunken ship. The canyon through which the river cuts has many waterfalls tumbling over the steep mountain sides; while the slopes themselves are very rugged, being barren near their summits.

The sunsets in the Saguenay district are magnificent, ranging from the deepest crimson to a pale yellow. Voyagers line the deck to view the marvellous scenes, painted by Nature. Many interesting little towns and villages have grown up along the river banks. One of the most important of these is Chicoutimi, near the source of the Saguenay. This town was once a great Indian trading post. Another place of interest to tourists is Bagotville. Here paper is made and sent to different parts of Canada and other countries.

It may, therefore, be seen that the Saguenay River is interesting, with splendid, natural scenery; and it is on account of this that so many people visit it every summer.

ANTHONY GRAY, VIII-1K

CANADA

I am the land of green verdure.
I am the cradle of the great;
Steeped in a deep, awful grandeur,
Young—they have found me but late.

Spreading my crystalline beauty,
Waking a dull, dreary world
To the charms of Dame Nature that clothed me,
O'er me her gay banner unfurled.

I, to my sons shall yield richly
My great hoards of uncounted wealth;
To my old, to my weak, to my sickly,
My treasure of unstinted health.

LOIS SIMAND, VIII-2E.

CHARLES MARCHAND

AMONG the many who share vivid and happy memories of the singing of Chas. Marchand, are the pupils of West Hill. It was indeed a happy afternoon when he sang for us, and the recollection makes our regret for his death the more keen. French-Canadian folk-songs, both sad and gay, have an additional charm for us because we heard them sung by Chas. Marchand.



A FRENCH CHATEAU

WHAT is historic to-day was, a hundred and fifty years ago, commonplace. So as we went down the Ottawa River several years ago, we stopped at the historic Château Papineau, built by Louis Papineau when he first came over from France.

The grounds surrounding the house were enclosed by a high fence, under which we managed to crawl, and when we reached the front door a very old man, almost one hundred years old, met us. He offered to take us through the old seigniorial mansion and he told us that he was the only surviving son of Louis-Joseph Papineau.

In every room we found objects of great interest, many of them heirlooms brought from France. These have lately been sold, and the crumbling, stuccoed walls, which we saw, are now being rebuilt to fashion the beautiful Seigniorial Club-house of Lucerne in Quebec. This club has bought the Papineau estate of eighty thousand acres, with the purpose of providing a vacation paradise in Quebec, the province of romance and quaint old world charm.

LOIS RETALLACK, IX-2A.

Fortune-teller: "I tella your fortune, meester."

Freshman: "How much?"

Fortune-teller: "Twenty-five cents."

Freshman: "Correct."

HEATHER IN CANADA

POINT PLEASANT PARK, Halifax, is the only place in Canada where that truly Scottish flower, the heather, grows unattended as on the moors of Scotland. This heather is greatly depleted each year by numerous tourists who are constantly digging it up by the roots, or breaking it off for souvenirs.

The stories woven around this clump are many and varied, but the most likely is that it was first planted by the soldiers of the "Black Watch", or 42nd Highlanders.

The Black Watch arrived in Halifax in the spring of 1757 to fight under General Abercrombie before Louisburg. Some people say that the men of that historic regiment emptied their ticks, filled with heather in Scotland, on that spot. Others say that these men planted the seed on the spot where they first touched land to perpetuate the badge of so many of their clansmen. But no matter how it got there the shrub still remains, a fitting monument to the pioneers from "Auld Scotia."

W. DeHARTE, IX-2B.

THE BEAUHARNOIS DEVELOPMENT

THE Beauharnois development of electric power and deep water navigation has a significance to every Canadian. When this development is finished in 1932 it will bring a new aspect of life into the St. Lawrence Valley. An enormous expansion of industry, and increased commerce will ensue.

A canal will connect Lake St. Louis with Lake St. Francis—a distance of fifteen miles. Here the river drops eighty feet, and, if all the power is developed, it will supply approximately 2,000,000 horse power—more than twice that which we receive from Niagara Falls.

If the government requires to use this canal for shipping, it will be twenty-seven feet deep and two hundred yards wide—virtually a new river rivalling the new Welland Canal.

The Beauharnois Canal will be a national development and the chief factor contributing to the wealth, growth and prosperity of Eastern Canada.

FRANCIS LAUER, IX-2B.

ON ACCOUNT

IT happened some little time ago on a tramcar. The hour was late.

Presently a coin rattled with a sharp click on the floor, and every occupant of the tram was instantly wide awake.

One elderly gentleman leaned forward and picked up the coin.

"Did anyone drop a quarter?" he asked, looking around him. There was a hurried searching of pockets on both sides of the car, and then all in one breath, half a dozen persons exclaimed: "I did." "Well, then," said the old gentleman holding out his hand, "here's a cent of it, anyhow."

RICHARD GILLETT, IX-2D

THE MISERY OF HOME LESSONS

HOME LESSONS! Why, the very thought drives you mad: you tear your hair, your ears, your eyes—anything—to soothe the miseries of home lessons. The very sight of them, scribbled on a sheet of paper, takes more than courage to endure. Can greater agony be found in this wide world? First there's Latin—two sections to translate; next comes Geometry—eleven exercises to solve; then there's Literature—fourteen lines to memorize; lastly, History—eight pages of it. How can one expect us to learn all this in half an hour?—But that is all the time you have for them.

In that half hour your mind wanders to the hockey game, to the baseball field and to the school dance. You long to forget your lessons and your misery, but it always comes back with still greater force. It racks your brain; it disturbs your mind. You shout and sing to pass the time; you sit and whistle to a snappy tune. But still your home lessons are not done. The telephone rings. It is your chum wishing you to go to the "best show in town." Now there is a greater agony to endure. You are "a traveller between life and death." If you see the show, life may be more pleasant, but if you leave your lessons, death may hover above. But death only comes once, so why not go to the show?

NORMAN BENSON, XI-2B

First boxer: "Well, to-night is the Night of Nights!"

Second boxer: "Yeah, and to-morrow will be the Day of Daze!"

Sweet Young Thing: "Where are you? You are at the corner of Beaver and Maple Streets."

Man: (three-quarters gone) "Nev' min' the detailsh, what town is it?"

WHY STUDY?

The more you study,
The more you forget;
The more you forget,
The less you know—

So why study?

The less you study
The less you forget;
The less you forget
The more you know—

So why study?

RONALD LEE, IX-2B.

THE ACADEMY OF CARADA

[With Apologies to Jonathan Swift]

SOMETIME ago I set down in these pages, as my old readers may remember, an account of my visit to The Academy of Carada. Since then a number of changes and improvements have been made, among the foremost, the erection of a building devoted to the humane study of bettering street car service. The building itself is a large, stone edifice, three storeys high. It has no windows, but is lighted by the escaping of sunbeams, extracted out of cucumbers, from their hermetically sealed vials.

As I entered the building I was confronted by a man of meagre aspect garbed in a uniform of blue and gold. He asked, in a rather rough manner, for my ticket. I had used my last one on the way down and was obliged to buy some. The ticket safely deposited in the box, I was allowed to begin my tour.

The ground floor is devoted entirely to candidates for the position of conductor. The first class room I found myself in is equipped with rows of doors, not unlike the rear doors of a street car. While some candidates operate them, others take the place of the public and attempt to get through the doors before the operators can close them. If they succeed, the operators do not pass. However, most candidates are expert at closing the doors just as the "public" is setting foot on the step.

The endurance test is also taken in this room. Each candidate must sit behind the closed doors while the others rap on the glass. If he weakens and opens the doors within half an hour, he does not qualify.

From this room I passed into a smaller one, where I beheld embryo conductors being taught the rudiments of mind reading. Before a candidate may become a full-fledged conductor, he must be able to tell at a glance when a scholar has forgotten his car pass. Also he must be able to raise his voice in such a manner as to attract the attention of the other passengers. Further vocal training is received in the next room. Here they are taught to mumble the names of the streets so that no one can understand them. They are also drilled in the well-known command "Step up in front, please." It was indeed wonderful to hear the class sing this rhorus as I entered.

After six elevators marked "extra" passed me, I was successful in boarding the seventh. I had neglected to ask for a transfer at the entrance and was obliged to put in another ticket. I disembarked at the second floor.

Future motor-men receive their early training on this floor. The first room I entered has, against one wall, the front part of a street car. The controls operate a model street car, filled with model passengers, which runs on tracks laid along the floor; at intervals along the right of way are model stop signs. Each candidate must become proficient in bringing the car to a halt at the white posts with a jar and start again with a jerk. The candidate who knocks down the most model passengers in a year is granted a scholarship.

The motor-men, too, must take a course in endurance. No candidate can graduate unless he can ring the bell steadily for half an hour. The motor-men are not taught to pass would-be passengers in the academy; they attain this habit when they take the practical course.

I had again forgotten to ask for a transfer, and having Aberdonian blood in my veins, I decided to walk to the third floor. Here the inspectors receive their early training. They are carefully instructed in the art of flipping coins to decide which cars to make extras. When they become expert at tying up the service, they are given a diploma and let loose on the innocent public. I visited many other class-rooms, but I shall not trouble my readers with all the curiosities I observed (being studious of brevity).

The warden of the academy informed me that the Academy of Carada is the only institution of its kind in the world operating such a building for the betterment of public service. I assured him that all civilization appreciated the great work he was doing, and that he would reap full reward in the near future. Then I took my leave.

DAVID R. KENNEDY, XI-2B.

A GOLD DIGGER OF BROADWAY

A HUDDLED, pathetic old lady crept wearily down the street picking her way through the blinding snowstorm. Her stooped little figure was all too thinly clad by a faded old coat that boasted of a narrow piece of fur for its collar. Her shabby hat was bent and shapeless, and her fingers peeped out from her gloves. Her steps lagged as she watched the illuminated faces of happy children go fleeting by.

"What's Santy Claus gonna bring you?" she heard one of them say to his chum.

Yes! Santa Claus Christmas Eve! She hadn't forgotten.

A prosperous-looking man with a good-natured face passed by her. A few steps ahead of her, he turned and hesitated, then he dug his hand into his pocket and drew out a bill.

"Here, Mother," he said, as he pressed the bill into her cold hand—"A Happy Christmas!"

"Thanks be to ye, sir," she quavered, as she brushed a tear of gratitude from her cheek. "An' may the Saints preserve ye for this—helpin' a pore soul as has had bad luck. Happy Christmas, sir, to ye an' to yers."

The good Samaritan continued on his way, with the pleasant feeling that only comes to one who is conscious that he has performed a good deed.

The little pathetic old lady slipped the bill into her stocking along with some of its brothers.

"Some racket, this," she chuckled to herself, "there be more soft-hearted fools in this world than I thought. An' now I'm gonna see if the Murphys got my rent. I'm sick o' waitin' fer my money. If they ain't got it t'day—out they go!"

And with that kindly soliloquy the "poor little old lady," continued her hobbling down the street.

BEATRICE SABBATH, X-2A.

Poland

AMONG the countries of the Slavs the most advanced in culture and science is Poland, situated in Central Europe. For centuries Poland was forced to fight barbarous tribes of Mohammedans from Asia, and was the only country in the east of Europe that with the blood of its own people saved the Christian world and faith from defeat by the Mohammedans.

In the eighteenth century Poland was invaded by Germany, Russia and Austria, and lost its independence. After the Great War it again came into existence.

Poland is a country noted for its science and literature. It claims many poets and writers, Sienkiewicz, Adam Mickiewicz and Stowacki being the most famous. Sienkiewicz is the author of "Quo Vadis", which is translated into English. Of the Polish painters, the most famous is Jan Matejko, whose pictures are seen in the world's greatest exhibitions. His most famous picture is "Roclawice", which recalls the last bloody battle that resulted in Poland losing her independence in 1772.

Poland is made up of many provinces with many large towns. The present capital is Warsaw. The former capital is Krakow, situated on the main route between eastern and western Europe. Krakow is a very old town and has many churches, the oldest of which has been in existence for over a hundred years, and is called "Wierza Marjacka." This church has a very high steeple which can be seen five miles away. Not far from this church is found the castle of the kings called "Wawel." This is very strongly built and contains the graves of all the Polish kings, from the first to the last, who was called Stanislaw August Poniatowski. This castle is to every Pole the dearest place, and is for many poets the inspiration of heroic poetry.

The people of Poland are very proud, patriotic, and gay, fond of music, dress, and dancing. The nation may be divided into three classes the nobles, the merchants and the peasants. Formerly the only duty of a noble was to be a knight of the king and to fight for the country. The priests belonged to this class. The highest positions in politics were held by the nobles. The middle class was the merchants who held the commerce of the country in their hands. The third class, the peasants, were very humble and lived like slaves for many centuries for the nobles could do anything they wished, even kill their inferiors without being held responsible. These peasants could be sold like animals, and until 1848 had no freedom.

On the whole the people have admirable characteristics. They are hospitable to strangers and are pious. During the warm summer evenings, in the moonlight, on the Vistula, large numbers of small boats may be seen occupied with young people singing and playing musical instruments.

Education is widespread, every town and village has schools, and every child has to have seven years of Public School. Those who plan to go to High School take only four years of Public School

and eight years of High School. Those who are to go to Universities have to take their Matriculation, and after that they attend University.

The villages of Poland are large and each contains at least one church, a school, and a bar. The houses are built of wood, and have high roofs, on which are seen large nests occupied by storks. This bird is the forerunner of spring, and comes regularly to Poland at the beginning of March, and leaves in September. The peasants like this bird very much, and nobody dare harm it. It is believed that the house upon which the stork builds its nest is lucky.

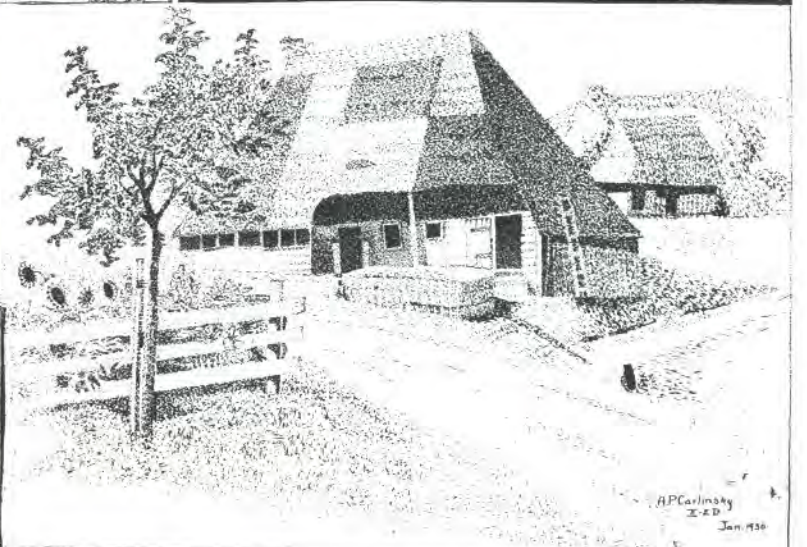
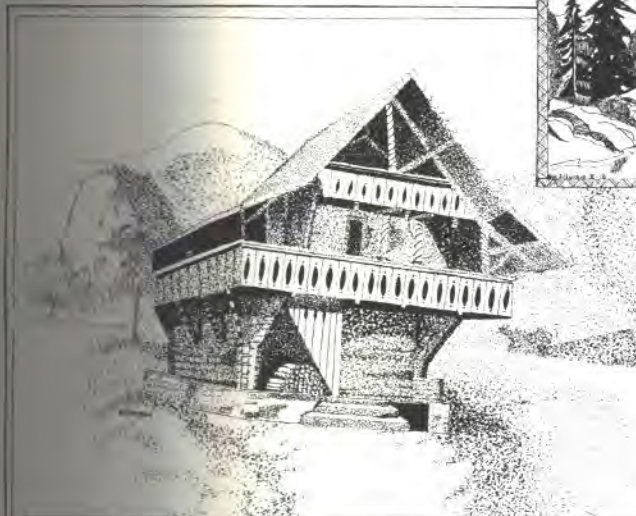
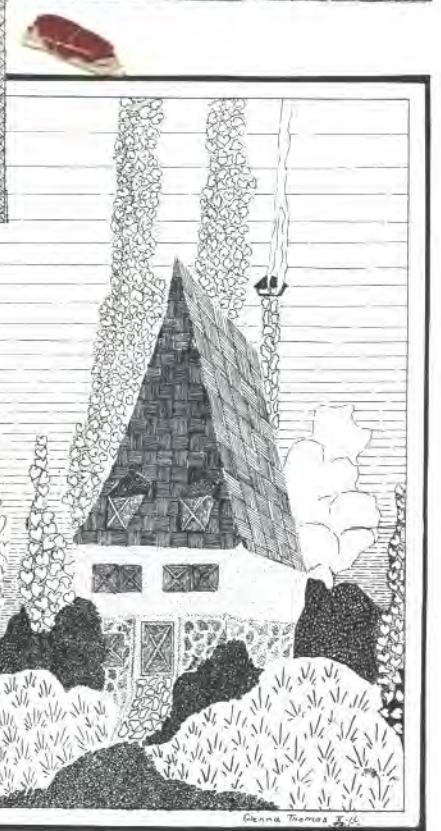
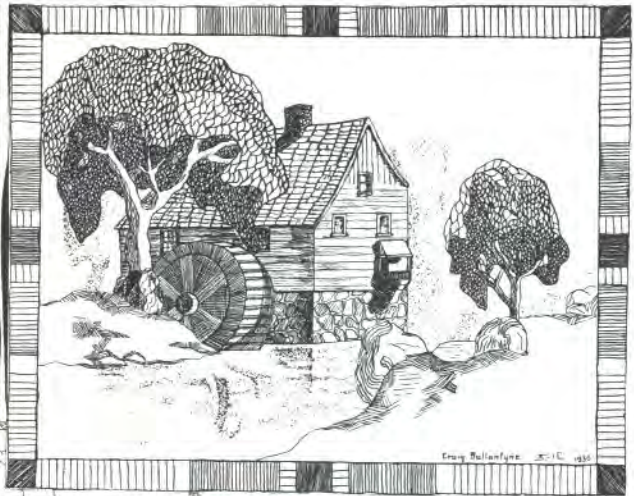
The winters of Poland are not very cold. Winter begins in the month of December and lasts till the end of February. It is a season enjoyed by the younger people with sleighing and skating. The older people in the villages have not much excitement at this time of the year; they sit in the houses, the women weaving or spinning, and the men carving.

The most pleasant time of the year in the villages is the harvest-time about the end of July. Hundreds of peasants, singing joyful songs, may be seen at this time with sickles and scythes, cutting down the grain. The work begins very early in the morning, and with the setting of the sun work stops and everybody returns home, tired but happy, looking eagerly forward to a meal of cream, milk, cheese and eggs. When the harvest is finished, the lord of the village invites the peasants to his castle where a feast is held, ending with dancing in the open air. After a pleasant evening the peasants return home very tired, eager for the next harvest.

It is very interesting to attend a Polish wedding in a village. The bride wears a white silk skirt embroidered with beads, and a white blouse on top of which she wears a tight black velvet vest, embroidered heavily with gold beads, and laces. She wears her hair loose and has a garland of roses on her head, and from this garland stream many gay ribbons. The bride usually has about five strings of coral beads hanging from her neck. The groom in his tight trousers and a loose embroidered shirt is a very handsome sight. He wears a high hat which slants to the right, and on the left side of the hat, beside the ear he has a small bunch of flowers from which stream gay coloured ribbons. The bridesmaids are dressed in white and have white wreaths of flowers around their heads. The married women wear turbans to distinguish themselves from the single girls. After the ceremony the bride returns to her parents' home where a great feast is held followed by dancing, the most popular dance being the "Polonaise." The bride receives many presents and after spending a pleasant evening with her relatives and friends she goes to her new home.

Poland is now making rapid progress particularly in agriculture. With its dense population and minerals it is bound to become an important industrial country.

PAULA GELBER, IX-1E.



Of Barbershops

I HAVE a particular detestation for barbershops. I have gone so far as to place this judgment among the very first of many dislikes. And while my possession of a collection of dislikes indubitably detracts from the opening declaration, I nevertheless, maintain it to be truly sincere.

It is not that barbers do not contribute to the general welfare of mankind. They do. Indeed, in the present mode of hairdressing they are in constant demand. With the change of women's styles they have been doubly busy. Never before in barbering history have chairs been so satisfactorily filled, or have scissors chattered more industrially.

Back even in the days of sartorial splendour, in the days when both men and women, aside from lavish dress, indulged in long tresses, the barber was in requisition. Not necessarily for hairdressing, mark you, but in the peculiar art of vein-opening. I have no doubt that in those times the barber received due respect for his ability as rough surgeon, and in this period, when he no longer plays his dual role, he is still a subject worthy of commendation.

Still, if it were not for my mass instincts and my comfort, I should have none of him. I am enslaved to my physical enjoyment and the prevailing fashion. It is inconceivable that I should be mistaken either for a Nazarite or a temperamental poet.

Thus, the master of razor and scissors has won the joust before I have entered the lists.

Basically, my opinion is not against the barber himself. In my experience with these men I have found some suave and some gruff, some with happy smiles and bullish prices; and others, grim and silent, executing strange manoeuvres with comb and brush. I have yet to happen upon the garulous kind, so typically pictured in modern humor. Among such an assembly of types, one must inevitably find irritating natures. Barbers are as wholesomely human, and subject to as many disappointments as the rest of us. Occasionally, I forget that. My chief denunciation settles upon the shops themselves. Most of them, of course, are unpretentious enough. A row of chairs next a wall of white or brown or blue, mirrors, barbers' chairs, bottles of sweet-smelling liquids occasionally dignified by the name "perfumes"; a basin, towels, cloths and other accessories without which no shop could exist, an electric wire swung a foot or so above the chairs on which to run the purring clipper—these are the essentials of all barbershops. Nor must that section partitioned off from the main parlour and defined as "Ladies Hairdressing Parlour" be denied at least casual mention. In the barber's finances, this separate chamber plays a most important part in his record of financial returns.

Enough of the description. I am concerned not with the material but with the abstract. Nor does the empty shop perturb me. But I have always experienced a singular feeling of distaste upon first entering the shop at a busy hour with all the chairs

filled, and indeed the whole place jammed with humanity.

There is no more eminent example of the modern theory of the "inferiority complex" than in the barbershop. Everyone is self-conscious. The old gentleman in the corner, with white hair and reddish face, touches his scarf, glances at his paper, re-arranges his scarf and studies the floor. The stout lady next me gazes moodily at nothing, while her children, incorrigible little rascals, are wrestling mightily over a bag of sweets. Three small girls of mid-public school age, I should judge, whisper endlessly over various trivial secrets, and blush occasionally at the venomous glances cast in their direction by a dignified person of tutorial aspect. A small boy, with cap in one hand and school books in the other, leans against the wall and with outward nonchalance, watches the ceiling. And there are others—a few men, business-looking, restless; an elderly woman, plain-clothed, stern-featured; a tiny girl with golden curls, her grandchild perhaps.

You may find a representative gathering of this kind in any barbershop at a busy hour. There is no place in civilization where people may be less individual, less communicative, yet more genuinely bashful than in a hairdresser's shop. The reason for this is still obscure, and doubtless shall remain so, unless psychology snatches and labels it.

But the worst feature of the barber's parlour is the chair itself. To sit, waiting, among the crowd is to give one sympathy with and an insight into humanity. In the barber's chair you are an alien from the fold. There is a feeling of exasperating helplessness as the barber draws his sheet in great swathes about you. You are immediately rendered not a personality, but merely a face. To the waiting line you have some interest chiefly because you are where you are—apart from the mass. To the barber you are but another head in a long procession of heads, from which to relieve as little or as much hair as possible without censure. He is not concerned with you, aside from your pocket-book, but you are very significantly interested in him.

If he is cheerful, even gay, you have a deep-rooted suspicion that somewhere in his nature lies the demon Recklessness. And that quality in a barber is inexcusable. On the other hand, if he is sober, grimly silent, you mistake his aloofness for a fierce intensity of purpose; you feel strangely that within him sneers find nourishment, that he is a biting cynic to whom the hair is too coarse or too fine, too brittle or too fluffy—and the poor mortal is probably thinking of his automobile, his mother-in-law, his rental, or some other domestic problem. His thoughts are not only not on you—they are soaring to far distances.

In the city streets children are fascinating creatures. Their antics, their games, their quarrels afford the observer pleasant and sympathetic amusement. In the barbershops, they are a pestilence. I am convinced that they should be partitioned off into another section, as in the manner of the "Ladies' Parlour." At an early age they develop a discomforting habit of staring. In

the barbershop they gaze lengthily, calmly and appraisingly at all and sundry, and particularly in the direction of the barber's chairs. Their powers of optical concentration and observation are entirely irritating. To be stared at composedly for any length of time is sufficiently embarrassing; but when you are in anything but a heroic position in a barber's chair, and subjected to a cool and insolent appraisal, your emotions may be assembled and described as bordering on desperation.

Your shorn locks have brought you back to the fold of society. The haircut is very nearly completed. In a minute or so you will be paying for the work and you will feel your status secure. But there is yet another discomfiting moment. In a sincere effort to send his customer away in trim condition, the barber reaches for his scented water. Several doses he bestows upon your inoffensive head, and in the succeeding moments he ruffles the hair into an excellent imitation of an enthusiastic Fiji Islanders' head dress.

