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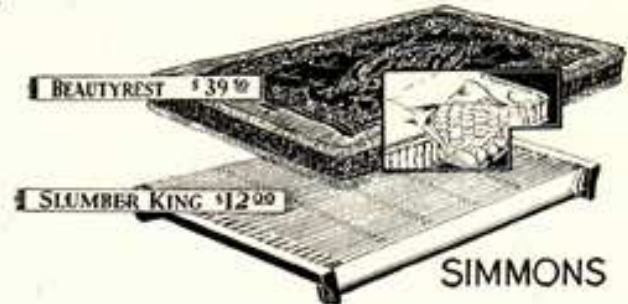
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The Editorial Board has been assisted by an Advisory Board, composed of several members of the Staff.

FOR the fifth time in its history, West Hill has produced its Annual, for which the editors are faced with the pleasant duty of writing a few opening paragraphs.

In a former issue, the wish was expressed that this publication should become an institution and a tradition of the school, and this wish seems in a fair way to being realized. It is the earnest hope of the sponsors of this production, that it will carry on nobly the excellent record established by its predecessors.

We take this opportunity of thanking those teachers, pupils, and advertisers who have contributed to the success of the production.

In this past year the school has made many advances in all fields of activity. In athletics more teams have participated in inter-school sports than ever before; and each has made a good showing. In music, the West Hill Choir has earned for itself and for its teacher a well deserved fame by its concerts and broadcasts. The high standard in art-work has been maintained as may be seen by reference to these pages, and by the fact that some of it was exhibited at the "Produced in Canada" Exhibition.

Last, but not least in importance, West Hill has had at different times throughout the school year, speakers, whose numbers have been as great, and

whose messages have been as good, as any in the history of the school.

But that which is most greatly indicative of the progress being made by West Hill is the interest which is being taken in the school by the outside public. As proof of this we have the scholarships so generously donated by the Notre Dame de Grâces Women's Club, and the French Prizes given by the Alliance Française de Montréal. The scholarships, of one hundred dollars each, are to be awarded to the first boy and girl of West Hill's graduating class, who elect to follow the first year course at University. The French Prizes consist of sums of money given, one to the boy, and one to the girl, who gains highest marks in matriculation French. These prizes should serve as a great incentive to our senior class to do still better work in matriculation, and to equal the record of the class of '27 of one hundred per cent. pass.

It may also be hoped that as the school grows with the addition of the fine new wing, and as the number of alumni increases, awards of a similar nature will be made, which will serve as a further spur towards success.

To you who follow we wish every success, and we adjure you to "Make from the greatness of West Hill, a still greater fame." We say this, believing that you cannot fail to do so with the wonderful opportunities now at your command.



## My Visit to the Pyramids

**A**FTER an enjoyable ten days on the Arabian and Red Seas, on our way home from India, we arrived at Port Said. After the usual fuss and bother of changing money and getting through the customs, we entrained for the six-hour journey to Cairo.

The route lay through the desert on the west bank of the Suez Canal, for about thirty miles, then turned due west, and, on reaching the Nile, continued south to Cairo. On this trip, we saw our first mirage. On the horizon, or often nearer, would appear a grove of palm trees, or a pool of water, but as the train moved, and the perspective changed, the mirage would disappear and another appear elsewhere.

From Cairo, we went by motor car over an excellent road to the Pyramids, which are situated to the west of the Nile, on the edge of the desert. Upon arriving, we hired three "dragomen," as no one is supposed to climb the Big Pyramid, it being the only one generally climbed by visitors, without a guide. We began the ascent in the middle of the north-east side, up to the entrance to the internal passages, about fifty feet from the ground, then proceeding along the face to the eastern corner, we began the ascent proper, which is up the corner. On the way up, we saw splashes of blood, here and there, where, the week before, a British "Tommie," under the influence of liquor, made the ascent alone, but had fallen on the way down, and was of course killed. As we approached the Pyramids, they appeared quite smooth, but we now found that they were like great flights of steps, each step being from three to four feet high.

The Big Pyramid, or Pyramid of Kheops, so named because of the Pharaoh who built it, dates from about 3000 B.C. Some idea of its tremendous size, may be gathered from the fact that it was originally four hundred and eighty-one feet high, and covered about fourteen acres. From a distance, the Big Pyramid appears to come to quite a sharp point, but actually, its top occupies a space thirty-six feet square. This square is by

no means level, being quite irregular, owing to the large blocks of stone used in its construction. This pyramid is made up of 2,300,000 separate blocks of granite, each weighing about two and a half tons.

All three Pyramids were originally encrusted with polished stone, making them quite impossible to climb. The Second Pyramid, or Pyramid of Khefren, still retains, near the top, some of this original covering. With this exception, all this smooth covering has been weathered away, leaving the rough blocks of granite.

The ascent of the Big Pyramid occupied about fifteen minutes, but the view from the top was well worth the trouble. Away to the north-east lay Cairo, with its minarets gleaming in the sun. From south-east to north-east ran the Nile, with its fifteen mile wide line of vegetation and cultivation showing a practically straight line where the yellow desert began. Due west were the other two Pyramids of Khefren and Mycerinus, built by the sons of the great Kheops. About a quarter of a mile to the south, lay the great Sphinx, not looking so great from where we were. That day, a regiment of British soldiers was shifting camp to Sakkara, about thirty miles away, and the train of camels carrying their provisions passing the foot of the Pyramid, looked just like a pencil line on the desert. The air was remarkably clear, as the honking of motor horns, and the shouts of the camel-drivers could be heard distinctly, even at our height.