SECHELT ISLAND

THIS is the story of the most beautiful island I have ever visited, and how it became the ugliest. The island is one of several in a group known as Trail Islands, very close to the coast of British Columbia. The name of this island is Sechelt, because it lies opposite the little Indian village of Sechelt.

On this island grew sturdy, towering arbutus trees with their red bark and very green leaves, salmon berries, blueberries, and blackberries. What a paradise for those who have been in a hot stuffy school to be able to lie on the natural carpet of long green grass, and eat berries which could be procured without any effort, and shaded by the beautiful arbutus trees! What bliss to swim in the small deep bays and inlets of the island; to dive from high rocks, down into the peaceful reflection of the heavens! On the east side can be seen the rugged coast of British Columbia, with its high cliffs. Almost all of Nature's colours are mingled there to make these mountains beautiful. On the west of Sechelt Island lies the wide, peaceful ocean, which well deserves the name of "Pacific." But when the wind comes down the strait from Queen Charlotte Islands, then there is nothing but danger and death in those waters now so still.

There are many fools in the world. Unfortunately two of them spent a week-end on Sechelt Island, and as these men were fools, they left their camp fires burning. Upon the evening of their departure Sechelt Island was leaping, burning, darting glorious flames of fire reflecting their brilliance for miles around. How beautiful the surrounding islands seemed in this one-island fire.

Campers came for miles to see Sechelt Island in its last glory. No more for British Columbians would it be synonymous with beauty. For, when the fire had burned itself out, there remained only a charred mass of logs and baked earth, rising dimly above the sea, which seemed not so lovely

KATHLEEN MacPHAIL, VII-2A.

The humiliation is complete. There is the slightest trace of a smirk on yonder children's faces. (Children are that way; they have little appreciation of true humor.) How can one be bound up in a white sheet, and have a head dress resembling a primitive forest, and hope to retain his self-respect? Never has my resentment so flamed against barbers as in those absurd moments.

Of course, within two minutes he is again busy with comb and brush, turning you into a presentable being, who, happy in the contrast with the previous moment, pays the necessary prices for his services, and joyously departs.

Joyously, I say—for it will be three weeks before you again set reluctant foot upon his threshold.

I repeat that I do not like barbershops but unless there comes a drastic change in styles of hairdressing I shall have no choice but to patronize them.

And thus I am left in my perplexity.

JACK McLEISH, XI-1C.

The Class '30 Dance.

Dear Hortense:-

We had the most WONDERFUL time at our DANCE! The decorations were all in our school colours, red and gray, and were SO cute!

The orchestra was just ADORABLE and did we DANCE?—those dreamy waltzes and PEPPY fox trots! Those boys certainly COULD play, my dear, I mean they really COULD! Oh it was SO VERY WONDERFUL! Really my dear I can not describe it!

Some of the boys—uh, I mean YOUNG MEN—started to throw PLATES around at supper—MY DEAR—oh they were cardboard, of course—but REALLY!

We had the LOVELIEST balloons dropped on us during the evening,—they were ALL gone in about a minute. One girl really SHOULD have been given a GOLD MEDAL—she actually kept her balloon ALL EVENING—by letting the air out of it!

Oh, I nearly FORGOT to tell you, two girls found their dresses were EXACTLY alike—JUST LIKE MAGNETS! but luckily they discovered that one of them had an EXTRA bow and so the night was SAVED. Of course all good things MUST end sooner or later, and so we drifted away to the tune of HOME SWEET HOME—with variations!

Your loving friend
Betty Lyons
XII-2A.



AN INDIAN GRAVEYARD

THERE is an Indian graveyard on one of the islands in Lake of the Woods, Ontario. Its surroundings are very picturesque—the graves being on a small wooded hill which slopes down to the water. The Indian's idea of a tombstone is rather different from ours—he covers each grave with a wooden structure, not unlike a dog-kennel! These covers are usually painted white so that they may be seen from a distance.

Some of these wooden covers have tiny windows, and almost all have little shelves. On these shelves are placed the Indian's possessions most treasured during life. One that we noticed especially held an empty perfume bottle, a broken cup, an old spoon, and a gaudy necklace. Another, evidently that of a grown man, was decorated with a faded Union Jack and a clay pipe!

We saw one or two windows fitted with colored glass. The others were left empty so that the good spirits might enter, but lest any roving evil spirit might be tempted to do likewise, a small rod was erected on the centre of the window-frame. We were told that the resulting small space was far too small for an evil spirit to squeeze through, but that the good spirits, who are reputedly small, would find this an easy task.

None of these scattered groups of graves had been honored with an inscription, so that one can only make guesses as to the age and character of their occupants by the size of the covers and by the possessions displayed.

JOAN SKINNER, X-2A.

MAN'S PHILOSOPHY

MAN comes into the world without his consent and leaves it against his will. During his stay on earth his time is spent in one continuous round of contraries and misunderstandings. In his infancy he is an angel; in his boyhood he is a devil; in his manhood he is many things—all unmentionable; in his dotage he is childish—and so on and on. If he raises a family, he is silly; if he raises a check, he is a thief. If he is a poor man, he is a poor manager, and has no sense; if he is rich, he is dishonest but is considered clever. If he is in politics, he is a crook; if he is out of politics, he is an "undesirable citizen." If he goes to church, he is a hypocrite; if he stays away, he is a sinner. If he donates to charity, he is a show-off; if he doesn't, he is miserly. When he first comes into the world everybody wants to kiss him; before he goes out, they all want to kick him. Life is a very funny proposition after all.

BRUCE P. SMAILL, X-1C.

A PROPOSITION

My Dearest Adoration:

After due consideration and deep contemplation of the high estimation and deep admiration in which you are held by the nation, I have an inclination to become a relation, so have moved my habitation to a closer situation for a course of conversation with you, my adoration.

Should my application meet your approbation, meet me at the station, an hour after collation, after careful navigation, we will marry on speculation.

Yours in anticipation,

A Would-be-Relation,

REGINALD BYFORD, IX-2B



THE DIARY OF A SCHOOL GIRL IN 2030 A.D.

Sol, Saturday 7—Diary, can you believe it, when I was phoning this noon I dialed the wrong number and called up a handsome boy. When he saw I was going to ring off, he said, "Don't you think we could skip school this afternoon and go for a ride, that is, if you're not too busy."

I told him there was nothing more important than a few home-lessons. Of course, my studies should be taken seriously but I would love to go out with him. I had made up my mind that I would not be astonished at anything that happened in this age of wonders, but when he landed on the front walk in a scarlet and gold plane, I couldn't help being just a little startled. We flew over to Yokohama for tea and had a wonderful time.

Sol, Sunday 8—Jack came over to-day to take me to the museum. They had an exhibition of prehistoric animals, which, among other things, contained the skeleton of a horse. I was told our ancestors back in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries had used them to pull a kind of truck they called waggons, and for riding. Afterwards we went for a walk along the newly-repaired elevated road on St. Catherine Street. I was never so tired in all my life, why I walked over five blocks! I was glad when we got on the escalator sidewalk where all you have to do is stand still.

Sol, Monday 9—In school this morning we studied India by television and radio. A rusty old professor at Delhi told us everything concerning the country in 1930. It was very boring, I can assure you. The people were all Hindoos, didn't speak English or Esperanto and wore the queerest clothes. If we have many more lectures like that one, I shall have to speak to the principal about it. In fact I shall suggest we be allowed to stay home and tune in the lecture on the radio. Then if the lecture was boring we could turn it off.

Sol, Tuesday 10—I had the most interesting news to-day over the radio. Our principal, who went up to Mars yesterday, is bringing back several Martians with him. I shall have to see them even at the expense of my studies.

Sol, Wednesday 11—I spoke to the principal about those lectures, so to-day we listened to the debate concerning disarmament, given in the House of Commons. The Prime Minister was a nice old chap but too polite—incidentally our history teacher said that in 1930 there had been a naval disarmament conference at London. So they haven't arrived at any agreement yet!

LORNA ALLEN, IX-2C.



THE LANGUAGE OF TO-DAY

What means this silly jargon,
This strange mysterious cant,
About the sardine's whiskers,
And the thimble of your aunt?

The ear-rings of the elephant,
The pyjamas of the cat,
The eyebrows of mosquitoes,
The crimp in the tail of a rat?

NANCY NIX' LETTER BOX

(ED. NOTE All questions of general interest will be answered in this column. However, for the sake of brevity, we wish to point out that this is neither a lost and found department nor an employment agency.)

Question (1)—What is the school ink made of?
UNINTERESTED.

Answer (1)—So far as is known by any living person it is made of not much of anything, but plenty of everything. I would suggest that it be analyzed by some of the school's noted chemists, so as to clear up a great doubt in many pupils' minds.

Question (2)—What is the reason that pupils coming to school by way of Terrebonne Avenue have to wade through mud a foot deep, and then be expected to arrive on time?—MUDDY.

Answer (2)—That is certainly a great question in this time of beautiful buildings and colleges. A school such as West Hill deserves to have modern equipment, including surely a simple cement walk. Would that some brave person would come to the top and demand those simple improvements!

Question (3)—What was the date of the manufacture of the desks in West Hill High School?
Q. E. D.

Answer (3)—After some inquiry I find that no one seems to remember that far back. I believe, however, that none were made in or before the year 1492. From certain carvings on the desks they seem to have been used by someone every year after that date.

Question (4)—What, approximately, is the height of West Hill?—BREATHLESS.

Answer (4)—High enough. Any person who has been downstairs when the bell rang and whose room is on the second or third floor will surely ratify my answer. The excessive number of "lates" would be greatly decreased if escalator service were provided.

Question (5)—Can there not be something done to lessen the frightful odour in the Chemistry Laboratory?—OVERCOME.

Answer (5)—I would suggest that each person carry a bottle of strongly-scented perfume. I am sure more attention would be paid to experiments if everything was more pleasant to our sense of smell.

HILDA SPROTT, X-2A.



LATIN

Who is ruling? Quis regit?
Sedeo, that's I sit.
Noli pugnare, please don't fight.
Really! I must be getting bright!

You are leading—ducitis
Why read'st thou? Cur legis?
You are reporting—nuntias.
I wonder if you'll let this pass.

NANCY JOTCHAM, VIII-1G.

DAWN

SOME years ago, I decided to do what I had been longing to do ever since I could think for myself. That was, to arise early some morning and watch the sunrise.

The morning I chose was late in June. On the evening before, the dew was heavy, and the stars shone gloriously in the clear sky. I retired early before the moon was very high, and rose about three a.m. I took a blanket along with me, and seated myself comfortably upon a pile of wooden snowdrift-breakers, placed in a field for the summer.

The moon had already begun to descend. It flooded both heaven and earth with its pale, bluish light, making the stars appear faded and transparent. Here and there a few stars of the first magnitude shone out brightly in their beauty, while the Milky Way looked like a broad band of white water vapour curling from the spout of a kettle and dissipating itself into the air. Below, the dew sparkled in the pure light, and the trees sighed softly in the gentle breeze. The fields spread out before me, their smoothness being interrupted only by the long hedges of choke-cherry and hawthorn. Beauty reigned. There was even a mystic magnificence about my shadow.

But, as the minutes passed, my shadow became longer and fainter, until it disappeared into the darkness, where I sat under the bright stars for some time. Above, in the chilly air, a few night-hawks, in search of prey, cried: "Bee-ach. . . . Bee-ach", while below, a cloud of insects buzzed furiously about a rotting fence-post. Now and then the spark of a fire-fly, gliding dreamily in its idleness, glowed momentarily in the darkness, and went out quietly.

But towards the north-east, there was the slightest suggestion of pale, greenish-yellow lumina-tion, which gloriously silhouetted several poplars. Even in this feeble light, the birds began to twitter: first a robin, then a few sparrows, while in the distance a crow croaked.

And now quickly, yet gradually, the pale opal-escence of dawn crept over the sleeping world, and the eastern sky was flushed with red and yellow. Directly overhead the sky was a palish blue, while to the west, Vega might still be seen against the blackness. The birds flew to and fro, and a lone dog trotted homeward, stirring up the dry dust from under the dew.

But now the east was brighter still, and along the edge of emblazoned Mount Royal, there appeared a glowing effulgence, ever becoming denser at the centre, until the fiery orb leapt from behind the mountain to commence his daily ascent. As I looked around, I saw that my shadow had come back again, but from the other direction, and that it was steadily shrinking and becoming more vivid. Once more the dewy cobwebs twinkled and glittered.

And so, with such a display of grandeur in every element of Nature, may I ask you if you know of anything more enchantingly romantic and splendid than Dawn?

ALAN R. FINLAYSON, XI-2B.

THE SUN GOD

The sun god was hastening homeward,
To his palace away in the west,
And to welcome him home to his kingdom,
The sky was arrayed in her best.

The clouds gathered quickly around him,
As swiftly he neared his domain.
Each ray from the sun danced before him,
And then gayly joined in his train.

Surrounded by pomp and gold splendour,
The king reached the gates of his home;
As the portals were opened before him,
The earth gazed in awe on his throne.

The sun god now enters his kingdom,
And darkness falls over the earth,
Soon stars will appear in the heavens,
And moonbeams will give the night birth.

PHYLLIS MORANT, X-2A.

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LOYALTY

THIS subject is one which most moralisers are in the habit of lauding on every occasion with several ill-chosen trite remarks. I do not wish to go down to posterity as a preacher of platitudes, but I consider that a certain modicum of loyalty is, and always will be, absolutely essential in every occupation and environment.

Since Loyalty has so many applications, I prefer here to discuss loyalty to one's school. Needless to say, I do not favour the American version of this virtue. When a group of mature or nearly mature men and women seemingly spend half their lives in joining in meaningless expressions of fondness for their Alma Mater, they benefit no one, and harm their own mentality and vocal organs, as well as other people's nerves.

Yet loyalty to one's school has many more forms of expression than this, and all more concrete. You yourself, regardless of your name, grade, rank, age or sex, can either make or mar your school in the sight of an unlimited number of people; and with this thought kept in mind, many things can be accomplished.

This article is not meant to be a sermon, in spite of the general trend of it. To become completely bound up within an institution of this kind is to afflict one's self with many mental and moral handicaps. But to be productive of your best work, and to feel that your labours have not been in vain, a reasonable respect and loyalty for your school is not only advisable, but is indispensable.

JOHN H. SHEPHERD, X-2B

Under the Auspicious Direction of the Candidates of a Recent Election

THE tourists were dozing. And why not? What was the use of listening to the droning voice of the cicerone anyway? He wasn't saying anything important.

Suddenly they sat up with a jerk. What in the world was that humming sound? It grew louder and louder, until it was deafening. As they craned their heads out of the windows in a vain effort to see what was happening, it came towards them. As if from the clouds, soaring, sweeping, thundering, a huge grey and red aeroplane shot into view!

By this time the cicerone was bellowing at the top of his voice, 'Above we have one of Canada's greatest sights! The West Hill morning aeroplane is now about to land! All out to inspect Canada's latest and greatest invention—a high school run by its pupils!'

Everybody immediately scrambled out. As they hurried up to the entrance, they saw the plane make one graceful swoop and land gently on the roof of the school! A stream of pupils issued from the cabin and at once began to float gently down to their respective entrances in parachutes! The tourists gazed stupefied at this amazing spectacle, but it was merely the forerunner of other wonders, just as marvelous and spectacular as this one.

As they entered the door, a polite attendant came forward, and having learned their wants, conducted them through the building. Upstairs and down, in and out of one room, then another, through one corridor and into the next, he led them, showing, explaining, informing until they were dizzy with excitement and incredulous and overwhelmed with the wonder of it all.

Truly, it was 'Canada's latest and greatest innovation.' Instead of a library, they had a soda-fountain! A soda-fountain, where white-capped clerks hurried and scurried about, balancing immense trays; where girls and boys lounged unchalantly around and shouted such unscholastic demands as:

"I'll have a pineapple and marshmallow double sandae with whipped cream and salted almonds."

"Where's my Cherry Fizz!"

"Throw me over a polar bar and a lemon soda."

Instead of an auditorium, they had a bowling alley; instead of a gymnasium, they had a swimming pool, filled with huge rubber fishes and balls. The principal's office had been converted into a rest-room for girls, lined with mirrors! The boys' basement had become a fully equipped garage, packed with small air gliders, motor-cycles and Fords. Only the chemistry room remained untouched. Alas! can we say untouched? Budding alchemists were trying in vain to make gold out of indium, while one ambitious youth was trying to distil orangeade in the school still, muttering to himself, "Dum spiro, spero!"

Even the classrooms were not left alone. In one, a small boy was strapping his master, 'midst loud cries of "Down with the tyranny of the teachers," from all sides! In another, boys and girls were brow-beating their poor principal into proclaiming the next week a holiday!

While in still another, one poor misunderstood teacher was forced to write two hundred lines of "I must not talk when it is not necessary or without the consent of a pupil."

As they left the building, they encountered a body of students who were racing around like wild animals let loose and howling at the tops of their voices, "Veni, vidi, vici!"

How sadly the good tourists, for so they seemed in the midst of such wild confusion, realized the truth of this, as they slowly climbed back onto the bus and drove away. More than one resolved, that 'Canada's latest and greatest innovation' would be far better under the 'auspicious direction' of teachers and principal.

HELEN SIMAND, X-2A.

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SLOGANS

The following are some well known slogans and the way in which they pertain to West Hill:—

Bigger and Better: West Hill as it is now.

We Make it Hot for You: The teachers.

Let's Discuss It: What father says about the report.

Service with a Smile: The cadets.

We Aim to Please: The teachers' plays.

The Quality Goes in Before the Name Goes on: The forecast of promotion.

Cash and Carry: Fees and books.

Say it with Flowers: Commencement.

Eventually, Why not now?: Study.

We keep the Quality up: The scholarship pupils.

Money Back if it Does not Kill: Latin.

We Sell for Less: Rugby tickets.

A Shop of a Thousand and One Delights: The baker's cart at recess.

A Seven-letter word Meaning the Gift of Gladness: Holiday.

LAURA GARDINER, IX-2C

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ODE TO WEST HILL

W is for West Hill where everyone's bright,

We all work like niggers from morning till night.

E is for energy, of which we've a lot,

We're always in trouble, but seldom get caught.

S is for studies, both English and Latin,

And if we don't know them, things soon start to happen!

T for the teachers, good-natured at times,

They seldom chastise us, but often give lines.

H for the Holidays, not far away,

When long days of work will turn into play.

I is for industry, a constant need,

If one has hopes in life to succeed.

L is for learning, which teachers have got,

We're gradually getting it, but still need a lot.

L the last letter in the name of our school,

Calls for our loyalty to the Golden Rule.

TRIALS IN THE LIFE OF A BUDDING CHEMIST

PEOPLE have said that the way of a Pioneer is hard, and this is indeed so in the case of a Pioneer in the science of chemistry. As soon as you tell anyone that you are taking up chemistry as a hobby, they immediately think of explosions, poisons, and gases. The suspicions of such people are deplorable.

There is suspicion everywhere. In the laboratory the teacher watches you with a baleful eye when you start in all innocence (Ahem!) to mix nitric acid and glycerine, and, if it does not mix very well, and you shake it up after the style of a cocktail or a bottle of medicine, for some unknown reason the teacher becomes positively rude and informs you in a voice which carries to the farthest corners of the school, that you are numerous things which cannot be found in the dictionary.

After this you decide indignantly that you will henceforth do your experiments in the privacy of your den. This is all right until you start to do your experiment. Then your mother, hearing sundry odd explosions proceeding from your room, decides to investigate, and, as she bends down to look through the key-hole, she gets a huge volume of a very loud-smelling gas up her nostrils. For no reason at all she suspects that you are making chlorine against her strict orders. With murder in her heart, and fire in her eye she opens the door to be greeted by a shower of apparatus as another explosion sweeps the work-bench clear of everything, even the varnish. After having sorted herself out, she comes charging in and trips over a shelf full of acid bottles, scattering the contents far and wide.

To crown your troubles those disagreeable people downstairs (you never realized how disagreeable they were until now) come up and coldly inform your mother that they do not mind the acid soaking through the ceiling—they were going to leave anyway—but they do object to having the acid dropping into the soup from time to time while they are eating their supper. After using a great deal of tact and a little financial compensation your mother soothes the neighbours who depart in lesser indignation. As usual your mother blames it all on you for no better reason than that you were doing the experiment.

After being blamed thus, and misunderstood and forbidden to do any more experiments in this world or the next, you decide that anyway chemistry is not so good as a hobby after all, and that breeding goldfish is just as useful and far, far safer.

JACK PLUMBLEY, XI-2B.

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Teacher (in Latin class): "John, what does 'antiquus' modify?"

John: "Saxus, sir."

Teacher: "No. Try again."

John: "Dominus, sir."

Teacher: "No. Robert, you tell him."

Robert: "I've told him twice already, sir!"

A CHEMICAL REACTION

ONE afternoon when I went up to the Chemistry Laboratory to finish an experiment, I noticed strong fumes of some gas in the room, probably from some experiment the last class had been doing. Instead of gradually disappearing, these fumes seemed to grow stronger, and I had just decided that it would be safer to wait until another day to finish my experiment when I heard some one speaking beside me. You may imagine my surprise, for I was the only person in the room. The voice seemed to come from a nearby shelf, and, half in terror, half in curiosity, I sank back into a corner to listen.

"Now I wonder why the girls dislike us so?" one of the bottles of acid was saying. (I guessed that it must be the acid because the voice was so cutting, and evidently bubbling with resentment.)

"Well, we must concentrate, and perhaps we shall find out," suggested a neighbouring bottle of sulphuric acid.

"Yes, we must weigh all the facts carefully," added the scales.

"I don't see that *we* are to blame," cried a Bunsen Burner, heatedly. "I know that I always do all I can to fire the pupils' enthusiasm, and I think we all do—except, perhaps, the taps. They are enough to dampen anyone's spirits!"

"What's that you are saying?" demanded a tap. "Why, we taps are always turned on so hard that our joints are quite sore, and if we splash over the sink we get all the blame. Those pupils should treat us more gently."

"That's true," agreed a test-tube in a cracked voice. "*We* should be the ones to do the complaining. Why, just this morning two of my poor brothers were broken into hundreds of tiny pieces by some careless pupil! Yesterday my uncle, Mr. Flask, came to the same unhappy end!"

"Well, you folks are not the only ones suffering," groaned the windows. "We have pains all over, from being stared through by pupils who should be working at their experiments," and the windows sighed deeply. "If only——"

Breathlessly, I waited for the remainder of the windows' sentence, and even as I waited, I realized suddenly that the strange fumes had all disappeared from the room, and with them the voices of the various apparatus.

I did not stay to work at my experiment, however, for I had decided I had already seen and heard quite enough "chemical reactions" for one day.

JEAN HOWE, XI-2A.

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ENGLISH AS UNDERSTOOD AT WEST HILL

TEACHER: Is this an authentic episode?

PUPIL: Oh, no. I was in it myself.

TEACHER: Are these jokes original?

PUPIL: Oh, yes, I copied them out of books.



A TRIP TO THE WEST INDIES

MY first view of the Island of Jamaica was a mass of green trees and tiny huts or cottages hidden among the banana and cocoanut trees. Kingston, the capital, where we were to stay while on the Island, was quite large, and had many tiny stores, outside of which the stalls were piled high with fruit and vegetables.

The natives were of all hues, from yellow to black. They were very fond of bright colours and clothes, and the more colours they could wear, the more fashionable they considered themselves. The servant class wore shoes and stockings on Sundays, the rest of the time they padded along bare-foot. They were very fond of bright beads also and cheap jewelry, and sometimes wore three necklaces. Market-women, every morning, came around with huge baskets of fruit and vegetables. They carried these baskets balanced on their heads.

Our house at Half-Way Tree was called "Courtville." There were a few English families living not far from us. A large garden surrounded our house, in which were many varieties of fruit trees, including limes, oranges, pineapples, star-apples, bread-fruit, mangoes and pomegranates. The foliage was highly coloured, but small plants did not thrive—the ants killed them. The house was large and roomy. A wide veranda was on three sides of it. Behind, was a courtyard, with a row of small one-roomed houses for the servants. Back of these buildings was a grove of cocoanut and banana trees.

We had two dogs, a very large pepper-coloured one which we called "Pepper", and a darling little white and black puppy called "Spot". A bright green parrot lived in a cage on one side of the veranda and squawked when anyone approached.

In the country parts, the roads were very steep and narrow, winding around hills and mountains. There was hardly enough room for cars to meet, and often a car descending a hill, would have to wait in a wider place for one ascending to pass.

Donkeys were the beasts of burden. Two large baskets, fastened one on each side, were filled with produce to be sold at the market. On the sugar plantations, oxen were used to haul the sugar-cane. It took six or eight oxen to pull a load.

The mountain shacks were rudely constructed of logs and mud, and the roofs were thatched with straw and leaves. The natives seemed to live any old way, ate when they were hungry, and slept

when they felt like it and wherever they were. Usually dirty little children were playing outside these huts, and as soon as anyone approached, they ran inside.

There are no snakes in Jamaica but the mosquitoes bite. A fine net was put over the beds because of these insects. Little jars of water were put under the legs of the tables and cupboards to keep the ants from reaching the food.

The weather was very hot, and did not agree with us, so we were very glad to return to our native land—the Land of the Maple.

MADELINE HODGSON, VIII-2C.