The Pyramids are tombs of the Pharaohs of ancient Egypt. The burial chamber is dug in the ground, and the pyramid built over it. The original burial chamber of the Big Pyramid lies one hundred feet below its base, and is connected with the surface by means of a tunnel, which comes to light about fifty feet from the ground. We did not go in, as the tunnel and burial chamber are bare, uninteresting, and full of bats and foul odours, and we preferred to keep with us nothing but pleasant memories of our trip to the Pyramids.

GORDON S. BEALL, VIII-2D.

## THE MONTHS

**W**HEN I think of January I am always reminded of the cold inhospitable type of man who will pick up yesterday's newspaper and read it, rather than spend two cents and buy today's paper; the type of man who is constantly writing letters to the newspapers complaining about modern youth, the decay of morals, jazz and so forth. January is always the cold bitter month that seems to be constantly warning people away.

Following January however, we have, I consider, the most unpleasant month of the year, February; the dull, the uninteresting. February, the borderline between Winter and Spring. Winter is left just far enough behind so that we do not enjoy any of its benefits nor do we experience its cheerful feeling. People must have recognized February's insignificance when they only gave her twenty-eight days. Every four years February makes a feeble attempt to obtain some of the dignity of the other months by annexing an extra day, but even this added distinction cannot counteract her habitual dullness.

Then enters March, the blustering bully, who comes in with a wild roar, and like all bullies, creeps out, trying to be as inconspicuous as possible. March is the season of slush, of rain, and of melting snow, so that even if one is able to recover his hat, whisked off by a stray gust of wind, he always picks it up decorated with festoons of garbage and with little lumps of melting snow clinging coyly to it. Considering the anger and bad feeling against it, it is no wonder that March endeavours to efface itself when it leaves us to make way for April.

April, the beginning of Spring, is always to be likened to a fickle woman. Indeed fickleness is April's chief characteristic. One can never trust April. She seems to take a subtle delight in raising our expectations for fine weather only to dash them to the ground. April is the season when we are supposed to start wearing our Summer clothes; but let any rash person so much as unbutton his overcoat and she is upon him, driving him to cover with icy blasts of wind, and showers of rain. April is the last hold-out of Winter and when we have finished April we can safely say that Winter has finally been left behind.

May may be likened to a young girl in her 'teens. She is the first really bright month in the year—gay, gambolling like a young lamb. She is just old enough to begin to possess the beauty of a woman and is still girlish enough not to have lost all her high spirits. May is the gayest, happiest month in the year, the month when all Natures' children, with a few exceptions are born. Towards the end of the month, May becomes more serious and dignified. Finally her stateliness warrants her being called June.

June is May grown a little older. June has May's beauty but it is a dignified and haughty beauty. Everything she does is done in a dignified and solemn manner. One never hears of anyone making love in June in the ardent manner of the month of May. In June the whole thing is conducted in a solemn and business-like way compared to the fantastic love-letter writing and mushy love poems of Spring. In Spring love is represented as a young couple seated on a log gazing at a pair of bluebirds

kissing on a bough above. June is not however like this. In June the young couple begin to study budgets. The young man consults his employer regarding the possibility of a raise, and wonders whether he could persuade his mother to allow them to have the old dinner-set. It is at this time that they begin to look for a house. That is June.

Now we come to the laziest months of the year, July and August. These two months always seem to be in a perpetual slumber. One never hears of anyone doing anything that requires energy in July. It is probably for this reason that all school and business holidays take place at this time. Even the birds are silenced at this period of the year and about the only noise that can be heard is the drowsy humming of the bees which serves to increase the somnolent atmosphere.

However, let us leave these lazy sluggards. Here comes the rich cheerful optimist, September. September with his ruddy cheeks, scattering the year's choicest gifts. September is the most cheerful and warm month in the year—warm not so much in the physical sense as in the welcome he offers to all comers. His cheerfulness seems to be reflected in his colouring, for the predominant colour is red. We see red everywhere, in the trees, in the ripening fruits, and even in the heavens in the evening, and last but not least, the old red school-house, beckoning us back to our beloved (?) studies.

The year however does not seem to desire us to be influenced by the cheerful spirit of September for immediately following upon the departure of September come those two pessimists, October and November. These are truly the two gloomiest months in the year, and not only the gloomiest but the drabdest. They have none of the gaiety of Spring, the warmth of Summer, or the harshness of Winter. They have none of Autumn's red warmth, Spring's fresh greenness or Winter's white mantle. Their colour typifies them: a dull grey.

December might best be likened to Dicken's famous character, Scrooge. For a while December is as cold and harsh as January, but towards the end of his short reign, he loses his harsh demeanour under the gladdening influence of the season of goodwill: Christmas!

JACK PLUMBLEY, XI-2B

## THE SEASHORE ON A STORMY DAY

**S**APE in my sanctuary, the little "Cave-by-the-Sea," I watched the storm raging outside. It seemed as if the sea and the shore were defending themselves from the elements.

The lightning streaked across the sky warningly, menacingly. The thunder growled ominously, then crashed with deafening suddenness. The wind howled dismally, then wildly, triumphantly. The driving rain seemed to take savage delight in digging furrows in the soft sand. But the sea fought gallantly—she was brave! Like a mother protecting her young, she sent her huge waves to wash away the furrows in the sand. Little by little she was winning. The wind began to howl a mournful dirge. The thunder rumbled less certainly. The lightning ceased—occasionally flaring up, and then retreating feebly. Soon the most striking spectacle I had ever witnessed had ended.

BEATRICE SABBATH, XI-2A.

## AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR SCHOOL

THE English Grammar Schools have existed from time immemorial whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. My teaching experience in them began in 1913 when I was appointed to teach at Archbishop Holgate's Grammar School, York. It was a school of about 350 boys in Lord Mayor's Walk, just outside the city walls. (At Chester and at York you can spend Sunday afternoon going the circuit of the Walls, examining bartisans, watch-towers and portcullises.)

This particular school was founded by Archbishop Holgate in 1546. This pious prelate was one of the wealthiest churchmen of his day,—a phrase which means a good deal. He was one of the big landlords of Yorkshire, owning wide tracts of farming country. What a travesty of Christianity was theirs, when compared with the life of Him they proposed to follow! Under Henry VIII he became one of the new reformers. Nemesis followed in Mary's reign, when he was thrown into the Tower. He sent an abject letter to the Queen, protesting that he was not so Protestant a Protestant as many others. He even offered the Queen £1,000 for his liberation. What his fate would have been one can only conjecture. It does not seem that he was made of the stuff whereof martyrs are created. In any event Mary died soon after his incarceration and he did not long survive his unhappy monarch.

The room I taught in may have been of Elizabethan structure. It was lighted by the old narrow ecclesiastical windows, though the small diamond panes had been removed. At the back was a stone staircase leading to the main dormitory above. In this class-room the juniors, aged 12, began the secondary course.

There was only one sport to follow at a time—football in winter, cricket in summer. My partners in the 1st football eleven included five masters and five senior boys. Of the boys who were seniors in 1914, only a small percentage remained undamaged by the War. The list of killed among the old boys was a heavy one.

Of the history of the school, I learnt very little while I was there. About 50 boarders were at the school. Along with four resident masters, they all dined in one smallish room. The head, now a rector somewhere in Yorkshire, used to enter at mealtimes in time to pronounce a grace before meat, and then retreat to a quiet feast in the recesses of his own mansion hard by. He told me the one piece of history of the school that I remember. In the reign of Elizabeth, the boy's allowance of beer was limited to one quart of small beer each per day, at least I think that was the amount.

In 1913 they used to drink tea, shades of Sir Thomas Lipton! At the time of the Great Plague the boys of Eton were ordered by the school authorities to smoke tobacco in order to keep off the infection. As the poet sings—

TEMPORA MUTANT ET NOS MUTAMUR IN ILLIS.

J. C. J. HODGSON

## THE FOSTER MOTHER

I WAS wandering along an old bridle path this summer when I saw a very curious sight. At first I did not really see a thing, rather my attention was drawn by the sound of a hen clucking. Looking down I was exceedingly surprised to see a small baby blackbird being fed a nice fat worm by a Rhode Island Red. By sitting down quietly on a nearby rock it was possible to watch this interesting picture of natural life. A great many worms were scratched out of the ground before the small red mouth of the hungry infant was closed; and then the bird cuddled close to its kind protector and went to sleep.

Many times during the following month I visited the hen and her adopted baby. And always I went alone as I did not wish to disturb the happy home. Always the scene was the same except that the blackbird grew bigger and fatter under the excellent maternal care he received.

One day when I arrived to pay my usual visit I discovered that the bird had flown into a shrub near by, and now was happily chirping down to his mother. But it was the poor hen that claimed most of my attention. What had happened to her baby? Why did he not come down to be fed instead of eating the berries off the bush? These questions were written plainly on the face of the flustered hen.

Finally I was forced to leave the disturbed mother and happy baby and return home as dusk was falling. Several days later while wandering aimlessly along the path I decided to visit the spot where I had spent so many interesting hours and see if the hen was still there. But although I searched diligently for many minutes, she was not to be found. Who can say that she has not found some other lonely baby to love and mother as she had the baby blackbird?

LORNA LEE, IX-2C.

## THE ROAD BACK

It was a lonely road. He stood before her trembling with angry passion. "Is there nothing I can do or say that will move you?" he said between clenched teeth.

He glared at her, so silent, so indifferent. She was beautiful, slender, with a catlike sleekness and that air of simplicity that makes men lose their heads and get into debt.

He paced up and down before her in the gathering dusk, a wild light in his eye. Suddenly he whirled and seized her roughly. She did not even shudder.

"Confound you!" he cried desperately. "I'm done—through—finished. I'll telephone and have you towed in."

MAX SCHWARTZ, X-2B.



## AT HOME in the ANDES



**T**O tell about our four year stay in Colombia, South America, would be rather a difficult task, so I will only describe the place that I remember best, and liked most.

Our home was really in Bogota, the political capital of Colombia, a city which, though only four degrees from the equator, is almost nine thousand feet above sea-level, and so has seasons when the climate is cool. At such times we migrated to our little farm, named Santa Teresa, only five thousand feet above sea-level and one thousand feet above the little pueblo of La Esperanza.

This pueblo, or village, at which we disembarked from the train, will ever be dear in my memory. In front of the little hotel where we always rested before climbing to our farm, was the local market, if such it could be called. There Indian women spread out before them luscious fruits such as mangoes, piñas, anones, chirimoyas, and granadillas. Few of these have I tasted since leaving there, but I still have the liveliest recollections of their delicious flavours.

La Esperanza is a collection of coffee farms, and the first part of our ride to the farm was through miles of spicily fragrant coffee bushes. These are lovely things with their dark green leaves, bright red berries, or cherries as they are called, and their green unripe berries and starlike white flowers smelling like orange blossoms, all thriving at the same time on the same bush.