THE HALIFAX DISASTER

ON December 6th, 1917, the French ammunition boat "Mont Blanc" collided with the Belgian relief boat "Imo" in that part of Halifax harbour known as the "Narrows." The fire which started in the ammunition ship soon reached the hold, and the ship exploded, causing great havoc for miles around and killing hundreds of people.

I was only about two years old at the time and do not remember much about it. From what my parents have told me, I have good reason to be thankful I am still alive. We were living in Halifax at the time, our home being about four miles from that part of the harbour where the explosion occurred. The concussion was so great that our house was badly damaged like so many others. I was badly cut with flying glass.

The horror of the explosion was indescribable. Of those who escaped with their lives, many had their hands and faces lacerated, and many were rendered permanently blind. Schools were turned into morgues and church halls into relief kitchens.

No sooner had the appalling news flashed across the cables than messages of sympathy and offers of practical aid poured in from all parts of the Dominion and the U.S.A. A local Relief Committee was inspired and heartened by the prompt despatch from Boston of a special relief train bringing a corps of doctors, surgeons and Red Cross nurses with full equipment.

Relief Stations for food and clothing for people who had lost their homes and were living in tents were set up in various parts of the city by the Rotarians and other clubs. People bought food from the stores at their own risk, as much of the canned goods was punctured with glass and other foods filled with plaster and lime.

Military tents were set up upon the Common for those who had lost their homes; later, small shacks were built in their places by workmen who came from all over the province. Gradually houses were rebuilt, broken furniture was repaired and glass put in the windows in place of beaverboard.

A number of years elapsed before the city resembled its former self. The entire north end had been destroyed—churches, schools, houses and streets. In rebuilding, streets were widened and straightened. Former residents were allotted sites on the approximate location of their old homes, and the buildings erected were modern, many being of "Hydrostone."

TOM DAVIES, VIII-2B

DO YOU KNOW?

That if all the pupils of W.H.H.S. were placed end to end they would not measure a mile in length?

That West Hill is the only school in Montreal that has broadcast over the radio?

That advanced mathematics are taught before elementary mathematics are finished?

That one of the teachers in this school is advocating school on Saturday?

That this school has a shower-bath on the third floor for the use of pupils?

That this school has the same colors as another school in Notre Dame de Grace?

That there are sliding doors in this school?

That part of this building extends underneath the sidewalk?

That W.H.H.S. is the only school in N.D.G. with the boys' and girls' entrances in the front of the school?

That pupils have remained in this school as late as one o'clock in the morning?

That more girls are seen using the boys' stairway than boys are seen using the girls' stairway?

That there is over one thousand dollars worth of material in one room of this school?

That there is a fire-place in this school?

That there has been only one principal at West Hill since the school was founded?

That if you collected the fees in this school you would be a millionaire in about fifty years?

That pupils in this school took part in the official opening of Willingdon School?

WM. H. REID, X-2B.

DID YOU KNOW?

THE Quebec Gazette was the first Canadian newspaper, and was published in Montreal on May 24th, 1764 and printed in two columns, one English and one French.

An advertisement which appeared in it under the date of April 1, 1789 read as follows:

"To be sold a stout, healthy negro, about 28 years of age, is an excellent cook and very fit for working on a farm - enquire of the Printer.

The last slave was publicly sold in Montreal on August 25th, 1797.

Bootlegging would appear to be a very ancient game since the first customs seizure for the port of Montreal was on May 22nd, 1783, and involved four cases of gin.

The first trading transaction recorded in Montreal was an exchange between the French and Indians of 100 beavers for other merchandise, on June 13, 1611.

The Montreal Post Office first occupied a room twelve feet square on St. Sulpice Street, near St. Paul Street. Letters were scattered upon a table and looked over by each applicant. In 1721, mails between Montreal and Quebec were first conveyed regularly; the charge was 9d. which was paid by the recipient of the letter.

In 1749, Dorchester Street was the only highway west of St. Lawrence Street and in 1759 the total area of Montreal was one hundred acres.

LUCILLE BROWN X-2A



FARMING IN THE WEST

THE Hartney Farm, where I lived for twelve years, is situated one-quarter of a mile south from the Town of Hartney in the southwestern part of Manitoba. Hartney is a small town of a population of six hundred and fifty, or thereabouts. The farm itself consists of seven hundred and twenty acres in all, and, of course, has various buildings commonly belonging to a western farm.

The farm stock is made up of about eighteen horses, thirty cattle, two hundred sheep, fifteen goats, and some poultry. In the summer, the cattle are pastured across the river (Souris) in the bush-land, and fed on the farm in the wintertime. The sheep and goats always stay together, and seem to derive good sustenance from the short grasses. Turkeys, which constitute a large part of the poultry, are indeed not much bother. In the spring they nest on the ground in the "badger-bushes" along the sides of the road and in the ravine running through the farm. Here the "poults" or young turkeys are raised, and derive their food from grasshoppers, beetles, and bugs. In the fall they come back and are given a "special course" in fattening in order to be ready for the Thanksgiving and Christmas markets.

In the spring, usually sometime in April, the seeding is started. Some years, when it is exceptionally dry, the soil, being sandy, has a tendency to "blow" or drift; sometimes making it necessary to reseed the land. Occasionally some sagacious old farmer remarks that it is not safe to call your crop your own until it is safe in the elevators. Drought, rust, saw-fly, grasshoppers, hail and early frosts, all take their own toll on the farmer's crops. By far the most destructive of these are hail and rust. Hailstorms usually occur in July when the grain is beginning to "fill out." A heavy hailstorm can completely ruin, in about ten minutes' time, a healthy crop which has taken a whole summer to grow. No wonder a farmer gets uneasy when he sees these low-hanging, milky-gray clouds coming in his direction. They travel at a good speed, and come with a rolling motion altogether different from the customary rain-clouds.

In the fall comes the harvesting season. During the latter part of August and the first part of September, threshing machines can be seen at work throughout the countryside. My father's outfit consisted of a twenty-five horse-power steam-engine, and a twenty-eight inch cylinder separator. He usually threshed about five or six farms, each farmer supplying about three men. The average yield is from twenty to thirty-five bushels per acre; so with about three hundred and twenty acres sown in wheat, the total yield amounts to between nine thousand and nine thousand five hundred bushels. The normal price ranges from 85 cents to \$1.65 per bushel, although, during wartime, the price soared anywhere from \$2.25 to \$2.75. However, the Wheat Control Board established a price at about \$2.15.

To harvest this huge crop, the more progressive farmers are using combines, large machines which perform the cutting and threshing all in one operation. These reapers are run by gasoline or kerosene

chiefly, and cut a strip anywhere from twelve to eighteen feet wide. They are more economical than the "outfits", and only require from three to four men to take care of them.

So, as we see, the farmer is indeed a necessary cog in the industrial machine. He works hard, reads his newspapers by the light of kerosene or gasoline lamps, or perhaps, if "good enough in pocket", he listens to his radio—an obsolete model which his city cousin has decided to give him a "bargain" on. His path is not all "sunshine and roses." He may not get much pocket-money; but almost invariably he is strong and healthy, and is happy in his own little world. Thus he is one particular type of the human race who is happy and contented, poor, yet wealthy; and above all, genial, jovial, agreeable and everybody's friend.

GORDON W. STOREY, IX-2B

A DAILY OCCURRENCE

THE moment I stepped inside that huge, iron door I wished fervently that I had not come. I could not retreat now. It was too late! Too late! To even think of it sent the cold shivers trickling down my spine. Oh, it was cruel! Why had they sent me, unaided, to this torment which awaited me?

Nothing remained but to try to quell the terrific thumping of my heart, and proceed along the dark, dismal passageway, where I believed firmly, many others such as I, had thrown caution to the winds, and picked their way over this very floor towards the door at the far end.

Groping my way gingerly step by step, I crept slowly along, pausing now and then to steady my nerves.

It seemed ages before I reached my destination but I could not gather the courage to enter. Suddenly an agonizing scream pierced the air, followed immediately by deep muffled tones. Silence—but for the wild beating of my heart! Then a pitiful, sobbing moan as though some poor, unfortunate creature were begging for mercy. Was this, then, to be my fate too? At the hands of this fiend, this monster? Oh, why was such a brute allowed to advertise under the heading of "Painless Dentistry"?

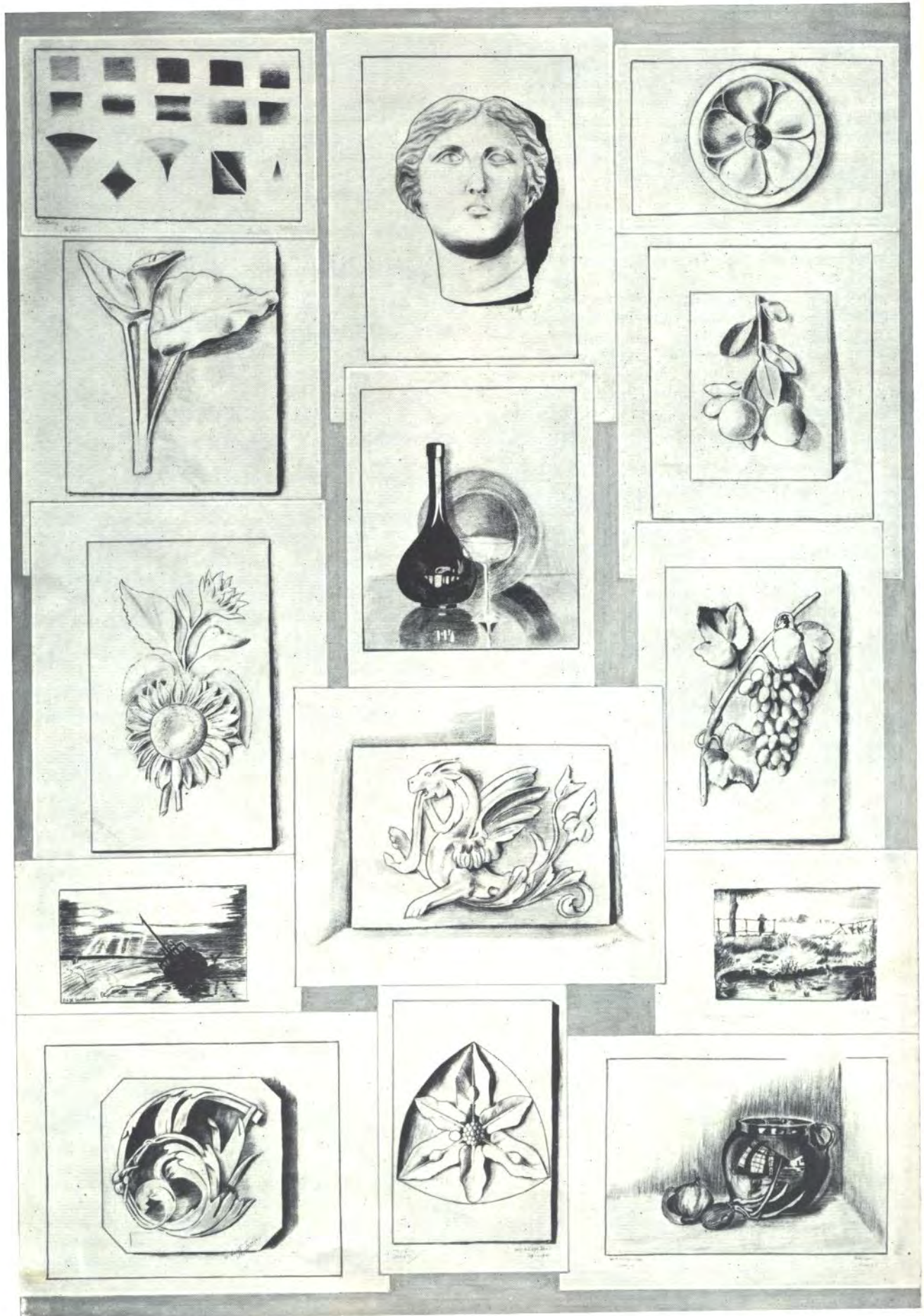
RHODA COOK, IX-2C

A FLIGHT OF FRIGHT

NO sooner had I stepped across the threshold into the room than I felt myself hurled into the air like a projectile. Everything seemed to swim before my eyes. The walls began to converge on me like a veritable Poe's Pit! The floor receded from me with a sweeping speed that made all objects on it dance like living imps, diminishing all the while! The ceiling seemed to be dropping on me with increasing rapidity, and a horrible, sickening nausea overcame me as I saw it crush me like a juggernaut! One brief instant—and I was plunged into the water with a resounding splash!

Who the dickens left the soap on the bathroom floor?!!

BRUCE P. SMAILL, X-1C



MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF WEST HILL HIGH SCHOOL

It was a cold, grey day in February, the third day in that month to be exact, when I walked up West Hill Avenue to the portals of West Hill High School. The sky was grey, the snow and ice seemed to reflect the greyness, and the large building with its many windows, which seemed to be piercing eyes, looked very cold and uninviting. The one and only thing about the whole picture that appeared to wave a warm welcome was our flag, the Union Jack, well-named too, for it seemed to be the one bond of union between me and this new world into which I was about to enter.

I walked up the steps feeling very minute and insignificant, the feeling that must come over one when he is alone in a multitude. When I grasped the handle of the door I wished I was back in Ontario, at least I would be among friends. However, I shook myself, and decided that, like Daniel, had better beard the lions in their den. With as firm a step as I possibly could command I advanced toward the office where I was met by the secretary and asked just what my business was. I told her that I wished to be taken into the school.

Hur, unknown to me, the worst was yet to come. When I was ushered into the esteemed principal's office, the look that came into his eyes when I told him I was from Ontario made me wilt beneath his gaze. The usual questions and answers about the school work were given and I was told to return that afternoon. While answering these questions I regained my confidence and left the school much relieved and not a little excited about the coming afternoon.

That afternoon when I mounted those steps for a second time, I felt no uncertain pangs of nervousness, although I wouldn't have admitted it for anything. I followed the principal down corridors and up stairs, gaining confidence at each step. At length he knocked at a door, while I stood respectfully at one side as he talked to the teacher who answered. I was told to hang my outdoor clothes in the lockers, come in and take any seat.

I entered the room congratulating myself on my lack of nervousness, when I heard an exasperated boyish voice exclaim, "Oh, my gosh!" That completely bowled me over, and all my old nervousness returned.

Somehow I got through the afternoon, consoling myself with the thought, that as soon as school was dismissed some of the girls would speak to me and all would be well.

But I was doomed to be disappointed; I was asked to remain after the class had gone. Geometry, Latin, French, etc. were discussed all over again. Would I never be able to go?

Finally my wish was granted and I left the room to find the corridor bare, and my hat and coat hanging alone in the locker. I was keenly disappointed, but determined not to let these things down me now. By some miracle I found my way out and went home.

The following morning I returned to school prepared for anything, mainly the worst. My mind was made up that no matter what happened I would not let it get the better of me.

I walked along the corridor to the lockers where I recognized many of the girls of the form to which I had been assigned. I no sooner arrived than one girl turned and spoke to me. It didn't matter such a lot what she said, all that mattered was that she spoke to me. I am sure I experienced the feelings that a shipwrecked mariner has when a boat hovers on the horizon. I wondered if it were a dream; but no, she spoke again, asking me where I was from. I muttered, "Ontario." A smile brightened her face and she exclaimed, "So am I." Only one who has experienced such a feeling will understand exactly how I felt; it is a feeling which cannot be put into words.

From that minute on, things changed and life became bearable again. Now when I walk up West Hill Avenue, the school with its many eyes seems to welcome me rather than repulse me and the old flag still waves its cheery greeting.

PEARL HATTON, X-1C.

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STOCKINGS

STOCKINGS! What a funny subject to write on. Well, we'll see.

It has been my good fortune to have had the opportunity of visiting a hosiery mill, where different styles of hosiery are made, and I found it very interesting.

The factory receives the wool yarns, on cops, from England. Cops are something like straws that one drinks through but are shaped more like cones. The artificial silks are received in skeins from Holland and Germany. The pure silk comes from Japan and is received into this country in bales. It is then taken to the silk mill to be prepared and put on cones, assorted into various weights of silk according to the quality of hose wanted.

After the yarns are received at the factory, they are placed on knitting machines, either Seamless or Full-fashion. The Seamless stocking is made on a small round machine which is very complicated. After the hose is finished on this machine, it is taken to a sewing machine where a mock seam is put up the back to imitate a Full-fashion hose. The Full-fashion stockings are made on a long flat machine. These are made to fit the leg perfectly.

After the stockings are taken from the machines they go through the following operations. They are examined for any defects before they go to the Dyeing Room where they are dyed various colors. Next they go to the Boarding Room where they are placed on metal forms. The forms are shaped like legs. They are hot and stockings are left on for only a couple of minutes. From the Boarding Room they go to the Finishing Department where they are then paired, stamped and put in boxes to be shipped to the stores to be sold to you and me.

MARTHA SERRELS, VIII-1K

THE MORTAL AND IMMORTAL PAIGE

AND this I beheld as in a dream. It was a day of mourning in Heaven. Perhaps you think there is no sorrow there? But every sinner is wept for. And now the angels wept in sore disappointment, for a mortal had given promise of accomplishing great things for the world, but, like so many others, he had forsaken the narrow path and had failed. Amid the lamentation a voice was heard: "What fools these mortals are! If I could go down to earth, I would teach them the value and meaning of life." And another voice replied, saying: "Go, then, and live there for a time. We shall note what you accomplish." And so an angel came to live on earth.

Dimly conscious of his immortal existence, he first found himself in a little village near the Grand Banks. He was clothed as other mortals; he had a certain amount of what is known as money; his mortal name was John Paige. He at first felt strange in this mysterious world. It was more complicated than he, previously, had imagined it to be. Here was laughter and joy, tears and sorrow, but with the traces of Heavenly happiness somewhat obscured in daily toil. Gradually Paige learned the meaning of earthly existence and adapted himself to his environment.

As time wore on, the strangeness of this new world wore off, and the mortal Paige found love and happiness. The village schoolmistress became the object of his ardour, and, after some time, consented to become his wife. She did not know that her husband was an angel, and he, now only dimly conscious of the fact, felt no great urge to impart his secret. Later, his immortality became more shadowy and less real. Overawed by the dominant character and forceful personality of the former schoolmistress, his great mission on earth became difficult to accomplish. He, Paige, who had come to show the grandeur of life to his fellow mortals, was beginning to find the regulation of his own affairs sufficiently burdensome.

He found the greatest joy in life in his son whom he loved devotedly.

As the years passed, Paige became stricken with a strange sickness. He didn't suffer, but his mortal life was ebbing away. Paige, the immortal, was glad to go; Paige the mortal, wished to remain on earth. Instinctively, he realized that in Heaven he was not being forgotten, and because of the failure of his mission he was being recalled. Instinctively, also, he realized that for his sins on earth, he would be made the Angel of Death. Dreading this punishment, Paige, on the last day of his mortal life, called his wife to him. With difficulty he told her of the punishment he expected. "If our son is ever ill," said he, "my spirit shall come back to earth. If I stand near his head, you will know he will die, but if I stand near the foot of the bed, he will live."

And thus, Paige passed into his kingdom.

Ten years later the only son of the widow Paige was ill. Hope for his recovery was abandoned. The distracted mother, in her sorrow, clinging to a straw of hope, prayed to her departed husband. His last words which she had then considered but "wanderings," recurred to her with an intense significance.

The night of the crisis arrived, and Mrs. Paige, lifting her tear-laden eyes, saw her husband standing at the head of her son's bed. "Oh, John," she pleaded, "move to the foot of the bed." The angel remained motionless, and frantically the widow wept and entreated. To no avail: Paige, the angel was firm. But alas! Paige the mortal was staging a combat with his immortal self.

Suddenly Mrs. Paige ceased pleading. She rose from her knees. In a firm tone of authority, she commanded: "John, move to the foot of the bed this minute."—and Paige, mindful of his mortal experience, and in customary obedience, moved.

CHARLES P. CLARK, X-1C

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Master: "What was the ruler of Russia called?"

Pupil: "The Czar."

Master: "And his wife?"

Pupil: "The Czarina."

Master: "The Children?"

Pupil: "Czardines!"

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A Scotsman was engaging a caddie. He looked over a few youngsters and picked out a sharp-looking boy.

"Laddie," he said, "Are you good at finding balls?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, eagerly.

"That's fine," said the Scot. "Find me one and we'll start right away."



HARRY WALKER VIII-11C

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

HOW often have we all had Dad remind us that school days are the best days of our life, and that we should enjoy them while we can. That may be all right, but I am going to ask any one of you just to picture Dad going to school for a day. Would we take a delight in putting him through the motions? And how!

This is how I see it. At seven-thirty I start shouting at Dad that it's time he was up and dressing for school. Dad rolls over and falls sound asleep again. At seven-forty-five I remind him of the necessity of the moment. At eight o'clock I waken him again but rudely this time.

At eight-fifteen I get somewhat angry with him and order him up immediately, as he must get the garbage cans put out and the walk shovelled before making his way to school. At eight-thirty, I have to remind him that, in addition to the other tasks I have set him, he still has to finish the homework left undone the night before. At eight-forty-five I finally succeed in arousing him and he rushes his dressing, forgets the duties I pointed out to him, and after having swallowed hastily an apology for breakfast, bolts out of the door.

He reaches the school door just as the bell rings and receives a reprimand from the gentleman who will regulate his life until about four o'clock in the afternoon. Dad struggles through the morning doing a series of Algebra problems and other congenial occupations.

When the bell rings again for lunch time, Dad beats it off home, and is informed by mother that the grocer has not yet sent what she ordered for lunch, and would he mind running down to the store for it. Gladly(?) he wends his way there and smilingly (?) 'brings home the bacon.' About twenty minutes or half an hour later, mother informs him that his lunch is ready. About an hour has now elapsed and Dad has to eat quickly and get back to school. Unfortunately, through no fault of his own, he is late and receives the congratulations of the Principal for his punctuality.

At three-thirty the Latin Teacher pleasantly informs him that he may stay until later and enjoy doing some extra work for having dared to speak during the regular session. At four-fifteen Dad makes his way home with copious notes of the homework for that night.

Immediately after supper I inform Dad that he cannot go to the hockey game as he has his homework to do.

After a day such as this Dad will surely wake up next morning with changed ideas in regard to the now time-worn expression "Those were the days."

J. STEWART ROBERTSON, XI-1C.

After having visited a school the inspector asked one of the boys:

"Why do you think I'd like to be a school-boy?"

Little boy (after a long pause): "Because you've forgotten all you ever knowed."

Professor: "Why are you so far behind in your studies?"

John: "So I can pursue them better, sir."

A MODERN "SAM WELLER"

Magistrate (to prisoner in the dock): "How do you live?"

Prisoner: "I ain't particular, as the oyster said when they asked whether he be roasted or fried."

Magistrate: "We don't want to hear what the oyster said. "What trade do you follow?"

Prisoner: "Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when it ran over a man."

Magistrate: "That comes near to the line, I suppose?"

Prisoner: "Altogether in my line, as the rope said when he choked the pirate."

Magistrate: "If I hear any more absurd comparisons I will give you twelve months."

Prisoner: "I'm done then, as the beefsteak said to the cook."

ADVERTISA

PERSONAL—Reward for information leading to the whereabouts of James Rolland who died in 1888.

LOST—Wine-coloured lady's velvet hat. Phone 1893.

WEATHER FORECAST FOR SARNIA—"Saturday generally fair, probably followed by Sunday."

DUNSVILLE National Bank, Dunsville.—We offer you a minimum of safety and security and efficiency in service. Perhaps this is the bank for you.

WORK—Young lady would like something pleasant to do at home. Phone 1407.

LOTTIE ASTROFF, XI-1C.



IMPRESSIONS RECORDED ON CHRISTMAS EVE

CHRISTMAS EVE is come! To most people this only signifies that their orgy of money-spending is nearing an end for this season. To children it means joy, expectation, and laughter! To high-school students it is the commencement of a hectic holiday—late hours, theatres, parties, and sports! The thought of what Christmas really stands for, seldom, if ever, enters their already overtaxed intellects. Older folks regard the Eve in a different light. For them it is a time of revering and praising the Babe of Bethlehem.

For the past few weeks, merchants, possessors of large or small concerns, have been doing a marvellous trade. Here in the busy downtown section the merchant is making the most of his chances. Perhaps his firm will not again handle such enormous trade or gather such profit until next Christmas.

Here in the stores, people, who, in the excitement of the past few weeks, have forgotten to purchase a tie for Uncle Abner or a shawl for Aunt Jane, frantically proceed to purchase these articles in the midst of the *mêlée*. It has been said that in a few years, those attending bargain, Christmas, or spotlight sales, will sport cutlasses, pistols, and pea-shooters!

In Toyville, Santa Claus, seated on a golden throne with a silvery background, dressed in the usual red costume trimmed with imitation ermine, and surrounded by elves, polar-bears, and wooden soldiers, is saying his last words to the awe-inspired children. As he urges them to hurry home and go fast to sleep, he is sincerely wishing that he, himself, could be in bed at the moment, enjoying a well-earned rest. The once benevolent-looking old chap has developed a lean, haggard aspect. Hour after hour, he has sat on his throne, indulging in osculatory rite with the ragged urchin from the slums or the well-groomed, pampered darling from the slopes of the mountain. As in an ideal republic, all men are equal before the law, so in Toyville, are all children equal in the kindly-disposed eyes of Santa.