After leaving these farms we climbed up roads built by the Indians under the supervision of the Conquistadores, and a hardy lot they must have been, for the roads were clumsily cobbled, rising at an angle of forty-five degrees—never less—with steps varying in depth from one to two feet, occurring every few yards. I used to leave the roads to the horse while I looked at the scenery (I felt better). And what scenery!—The Andes in all their magnificence—range upon range rising one behind the other, and going into an amazing distance, colourful and wonderful!

After about half an hour's ride, we came to a bend in the road where the grass overgrew the stones, and a snug little cottage was tucked away into the shelter of the mountains, with a garden, and plantations falling away into a deep valley. This was Santa Teresa, the little home to which I some day hope to return.

The dogs would be the first to greet us, then the servants would come running to help us dismount, after which my brother and I lost no time in renewing old acquaintances.

We would run through the house into the garden to see if our special old orange tree was there, and the tangerine tree, and the old guayaba tree with its comfortable crotch, where my brother and I had spent so many hours gobbling the luscious fruit. We sampled the fruit of these and many other trees to see if they were as good as before!

Space will not permit me to tell of all the wonderful things we saw and did, but I must mention getting up with the sun to see old Mount Tolima raising its snow-capped head, eighteen thousand feet, to tower above the Sierras which were also dignified by white caps.

There were the banana plantations where I first discovered, to my great surprise, that the bananas curled upwards on the bushes instead of downwards as I had always thought.

We passed through these to go to the little hut under the aguacate tree (alligator pear), where we used "to keep house" in the mornings. In the afternoons we would go to the Rio Apulo, a stream of glittering cascades and cool deep pools, where we splashed away the hours till tea-time. Here, too, the maids used to wash the clothes on the clean brown stones at the river's edge.

Our drinking water came from a little stream which obligingly trickled to our very door before turning away down into the valley. The peons had rigged up a bamboo cane (cut from a feathery group of bamboos), split in half to act as a canal to enable us to fill the ollas (pans) more conveniently.

Bamboos and gourds play a great part in the life down there. Bamboos are the drain pipes (above ground of course), as well as the scaffolding for the adobe houses. The gourds, in varying sizes, act as any utensil from cups to market baskets.

I wish I could picture for you the brilliant tropical colours of the days, and the intense blue and silver of the nights. And I can give no adequate description of the utter prodigality of Nature as she covers every archway with a riot of ferns and flowers, (the kind I like best being called "belleza"—beauty). Likewise she covers so many trees with orchids of breath-taking loveliness. My favourite was one named "mariposa"—(butterfly), and even now I cannot credit it with being a parasite.

It is a land of glamour and romance and interesting tradition, and although much has been told and written about its fascination, I still think that the best way to appreciate it is to go and see it for yourselves.

MAJA BLACK, IX-2A.

## ON GETTING UP EARLY

**T**HERE is one thing that has always impressed me as being odd. At night when the time for retiring has arrived, it takes an effort to leave the book you are reading, or whatever else you are doing, and go to bed. Then when morning comes around, the hold the bed has upon you is terrific. To get up at a reasonable hour, so that you will not have to rush, although it is the logical thing to do, takes an effort far surpassing that of the previous night; so great, in fact that many of us weaken under the strain and in consequence lie comfortably in bed until the last minute and then, the urgency of our day's work becomes so pressing that it forces us from between the sheets, and we start a mad rush that usually ends by being late anyway.

A few people are lucky in this way. Their occupation is one that has no set hours. Their time is their own. Accordingly, they grace their little bed for a few extra hours every morning after the rest of the world has begun its daily bustle. I speak of authors, artists and the like. And yet these are the very persons that are continually dinning into our ears that the secret of success lies in early rising. One of them, however, is very frank about this matter. "I have all my life been lying till noon," he said, "yet I tell all young men, and tell them with great sincerity, that nobody who does not rise early will ever do any good." This was Dr. Johnson. When we see what he became, even though he didn't get up till noon, it is very tempting. Then there was Bishop Selwyn, whose religious inclinations prevented his early rising. "I did once rise early," he said, "but felt so vain all morning and so sleepy all afternoon that I determined not to do it again." Since vanity was opposed to his creed, he felt justified in sleeping in. But alas, we are not so lucky. We are neither writers, nor can our religious beliefs affect us. No noon rising for us, poor souls. The bell still rings at nine.

But after all, supposing we did not have to go to school in the morning; suppose—oh just suppose—it was during the holidays and "school" wasn't in our vocabulary. Would we want to stay in bed late? Well, during the term, I think that the mere thought of the exhausting day's work ahead of us is enough to make us feel tired, and besides—the bed is so soothing. But if the day was to be one of fun, one in which every minute can be enjoyed, you'd feel all the time that you were lying in bed you were missing something. The depression that hangs over you during the term is gone, your strength has returned; you're strong, so strong in fact that you can do battle with the lure of the bed and get up. Once up, the worst is over and the day has begun.

Have you ever taken it into your head, one fine bright summer morning, to get up just after sunrise? I did once. If you have, and if you have read any of these poems and essays on the beauty of early morning, you would have seen how true it all is. Why, the sun is beaming and all the luxuriant foliage and grass gleams in its coat of sparkling dew, and you hear "the early pipe of half-awakened birds;" all is just as the poet has told us. But beware! Be not hasty! For he has not told us that all, all these things, though beautiful to the eye, on close contact are just—wet. As I

said, I did it once, but never again. Getting up was no effort at all; I was half-asleep when I did it anyway and I didn't quite realize my folly until it was too late. However, once up, I started to walk along the road. It was in the country, of course. As I walked along I gazed around me, it was a wonderful morning, and I was duly affected by nature in all its splendour. But after awhile I grew tired; I had gone a round-about way and though not far from where I had started, by the road it was quite a distance. Here I began to realize from what foundation nature had obtained her splendour. I could find no place to sit down and rest my weary limbs, every thing was sopping wet. Unable to rest, I determined to return home across the fields, rather than to go all the way back by the road. Woe is me! By the time that I arrived home, I might just as well have jumped into the lake. That was the last time that I ever tried any early rising stunt.