Outside on the streets, crowds of people are pushing and fighting their way hither and thither. Taxis rush madly down a quiet side-street to become lost in the 'traffic jam' of the main street. On each corner, the familiar Salvation Army charity pot, suspended from a tripod and guarded perhaps by a weary-looking Santa Claus, beckons those passing by to remember their less fortunate fellow-citizens by depositing a contribution. Occasionally some wide-awake member of the younger generation may be heard inquiring where all the Santas came from. Poor misguided youth!

Christmas comes but once a year. Salespeople do not regret this. Many people, while making last-minute purchases, vow that in succeeding Christmas seasons they will not leave their shopping until such a late hour. However, with most, this resolution has become a habit—to be formed on Christmas Eve, to be put aside during the year, and to be resurrected on the next Christmas Eve.

Christmas Eve is passing quickly. Not until next year, shall we have the opportunity of viewing and participating in the hustle and hilarity of the crowd. A feeling of goodwill and generosity pervades the cool atmosphere on a Christmas Eve. Though some say the true Christmas spirit is passing, yet I feel assured that it still lives in our modern generation. As I hurry home to act as Santa Claus for my little brother, I hear the stirring and refreshing strains of 'Adeste Fideles' coming to me from a nearby group of Christmas carol-singers.

CECIL T. DAVIS, XI-2B

THE STORM

EVERYTHING was tensely still. Not a breath of wind was stirring, and there seemed to be something electrical in the atmosphere—a gathering force which might break in all its fury, at any moment.

Slowly it became hotter and darker, and then a few drops of rain began to fall. Suddenly there sprang up a high wind which began to blow the dust and leaves about. The waves on the lake near the house were beginning to grow alarmingly big and the little motor boats were having rather a hard time. Soon there came an ominous rolling of thunder and we could see constant flashes of lightning above the distant mountains.

The storm burst upon us in all its fury. The rain fell in torrents. The water could be heard rushing down the slopes of the hill. The lightning flashed in great fork-shapes all around us, and the thunder crashed with deafening roars.

After about fifteen minutes of steady lightning and thunder, a great crackling noise sounded in the sky and it seemed as if a million electric bulbs had been suddenly smashed. It seemed to be centred near the roadway. A few minutes later not far away a reflection of a blaze could be seen. We went out to investigate. We found that a cottage about a hundred yards up the road had been struck and was blazing fiercely.

A large number of people from other cottages, and a boarding house, gathered around the blaze. As the storm was abating someone suggested that we make a bucket line from the lake to the cottage. We formed a line and passed buckets to and from the cottage. By the time the fire was under control, the storm had almost completely died away, and all that could be heard was an occasional distant rumble of thunder.

At half-past ten, we were walking back along the road to the cottage. Every little while we received a sudden shower of drops from the trees, as a little breeze sprang up. Picking our way around the puddles on the road, we felt the refreshing stillness all around. Everything was damp and cool and sweet after the excitement of the storm.

BRUCE WATT, XI-1C

SPRING FEVER

SPRING FEVER! What is it? What is this experience that happens to most of us? Surely not a disease as the name implies. It has been the subject of discussion quite often. Again however we shall try to explain it as we see it.

"In the spring a young man's fancy—" the poet has said but he has not got at the heart of the matter. Spring fever is something more: a breaking out of the pent up desires of winter in one great longing. One does not know exactly what for, but still it is there, like a great ache. Through the winter one has been "cooped up" to use a slang expression, and by spring this mode of life is beginning to pall, and the very scent of summer in the air raises a strange desire to go somewhere, a wanderlust which only a very fortunate few can gratify. It is also quite possible that spring fever in man is related in some subtle way to the entire rejuvenating process then at work in nature. The feeling in us may be an unconscious response to our observations and all the stimuli which our senses are receiving from the air, and the increased sunlight.

Then also there is the love element in the question. The young man is inclined to grow sentimental, to write poetry and to spend long hours "mooning" alone. While we laugh at this, to him it is very serious, and, if one is trying to effect a cure on someone else all sarcasm should be kept back—it will only cause the patient to draw into his shell, as it were.

A cure—? Not being a philosopher, perhaps my prescription will not be very good. If possible, however, it seems a trip would be the best thing. A more practical cure is "work". If one has much work to do one's mind has no time for sentimentalizing. This is a very common malady among all classes, but not a very serious one fortunately. Sometimes, however, it has caused much ill-feeling among friends who do not realize what is wrong with each other, and who find each other crabbed and ill at ease.

WILLIAM CLARK, IX-1F.

▼ ▼ ▼

HOWLERS

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs." This means that the scenery of Nova Scotia is very beautiful.

▼ ▼ ▼

Dentist: "I recommend a gold filling, sir."

Scot: "Hae, nae, my mon. I'll be eating nothing but slops for the rest of my life."

▼ ▼ ▼

"Can any boy tell me what comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb?" said the master to the class.

Johnny: "Please, sir, I know."

Master: "Well, Johnny, what is it?"

Johnny: "The landlord when father pays the rent."

IN DEFENCE OF THE APPLE

MANY otherwise sane individuals are prejudiced against the humble apple because they believe that it caused the expulsion from Eden and the birth of that great ogre, Hard Work. But, excluding this unfortunate incident, the apple—whether Spy, Mackintosh, Greening, Spitzbergen or crab—has had a noble and varied history. It was the champion of liberty in the fourteenth century, when William Tell pierced its brave and willing heart. (It is still fighting for liberty; witness the effect of home-made cider on Prohibition in the United States) And, had it not been for this liberty-loving fruit, Newton would have never, in all probability, begun his studies in physics. (Here again is a cause of foolish prejudice, especially among high school students).

Nowadays the apple fills a menial rôle, but the spirit is still there. The noble fruit is devoured greedily by all classes, with sneering disregard for its great past; it is minutely dissected for inclusion in the commonest of all desserts—apple pie, the bulwark of railway-station restaurants; it is baked until its glowing hues turn to brown and black; it is minced, yea, pulverized, to form the bane of all infants and the repartee of all imbeciles—"applesauce".

ALEX ROSE, XI-2B.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF
ELEVENTH YEAR A

BE IT KNOWN to all concerned or interested, that we, the undersigned—having been judged healthy in mind and body by Miss Murchison and Dr. Stewart respectively—do hereby declare this document to be our last will and graduating testament.

We hereby bequeath hearts aching and torn,
Tear-filled eyes, and minds forlorn,
The privileged senior class.

Oh, take care of the pictures on the wall,
The tossing ship is inclined to fall.

We leave the cloakroom in your care—
Resplendent two mirrors glitter there—

Do right by them, they cost galore,
Bought by Mary at a Woolworth's store.

We leave you costumes, one year used
Sacrificed and greatly reduced,

They've seen one year's toil and fun.

After Matrics—apply at Verdun.

To the Tenth we leave senior dignity and favours

An inspiring example—and matric labours.

We heartily thank teachers, and principal, too,

Glad if we leave them, we leave them to you.

Let it be known that we the girls of 1930 do appoint the matric examiners the sole electrocutors.

Signed this first day of June of the year nineteen hundred and thirty by the Eleventh Year A of West Hill High School.

MABEL BOULKIND, XI-2A.



STREET OF CHANCE

'Tis ten o'clock, the doors thrown wide
Let in the eager crowds outside;
The clerks and phone girls busy sit,
While madness rages in the Pit.

The ticker ticks its magic song
Of gain and loss the whole day long;
And people fighting, frenzied yell,
"Say, shall we buy or shall we sell?"

Here's Nickel up three points to-day,
And as for Oils—watch B and A.
But if the good *sound* stocks you heed
Why, Wheat's the very thing you need!"

But what is this? Alas, we see
The Bears and Bulls a-fighting be,
While little lambs are shorn and cold,
As Brokers throw them from the fold,

And now so soon the clock strikes three,
While gay and sad we turn from thee,
O cruel Mart of joys and fears,
That turn us gray beyond our years.

RETA OLMSTEAD, X-2A

ASSAULT AND BATTERY

One day I met a white-robed man,
He said, "How do you do?"
I looked at him, and then I said:
"Why sir, I don't know you."
He gazed upon me speechless,
With horror-stricken look,
"Why, I am good old Darius,
From Limen's Latin Book!"
I then felt thunder-stricken,
Nearly lost all self-possession—
So here was the white-haired "senex",
From those fiendish reading lessons!
"Ah, so 'twas you who made such toil,
By telling of each poet?
No more you'll make the pupils sweat,
Oh, no, not if I know it!"
Then with a yell, I grabbed his beard,
And swung him 'round and 'round,
Then up and down, then back and forth,
Then dragged him on the ground.
But vengeance was short-lived, because
I found that I had dreamed it all,
For I was sitting up in bed,
Banging the pillow 'gainst the wall!

KATHLEEN HODGSON, IX-1

DADDY, WILL YOU HELP ME WITH MY 'RITHMATICK

I'd settled down in comfort for an evening in
my den,
And barely glimpsed the headlines of the daily
paper, when
A very solemn little soul came up beside my chair—
A trace of tears upon the cheek, a mass of
tousled hair
Who begged in tones of misery that touched me to
the quick,
"Oh, Daddy, will you help me with my 'Rith-
matic?"
"The problems teacher gave to us are awful hard
to do;
There are so many I'm afraid I never will get
through.
I've tried my best but I can't see what some are
all about,
And those that I've worked over twice, the
answers won't come out."
I put aside the paper; and the little curly head
Worked with me on those problems till 'twas
time to go to bed;
Then with a "Thank you, Daddy," she went
tripping up the stair.
While o'er me swept a surge of joy that took
the form of prayer:
"O Father, may she always come when all life's
problems stick,
To Daddy who will help her with her 'Rith-
matick."

DOROTHY LUNN, VIII-1K.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY COAL-BIN

The furnace tolls the knell of falling steam,
The coal supply is virtually done,
And at this price, indeed, it does not seem
As though we could afford another ton.
Now fades the glossy, cherished anthracite;
The radiators lose their temperature;
How ill avail, on such a frosty night,
The "short and simple flannels of the poor."
Though in the ice-box, fresh and newly laid,
The rude forefathers of the omelet sleep,
No eggs for breakfast till the bill is paid;
We cannot cook again till coal is cheap.
Can Morris-chair or papier-maché bust
Revivify the failing pressure-gauge?
Oup up the grand piano, if you must,
And burn the East Aurora parrot cage!
Fill many a can of purest kerosene
The dark unfathomed tanks of Standard Oil
Shall furnish me, and with their aid I mean
To bring my morning coffee to a boil.

MURIEL L. AUGUSTAN, IX-2A.

OUR SCHOOL ROOM CLOCK

The clock, looking down from its post on high,
Saw thirty-five boys go passing by;
Some were stout and some were thin,
And all of them wore a happy grin.

They hurried along at a rapid rate.
"Good," said the clock, "Not one is late."
Soon a lady came in who was not stout,
And issued the order: "Grammar books out."

But why do they wear such happy looks
As they all take out their favourite books?
Now the clock will hear some good sound sense:
That verbs have case, that nouns have tense.

The clock points his fingers to a quarter of ten,
What period is this? Oh, it's Latin again!
Soon he shook his head in a knowing way,
And to himself the clock did say:

"You see that boy with the curly hair?
He sits in the seat right over there,
He's scowling, he's missed eight out of nine,
I knew it, for I saw him wasting his time."

"Two periods gone by," said the clock on the wall,
As recess was ended by the bell in the hall;
"And I'm jolly glad it's Arithmetic time,
For now I'll be told that two fours make nine."

(NOON INTERMISSION)

"All's quiet now," said the clock with a jerk,
"I wish they'd come back and get at their work,
For the yarns that I hear and the things that I see,
Certainly tickle an old chap like me."

"History now, prepare for hard work,
Now some of you boys should not try to shirk."
Thus spoke the clock from his post on high,
To himself, as the minutes went ticking by.

"How well those youngsters can figure and spell,
I wish I were able to do half as well,
For I'm always wrong, by day or by night,
But here's Mr. Creber to set me aright!"

JUNIOR HOPKINS, IX-2D.

EPISTLE OF THE INTELLECTUAL LOVER

I swore I would most gladly be your lover,
You had great beauty, a romantic name—
A tragedy it was, then to discover
You thought that Tolstoy was a town in Maine.
Remember, I'm no snob, I'm no highhatter,
Often I loved to see your eyes aglow.—
But you said Homer was a baseball matter:
One has to draw the line somewhere, you know.
And so, our romance ended, we are parted,
And you, content, are stalking other game,
Nor am I, pretty maiden, broken-hearted,—
My new love is intelligently plain.

JACK McLEISH, XI-1C.



ON A HILLTOP

Sitting on a mountain-top,
I watch the clouds roll by:
Fluffy balls of purest white
Against the deep blue sky.
And at my feet the whole world sleeps—
And through the clouds the warm sun peeps.
The shadows race across the fields,
The rivers wind their way;
The lakes and forests stretch below
And gentle breezes play.
And in the distance, cities stand,
The work of man, at man's command.
Here from the hilltop, high and pure,
I see the best and cleanest—
I see the world—and distance hides
The ugliest and meanest.
In every man I see the best,
For God and Beauty hide the rest.

THOS. W. BURGE, XI-1C

EXAM FEVER

Exams arrive, and I do fear
My life is done and death is near.
I storm and fret and shed a tear;
Of no avail—exams are here!
My brain's a mess, and I dare say
It's growing worse from day to day.
I've spent my time in being gay:
But now I've found it does not pay.
I'm stiff and cold: my brow's all hot;
I cough, and splutter, and gasp a lot.
I wish to goodness I was shot,
And laid to sleep in a quiet spot!
I twist and turn and jump on high;
I can't keep still—oh no, not I;
My feet stick out and hit a fly;
My arms stretch out to reach the sky.
At last I wake with quite a start,
My ears do sting, my eyes do smart;
I'm all unstrung, and come apart,
Like mule and buggy, horse and cart!
And so as in my bed I lie,
I'm sure next term I'll try and try;
But now I must bid all goodbye:
I've got to work—exams are nigh!

LESLIE FARROW, X-2B

FRIENDSHIP

Yes, I'm an old man now, my son, the years
Are clouding o'er my weary, care-worn mind!
But longing for a friend of youth endears
One mem'ry, which at times brings bitter tears,
A Friendship.

Ah, I was happy then, my dear, dear friend:
When we moved e'er in perfect harmony;
When Truth and Beauty to our soul did lend
The strength of Love, and to our hearts did send
Pure Friendship.

Yes, we thought then that naught could ever part
Our kindred spirits, nothing come between
Us:—and no word did e'er with tremor start
Our fears,—but Love filled our united heart
With Friendship.

And then estrangement came, and we were torn
Apart,—from all connections with our self
Most cruelly severed. So I went forlorn
Awhile through daily tasks, for I was shorn
Of Friendship.

No one could know the sorrow and the pain
That wrung my soul through many darkened
days,—
The pangs of sadness, and the prayers in vain
Sent up to Him, that I might win again
That Friendship.

And when my cries of agony had ceased,
Then He, in love and wisdom, did reveal
To me the Friend of all, of great and least;
And I in thankfulness aright did feast
On Friendship.

BETTY GUY, XI-2A

QUOTATIONS

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not
breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most
lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY. 1816-1905

"If our work here is to have permanent value
we must send out annually from our halls young
men and women who will have ideals so burnished
that they can never be dimmed by ignoble contacts
in after life, who will respond with trained minds
to the urgent call of high citizenship, and who
will stamp their characters indelibly on our national
life. Herein lies our great responsibility and our
great opportunity."

CHANCELLOR RICHARDSON

THE CAR PASS

It was an aged conductor,
 And he stoppeth one of three,
 "By all the power that runs this car,
 Where is thy Pass?" said he.
 "The company has given you
 This Pass, which I must see,
 Before you buy green tickets.
 Produce it, instantly!"
 She tried on him her winning smile,
 "I have a Pass," quoth she,
 "But by mischance it is at school."
 And thus she made her plea.
 Sweet smiles had no effect on him,
 The youthful maid stood still,
 Then dropped a yellow ticket in.
 The conductor had his will.

AUDREY McKEOWN, X-1C

A MATHEMATICAL MADRIGAL

Charmer, on a straight line given,
 And which we will call BC,
 Meeting at a point called A,
 Draw lines AC and AB.
 But, my sweetest, so arrange it
 That they're equal, all the three;
 Then you'll find that, in the sequel,
 All their angles, too, are equal.
 Equal angles, so to term them,
 Each one opposite its brother!
 Equal joys, and equal sorrows,
 Equal hopes, 'twere sin to smother.
 Equal—O, divine ecstasies—
 Based on Hutton's mathematics!

BRUCE SMAILL, X-1C.



THE RED AND GREY

West Hill High School Song



Words by Jack McLeish.

Music by Irvin Copen.

Moderato

Rall.

a tempo.

West Hill thy sons and daughters give to
God guard thee West Hill from ad-ver-si-

thee
ly, True May love and hon-our our in their work or
glory to thy further

Handwritten musical score for the first system. The vocal line (treble clef) has lyrics: "play name, They And shall not wa... ver pup... ils". The piano accompaniment (grand staff) is in G major and 4/4 time.

Handwritten musical score for the second system. The vocal line has lyrics: "in by their faith in ... ty. thee nor make stain the thy". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

Handwritten musical score for the third system. The vocal line has lyrics: "bann. er of the red skill great and er grey. fame." The system ends with the word "Fine." written below the piano staff.

Handwritten musical score for the fourth system. The piano part concludes with a "Rall" marking. The system is signed "Irvin Cooper" and "D.S." (Da Capo).

Jack McLeish



STAFF

Although changes in the staff are not now definitely known, we have learned, with regret, of the resignation of two of the Tenth Year teachers, Miss Shearing and Miss Mills.

Miss Shearing has been away from West Hill on a year's leave of absence, and will not be returning. Miss Mills will be married this summer and will reside in Vancouver.

To both of these teachers, we offer our best wishes for future happiness and success. By the students, they will always be remembered with affection and gratitude.

FORMER STUDENTS

AS WEST HILL continues to expand, it becomes increasingly difficult to keep in touch with her graduates. The graduate list of 1919 numbered two. It has gradually increased until this year when it will probably number fifty. Of the two hundred and twenty-five graduates to date, more than fifty are teachers in Montreal or in other parts of the country.

Of the few students whose association with the School has been retained, we may mention the following:

Alfred W. Hobart attended West Hill in 1920. A graduate of the University of Chicago, he later obtained his B.D. and was ordained minister of the United Liberal Church of St. Cloud, Minnesota.

Stephen M. Walford '20, and Edward S. Walford '22 both hold excellent government positions in the United States. Stephen is in full charge of the Poultry Department for the State of Indiana while Edward is Superintendent of Boys' Work in Poultry for the State of Connecticut.

Gordon S. Brand graduated from this School in 1921. After attendance at McGill University, he, in 1926, devoted himself to the Study of Music under Madame Homer-Curry. In October 1927 he left for Milan, Italy, where he continued his study under Enrico Caronna. In 1928 he gave recitals in Milan, and in 1929 at the Aeolian Hall, London. This year he has toured the States and Canada with the company presenting Noel Coward's musical operetta "Bitter Sweet." Having chosen the concert career rather than the opera, he is now resident in London. Already he has won considerable recognition. "His repertoire," it is said, "embraces the best songs, operatic arias, and airs from choral works in English, French, Italian and German. His voice is of exceptional attractive quality, and his command of vocal technique quite unusual."

Allan B. Latham, a 1922 graduate, studied economics for some years in Berlin University. This year he is Thayer Fellow at Harvard with the Henry Lee Fellowship. He hopes to graduate Doctor of Philosophy this June.

Ronald S. Meldrum left this School in 1922, and in recent years has sailed on the Canadian National Steamships in different parts of the world: Australia and New Zealand, West Indies and South America and trans-Atlantic. From apprentice he rapidly rose to chief officer. He has recently left Montreal for St. John where he hopes to obtain his certificate as Captain.

Owen C. Robertson, another mariner, was in West Hill in 1924. He was apprentice on the New Zealand line, third mate on the Buenos Ayres line, second mate on the West Indian line, and he is at present in Halifax qualifying for First Mate's certificate.

Kenneth W. Spence, a 1924 graduate and a B.A. of McGill, was recently given the position of research assistant in psychology at Yale University.

R. Douglas Smith, a 1925 graduate, took his B.A. from McGill in 1929, and entered the United Theological College, Montreal. This year, in addition to several prizes, he won the Morrin College Scholarship for students of the Province of Quebec. With further study, he hopes to graduate B.D.

Jack Bush, a graduate of 1926, was first employed by the Rapid Grip Co. of Montreal. Later he was transferred to Toronto where he is now engaged in Commercial Art. Already he has had phenomenal success. Some of his art work appeared in the 1926 Annual.

Edmund G. Collard, '27, has been much in the public eye of West Hill. An honour student in English and History, he, last year, won the Talbot Papineau Cup in a public speaking contest. Since then he has valiantly and successfully upheld the honour of his university on several occasions, the most notable being the debate, "That the World is going to the Dogs," held in February and given over the radio from the Knights of Columbus Forum. For the Session 1930-31, he is Secretary of the Union Debating Society, Vice-President of the History Club and President of the English Literature Society.

Students of West Hill who hope to graduate from McGill this year are Doris A. Edson, Margaret H. Holliger, Margaret B. McLeish, Evelyn Shapiro, Lillian F. Wilanski and Eric S. Wooley.

Miss Edson, who has specialized in Latin and French at McGill hopes to take a post-graduate course this Summer at Columbia University. We understand that for next session she has been appointed a specialist in languages for the staff of Montreal West High School.

ALMA MATER

ON a dull, slate-grey afternoon last winter I was commissioned to look up the history of a debating society that ran back into the past for fifty years. Only a record of the successive executives had been preserved, and in the dull quiet of the darkening library, I copied down the names of those who in their day had led among their fellows, but who were now, practically without exception, mere names to me - pages of them mere names!

The quietness and the monotonous labour set me to wondering. Had all this been worth while? These names locked away in dusty records lying for years untouched were now all that was left of labour and effort. These fellows had spent night after night beneath the roof of the debating-hall, and to what purpose? Not only these, but what of the others too? What of those who walked tired and sore off the playing-field evening after evening? Does the Alma Mater take all that her sons can give her, and reward them in return with a dusty, unremembered name?

"Young men preparing for life," do I hear you say? Do you think that that explains everything? Not so. They were not only preparing for life during those long days, but they were living then too. Do you think that they are any more alive, now that they sit at an office desk amid the clatter of typewriters, than they were at the school form, or in the debating-hall, or on the playing-field? School days are as real as any that may follow, for schoolboys are playing life's everlasting game with the essential rule unchanged - the rule that if you get anything out of life, you have to pay for it yourself.

In short, those empty, monotonous records I read in the quiet of a gloomy library, were the meanest and least significant part of the school and college life. There were the records, but, more important, there were the men. Ask any of the men who were schoolboys fifty years ago if they felt that they were cheated by their Alma Mater, when they spent nights in listening to the roar greet the timely jest, and in watching the flutter of clapping hands; or ask them if they were cheated when they came off the field with their muddy face, and sweaty body, and, perhaps, with a stiff knee, but knowing that in the teeth of thumps and bucking they had got the ball through to a touch. No, the Alma Mater has never given anything away that was worth while having. You pay for what you get, but the bargain is good. If you pay generously you will get something that you will never grow too old to cherish. Ask any graduate, and he will tell you that, though school is a place where you may be soon forgotten, it's a place which you never forget.

EDMUND COLLARD

AN ALUMNI-ALUMNAE SOCIETY

THE idea of forming an Alumni Society for the graduates of West Hill High has been receiving more and more attention from the "grads" during the last few years, who feel certain that such a society would be of inestimable benefit both to their school and to themselves. The reputation of any school rests in the hands of its graduates, and any success they may attain reflects upon the school that helped to fit them for that success.

West Hill can point with pride to many of her "grads" who have achieved noteworthy recognition in both the business field and in all branches of scholarship. Does it not seem fitting, then, that she should hold up to her undergraduates for their emulation the example of those who have achieved success "labore et honore"? In this matter West Hill would greatly benefit by an Alumni-Alumnae society. The Society would serve to link the grads to the school whose activities and progress they follow with such interest, and would enable them to express this interest in ways which would help to make their school the best in the city, by donations of books to the library, of shields or prizes to be competed for, and in many other ways.

Then, on the other hand, how pleasant it would be for the grads to renew their friendships with old school chums at the meetings and talk over "old times"! The Society could also officially appoint the teams to represent the "old boys" and "old girls" in the annual games against the school of basketball, hockey, etc.

It is to the executive of the present Grade Eleven that the grads turn for the initial step in the formation of this society. Might I suggest that the presidents of Grade Eleven get in touch with the presidents of the graduating classes of the last two years, who in turn would get in touch with the members of their class and notify them of the formation of the Society. The present executive could then call the first meeting. The night of commencement this fall might be the best time, since a large number of old grads attend commencement. A short meeting could be held in the library to appoint a committee to "carry on."

I feel certain that I represent the class of 1911 when I say that we will give the society our live support.

ALMA E. JOHNSON

Circle is a line which stays at a fixed point and turns 180° and makes a round surface called a circle.

CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY-NINE

GIRLS

ESTELLE BEAUCHAMP.....	Sun Life Assurance Co.
ELIZABETH BOYLES.....	Macdonald College
MARGARET BRYSON.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
GERTRUDE CHOLTON.....	Service Employm't Agcy.
EVA COSSMAN.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
ELSIE EDINGTON.....	Macdonald College
MINNIE GREENSPON.....	Conservatorium of Music, McGill
HELEN HUGHES.....	Macdonald College
SARA ISSENMAN.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
FLORENCE JONES.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
EVELYN KAY.....	Macdonald College
HELENE KOHOS.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
FREDA LEIBOVITZ.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
MIRIAM LEVINE.....	Faculty of Commerce, Queen's
LOULA LORTIE.....	Completing a Secretarial Course at Notre Dame Ladies' College
LORNA MCQUESTON.....	Macdonald College
EPPIE MUNRO.....	Macdonald College
JOY OSWALD.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
FRANCES PERRY.....	Macdonald College
HELEN PERRY.....	Royal Victoria Hospital
VIOLA SHIELLS.....	Head Office, Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., Mont- real.
ADELIN SILVER.....	Staying at home
LESLIE TROUGHTON.....	Sun Life Assurance Co.
RUTH WILANSKI.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill

BOYS

HUGH AITKEN.....	P. S. Ross & Sons
ALFRED ALEXANDER.....	Sun Life Assurance Co.
TOM CALDER.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
MAX FELDMAN.....	St. Henry Syndicate
DONALD GAULDIE.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
EDMUND HAY.....	Royal Bank of Canada
SEYMOUR ISBITS.....	Bell Telephone Co.
WESLEY JOHNSTON.....	Faculty of Commerce, McGill
HOWELL JONES.....	Bank of Toronto
RALPH LINTON.....	Faculty of Commerce, McGill
IVAN LINTON.....	Montreal Trust Co.
ELLIOTT LOZOFF.....	Lozoff's Antique Shop
TRACY LUDINGTON.....	Weekly News.
WM. MACDONALD.....	Restigouche Lumber Co., Campbellton, N.B.
RICHARD MILLER.....	U.S.A.
GEORGE OWEN.....	Faculty of Law, McGill
CHARLES PELLETIER.....	Faculty of Commerce, McGill
ALMARD SAMMETT.....	L. M. Fortier, Stock Broker
PETER STURSBERG.....	Attending school in Eng- land
HERBERT TEES.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill
DONALD YOUNG.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill

Literary Competition

PRIZES FOR SHORT STORY AND POEM

IN last year's annual an announcement was made regarding the composition of a song for West Hill High School. The results of this competition were made known when the School closed for the Christmas vacation. Jack McLeish of the present XI-1C class won the first prize. The second prize was awarded to Ronald Simms-Bull of IX-2B. Mr. Irvin Cooper composed the music and the song is published on page 46.

Many of the articles and poems published in this year's annual are of good literary quality, and to further this interest in literature, prizes are to be awarded for the best Short Story submitted by a pupil of the tenth or eleventh grade, and the best poem submitted by a pupil of the eight or ninth grade.

The short story must contain not more than four thousand words. Some aspect of life in the Province of Quebec—of school life, if desired—will form the background and the story must show sufficient local colour to render its originality indubitable.

The poem must not exceed eight stanzas and each stanza must contain at least four lines. The subject is left to the choice of the pupil and the poem may be descriptive or narrative. No parodies nor any contribution which has been already published will be considered.

The name of the class in which the pupil is a member in September 1930 will determine the grade.

All entries will be handed in to the principal before December 9th, 1930.

Successful competitors will have their contributions published in the 1931 Annual.



THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. T. H. Carveth, two of the pupils of West Hill, Margaret Miller, XI-A, and Jack McLeish, XI-C, had the honour of each giving a speech over the radio from the Little Forum, on March 26th.

Margaret Miller spoke on "High School Education and its Relations to Present Day Needs", while Jack McLeish chose as his subject, "The Value of the High School Debating League."

These speeches aroused great interest and much favourable comment was received.

Jack McLeish, in the course of his speech, said

"The primary aim of the League is to promote a higher standard of public speaking among the pupils of the High School of Montreal.

"It is generally agreed that in Canada to-day there is a lack of people who can express themselves clearly and adequately before an assembly. Undoubtedly many worthy objects are lost to the country because those who sponsor them are unable to state their views in public. We have laughed cynically in recent years at advertisements concerning brilliant but speechless young men at directors' meetings to whom promotion was lost because of their inability to display their wares; but there is an element of truth in the matter. If the citizens of the country are unable to explain their ideas on national affairs other than by the vote, then this Dominion is fated always to miss the fullest discussion of questions of public interest

—a deficiency which may seriously affect the political and economic future of Canada.

"The High School Debating League provides the necessary practice with some pointed and constructive criticism.

"Through its influence also, students are taught to reason out the matter carefully when preparing for their debates. A story is told of a voluble propagandist who exclaimed rather belligerently, "I can argue with anybody." To this statement his interlocutor replied, very pungently, "Yes, but can you reason?" A clear head and a clear tongue are absolutely essential for the successful debater.

"The thoughts of the people, expressed in the voice of the people maintain the principles of democracy and safeguard the destiny of the Dominion. Any organization which trains its members in true reasoning and self-expression is working sensibly toward progress in public affairs.

Some excerpts from Margaret Miller's speech are as follows:

"Of late years the criticism that has been levelled at our educational system is, that it is of small worth in the larger world of affairs—a more or less wasteful luxury of little practical value. If we stop to consider the matter, our High School education should mean infinitely more to us than a mere study of Languages, Mathematics, Science and English. It is our small world where we fit ourselves for the larger world of affairs."

"Just how is our High School education preparing us to meet the requirements of to-day? Study and homework aim to develop concentration and

application—the two most necessary attributes of success. Then, too, all our High School training, including athletics, gives us the rudiments of true sportsmanship and fairplay.

"But is our education keeping pace with present day progress? . . . We depend too much on the teachers to do our work for us. . . . Is this the spirit of independence in our own ability which is so necessary when we leave school?"

"When we leave High School equipped with a general knowledge of current events and of political questions, trained in habits of concentration and application, imbued with a sense of sportsmanship and fair play, then—and then only—can we say that 'Our Education has enabled us to meet the Requirements of To-day.'"

Literary and Debating Society

THE Literary and Debating Society is now two years old. After two more years of organization we hope to find it one of the most important factors in the curriculum.

The officers elected were as follows:

Honorary President: Mr. J. C. J. Hodgson,
President: Margaret Miller,
Vice-President: Stuart Wilson,
Secretary: Bruce Smaill.

A committee was formed, consisting of one representative from each class of tenth and eleventh years. The members for Grade XI were Ruth Morris, Nathan Keyfitz and Jack McLeish; and for Grade X, Doris Perry, Hazel McBride and Archie Wilkinson. During the committee meetings a constitution was drawn up for the society.

The activities consisted of two inter-class debates, a mock election, a lecture on Japan, and an inter-school debate.

The first debate was between two eleventh and two tenth year boys, interested in politics. They delivered their opinions as to "Whether a Fascist form of government is better than a Democracy." Jack McLeish and Hesse Rosenstein of Grade X-2 upheld the affirmative and Nathan Keyfitz and Ben Cossman of Grade XI upheld the negative. There was heated discussion on both sides. The decision was in favour of the negative.

February 20th was "election day" at West Hill. Though the campaigning was not intense, or the rivalry bitter, there was plenty of interest displayed. The Assembly Hall was filled with supporters of every party.

Ben Cossman was in the chair, and eloquent speeches were delivered by

Jack McLeish—Conservative
Nathan Keyfitz—Liberal
Stuart Wilson—Labour
Margaret Miller—Women's Party
John Shepherd—Communist.

Each speaker upheld the principles of his party. Among the reforms were the Conservative's offer of a small airport on the roof, the Liberal's promise of free bus service to and from the school, as well

as a basement swimming-pool. The Labour representative offered sweeping reforms, the beginning of a new era with the abolition of homework. The Women's candidate suggested proper mirrors for the girls, a garage, lunch-room and soda fountain—all gratis. The platform of the Communist was "Down with teachers and all other tyrants!" With this radical change he offered student government and student power.

The speakers were loyally supported by their respective classes, and the humorous remarks evoked peals of laughter from the audience. The pupils then voted for the West Hill member. The Women's Party candidate was elected with 126 votes.

The lecture on Japan by Miss Macnaughton is treated elsewhere in the Annual.

The last debate of the season was held on April 3rd, between the tenth years. The subject was "Resolved that another year should be added to the High School Course." Hazel McBride and Violet Goodman upheld the affirmative while John Shepherd and Robert Brown upheld the negative. The decision, which was made by a popular vote, was in favour of the boys.

The preliminary debates of the Inter High School League were held on November 28. The schools represented in this league are Westmount High, Montreal West High, Strathcona Academy and West Hill High. The subject for the first debate was "Resolved that present freedom is advantageous to Modern Youth." Each school supplies an affirmative and negative team. The West Hill debaters who were paired with Montreal West, were Mary Bostrom and John Shepherd for the affirmative; Sybil Wilanski and Bruce Smaill for the negative. West Hill affirmative team debated at West Hill and the negative at Montreal West. Montreal West High won both debates.

The final Inter-school debate was held at West Hill between Westmount and Montreal West on February 13. The Westmount team was victorious and holds the trophy for the ensuing year.

MARGARET MILLER, President.

WEST HILL CHOIR

THE Choir made a very fine start for a successful year of music when it gave an excellent entertainment from station CFCF. This was held in the ballroom of the Mount Royal Hotel on December 23rd, 1929.

Soon after, rehearsing for the Opera "Faust" began. The interest shown at the beginning was far from encouraging to Mr. Cooper, but apparently he realized that a successful outcome was quite possible, so he continued.

The success of his perseverance was quite evident on the evening of April 29th, 1930, when the Choir very ably produced "Faust", in conjunction with eleven other numbers. Concerning these I might mention the apt way in which Margaret Taylor conducted the VIIIth year girls' choir.

The principals (Soloists) were:

Jean E. Wilson, Soprano.
Adèle Lortie, Contralto.
Grace Collinge, Soprano - Margarita.
Evelyn Wood, Mezzo-Soprano - Siebel.
Ivan McNiff, Tenor - Faust.
Frances Herring, Baritone - Mephistopheles.
Pianoforte soloist: Muriel Augustan.

I am sure all enjoyed the concert as a large crowd of nearly 600 patrons left (when it was over, of course) with a smile upon their faces, which easily showed that they thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

At the end of the first half of the concert, Mr. Cooper was presented with a walnut tobacco stand from the pupils taking part.

Mr. Cooper directed the choir when they appeared before the microphone to sing "Faust". This was rendered from station CFCF on May 6th, 1930.

The choir in its inaugural year has laid the foundation for the best traditions of Classical Music.

C. W. MISKIN, IX-2D.

AN INTER-CLASS DEBATE

RESOLVED that Canada has been just and fair in her dealings with other nations" was the subject discussed in a ninth year inter-class debate held in December, 1929.

The chairman, Esther Azef, announced that the speakers on the affirmative side of the debate were Olive Sanborn and Clarence Gross; and on the negative side, Rhoda Cook and Jack Cox.

The debate proceeded. The audience, which consisted of Mr. Atkinson, Miss Sutherland, Miss Fraser, Mr. Wilson and the IX-2 classes, were very attentive as the speakers attempted to prove that Canada had been fair or unfair in her dealings with other nations.

While the judges, Alice Hodgson, Watson Langlands and Herbert Pickering were considering the debate, Mr. Wilson gave the critique.

The judges decided in favor of the affirmative. But we all felt, as Mr. Atkinson expressed, that the negative was the harder side of the debate, and each side had done equally well.

OLIVE SANBORN, X-1C

THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT

ON December 20 the Annual Christmas Concert was held in the Assembly Hall. Three senior classes presented original skits of more than ordinary interest, featured by clever dialogue and realistic acting.

First the curtain went up on the Eleventh Year Girls in the "Annual of 1980" showing the personalities at West Hill as they may be revealed in the pages of that far-distant publication. The skit, an innovation in school entertainment, was well received. Next came an amusing little play "A Couple of Nuts" portraying the difficulties of two perfectly sane but apprehensive people at an insane asylum dance.

A jazz feature, "West Hill Drag," the music to the tune of "I'm Singing in the Rain," concluded the girls' presentation.

Next, members of the Eleventh Year boys class sent the audience into peals of laughter, first with a humorous skit "Shot at Sunrise", in which an aggressive sergeant and a stupid private wage verbal warfare, and next with a convict play, the action taking place at a penitentiary broadcasting room. The scene ends with the convict musicians overcoming the sleepy guards.

The Tenth Year, First Half boys concluded the afternoon's entertainment with a parody of the Trial Scene in the Merchant of Venice.

Candy was sold by the girls between the performances, the proceeds making a Christmas Cheer Fund for several charitable institutions.

The whole programme was of a high calibre, well in keeping with the customary good quality of West Hill Christmas entertainments.

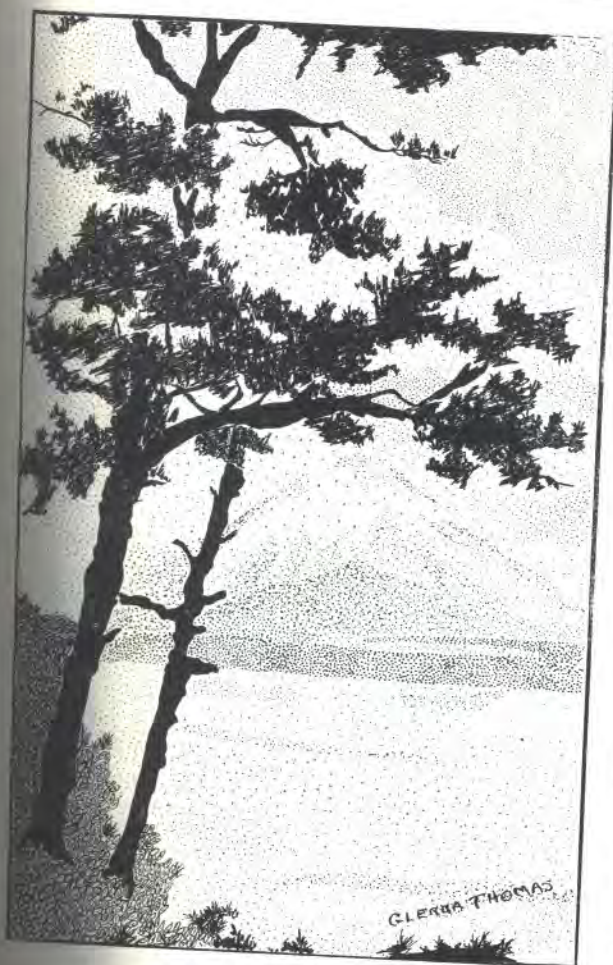
THE ONLY WAY

ON Wednesday, September the twenty-fifth, a very note-worthy event took place. We, the ninth year second half classes, were, one and all, allowed to give up our work for one afternoon in order to visit His Majesty's Theatre, to see Martin Harvey in "The Only Way." This, every one knows, is really Dickens' immortal "Tale of Two Cities," which we happened to be studying at the time.

The play differs somewhat from Dickens' novel. The prologue of the play shows the scene where Evrémonde slays the peasant boy, who died in the arms of Dr. Manette. In the play the boy is the brother of M. Defarge instead of Mme. Defarge in the book. Miss Pross and Carton's servant is combined in the one character, Mimi.

The theatre was well filled that afternoon. The balcony was almost entirely occupied by the School students. Martin Harvey and his company gave their usual brilliant performance and a great deal of pleasure and benefit was derived by all.

BRUCE WATSON



A TRIP TO JAPAN

ON the afternoon of March 3rd, it was the pleasure of the pupils of Grades IX, X and XI to listen to an illustrated lecture on "A Trip to Japan," the trip being conducted by Miss Macnaughton, a former teacher of our school. Among the interesting places we visited were the streets of Tokio, its theatres, schools, etc., and we learned a great deal about the Japanese manners, customs and dress.

As soon as it begins to get dark street-vendors come from some unknown place to the sidewalk out of the Ginza, the main street of Tokio. Each one carries a lantern, and brings with him his merchandise, which he sells to the people. There he remains till late in the night when he disappears into his home till the following evening.

We then entered one of the theatres. A Japanese play is very different from ours. It generally lasts for six or seven hours a day for a month. The theatre then closes for a few days to give the actors opportunity to rehearse for the next one. The revolving stage, which enables us to see what is happening in different places at practically the same time, is another striking difference.

Besides their public and high schools, the Japanese have a middle school. In every one of them English is a compulsory subject. However, the Japanese are very enthusiastic about learning it, and every year the university students give at least one English play. Every year the scholars spend about a week in visiting places of historical interest outside their own city—a factor in education which I am sure we all wish our schools would adopt.

At the close of the lecture, lantern slides were shown, all of which proved to be most interesting. We are all very grateful to Miss Macnaughton for her splendid address, and we hope that on some future occasion we may learn more about the people of Japan.

LILLIAN RATTRAY, XI-2A.

THE ROOM FOUR SLEIGH-DRIVE

IT was the memorable night of Thursday, January 30th. The stars were twinkling and the air was crisp and cold. Suddenly a snatch of song would burst out, a slight silence—and the "Sidewalks of New York" would rise slowly up through the mist of steaming breath played on a Rollmonica under the able direction of Mr. Hewson. "What was it?" you ask. Why the Room Four sleigh drive, of course!

During the course of the ride, there was much snow-throwing and other signs of people working off surplus energy. The teachers joined in the fun and, to all appearances, came down to earth and acted naturally, excuse me, almost supernaturally, even acted as if they had never even heard the word "teacher" before. It's a strange world and strange things do happen. I might say that one of the favourite Grammar teachers of the school and also one of our noted French teachers, paid back a great number of the boys for their bad Grammar and French by many and varied deeds of mischief.

Arriving at the school, the teachers assisted by the girls, prepared the "eats" which we soon consumed. This was one of the most enjoyable hours of the evening! There was dancing after eating, followed by a contest for which the teachers very kindly contributed a prize. A good time was enjoyed by all and, to those who were present, this sleigh drive, I am sure, will always be a pleasant memory.

CHARLES AUSTIN, IX-2D.

Teacher: "Give an example showing the meaning of hypocrite."

Johnny: "A boy who comes to school with a smile on his face."

MONDAY MORNING ASSEMBLIES

THE customary "blue Monday" has come to be a thing of the past, at least in so far as those who attend West Hill High School are concerned. For, during the past months, we have had a series of instructive as well as intensely interesting lectures and talks on a wide range of subjects at our Monday morning assemblies, as well as on other occasions during the session.

Foremost among those who were kind enough to address us might be mentioned Dr. Charles E. Barker, representative of the International Rotary Club. In his address on "The True Purpose of Education," Dr. Barker, by alternately sending his audience into gales of laughter and well nigh reducing them to tears, brought many new aspects of the subject before them.

At the Christmas closing, Canon A. P. Gower-Rees, rector of St. George's Church, conducted the religious portion of the exercises and gave a most interesting and appropriate talk.

A new departure was the address rendered by Rev. J. W. R. Netram, a native preacher of India, who, appearing in native costume, painted for his listeners vivid pictures of India, its past, present and future, and the progress of Christianity there. Mr. Netram's address was most inspiring and his charming smile seemed to include the entire audience.

Our thanks are due also to several members of the local clergy. Rev. H. S. Laws, who officiated at the Armistice celebration; Rev. Elton Scott, who spoke on the subject of "Mental Friends," Rev. B. B. Brown, whose topic was "Education"; Rev. De Witt Scott, who spoke on the necessity of having a definite objective in life; Dr. I. A. Montgomery, whose theme was "The Gifts of God to Nature and the Individual, and the use or misuse made of them."

In addition we heard Mr. C. McGerrigle of the local Y.M.C.A., whose talk was very much enjoyed; also Mr. T. H. Carveth, who made his audience realize what a truly wonderful place Canada is. At the Armistice Day exercises Mrs. H. S. Ross, of the N.D.G. Women's Club, spoke of the respect and pride we should have for the Cenotaph in Marcell Park.

We wish to express our profound gratitude to Mr. Atkinson and to any members of the Staff or School who assisted in procuring the services of these speakers in the past, and we look forward with keen anticipation to hearing them again in the coming year.

HYLDA SHAW, X-2A

OUR TRIP DOWNTOWN

DURING the Christmas holidays, several girls of Room 7 went downtown to see a few historic spots in Montreal.

Our first stop was at Place d'Armes, in the centre of which is the Maisonneuve monument. The statue represents Maisonneuve taking possession of Montreal. At the four corners of the monument are statues of Jeanne Mance—foundress of Hotel Dieu, Closse—Maisonneuve's companion, a French colonist and an Iroquois Indian.

We next visited the most historic church of Montreal, Notre Dame Church, which faces Place d'Armes. In one of its two towers is hung a bell weighing twelve tons, the largest bell in America. It contains many valuable paintings, wood-carvings, and its high altar and aerial pulpit are remarkable features. Its organ is the largest in Canada.

East along Notre Dame Street is Nelson's monument which was erected in 1809 by subscriptions from both French and English citizens.

From here we went to the Chateau de Ramezay, which was built in 1705 by Claude de Ramezay, governor of Montreal. The neighbourhood was then the fashionable part of the town and the house had an open view to the river front. It has been the headquarters of French, British and American administrators. It contains many paintings, engravings, portraits and documents. One room contains the thirty-four life-size figures of the Fathers of Confederation, arranged in the same order as in the familiar picture. In one vault the first printing-press of Montreal was set up in 1776 by Benjamin Franklin. In his paper, the *Gazette*, he tried to persuade the Canadians to unite with the Americans. Among many other curios found here are the first fire-engine and the first automobile to be driven in Montreal.

From the Chateau we went to Notre Dame de Bonsecours known as the Soldiers' Church, which was the first stone church to be built in Montreal. The original building was built by Madame Bourgeoys, who was the first school-teacher in Montreal. Hanging from the ceiling are several small, crudely carved boats, presented by the sailors as a tribute to the Virgin, whose statue stands on a turret overlooking the harbor.

After visiting Bonsecours market, and the Royal Bank, we returned home having obtained some valuable information about our city.

MARJORIE WILLIAMS, IX



GLIDING



IT was in December last year when Charles Paton, Peter Tremaine and I decided to give up model aeroplanes and try to build a glider. We found plans for a simple biplane, and started work. By March it was built and ready to test. The first trials were very successful, although we had several small crashes due to our inexperience and lack of knowledge of controlling a hang-type glider.

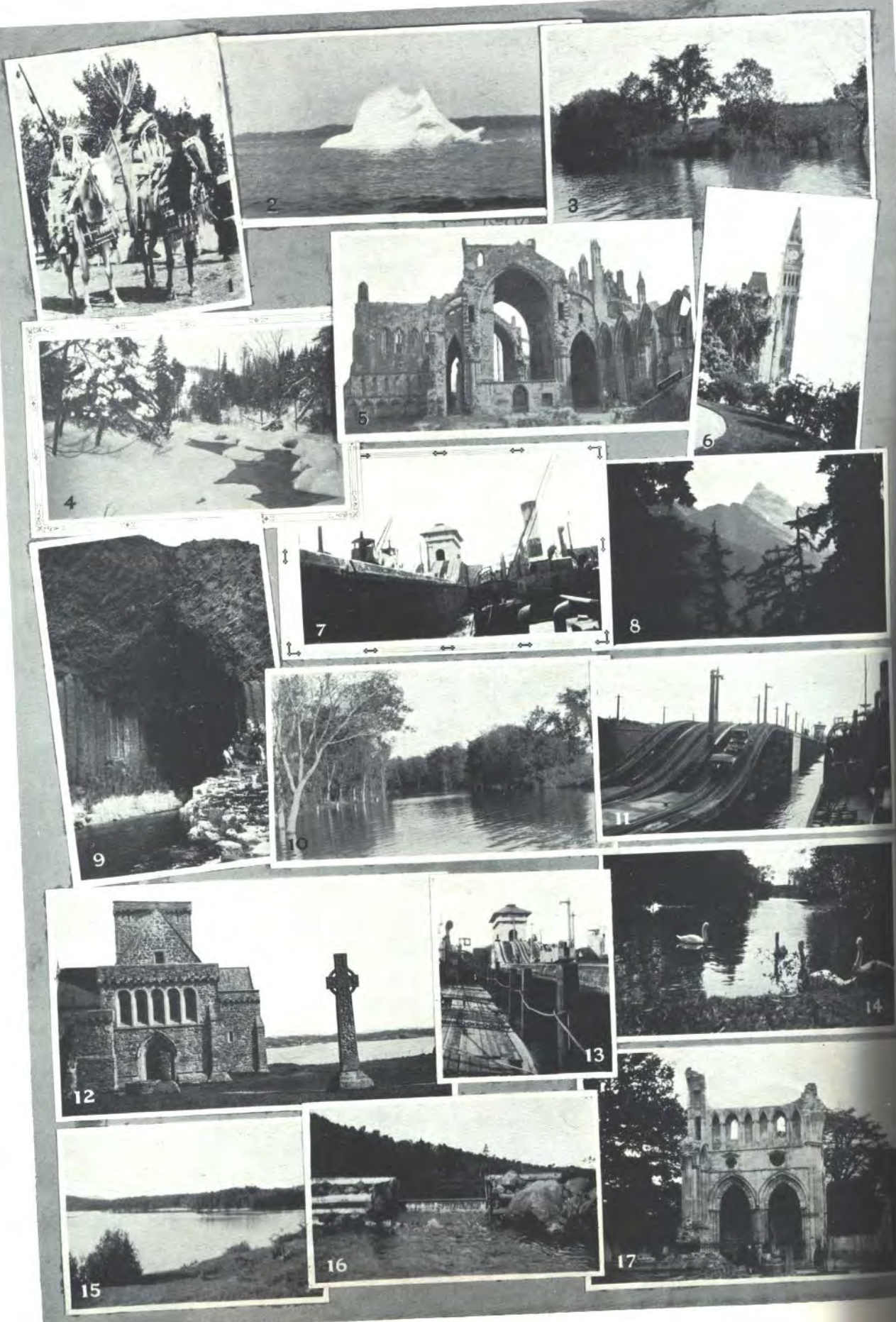
All the flights were made at Mill's Hill, in Montreal West. The hill is about seventy feet high, thus limiting all our glides to two hundred yards or less.