R. E. EDSON, XI-2B

## THE HAPPY VALLEY AT SUNSET

**T**HE sunset and surrounding country as seen from the Mountain on a summer evening, leaves with those who appreciate beauty, a sense of delight mingled with awe and reverence. To the right lie the farm lands, dotted with small farms. There the river leisurely winds its way off into the dim distance. Only a slight whisper is heard among the pine and fir overhead.

"Mildly and soft the western breeze

Just kiss'd the lake, just stirr'd the trees."

In the opposite direction, the slowly sinking sun forms a glowing halo around the tops of the mountains across the bay, and casts its reflection on the rippling surface of the golden inlet. The clouds are touched with the fiery glow of the setting sun.

This "parting gleam of sunshine" soon vanishes and the landscape is overcast with a purple haze which rapidly grows darker until the little fishing village at the foot of the mountain is shrouded in darkness. The mountains too, become dark and formidable. The birds in their nests twitter drowsily. All is calm and peaceful. Amid these quiet surroundings, the mind gradually forgets the worries of the preceding day, and, wandering dreamily here and there, finds rest.

MARGARET TAYLOR, IX-2C

SON—"Dad, can you write your name with your eyes closed?"

FATHER—"Yes, sure, why, of course!"

SON—"Well, please shut your eyes and sign my report."

SHE—"Aren't sheep dumb?"

HE—"Yes, my lamb."

HE—"Are you fond of Kipling?"

SHE—"I might if I knew how to kipple."

GIRL—"Who is that boy with curly hair?"

FRIEND—"Oh! that's a boy with brains."

GIRL—"How extraordinary!"





### A FAITHFUL HOUND

I AM ashamed to be seen with our dog. It is not because I dislike dogs—I don't; it is not because he is a mongrel—I am not a snob; but after yesterday! Let me tell you:

I walked serenely into a grocery store. I left the animal outside.

"Two loaves of bread, please," I said sweetly to the salesman. "Woof!" came an impatient bark from outside.

"Those dogs are the limit," observed the man as he wrapped my parcel. "They shouldn't be allowed near stores."

"Just what I think myself," I murmured politely, as I fervently hoped the next customer wouldn't let the dog in after me.

My hopes were vain, for just then in walked a delivery boy and with him our faithful hound. His anxiety about me, however, vanished at the sight of a small boy with a lollipop.

"Woof?" he inquired pleadingly, his head to one side.

"Get that dog out of here!" roared the clerk, as he handed me my parcel.

"Take it away!" shrieked the little boy wildly. "Nasty looking brute, isn't he?" observed the lady next to me.

"Oh, very!" I replied, moving off hastily.

The wretched animal was poking his nose into a barrel of cookies by this time, while three salesmen looked timidly on.

"I'd just like to lay my hands on the owner," sighed one of them.

"There won't be anything left in the store soon."

My one aim now was to get out of the place before the cause of this commotion remembered whose faithful hound he was.

I bumped into a fat lady, who, seeing my apparent embarrassment, remarked sympathetically, "I'm terrified of him, too, but don't you worry, they'll have him out any minute now."

"I hope so," I observed with a beaming smile as I opened the door and walked out.

The animal arrived home shortly after with a pork chop in his mouth!

JOAN SKINNER, XI-2A.

### DIARY OF A SCHOOLBOY

- 7.30 Thought about getting up.  
 8.00 Ditto  
 8.15 Ditto  
 8.30 Had to get up.  
 8.35 Washed myself.  
 8.36 Ma made me wash again.  
 8.37 Ma washed my neck.  
 8.40 Had breakfast.  
 8.50 Had more breakfast.  
 8.55 Started out for school.  
 8.57 Had a fight with rival of mine.  
 9.05 Reached school. Received late slip.  
 9.10 Started daily fight with Young. Young is in good form this morning. Took me twenty-five minutes to conquer him.  
 9.35 Rested.  
 10.00 Ditto  
 10.15 Felt hungry.  
 10.25 Recess. Had some cake.  
 10.30 Ditto  
 10.35 Felt sleepy.  
 10.45 Went to sleep.  
 11.05 Heard Mr. Sommerville talking about Wordsworth. Went to sleep again.  
 11.30 Felt hungry.  
 11.55 Felt hungrier.  
 12.00 Ditto  
 12.30 Pangs of hunger appeased.  
 1.30 Suffering from soporific effect of a good meal.  
 1.35 Tried to do first problem in algebra. Too sleepy.  
 1.50 Ditto. It must be that meal.  
 2.00 Gave it up. Algebra lesson finished.  
 2.10 Pulled out some candy.  
 2.15 Gave Young some.  
 2.30-3.00 Mused on last night's show at the Monkland.  
 3.15 Decided to go to Empress tonight.  
 3.30 Left school and went to show.  
 6.00 Ate supper.  
 6.30 Ditto  
 7.00 Ditto  
 7.15-8.15 Listened to Radio.  
 9.00 Read a book.  
 10.00-10.01 Did my homework.  
 10.02 Went to bed.