The glider weighs forty-five pounds, and will maintain flight from five to twenty miles per hour, according to the velocity of the wind. An illustration of the glider in flight may be seen along with this article.

WILSON HAMMOND, XI-1B

Photographic Section

1. Indian Chief Winnipeg.—LORNA ALLEN, IX-2C
2. Taken July 1929. Iceberg seen early morning before breakfast; background coast of Labrador.—THOS. W. BURGE, XI-1C.
3. Scene of Red River, Manitoba.—LORNA ALLEN, IX-2C.
4. Morin Heights.—MISS MURCHISON.
5. Melrose Abbey.—WATSON LANGLANDS.
6. Peace Tower, Parliament Buildings, Ottawa.—KATHLEEN W. LEWIS, IX-2A.
7. In the lock at San Miguel Locks. Electric Mules pulling through the locks.—GEO. ROSENGARTEN, X-B.
8. Mt. Sir Donald Glacier, B.C. The Matterhorn of the Canadian Rockies.—A. D. MOSS.
9. Fingalis Cave.—WATSON LANGLANDS.
10. Scene on Red River, Man.—LORNA ALLEN, IX-2C.
11. The Electric Mule pulling the boat through the lock to Gatton.—GEO. ROSENGARTEN, X-B.
12. Iona Cathedral.—WATSON LANGLANDS.
13. In the lock at Gatton.—GEO. ROSENGARTEN.
14. Swans on the lake in Beacon Hill Park, Victoria, B.C.—A. D. MOSS.
15. Ste. Agathe.—K. CREBER, X-2B.
16. Ste. Agathe.—K. CREBER, X-2B.
17. Dryburgh Abbey. Earl Haig's grave enclosed by iron railing. Sir Walter Scott's grave in arch at right.—WATSON LANGLANDS.
1. Rev. J. W. K. Netram and Mr. K. Pitcairn.—D. KENNEDY.
2. Bridge across Ottawa River. View from Parliament Hill.—W. F. WALFORD.
3. Picture of Mr. Sommerville.—D. KENNEDY.
4. Quebec Bridge taken from the S.S. Audania coming up the river.—GEORGE GILL, IX-2B.
5. Quebec taken from the S.S. Audania coming up the river.—GEORGE GILL, IX-2B.
6. Ste. Agathe.—K. CREBER, X-2B.
7. Guns on Ramparts at Quebec.—W. T. WALFORD.
8. Swallow Falls, Bettys-Coed, North Wales.—KATHLEEN LEWIS, IX-2A.
9. Beaver at Montmorency Park.—W. T. WALFORD.
10. York Minster.—JAMES BRODIE, X-2B.
11. Herring Brats at Oban, Eng.
12. Sunset in Gulf of St. Lawrence.—THOS. W. BURGE, XI-1C.
13. Morin Heights.—MISS MURCHISON.
14. High Falls, Bracebridge, Ont.—CHARLES AUSTIN, IX-2D.
15. Park Slide, June 3rd. Duke of York's Hussars.—A. LUNAN, X-2B.
16. Peace Tower in Parliament Buildings.—BETTY MARSHALL, IX-2A.

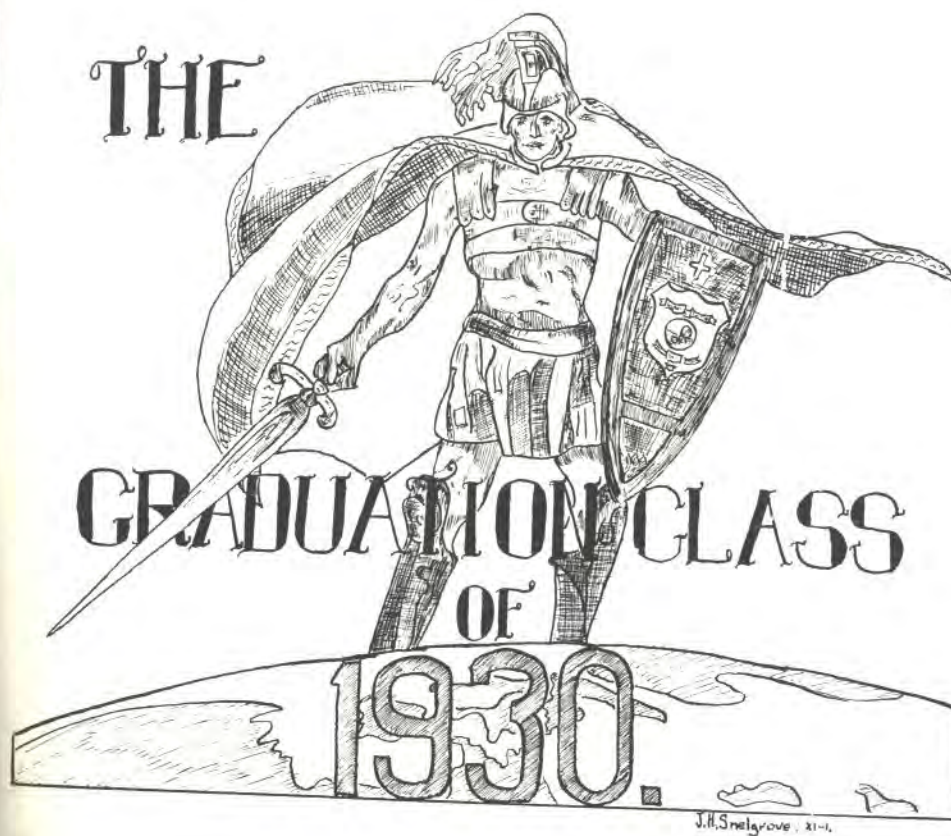




THE SCARLET CAVALIER
by SIR ANTHONY VAN DYCK



This portrait is now on exhibition in Tudor Hall
JAS. A. OGILVY'S LIMITED





TILLIE ABER:

O strengthen me, enlighten me,
I faint in this obscurity.

Fav. Exp. "Imagine!"
Pastime. Arranging her hair.
Pet. Avers. Small mirrors.
Ambition. College life.



ENA ALEXANDER:

And a little child shall lead them.

Fav. Exp. "Gosh, I don't know what to do."
Pastime. Helping those who can't help themselves.
Pet Avers. Blushing.
Ambition. At least 100%.



AUDREY ALLO:

That innocent expression has fooled the wisest men.

Fav. Exp. "They all say that."
Pastime. Endeavoring to whistle.
Pet Avers. Being called quiet.
Ambition. A bigger and better bun behind that shapely head.



BARBARA BIDWILL:

But her deep blue eyes
Kept the secret of a happy dream she did not care to speak.

Fav. Exp. "Do you think so?"
Pastime. Learning to appreciate music.
Pet Avers. Raising her voice.
Ambition. The stage.



KATHARINE BLACK:

A Being breathing thoughtful breath.

Fav. Exp. "I won't believe it 'til I see it."
Pastime. Trilling the high notes.
Pet Avers. Carrying other people's books home.
Ambition. To emulate Galli Curci.
Activities. Interclass basketball '28, '29, '30.

MARY BOSTROM:

Life is not a thing to be hurried thru',
But to be enjoyed at leisure.

- Fav. Exp. "Wait a year, you're too young."
Pastime. Looking for words in the dictionary.
Pet Avers. Being wakened during French.
Ambition. To have an ambition.
Activities. Interclass basketball '27, '28, '29, '30. Junior basketball '29.
Senior basketball '30. Tennis Representative. Tennis
Team '29, '30. Manager Girls' Ski Club. Dance Com-
mittee. Interschool Debating Team '30.

MABEL BOULKIND:

To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

- Fav. Exp. "You wouldn't k'd me, would you?"
Pastime. Varied and various experiences.
Pet Avers. Being asked how the Annual is progressing.
Ambition. Compare with that of Socrates and Byron.
Activities. Editorial Board of Annual '30. Interschool Debating Team
'29. Member of Executive of Debating League.

ANNIE BURNIE

Maidens should be mild and meek,
Quick to hear, and slow to speak.

- Fav. Exp. "You know what I mean—"
Pastime. Attending church socials.
Pet Avers. Staying in at night.
Ambition. To have naturally curly hair.

GRACE COLLINGE:

Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range
Struck by all passion.

- Fav. Exp. "Well, you see—"
Pastime. Spraining muscles.
Pet Avers. Literature.
Ambition. Grand Opera.
Activities. Interclass basketball '27, '28, '29, '30. Junior basketball '30.
Baseball '29.

MARION DUNBAR:

And e'en tho' vanquished she could argue still.

- Fav. Exp. "My conscience!"
Pastime. Eating bananas and chocolate biscuits.
Pet Avers. Being contradicted.
Ambition. Engineering.
Activities. Interclass basketball '27, '28, '29, '30. Junior basketball '30.
Tennis team '30. President Girls' A.A.A. '30.





BETTY GOLDTHWAITE:

If I rightly remember, I've loved a good number,
Yet there's pleasure, at least, in a change.

Fav. Exp. "My dear, it's perfectly divine!"
Pastime. Past times.
Pet Avers. Short finger-nails.
Ambition. An Auburn roadster.



LILLIAN GOLICK:

I'm always in haste, but never in a hurry.

Fav. Exp. "Imagine!" "How stunning!"
"Aw, Mr. McGowan, give us a rest."
Pastime. Chasing street-cars from the stops.
Pet Avers. Being without the moral support of H. and M.
Ambition. To grow—in height.



BETTY GUY:

I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.

Fav. Exp. "Ye gods, and little fishes."
Pastime. Expressing her thoughts poetically.
Pet Avers. Being roused out of her deep contemplations.
Ambition. To be able to do more studying.
Activities. Interschool Debating Team '29.



ALICE HENRY:

Just like a lily of the field,
She toils not, neither does she spin.

Fav. Exp. "Yes, or no, or both."
Pastime. She won't tell us.
Pet Avers. Pronouncing Latin the Roman way.
Ambition. If Lindy wasn't married, we'd tell you.



JEAN HOWE:

Marvelously modest maiden, you.

Fav. Exp. "Oh, say!"
Pastime. Praising others.
Pet Avers. None, absolutely none.
Ambition. To paint a masterpiece.
Activities. Treasurer Girls' A.A.A. '29. Vice-President Girls' A.A.A. '30

BETTY LYSONS:

A winsome maiden, bobbed and trim.

- Fav. Exp. "Absolutely, positively putrid."
 Pastime. Striking lustily at the billows.
 Pet Avers. Criticism, especially of magazine contributions.
 Ambition. To swim the Atlantic.
 Activities. Interclass basketball '28, '29, '30. Swimming representative.

KATHLEEN MCCOLLUM:

She hath wit and merit and a spark of spirit.

- Fav. Exp. "For crying out tears!"
 Pastime. Dieting.
 Pet Avers. Fat, in any form.
 Ambition. Ssh! It's a secret.
 Activities. Interclass basketball '27, '28, '29, '30. Class Secretary.
 Class Captain.

MARION MCKEOWN:

Marion! Why that pensive brow?
 What disgust to life hast thou?

- Fav. Exp. "Oh darn!"
 Pastime. Learning to "parler".
 Pet Avers. French lessons.
 Ambition. Macdonald.

MARGARET MILLER:

The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill.

- Fav. Exp. "What's ado wi' you?"
 Hobby. Clothes and shows.
 Pet Avers. Preparing speeches.
 Ambition. To be a second Ethel Barrymore.
 Activities. Interclass basketball '28, '29, '30. Class Lieutenant. Inter-
 school Debating Team '29. President of Literary and
 Debating Society. Secretary of Interscholar Debating League.
 Secretary of Girls' A.A.A. '29.

RUTH MORRIS:

Her open eyes desire the truth.

- Fav. Exp. "No, I don't see that, Miss Murchison."
 Pastime. Slamming the windows.
 Pet Avers. Stockings worn on the wrong side.
 Ambition. To be a dietitian.
 Activities. Class President.





DOROTHY OSWALD:

I chatter, chatter as I go.

Fav. Exp. "Oh, I'll never be the same."
 Pastime. Arguing with Marion.
 Pet Avers. Winning booby prizes.
 Ambition. To be a nurse.
 Activities. Interclass basketball '27, '28, '29, '30. Junior basketball '29, '30.



EVELYN PEEL:

Water, water everywhere.
 And not a drop to drink.

Fav. Exp. "Cute, eh?"
 Pastime. Drinking water.
 Pet. Avers. Being called "weak-willed."
 Ambition. A cottage small by a "water"-fall.
 Activities. Dance Committee.



LILLIAN RATTRAY:

How doth the little busy bee
 Improve each shining hour.

Fav. Exp. "Trajectus!"
 Pastime. Soliciting ads.
 Pet Avers. Seeing Maroons lose.
 Ambition. To show Helen Wills how to play the game.
 Activities. Interclass basketball '30. Tennis Champion '30. Tennis Team '30.



MARION REID:

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending.

Fav. Exp. "Turn on the heat!"
 Pastime. Freezing.
 Pet Avers. Wearing hats.
 Ambition. Commercial Art.
 Activities. Editorial Board '28.



HENRIETTA ROSENFELD:

Eyes like thine were never meant
 To hide their orbs in dark restraint.

Fav. Exp. "You're so sweet you're a sap."
 Pastime. Corresponding courses in class.
 Pet Avers. Checked suits and Scotch ties.
 Ambition. A tall dark one, who knows his ties and socks.
 Activities. Interclass basketball '27, '28, '29, '30.

CHERIDAH SHIELDS:

Wisely and slow: they stumble that run fast.

Fav. Exp. "I don't know."
 Pastime. Managing teams.
 Pet Avers. Work, especially French.
 Ambition. To discover a method of learning without studying.
 Activities. Interclass basketball '27, '28, '29, '30. Junior basketball '28.
 Senior basketball '29, '30. Basketball manager. Captain
 Class Basketball. Baseball '28, '29. Class Treasurer.

EDITH VAREY:

Ah! Frown not, sweet lady, unbend your soft brow.

Fav. Exp. "Holy wild cats!"
 Pastime. Greeting Mr. MacGowan.
 Pet Avers. Cats, human or otherwise.
 Ambition. To lead a jazz orchestra in a talking picture.
 Activities. Interclass basketball '30.

WILLIAM ABRAMS

He is a scholar and a ripe good one.

Fav. Exp. "C'mon, gang."
 Pet Avers. Being bored.
 Hobby. Showing Litwin how to do algebra examples.
 Ambition. To be a bus driver.
 Activities. Class President '30.

EDWARD AITEL:

Nay, he hath but little beard.

Fav. Exp. "So, already."
 Pet Avers. Arriving at West Hill on time.
 Hobby. Advanced Maths.
 Ambition. To concoct bigger and better Geometry proofs.
 Activities. Inter. Basketball '29. Class Basketball '29.

NORMAN BENSON:

'Es little but 'es wise,
 'Es a terror for his size.

Fav. Exp. "Don't be crazy!"
 Pet. Avers. Tall women.
 Hobby. Doing upsidaides on skis.
 Ambition. Nil.
 Activities. Int. Rugby '29, '30. Senior Basketball '30. Convener of
 Boys' A.A.A. '30. Class Basketball '27, '28, '29. Class
 Baseball '28, '29. Class Rugby '28.





CHARLES BILTIS:

Water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink!

Fav. Exp. "Heard this one, fellers?"
 Pet Avers. Being hit by the top of Keyfitz' desk.
 Hobby. Punning.
 Ambition. To be a mighty fiddler.
 Activities. Junior Hockey '27. Int. Rugby '28.



MOE BLUMER:

Sweetly and stately, and with all grace.

Fav. Exp. "Where am I?"
 Pet Avers. The female of the species.
 Hobby. Doing card tricks.
 Ambition. To emulate Houdini.



EDWARD BOURDON:

Sweet masters, be patient.

Fav. Exp. "Success."
 Hobby. Doing physics experiments.
 Pet. Avers. Wearing khaki shirts to cadet drill.
 Ambition. To get a geometry example before Hearn's.
 Activities. Lieutenant Cadet Corps.



ROBERT CHURCH:

His big manly voice turning again to childish treble.

Fav. Exp. "Aw gee, Sir."
 Pet Avers. Walker.
 Hobby. Quiet solitude.
 Ambition. To turn Bob Walker's wrist.
 Activities. Class Basketball '27, '28, '30. Int. Basketball '30. Class Baseball '27, '28.



HENRY COHEN:

I can live no longer by thinking.

Fav. Exp. "Don't be foolish."
 Pet Avers. Performing Chemistry experiments.
 Hobby. Playing Bridge (?).
 Ambition. To be able to play the piano.
 Activities. Junior Soccer '27, '28. Junior Basketball '27, '28. Captain Junior Basketball '28, '29. Class Basketball '27, '28, '29.

Robert COLEMAN

My strength is as the strength of ten because —.

Fav. Exp. "You're right there, Sir."
 Pet. Avers. Answering a question.
 Hobby. Soliciting ads.
 Ambition. To finally get his Matric.

HARRY COOK:

Sir, I was courteous, every phrase well oiled.

Fav. Exp. "Aw, c'mon."
 Pet Avers. Curly hair.
 Hobby. Brilliantining his golden locks.
 Ambition. To grow until he becomes a man.
 Activities. Cadet Corps. Class Baseball '28.

BEN J. COSSMAN.

Quality is better than Quantity.

Fav. Exp. "Cut it out. That's a good hat."
 Pet Avers. Being called Benjamin.
 Hobby. Desk-golf.
 Ambition. Anything from a Duchess up.

CECIL DAVIS:

Oh I could play the woman with mine eyes and braggart with my tongue.

Fav. Exp. "Gee whiz."
 Pet Avers. Allusions to the colour of his hair.
 Hobby. Writing compositions.
 Ambition. To surpass A. A. Milne.
 Activities. Manager Int. Hockey '30. Junior Swimming Champ. '26.
 Cadet Corps. Pres. Swimming Club '30. Class Rugby '28.
 Class Relay Team '28.

ALAN FINLAYSON:

How prove you that in the great heap of your knowledge.

Fav. Exp. "Interesting if true."
 Pet Avers. Neat Geometry figures.
 Hobby. Getting better results in the physics experiments than the Master.
 Ambition. To compose a good Limerick.





GORDON FRANCKUM:

His voice rammed home our cannon, edged our swords,
And sent our boarders shouting.

Fav. Exp. "You would take it the wrong way."
Pet Avers. Civilians.
Hobby. Speaking slowly and solemnly.
Ambition. To be a colonel (at least).
Activities. Major Commanding Cadet Corps. Class Vice-President.



MELVIN HEARNS:

His countenance was ruddy as the setting sun.

Fav. Exp. "You don't say so."
Pet Avers. His unruly locks.
Hobby. Henna dyes.
Ambition. To become a Geometry Professor.
Activities. Int. Basketball '30. Class Basketball '30.



WILLIAM HOWE:

Youth, you have done me much ungentleness.

Fav. Exp. "Nothing." (said with emphasis).
Pet Avers. Having the back of his cranium smacked by Snelgrove.
Hobby. Trying to write another 100% Algebra paper.
Ambition. To be a chain-store magnate.



DAVID KENNEDY:

Sir, I am a true labourer.

Fav. Exp. "Hey, Harry."
Pet Avers. People who don't know what Daken stands for.
Hobby. Laughing at his own jokes.
Ambition. To have someone else laugh at them.
Activities. C.S.-M. Cadet Corps. Class Baseball '28.



NATHAN KEYFITZ:

Mens aequa in arduis.

Fav. Exp. "Yes Sir, but I thought —"
Pet Avers. Making mistakes.
Hobby. Getting 98% in Latin.
Ambition. To obtain the Nobel prize.

ROBERT LITWIN:

His non-payment of the money proceeds not from inability but from want of inclination.

Fav. Exp. "Give me back my desk."
 Pet Avers. Vegetables in general.
 Hobby. Trying to perfect a perpetual motion machine.
 Ambition. To perfect one.
 Activities. Class Basketball '27, '28. Class Baseball '26, '27.

DOUGLAS MAXWELL:

He is such a true hearted fellow.

Fav. Exp. Unknown.
 Pet Avers. Crocheting.
 Hobby. Checkers.
 Ambition. To be a lion tamer.
 Activities. Lieutenant Cadet Corps.

JOHN MILLER:

He hath a lean and hungry look.

Fav. Exp. "For crying out loud."
 Pet Avers. History.
 Hobby. Writing up the home-lessons.
 Ambition. Hollywood.
 Activities. Lieutenant Cadet Corps.

JOHN PARKER:

Throw physic(s) to the dogs for I'll have none of it.

Fav. Exp. "I'll smack ya doon."
 Pet Avers. Women (great and small).
 Ambition. To emulate Babe Ruth.
 Hobby. Buying Gazettes.
 Activities. Class Basketball '30. Class Hockey '27. Class Baseball '27, '29. Class Secretary '30.

ALEXANDER ROSE:

No beauty he, but oft we find
 Sweet kernels 'neath a roughish rind.

Fav. Exp. "Oh Yeah?"
 Pet Avers. Maths. Especially Geometry.
 Hobby. Aeroplanes.
 Ambition. To be a grease-monkey in the Reid Aircraft.
 Activities. Rugby '29.





MILTON ROTH:

How oft did you say his beard was not well cut.

Fav. Exp. "Hello Gertrude, howaya?"
 Pet Avers. Milton R. Roth (?).
 Hobby. Breaking the strings on his banjo.
 Ambition. To emulate Michael Pingatore.



ALFRED RUSSELL

Sniffed, non sensed, in fickled, fudged with his face,
 Looked scorn too nicely shaded to be shouted.

Fav. Exp. "Nice work."
 Pet Avers. Tapioca.
 Hobby. Keeping quiet.
 Ambition. To be an extractor of teeth.



HAROLD SNELGROVE:

What am I?

That silly people take me for a Saint.

Fav. Exp. "The fact remains that—"
 Pet Avers. Labour.
 Hobby. Talking to Thomas.
 Ambition. To get a job winding eight-day clocks.
 Activities. Senior Soccer '30. Senior Basketball '30. Secretary-
 Treasurer Boys A.A.A. Class Basketball '27, '30. Class
 Baseball '27, '28, '29.



WILLIAM THOMAS:

Being strong at heart, they sent me hither, stranger as I am.

Fav. Exp. "Almost anything."
 Pet Avers. People who ask him what he's got on his upper lip.
 Hobby. Breaking desks.
 Ambition. To sprout a moustache that will be visible.
 Activities. Dance Committee '30. Int. Rugby '30. Class Basketball '30.



HERBERT TUCKWOOD:

They say he is a melancholy fellow.

Fav. Exp. "Aw, c'mon."
 Pet Avers. Undue popularity.
 Hobby. Chasing Howe.
 Ambition. To speak French.
 Activities. Class basketball '29.

ROBERT WALKER:

You are innocent as grace itself.

- Fav. Exp. "You slime!"
 Pet Avers. Collecting class money.
 Hobby. Athletics.
 Ambition. To be the world's foremost all round athlete.
 Activities. Int. Basketball '29. Int. Rugby '29. Class Treasurer '30.
 Class Baseball '28, '29. Int. Rugby '30. Senior Hockey '30.
 Class basketball '28. Class Rugby '28.

STUART WILSON

Such a one is a natural philosopher.

- Fav. Exp. I don't quite see that, Sir."
 Pet Avers. Being told to turn around.
 Hobby. Repartee with the masters.
 Ambition. To write an English grammar.
 Activities. Int. Basketball '30. Class Basketball '30. Editorial Board
 '28, '29, '30.

LOTTIE ASTROF:

Undisturbed by stress or hurry,
 Inclined to work, but not to worry.

- Fav. Exp. "Can you imagine?"
 Pet Avers. Wearing the school uniform.
 Hobby. Asking questions.
 Ambition. To be just a little bit different.

MARION APPLETON:

Genius is the ability to avoid work.

- Fav. Exp. "I'm not lazy."
 Fav. Past. Explaining that she's not lazy.
 Ambition. To get a French question she can answer.
 Pet Avers. Spring days.
 Activities. Senior Basketball Captain '29, '30. Class Vice-President.
 Class Captain.

VIOLET CASSIDY:

Some think this world was made for fun and frolic.
 And so do I.

- Fav. Exp. "Marg., what do we have next?"
 Pet Avers. Short fellows on a rainy night.
 Hobby. Horses.
 Ambition. To do a geometry original.





SARINA CHIARAMONTE:

For she is wise, if I can judge her.

Fav. Exp. "Oh, you don't say!"
 Pet Avers. Getting ruffled.
 Assets. A gentle disposition and a sunny smile.
 Ambition. Ask her.
 Activities. Class Secretary.



MARJORIE GRAY:

Just like the lilies of the field,
 She toils not, neither does she spin.

Fav. Exp. "Hey, Vi, write me a note!"
 Pet Avers. Extracting square roots.
 Hobby. Getting lines for A.L. to put in the Monitor.
 Ambition. To get to college.



MARGARET REAPER:

Judge her by what she is,
 So shall thou find her fairest.

Fav. Exp. "No kidding!"
 Pet Avers. Physical Geography lessons.
 Hobby. Going to the "talkies" with a certain party.
 Ambition. To draw something worth while.



FLORENCE STEINBERG:

And still she was full of satiable curiosity;
 And that means she asks ever so many questions.

Fav. Exp. "Shut the windows!"
 Pet Avers. Letting anyone else answer the door.
 Hobby. Rushing to the door.
 Ambition. To lead the class in mathematics.



BEATRICE WILLIAMS:

The smaller you are, the easier it is to stand up.

Fav. Exp. "Bless you!"
 Pet Avers. Writing long compositions.
 Hobby. Writing poetry.
 Ambition. To grow a little taller.
 Activities. Class leader.

JEAN WILSON:

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.

Fav. Exp. "Aw, change your bootlegger!"
Pet Avers. Doing anything she should do.
Fav. Past. Writing letters.
Ambition. It's a secret.

JEAN WRIGHT:

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.

Fav. Exp. "Aw, shut up!"
Pet Avers. Reporting at 3.30 for detention.
Fav. Past. Dancing in the corridors.
Ambition. None that we know of.

CRAIG BALLANTYNE:

Let the world slide, let the world go;
A fig for care, a fig for woe!

Fav. Exp. "Crude."
Pet Avers. Pedants
Hobby. Free verse and Communism.
Ambition. Olympic Hurdles
Activities. Class Baseball '30.

THOMAS BURGE:

He could deep mysteries unravel,
As easily as thread a needle.

Fav. Exp. A reward for its discovery.
Pet Avers. Impossible problems.
Hobby. Outguessing Euclid.
Ambition. To become the world's most unique penman.
Activities. Class Baseball '30.

ABRAHAM CARLINSKY:

His cogitative faculties immersed
In cogibundity of cogitation.

Fav. Exp. "Oh, yeah?"
Pet Avers. Bad symphonies.
Hobby. Annexing scholarships.
Ambition. Either to flourish a baton or a law book.





WILLIAM EBBITT:

A kindly smile hath he.

Fav. Exp. "At the High—".
 Pet Avers. Overmuch work.
 Hobby. Weakening the chemistry apparatus.
 Ambition. To inherit a fortune.
 Activities. Class Baseball '30.



JAMES EDWARDS:

From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he is all mirth.

Fav. Exp. "Oui, sir."
 Pet Avers. Shutting the windows.
 Hobby. High pressure money-collecting.
 Ambition. To find one.
 Activities. Class Treasurer '30. Literary Society Committee '28, '29.
 Class Hockey '27, '28. Class Rugby '26, '27. Class Baseball '26, '28, '30. Class Basketball '26, '28. Class Track Team '26, '30. Interm. Rugby '27 and '29. Senior Rugby '28. Track Team '29, '30. Junior Basketball '26. Interm. Basketball '28. Captain Senior Basketball '29. Captain Senior Basketball '29. Captain Interm. Hockey '28. Captain Senior Hockey '29. Cross Country Champ '29.



FRED FLYNN:

To him a frolic was a high delight,
 A frolic he would hunt for day and night.

Fav. Exp. "Don't be like that."
 Pet Avers. The woman's vote.
 Hobby. Making impromptu wisecracks.
 Ambition. Five shows in a week.
 Activities. Class President '30. Class Baseball '30.



SAMSON GRADING:

And, sure, he is an honorable man.

Fav. Exp. "Listen, fellows."
 Pet Avers. Mr. MacGowan in ironic vein.
 Hobby. Asking questions.
 Ambition. To become famous.



KURT HOLLIGER:

For I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see,
 Saw the vision of the world and all the wonder that would be.

Fav. Exp. "Says who?"
 Pet Avers. Chaucerian poets.
 Hobby. Baden-Powellian.
 Ambition. To look down on everyone—from midair.
 Activities. Class Baseball '30.

HARRY LAZARE:

A stoic of the woods, a man without a tear.

- Fav. Exp. "So?"
 Pet Avers. Physics sketches.
 Hobby. Saying "Yes, sir," at the psychological moment.
 Ambition. To become a reformer.

JACK MANDER:

Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit.

- Fav. Exp. "Among the missing."
 Pet Avers. The fairer sex.
 Hobby. Rugby, hockey- and stained glass windows.
 Ambition. To be Canada's Michael Angelo.
 Activities. Class Basketball '27 and '28. Class Hockey '27. Class Rugby '27. Class Baseball '27, '28, '30. Class Track Team '27, '28, '30. Senior Rugby '28. Captain Interm. Rugby '29. Interm. Hockey '28, '29. Senior Basketball '29. Track Team '29, '30. Senior Soccer '29. Track Champ. '30

JACK McLEISH:

Be it ill, be it well, be I bond, be I free.
 I am as I am, and so will I be.

- Fav. Exp. "Don't be ridiculous."
 Pet Avers. Writing other people's.
 Hobby. Organizing.
 Ambition. To make the world safe for democracy.
 Activities. Senior Soccer '29. Editorial Board of Annual '29 and '30. Executive Committee. Literary and Debating Society '29 '30. Class Baseball Manager '30.

VAUGHAN OSBORN:

I am the steadiest creature in the world,
 When I have determined to do mischief.

- Fav. Exp. "Who, me?"
 Pet Avers. Being disturbed.
 Hobby. Beating the bell by split seconds.
 Ambition. Wimbledon.
 Activities. Tennis Champion '29. Senior Basketball '29. Class Baseball '30.

HERSE ROSENSTEIN:

A brow austere, a circumspective eye,
 A frequent shrug of the OS HUMERI.

- Fav. Exp. "Eventually, why not now?"
 Pet Avers. Silent e's and double consonants.
 Hobby. Line-plunging and checker-playing.
 Ambition. To make a million.
 Activities. Class Baseball '28 and '30. Senior Rugby '28. Interm. Rugby '29.





Nous Présentons La Section Française.

J.H. Snelgrove
XI-11, C



LES COURSES

AVEZ-VOUS jamais vu des courses de chevaux, en hiver, sur un lac gelé? J'en ai déjà vu, moi, et elles sont très intéressantes. Celles dont j'étais témoin ont eu lieu le jour de l'an. Pendant quelques jours avant cette date, on faisait un chemin autour du lac, à peu près un demi mille en longueur.

L'après-midi du Jour de l'an, les villageoises viennent pour voir les courses ou pour y prendre part. On voit beaucoup de couleurs parmi cette foule. Les ceintures, les bas et les mitaines des habitants sont de toute sorte de couleurs gaies. Les traîneaux sont quelquefois rouges ou verts.

Les courses commencent bientôt, et que les chevaux vont vite! Ils courent si rapidement que souvent les traîneaux sont presque renversés. Les hommes dans les traîneaux font craquer leurs fouets, les grelots sur le harnais des chevaux sonnent joliment, et les cris de la foule s'élèvent. C'est, sans doute, une bonne après-midi pour tous.

Après les courses, ceux qui le désirent, font le tour du lac en traîneaux, on parle des courses, et bientôt tout le monde s'en va chez-soi, certain que c'était une après-midi agréable.

JEAN HOWE, XI-2A.

▼ ▼ ▼

AYEZ PITIE DU PAUVRE AVEUGLE

AU coin d'une rue il y avait un vieillard. A ses côtés se tenait un chien avec un écriteau suspendu à son cou "Ayez pitié du pauvre aveugle." Une dame qui passait en eut pitié et mit une pièce de dix sous dans la boîte du vieillard. "Merci Madame" dit-il et elle passa. Mais au bout de quelques pas, elle se retourna et venant vers lui: "Pardon, mon ami," lui dit-elle, "j'ai peur de m'être trompée, n'est-ce pas une pièce d'or que

j'ai mise dans votre boîte." "Non, Madame, c'est une pièce d'argent."

"Comment avez-vous pu le voir? Vous n'êtes donc pas aveugle?"

"Non, Madame, je ne suis pas aveugle, c'est mon chien qui l'est."!

LEOPOLD BENOIT, IX-2B

▼ ▼ ▼

LE MEDECIN CONNAIT SON METIER

Un jour, dans une rue de Montréal, un passant tomba sous les roues d'un automobile; on le releva sans connaissance et on le porta à l'hôpital. Sa femme, très attristée, se tenait à côté de son lit.

"Il est bien n'est-ce pas?" dit-elle au médecin penché sur le blessé.

Je crains qu'il ne soit déjà mort, murmura le médecin.

Mais pas du tout, docteur, protesta le malade, je ne suis pas mort, je vous entends très bien.

Allons, allons, lui dit sa femme, calme-toi, le docteur sait ce qu'il dit.

▼ ▼ ▼

L'HISTOIRE SANS TITRE

TROIS fats allant un matin à pied le long de la rue rencontrèrent un pasteur, âgé et décrépète, les cheveux et la barbe blancs. Désirant gaillier le vieillard, le premier s'écria, "Hé, Père Abraham." Le second dit, "Hé, Père Isaac," et le troisième dit, "Hé, Père Jacob." Le pasteur comprenant la situation et employant aussi les Ecritures Saintes répondit tranquillement, "Je ne suis ni Abraham, ni Isaac, ni Jacob, mais Saul le fils de Kish, qui allait à la recherche des ânes de son père; et voilà! je les trouve."

GERTRUDE PHILLIPS, XI-11, C



PLAISIRS DE L'HIVER

L'HIVER! c'est la saison des belles journées claires et limpides, où pas un nuage ne trouble l'atmosphère: c'est le scintillement sous les rayons du soleil de la nappe blanche qui s'étend à perte de vue, c'est, la nuit, le nombre infini des étoiles brillant au firmament avec un éclat inaccoutumé, grâce à la transparence parfaite de l'air; ce sont les lacs et les immenses cours d'eau saisis par le froid et restant pendant des mois recouverts d'une glace épaisse.

Dès qu'ils peuvent marcher, les enfants se plaisent autant dans la neige que les oiseaux dans le ciel. Armés de leur petites pelles, chaussés de longs bas bleus, rouges ou noirs, les voilà qui entassent, dispersent ou transportent la neige, défaisant ce que la minute d'avant ils ont édifié avec soin.

A cet amusement, beaucoup d'enfants préfèrent celui du traîneau. Quelle joie, en effet, de dévaler une pente rapide, couché sur un élégant traîneau, se servant de son pied en guise de gouvernail!

Le patin, le hockey et la raquette ont de nombreux admirateurs et de fervents disciples. Quel plaisir que de patiner: s'élancer sur la surface lisse de la glace, fuir rapide comme le vent, revenir, tracer mille courbes et mille dessins, tantôt silencieusement, tantôt au milieu des cris de joie! Y a-t-il un sport plus élégant et plus hygiénique? Le hockey offre aux patineurs émérités et vigoureux l'occasion de montrer leur habileté. C'est un jeu aux savantes et multiples combinaisons, exigeant la rapidité du coup d'œil et des évolutions, l'adresse pour échapper à d'habiles adversaires et pousser le disque de caoutchouc dans les buts, aux applaudissements d'une foule toujours enthousiaste, parfois délirante devant les succès de ses joueurs favoris.

N'oublions pas les raquetteurs, aux jarrets solides, aux costumes élégants et multicolores. Ils traversent la neige et les distances, se dirigeant au

gré de leurs caprices et dédaignant les chemins battus. Que de plaisirs la raquette a procurés! Et que de services n'a-t-elle pas rendus.

Ainsi, triste pour certaines personnes, l'hiver offre bien des charmes à nombre d'autres. En cette saison l'on goûte davantage les relations amicales et sociales et elles sont plus actives, enfin les sports les plus variés et les plus fortifiants donnent à la jeunesse de quoi satisfaire son besoin d'activité et de distractions.

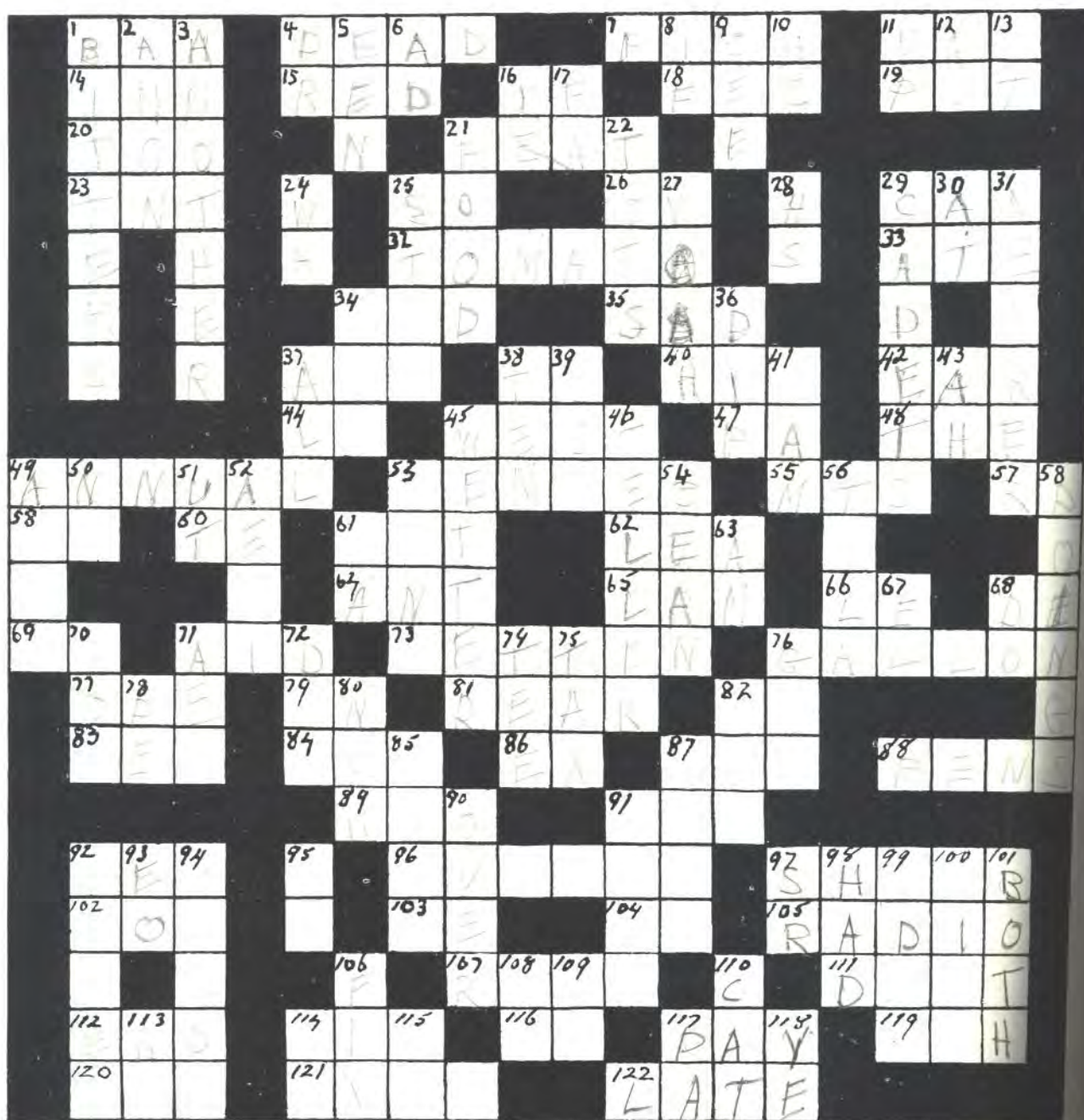
Aimons donc les plaisirs de l'hiver.

LEOPOLD BENOIT IX-2B.

"FINIR
FINISSANT
FINI---"



LA FAIM DU
ARÇON-ET LA
FIN DE LA POMME



Across

- 1 Sheep cry
4 Extinct
7 Inhabitant of the sea
11 Prefix: one
14 Hotel
15 Colour
16 Whether
18 Payment of service
19 Cooking vessel
20 Also
21 Deed
23 Explosive
25 Therefore
26 Bone
29 Container
32 Vegetable

- 33 Devoured
34 Fancy
35 Unhappy
37 Month in Jewish Calendar (pl.)
38 Note of scale
40 Farm animal
42 Spike of corn
44 Behold!
45 Direction
47 Father
48 Definite article
49 Yearly
53 Discernments
55 Mountains (abbr.)
57 Prefix: back
59 Exist
60 French, Thou
61 Winged animal

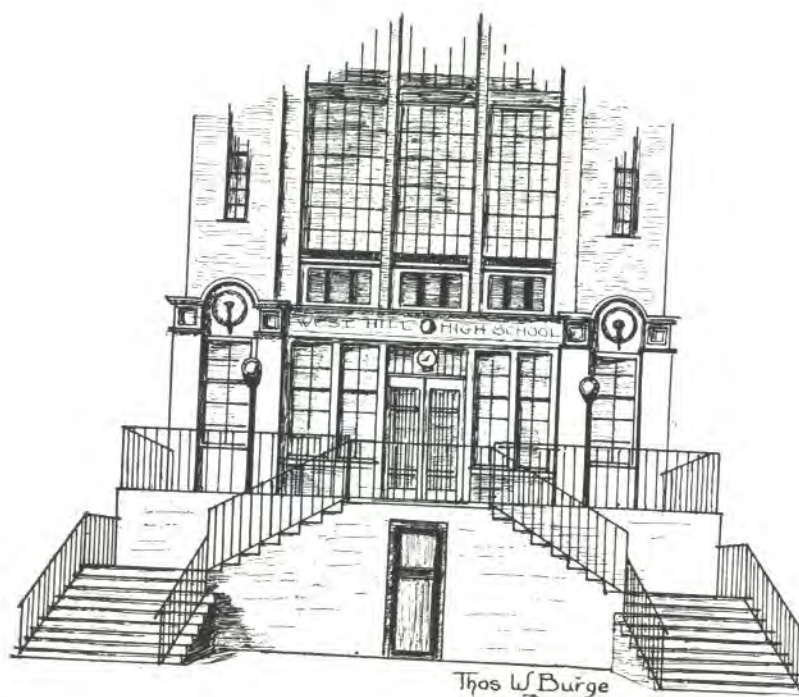
- 62 Meadow
64 Insect
65 Hit hard
66 French, "the"
68 Latin 'concerning'
69 Exclamation
71 Help
73 Species of dog
76 Four quarts
77 Poem
79 At that place
81 Back
82 French, 'neither'
83 Play upon words
84 Decay
86 Extra (abbr.)
87 Accomplished
88 Writing implements
89 Pronoun

- 91 Lubricant
92 Deponent (abbr.)
96 Develop
97 Equivocal
102 Ventilate
103 Pronoun
104 In
105 Wireless
107 Bar
111 Dagger
112 Finish
114 Small portion
116 Mountain (abbr.)
117 Reward
119 Mound
120 Born
121 Test
122 Tardy

Down

- | | | |
|----------------------------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1 Liquid in which
herbs are steeped | 36 Plunge down | 80 At this time |
| 2 Soon | 37 Everything | 82 Nothing |
| 3 Not this one | 38 Number | 85 Pronoun |
| 4 Doctor (abbr.) | 39 Equine | 87 German convention |
| 5 Even | 41 School of whales | 90 Above |
| 6 Advertisement | 43 Exclamation | 91 Elliptical |
| 8 Whether | 45 Damper | 92 Famous sign com-
pany |
| 9 Behold | 46 Bank clerk | 93 Latin 'to him' |
| 10 Pronoun | 49 Competent | 94 Pomp |
| 11 Above | 50 Latin 'lest' | 95 Depart |
| 12 Negative | 51 Latin 'that' | 97 Senior (abbr.) |
| 13 S. A. | 52 Cars | 98 Possessed |
| 16 That is | 53 Without | 99 Entrance |
| 17 Note of scale | 54 Scorch | 100 Dreadful |
| 21 Nourishment | 56 Indian weight | 101 Pair |
| 22 Children | 58 Happenings | 106 Repair |
| 24 West Hill (abbr.) | 61 Egyptian symbol | 108 Morning |
| 25 Mineral Springs | 63 Part of verb 'to be' | 109 Pronoun |
| 27 Cleanser | 67 Boy's nickname | 110 Household pet |
| 28 High School (abbr.) | 68 Accomplished | 113 Direction |
| 29 Military Students | 70 Limp | 114 Exist |
| 30 To | 71 Japanese coin | 115 Note of scale |
| 31 Closer | 72 Title of respect | 117 Father |
| 34 Movie Studio
(abbr.) | 74 Mound | 118 You |
| | 75 Excise | |
| | 76 Disease in sheep | |
| | 78 French 'of the' | |

DAVID KENNEDY,
XI-2B





SPORTS

WE of West Hill need no introduction to the forms taken by the different American and Canadian sports and games; yet one thing which is often ignored, though extremely valuable, is the value of these sports in after life.

An incident in professional hockey may serve to illustrate this. As so often happens, a tired and crippled team were playing a strong and fresh one in a decisive game. As the game drew to a close, the weaker team obviously had no chance of winning. Yet they fought desperately on, and were successful in scoring their only goal in the dying moments of the game. They lost this game by five goals to one, yet that lone goal afforded them more satisfaction than did the winners' quintette: they had the pleasure of knowing that they had done their best under the circumstances, and of fighting to the end.

After your graduation, life will be no bed of roses. Each year you have been at school, you have had to do less work than you will be required to do in any succeeding year; and there will be many times when you will wish to "throw up the sponge." Take a lesson from the athletes: and, no matter how far behind the rest you may be, keep that fighting finish. There are too many people in this world who are down and think they are out. Fight to the bitter end. The reward will come.

Although few championships were won by the School this year, it is felt that we had a successful season. We owe honour to the Junior Basketball team for winning their Western title, which was the only Boys' championship to come to us, and to the Girls' Basketball team, who won their City title; as well as to all the other teams, which, while winning nothing, yet acquitted themselves creditably, and helped to maintain the reputation of the School.

We also should praise the work of the different teachers who sacrificed their time and their pleasure to coach the teams satisfactorily. These are Mr. Brash, who handled the tennis; Messrs. Brasford, Wilson, Hodgson and Aitken, who took charge of the football; Messrs. Gregg and Brasford, who

supervised the basketball and Messrs. Hewson, McGerrigle, Pitcairn and Brown, who coached the hockey teams. We take the opportunity of thanking these, and of lauding their efforts.