SAM TAYLOR, XI-2B.

### A NEW ELEMENT—WOMAN

Symbol—"WO"; member of the human family.

Occurrence—Can be found wherever man exists.

Physical Properties—All sizes and colours. Always appears in a disguised condition. Surface of face protected by a coating of powder. Boils at nothing, and may freeze at any moment. Melts when properly treated. Very bitter when not treated correctly.

Chemical Properties—Extremely active; has an affinity for precious stones, gold and silver. Violently active if left alone by man. Sometimes yields to pressure. Turns green when placed close to a better appearing sample. Ages rapidly. Fresh variety, and has great magnetic attraction.

Caution—Highly explosive, and apt to be dangerous in inexperienced hands.

ROBERT T. GLASS, X-2D

### IF WISHES CAME TRUE!

**A** PERUSAL of this title probably sets you sighing, and saying to yourself, "Ah! If wishes came true!" Then follows a vision of Rolls-Royces, yachts, bank balances, palatial mansions, in fact, of every conceivable luxury. But stop a moment and ponder upon just what would happen if wishes did come true. Perhaps the power of receiving one's wish would not be as pleasant as we fondly imagine. We might ourselves be as sorely inconvenienced by the gravity of our wishes as was that luckless monarch, King Midas, whom we read about in our first readers.

I wonder if those responsible for our early education intended to check the wishing propensity of the child! How many wants and wishes do children give voice to, a hundred times a day!

Ask any child from the age of four to eight what he wishes to be when he has grown up, and ten chances to one he will say: "I want to be a fireman," or, "I want to be an engineer on a train," or, "I want to be a soldier." After sufficient inquiry it will be found that all trades and professions sporting a uniform will be included in this category. If our soldiers were all from four to eight years old, it might further world peace, but think how mothers would worry in case their little sons should catch cold as a result of getting their feet wet on a route march.

In our youth, as far as I can make out, we wish that education were a sort of pill that we could swallow once and for all, and get it over with. In my opinion that would be a heavenly state of affairs. However, we have to think of others. There is a fly in the ointment. How many teachers would be suddenly cast adrift in the cold, cruel world?

That period of our lives when spring endows us with amorous dreaminess, the time when love first enters into our thoughts, namely, our later youth, would become the most dangerous period of our life, if our wishes did come true. For, all down the countless ages, it has been the habit of the love-lorn youth to press his plea with the phrase, "I wish I could die for you." Consider his mortification were she to reply, "Well, you may!!!"

Even the poets would not be exempt from inconvenience and danger.

"O lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!" chants Shelley. But consider the beautiful poetry which would have been lost to English literature, to say nothing of the personal inconvenience suffered by the poet, if he had immediately become a filmy cloud, and had dissolved into air at the touch of the first rays of the warm sun. Thus we chance upon another danger to insignificant man. If he escaped the dangerous romantic period, he probably was of the poetical type, with his head in the clouds, who has no eyes for any beauties other than the beauties of nature. As such, he would probably wish to be a cloud like Shelley and he would promptly dissolve into airy nothingness. Or like Keats, when he says,

"O for a draught of vintage—

That I might drink, and leave the world unseen

And with thee fade away into the forest dim." he might desire to be a bird like the nightingale, turn into a feathered creature, and flit off into "fairly lands forlorn."

In view of these dangers to man and mankind, do you not think that we are better off as we are?

WM. J. HULBIG, XI-1B.

### "WANDERLUST"

**S**INCE the beginning of time, travel and adventure have been the spice of life to man. He is urged on by a passion within him to look for new worlds to conquer, new scenes and new adventures. He feels the urge of the jungle with its mystic sounds and ceaselessly beating tom toms. He is fascinated by the mysterious lure of the golden East, with its ancient temples and religion. None the less does he feel the urge of the sea. Wild, turbulent and unconquered, it always appeals to the strongest of men.

The Golden East with its mysterious religion, its strong undercurrent of feeling takes a powerful grip on the imagination. The red sun rising over the sands of the vast Sahara Desert and throwing into strong relief the ancient and vast pyramids; the River Nile running as it has run in the days of the Pharaohs; the temples of India with their Hindu priests kneeling in prayer, the gorgeous palaces and retinues of the native Princes; and the huge native soldiers of great muscular strength armed to the teeth and looking as though they could do anything, are the magnets which draw the white man from his home to conquer the world.

The jungle with its mystic sounds, the strange dances of the natives, the roar of the wild beasts and the dense forests which seem to spell death to anyone who defies them; the huge elephant which is prized as game and for its ivory, the slinking leopard, the roaring lion and the growling gorilla are attractions to the mind of those who are willing to face danger in search of adventure.

Green swamps infested with hippopotami; thick undergrowth in which is hidden the deadly cobra; the stately trees in the branches of which are hidden the greatly feared boa-constrictor are the hunting grounds of the fearless.

The lure of the sea, strong, vicious, merciless and undefeated which throws out a challenge to all, has been taken up from time immemorial by the men who go down to the sea in ships. The sea, with its vast expanse of water seems to be a living being, heaving and swelling like some person who is forced to live forever and is yet chained. Such is the spell of the sea, and once it gets into the blood of a man, he is hers for ever.

REGINALD BYFORD, X-1D.

### DEFINITIONS

Dust is mud with the juice squeezed out.

Water is melted steam.

A circle is asquare with no corners and only one side.

An equinox is a cross between a horse and an ox.

A barbarian is a person who does not shave.