▼ ▼ ▼

CADETS

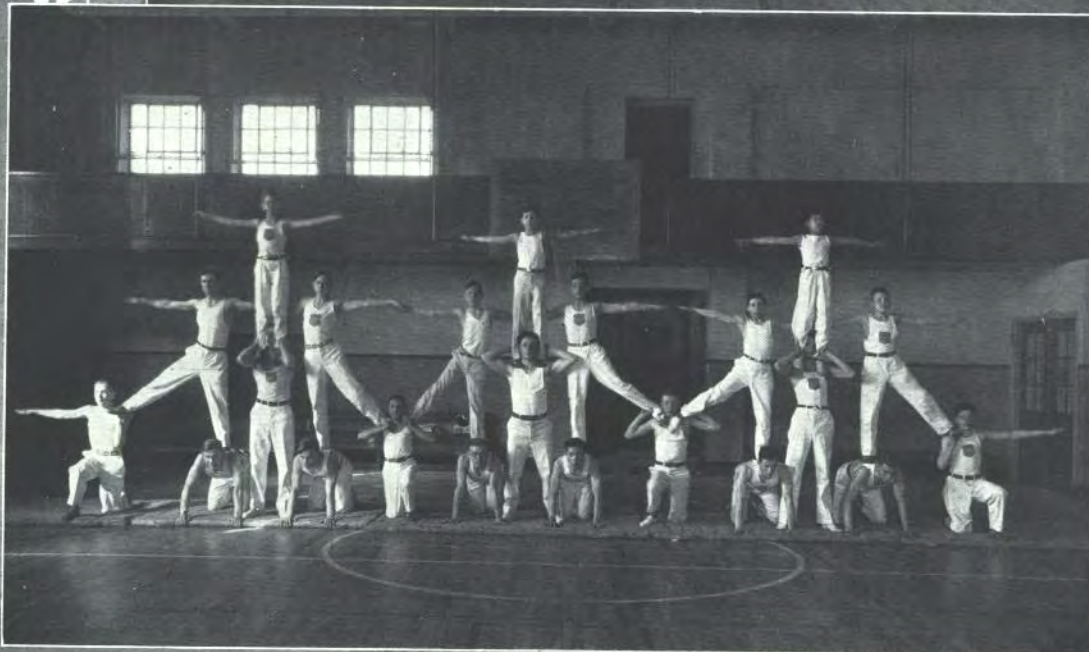
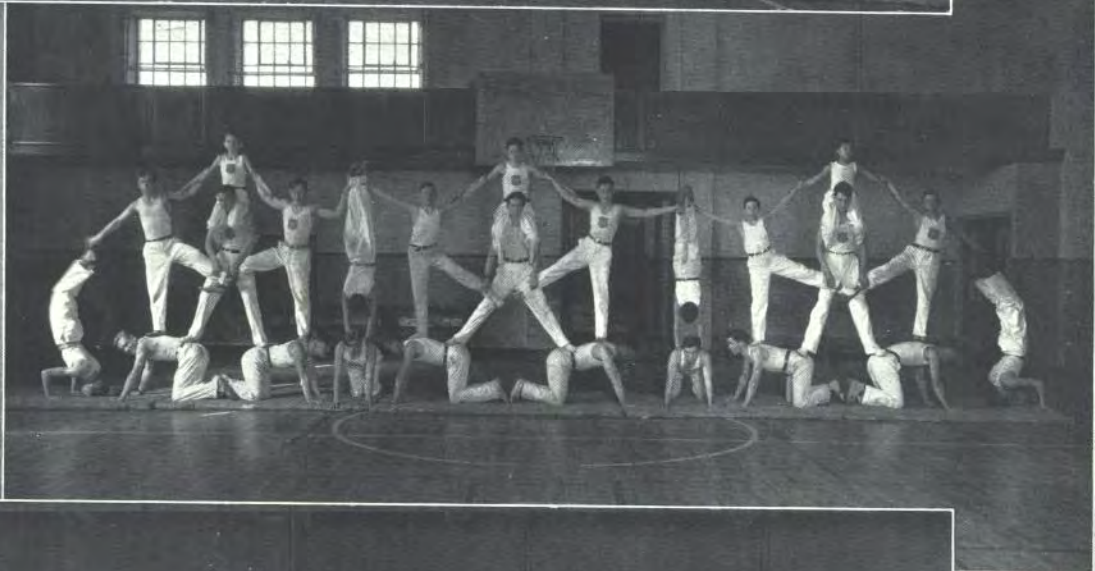
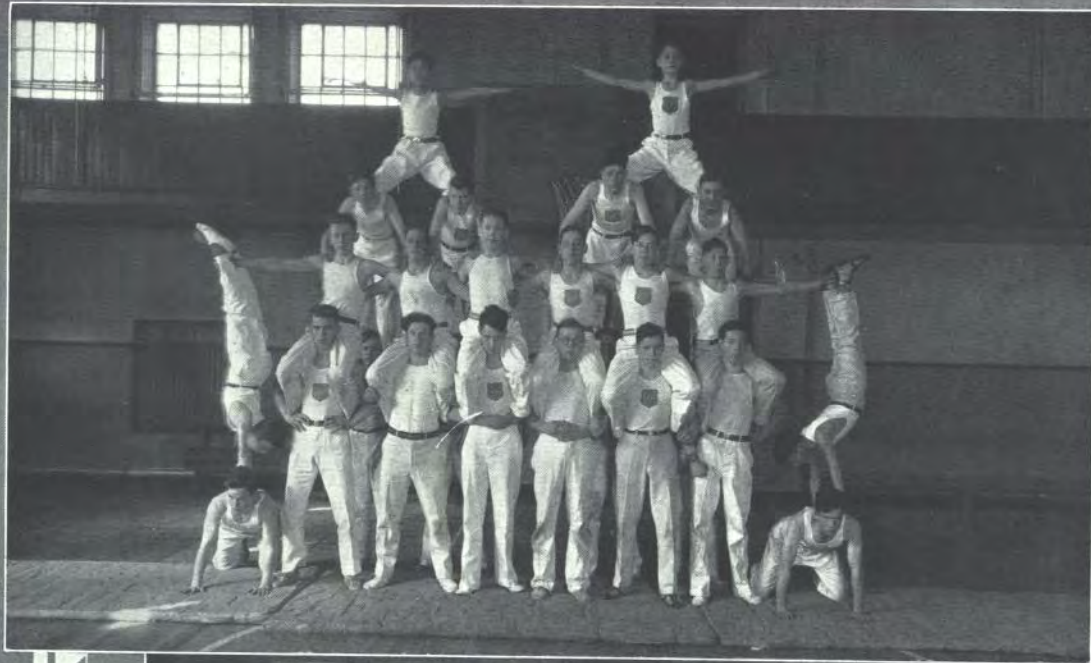
THE Cadets had their most successful year. Their work as usual divides itself into several departments, namely drilling, signalling and shooting.

The drilling was carried on under the able leadership of Capt. T. Sommerville, who was aided by Sergt.-Major Clarke of the Royal Canadian Regiment on Monday afternoon, the Company Commander was Major Gordon Franckum and the Platoon Commanders were Lieuts. D. Maxwell, John Miller and E. Bourdon. The total enrolment of seventy-two was divided into three platoons under these officers. Owing to the shortness of time allowed for drilling, the Company could not take up arm drill, in which they previously had attained a high standard of efficiency. Their steadiness and discipline was commented on by Col. Keefer, in the annual inspection.

The Cadets also officiated as ushers at the opening of Willingdon School, the Boys' Physical Demonstration, and at the presentation of the Concert Rendition of Faust.

The Semaphore class conducted by Corp. Bond, of the R.C.R., reports a one hundred per cent. pass. Each cadet who passed this test received from the Government a bonus of Five Dollars plus a signalling certificate.

The shooting was carried on each Saturday morning at the Royal Montreal Armouries. Cadets whose standing was high enough were permitted to shoot for the Dominion Marksman Trophies, namely the Gold, Silver and Bronze Pins. Seven Cadets received Bronze Pins and Five Cadets received Silver Pins. A team was also entered in the Dominion Marksman Junior Competition with very good results. This team consisted of Major Franckum, Lieuts. Maxwell, Miller, Bourdon and Corp. Watt.



BOYS' GYM. DEMONSTRATION

TENNIS

The first sport of the school is tennis. A comprehensive account of this year's tournament is given by Clifford Robinson, runner-up in the tournament.:

"West Hill has completed one of the most successful years in its tennis history. This was demonstrated in the tournament held last fall.

The tournament commenced late in September, and proceeded rapidly considering the unfavorable weather. The sixty entrants soon dwindled away with practically no upsets.

Osborn, Ogilvie, Wilson and Robinson reached the semi-finals. After two hard-fought battles, Osborn and Robinson emerged victors, and entered the finals. In a hotly-contested match, Osborn proved his superiority by defeating Robinson, the score being 6-8, 6-2, 6-3, 6-4."

▼ ▼ ▼

FOOTBALL

With the tennis tournament in full sway, West Hill entered into the thick of the football season. The soccer team was not as successful as last year's City champions, yet was by no means the worst team in the league.

The Rugby team this year had the distinction of being one of the few West Hill teams strong both on offense and defense. The powerful plunges of Captain Jack Mander, Hesse Rosenstein, and "Bud" Thomas, the running of Jim Edwards,

"Jeff" Walker, and Bruce Smaill, and the kicking of "Herb" Westman provided a valuable scoring punch, which, coupled with a strong defensive system featured by the tackling of Bob Edwards and Bob Walker, gave the School one of the strongest teams in the league.

The team seemed to be formidable in early practice, but in the first game, against Catholic High School, double disaster overtook it: not only did we lose the game by a decisive score, but Jack Mander, one of the most valuable men on the team, was injured.

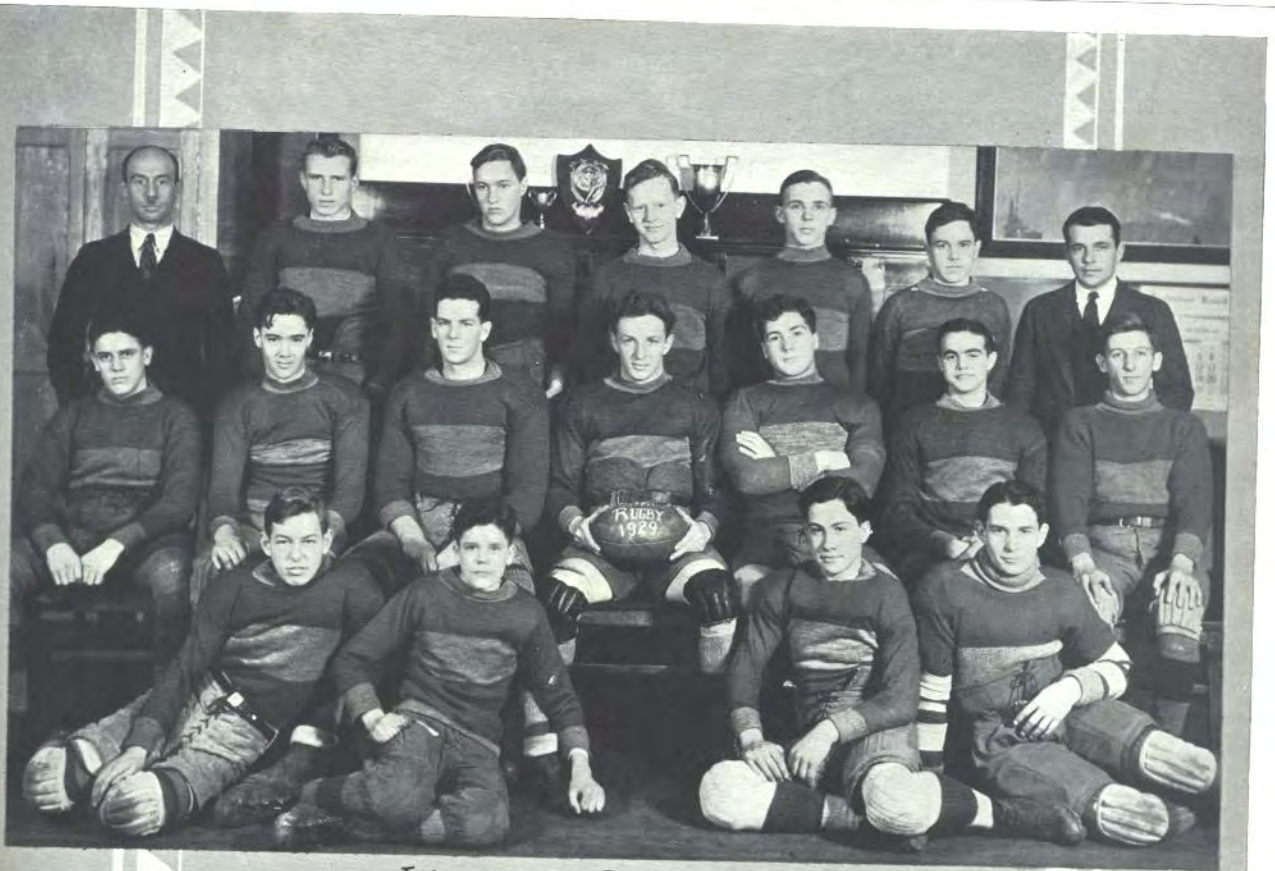
However, in Jeff Walker, an able substitute was discovered, and the team went on to win many brilliant victories, of which the most outstanding was that 5-0 victory over Loyola College in which Westman kicked every point, and established his own reputation as the best kicker in the league.

The final game of the season was played against Catholic High School, and was productive of a large crowd of supporters. These failed to do any good, however, and Catholic High triumphed by a close score, to win the championship of the league.

Our Juniors, as in every sport this year, had a strong and heavy team, and would undoubtedly have won their sectional championship had it not been for some unfortunate breaks in the deciding game with Loyola.

George Shepherd was the captain, and was responsible in a large way for the fine showing of the team. In addition, the offensive play of Ewing, Moffat, and Lang, and the work of Pickering and Sabbath on the defensive end were noteworthy.





Intermediate Rugby Team
1929



Junior Rugby Team
1929

BASKETBALL

Next on the list of sporting activities comes basketball. Craig Ballantyne describes the teams in the following:

"Fast, heavy, and efficient, West Hill's junior basketball squad went farther in the school league than either the intermediate or the senior team. Triumphant, they marched undefeated to the western division championship, only to lose to Strathcona Academy in a single disappointing game. Noteworthy most of all for its teamwork, this team set a standard for future junior teams.

"Winning less honor, the intermediate and senior teams were able to provide stiff opposition for their opponents, and games that were lost were lost by narrow margins.

"The basketball season was a satisfactory one for the School. Good basketball was displayed by all three teams and every game was strongly contested, while the wealth of promising junior and intermediate material assures strong teams for next year."

Benson, Westman, and the two Edwards were the pick of the senior team; Lang, Smaill and Malen were the best intermediates; Shepherd scored the most points for the juniors, and Moffat and Pickering starred for the same team.

HOCKEY

The three hockey teams, while winning no championships, yet made a very satisfactory showing, and each team finished in a better than average position.

The chief asset of the senior team was its indomitable spirit, and this, coupled with the miraculous goal-keeping of Bob Edwards, was the reason for the high standing of the team. The team won five games in all, and every one of these was by one goal. Only eleven goals were scored against Edwards in ten games, and five times he kept the opposition scoreless.

Stewart Macey scored more goals than any other player on the team, and was valuable to the team proportionately. Bob Walker, Bill Clayton and Jim Edwards were other men who proved to be an immense help to their teams.

The Intermediates had an excellent team, but its showing falls to justify this statement. They also had an excellent goalkeeper in McKenzie, who may be found on the senior team next year, and, in fact, played several games with them this year. McDonald, Parsons, and Farquhar formed a strong forward line, and Mander was valuable on the defense.

The Juniors had one of the strongest squads in years, and were unfortunate not to win their championship. George Shepherd was the most valuable man, interchanging on the defence or at centre. Dave Sabbath, George Bruce, and John Hopper lent an important scoring punch, and John Tuddenham played some remarkable games at relief centre.

BOYS' PHYSICAL DEMONSTRATION

At the conclusion of the hockey season, no major athletic events remained until the track meet. The boys' physical demonstration was held in the middle of April, and is believed to have been one of the most successful in the history of the school. Every number on the extensive program was run off with a commendable promptitude, and the large audience applauded almost continually.

The program consisted of different calisthenics, marching, and voluntary work which included athletic activities, apparatus exercises, and pyramids, and all were conducted and performed equally well.

At the conclusion of the program, the awards were made; a large silver cup was presented to Vaughan Osborn as winner of the tennis championship of the school, and crests for athletic distinction were awarded to several senior and junior athletes. Speeches by the chairman, Mr. W. A. Watson, Mr. D. C. Logan, and Lt.-Col. Keefer concluded a highly entertaining and successful program—one that reflected admirably upon Mr. Brasford, and upon the School as a whole.

JOHN H. SHEPHERD, XI-2B

BASKETBALL

Masters vs. Eleventh Year

Attend, all ye who list to hear
Our noble masters' praise:
I tell of a game of basket-ball
They played in by-gone days.
When that quintette, invincible,
Against them strove in vain
The greatest talent that West Hill
May ever hope to train.

It was about the lovely close
Of a freezing winter day,
When Eleventh Year were all informed
The masters they must play.
The word was passed from mouth to mouth
And everybody smiled:
If the masters met with great defeat,
Their wrath might not be mild.

Alas! before that game was o'er,
Eleventh Year did know
However stale the masters were
They weren't so very slow.
They made wild dashes here and there;
Beside them pros were tame:
Yet they won by only a single point
At the finish of the game.

DAVID KENNEDY, XI-2B

"Do you serve lobsters here?"
Waitress: "Oh, we serve anybody. Sit down."



Junior
Basket Ball Team
1929

Senior Basket Ball Team
1929



Intermediate
Basket Ball
Team
1929



Say it to the

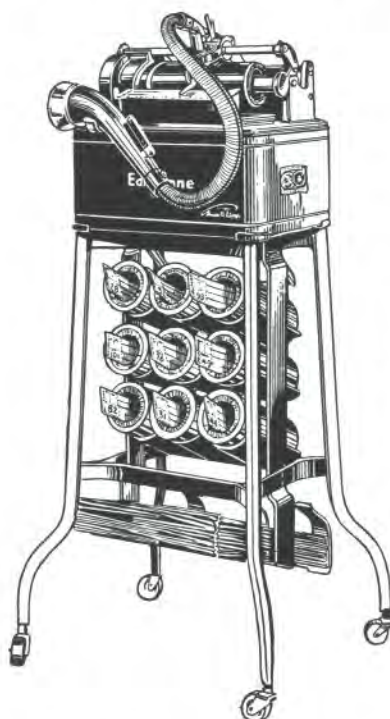
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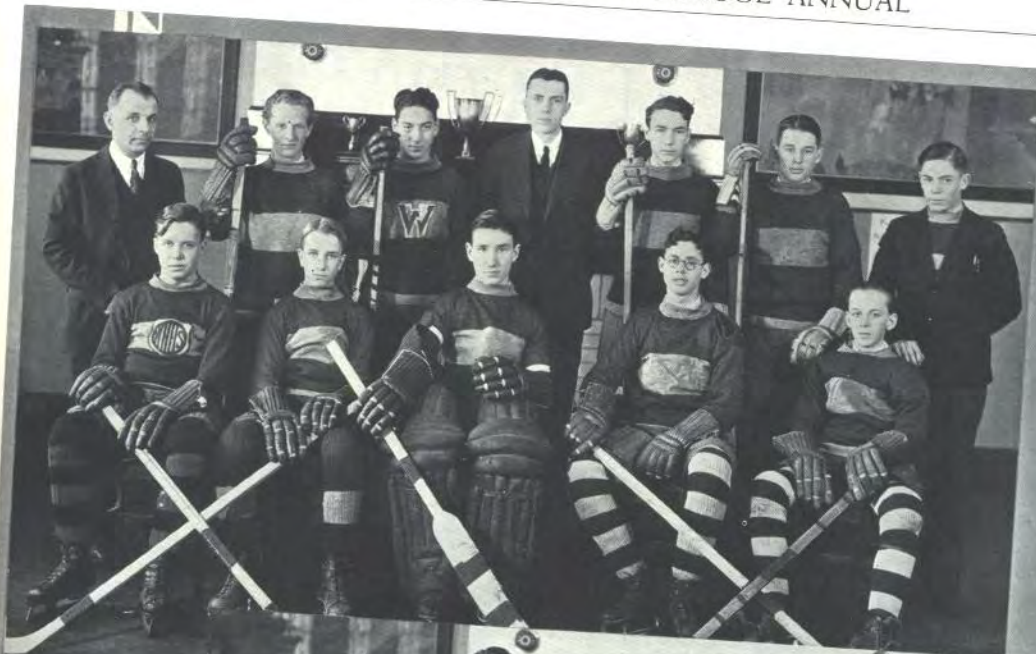
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JUNIOR
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TEAM
1929



INTERMEDIATE
HOCKEY
TEAM
1929



SENIOR
HOCKEY
TEAM
1929

PRESTIGE



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JUNIOR SOCCER TEAM



NORAH THORPE

BADMINTON

THE girls of West Hill have concluded a very successful season of Badminton. This is the fifth year that they have participated in this sport, and a decided increase in the numbers of members has been shown.

The school tournament was played in January and keen interest was displayed by the girls who took part. Norah Thorp defeated Phyllis Payne in the finals. It was a very close and enjoyable game, the score being 13-12, 6-11, 13-11.

Alberta Bembridge and Norah Thorp won the doubles. A prize of ten dollars donated by the West Hill Badminton Club will be divided between them. We appreciate this club's continued interest in our school badminton.

A challenge game between the Girls' High School and West Hill resulted in a victory for the former. Later a return game was played and this time West Hill was the winner.

On April 16th a team from Baron Byng played in a Round Robin tournament. West Hill won 5-4, most of the games being closely contested.

PHYLLIS PAYNE,
Badminton Representative.

SWIMMING

DUE to the efforts and enthusiasm of Miss Bell, the girls of West Hill enjoyed two swimming meets this year. The first was held at the Y.W.C.A. Tank early in December, 1929; the second was held at the Westmount Y.M.C.A. on March 29, 1930. There were entries for twenty-five, fifty, one hundred, two-hundred, four-hundred, eight-hundred yards, and, at the first meet, there were two entries for the mile. Each girl who took part in either of these meets will receive a certificate.

The girls wish to extend their thanks to Miss Bell, Miss Sutherland and Miss Howell, who officiated as time-keepers.

BETTY LYSONS
Swimming Representative.

(In Commemoration of the Junior Basketball Championship)

Attend! all ye who list to hear our noble West Hill's praise,

I tell of the thrice-famous game she fought in modern days,

When that great team, St. Lambert's Girls, against her bore in vain

The second strongest junior team in the city's net-ball game;

It was about the pleasant (?) close of a cold winter's day

There came those slim and graceful dames our champion team to play;

But their team saw defeat that time within the gym so gay.

At earliest twilight they did say, "West Hill has won the day!"

ESTHER MUSGROVE, IX-A

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

IN spite of the loss of many of last year's players the West Hill teams came through the league again this year with a city championship. This time it was the Juniors who gained the honour first, defeating Montreal West High School in a hard-fought game for the Western Championship, and then capturing the city title by winning from St. Lambert leaders of the Eastern Section.

During the whole season the Juniors lost only one game, whereas the Seniors lost three.

Owing to the late date at which the league opened, and also to the lengthened schedule caused by the addition of the Lachine teams in the Western Section, and the Baron Byng teams in the Eastern Section, the only exhibition match arranged was the annual "Old Girls" game. This game resulted in the defeat of the present team, 38-33. This is the first time in years that the match has resulted in a victory for the "Old Girls."

Miss Bell's efforts, which are largely responsible for the success of the West Hill teams, are not confined to inter-scholastic basketball alone. Due to her arrangement, the girls of the school have enjoyed the playing-off of a class league. The class championship was won by XI-A's first team, which is practically the same team that won the championship last year.

CHERIDAH SHIELDS
Basketball Manager.



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We are now about to broadcast the last five minutes of the final basketball match of the inter-class league. This game is between Grade IX-2G and XI-1A girls.

Grade XI is now in the lead with about three and a half minutes to go. Both teams are fighting hard and the girls are very excited as is shown by their fumbling of the ball. Ninth Year has the ball under the basket,—there it goes—now they've caught up two more points. Alas, that basket is now cancelled by a flying shot for XI. That's too bad, and there goes the whistle. The noise you are now hearing is the cheers of the conquerors, and the vanquished for each other. The game is over, the Eleventh Year has won and is now wishing Grade IX-2G better luck for next year.

Station R-O-O-M-15 now signing off. Farewell!

GRACE COLLINGE, XI-2A.

▼ ▼ ▼

THE ATHLETIC PARTY

THE West Hill High School Girls' Athletic Association held their annual party on Wednesday, November 13th.

The programme was opened by a monologue entitled "The Inventor," which was very cleverly presented by Audrey Williams. Grade IX-1C then gave us their version of some of the titles from "Prose and Poetry" which was very funny. This was followed by "The Alphabet Tragedy" by Grade X-1C, which showed us the romantic side of affairs. In this play the lover elopes with his fair lady, leaving his rival in the lurch. The girls of VIII-2G presented "The Fatal Quest," impersonating a stately king, a fair queen, a beautiful princess, and a romantic duke. The stateliness of the king brought forth laughter from the enthusiastic audience, and the princess immediately won all hearts. We were very sorry to find that the princess and duke did not marry and live happily ever afterwards, but instead, played a Romeo and Juliet act and committed suicide. Grade VIII-1A then put on an interesting piece called "The Interview." The girls of Grade X-1A enacted before our eyes "A Mock Trial," in which a West Hill girl was tried before a judge and jury for numerous offences. The formality of the procedure and the flippant speeches of the accused made a decided contrast. The girl was found guilty and was taken off the stage as prisoner amid much laughter and applause. Grade IX-1E then put on "The Tragical Mirth" from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." A game of "Charades" was played by Grade VIII-1E which held the attention of the audience throughout. We were given a modernized view of "The Cotter's Saturday Night" by Grade IX-2G, which was very interesting. "The Nameless Play" was put on by Grade IX-1A. In this play all the players ended by killing themselves, which seemed to be the favourite way of ending many of the plays. In "A Marriage of Convenience," the nervous uncle who advertises for a wife to rid himself of his two modern nieces who have come for a visit and may stay six months,

the very methodical lady who answers the uncle's advertisement, and the love affair between the housekeeper and the milkman, are all made very real to us through the girls of Grade XI-1A. This play was enjoyed by all, for the girls were splendid actors.

At the conclusion of the programme a dance was held and ice-cream cones were served. On the whole a very enjoyable afternoon was passed and the party proved a big success.

HAZEL McBRIDE, X-2A



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TENNIS

AS soon as school opened tennis recommenced. Every day the courts were crowded with would-be and have-been tennis players. It was a case of first come, first play. On the whole, it was a very successful year.

A tournament in September attracted many and sixteen girls bravely entered. In the semi-finals, Norah Comber defeated Mary Bostrom and Lillian Rattray defeated Betty Lysons. In the finals Norah was defeated in a very exciting and well-played set, 2-6, 6-2, 7-5. So Lillian Rattray holds the Challenge Cup for this year.

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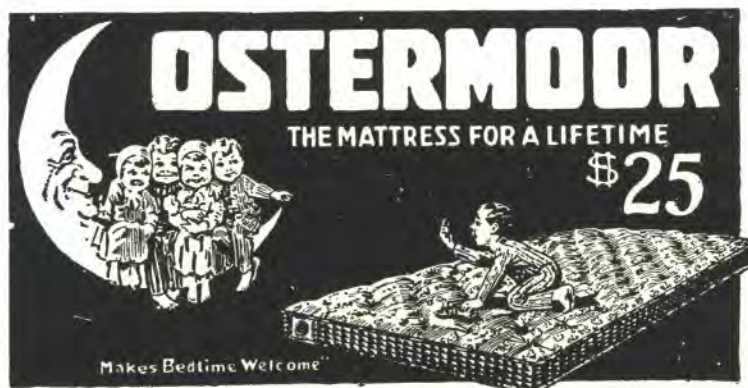
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