A miracle is something that someone did that cannot be done.

The five great races of mankind are: the 100 yards, the 220, the  $\frac{1}{4}$  mile, the  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile and the mile.

Dew is caused by the earth revolving about its axis and perspiring freely.

SAM TAYLOR, XI-2B



## THE NEW WING

(as we expect it to be)

FOR the past few weeks, various rumours concerning the addition of a new wing to our illustrious West Hill High School have been floating around. Upon our inquiry, a member of the staff (name upon request) has volunteered the following concrete information.

Not only will the school be extended for the inclusion of new pupils, but it will be extended in such a way that the comfort and convenience of the pupils will be provided for.

For the benefit of those pupils who are habitual late-comers, there will be, not only a special bus from Sherbrooke up the hill, but there will be elevators and escalators throughout the building, and more especially in the new wing. A garage will be built in the basement to accommodate the vehicles of those pupils who are suffering from tired feet. Individual compartments for each type of machine, such as kiddy-cars, tricycles and motor-cycles are planned. Dog-kennels are to be erected for Baby Austins.

The new wing will be a very model in modern improvements. An enlarged gymnasium, auditorium and chemical laboratory are three of its special features. The lab will also have two showers for the convenience of budding chemists, instead of only one as at present.

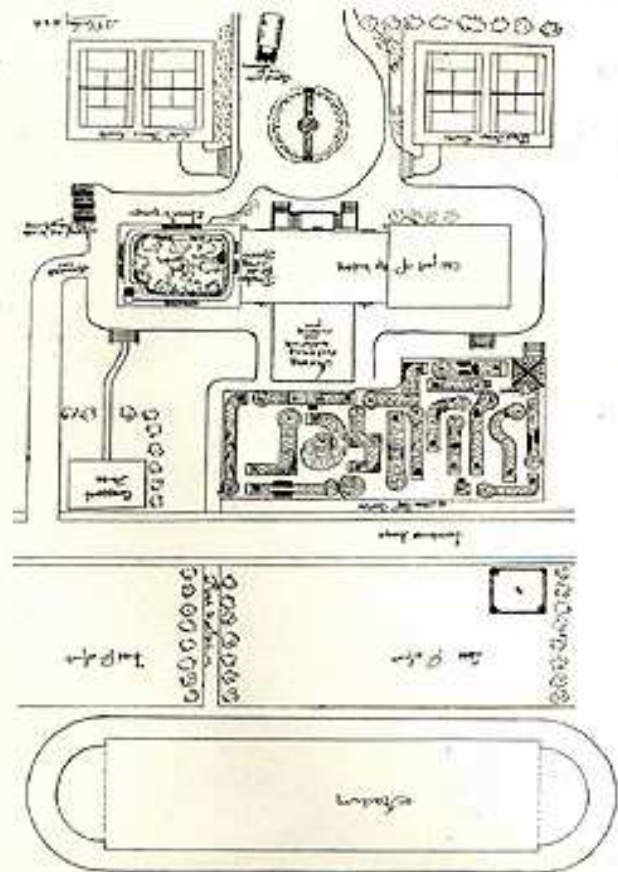
Recreation is also being put on a "bigger and brawnier" scale. Three swimming pools are the first addition, for the convenience of the teachers, boys and girls respectively. Six new tennis courts for the encouragement of West Hill's Helen Wills and Bill Tildens are also being planned. So that the miniature golf enthusiast may enjoy this zestful and invigorating sport, an eighteen-hole course, equipped with the newest and most difficult hazards, will be constructed behind the school.

All the land north of the school to Cote St. Luc will be appropriated for playing-fields. If there is enough space a stadium seating at least ten thousand, will be erected, so that the West Hill hockey teams will have a place near at hand to practice and play before a large and enthusiastic audience.

On the spacious roof of the school there will be a roof-garden, a veritable fairy-land. There will be a soda-fountain, and tables and chairs will be placed at convenient spots for the teachers. Naturally an orchestra will be in attendance for dancing.

In truth, school will be a real Utopia. No one will "play hookey" and thus one of the Principal's chief worries will be eliminated. Is it not unfortunate that the present pupils of West Hill will be old and grey before these improvements are completed?

VIOLET GOODMAN, XI-2A.



## ON DIT

That a certain young lady of XI-A gave up washing her neck for Lent. We wonder whether or not she broke this rule on Sundays.

That the School Commissioners are going to offer substantial awards to West Hillians who can grow visible moustaches. We believe that this is to encourage us to give Westmount a little competition.

That a young man of West Hill, well known for his ability as a pianist, is going to get a Bantam Austin. We certainly hope to be present when he alights from it, and imagine that the process will require a shoe horn and several buttonhooks. (It has been suggested that the car be provided with zippers.)

That the athletic field is to be sodded this summer. This seems to us too much like the old story of the boy who cried "wolf," to be true.

That it was not a girl that R. E. was seen walking with, but merely Jimmie Brodie in his "Helen of Troy" costume.

That West Hill is to have a base-ball team this year. One or two enthusiasts certainly began early enough, making travel unsafe for anyone trying to get in by the boys' entrance.

That the eleventh year tea dances were not a success. We would just like to meet the person who started this rumour.

That when the new Physics lab is completed and the matric class passes with 80 per cent in Geometry, Mr. Unsworth will die happy. We hope this won't happen for some time yet as he is far too good a man to lose in such an untimely way.

TEACHER: "Chlorine was used as a poison gas in the War."

BRIGHT PUPIL: "Then that is one of its uses?"

TEACHER: "No, this is a civilized country."

### THE ENDS OF THE EARTH

THE wise king, Solomon, has told us that the eyes of a fool are at the ends of the earth. This aphorism we take to mean that a wise man keeps his attention on the job that lies next to his hand. The boy who dreams great dreams of future fame and glory, but neglects the petty details of personal cleanliness and personal industry is such a fool as King Solomon had in mind. So, too, is the sweet young maiden who visions viewless mansions in the air, but gives them no actual basis in the thorough performance of "the daily round, the common task."

Our School Annual, like the eyes of the fool, is also getting to the ends of the earth. We have received communications from various parts of our Dominion, from Buenos Aires, and even from Kobe, Japan, whence the Canadian Academy has kindly sent to us a copy of their school periodical.

There is surely a lesson here for our contributors. Give ear, ye pupils all! Remember when you are writing your annual story, your ancient chestnut, or drawing your new design for our cover, that the furry Esquimaux may peruse your work, what time he fishes from his kayak; or the Polynesian trader, sailing the South Seas in quest of "bêche de mer" may squat on the broiling deck laughing helplessly over the droll story from the pen of little Jane Eliot of Grade VIII! So, when you write for the Annual, take pains with your work. Be accurate, or your inaccuracies and half-truths will come flocking home to roost.

One correspondent, writing to us from Buenos Aires, has pointed out that in the last copy of the Annual we said that the first Canadian newspaper was the Quebec Gazette published on May 24, 1764. He wishes to know if this fact is accurate, as the same distinction is claimed for the Halifax Gazette, published some twelve years before. Which is right?

There can be no doubt that, in the plain and ordinary sense, the Halifax Gazette bears the palm. Although in 1752 Halifax did not come within the term "Canada," yet she earned the title at Confederation when the union of the provinces took place, the name "Canada" being then agreed upon as the name to include all. Perhaps the simplest way to put it would be to say that the Halifax Gazette was the first journal to be printed on what is now Canadian soil.

If you are going to write on historical topics, please be as sure as you can that your history is correct. Get the facts right and then your inferences from these facts are more likely to be accurate too. There is an old, old chestnut of a joke on this topic which will bear repeating here, for jokes are like ladies' dresses—if you only keep them long enough, they are bound to come into fashion again some time or other.

Well, two ladies of the washtub were one day engaged upon a very heated and acrimonious discussion which after some hours of wordy warfare showed no signs of reaching a conclusion. Their houses were on opposite sides of the street and the debate therefore attracted a good deal of attention. Two friends happened to walk down the street and passed through the heavy barrage that each was putting down on the other's fortress.

"Those two women will never agree," remarked the older man. "And why not?"

"They are arguing from different premises."

The moral for our contributors is an obvious one. A school must be devoted to truth, justice, and sane discussion. Wherever our Annual may travel, see to it that your article brings a ray of eternal truth and eternal beauty with it.

J. C. J. HODGSON

### THE NEW WING

(as it will be)

AT least the first day of school next term will be interesting to West Hill pupils for there will be the new wing to examine. Some may regret the passing of the small eastern field where diminutive Rugby enthusiasts, of the Kindergarten type, used to engage in loud and spectacular struggles, but to High School pupils the novelty of the building as it will appear in September will make up for all that.

As a result of the work which began with such a flourish early in May, West Hill will be larger by twelve class-room units, which will make possible a total enrolment of 1000 pupils. Four of the new units will be used to make a junior and a senior Art Room, while the remaining units will very likely serve as regular class-rooms.

Several changes will be made in the present building as well, and it is no exaggeration to state that the auditorium and the gymnasium will be scarcely recognizable. Both of these rooms will be wider by 36 feet as a result of the extension being built out into the Rugby field, and in consequence the appearance of each will be considerably altered. The auditorium, after the changes are effected, will face North instead of East, and will have the stage where the windows and fire-escape are at present, while the gallery will be moved around so that it will face the stage. The auditorium will then have a seating capacity of one thousand. With dimensions of 60 by 65 feet the gymnasium will be a considerably larger apartment with much more space available for spectators, offices and store-rooms.

Another alteration in the present building will be the conversion of the Art Room on the third floor into a Physics Laboratory adequately furnished with the best modern equipment. Across the corridor minor changes will be effected in the Chemistry Laboratory.

Somewhere in the school will be found a special room for music, and another one also which will be known as a "division room", not, as some may think, for use in studying the processes of division, but as a place where a half-class, such as a non-Latin group, may retire to pursue its special subject undisturbed.

The Masters' Room, which has been overcrowded for the last two years or more, will receive some attention, and by a few contractor's tricks will be made into a fairly large room.

Even the windows in the old building are to suffer changes for, in place of the present type, wooden frame windows are to be used.

The general contractors for this very considerable piece of work, to cost in the neighbourhood of \$144,000, are William Grimstead & Son, Reg'd., the "son" in the firm being a former pupil at one of the local schools.

## A GLORIOUS CANADIAN AUTUMN

I WONDER if ever again in my life I shall see such an entrancing sight as the one I saw, when in the Laurentians last autumn. The world seemed to be a mass of vivid reds, gorgeous greens and azure blues, intermingled with splashes of purple, gold and yellow. While driving along a winding road, I could not see enough of the marvellous scenery; but, at twilight, when the sun was setting gloriously red and gold, there was nothing to be desired but a pair of eyes with which to view this wonderland.

One afternoon, on the summit of a high hill, I sat on a slate-grey rock, which was completely covered by soft, cushiony moss. I could distinctly see three blue lakes in which the rocks, the trees and the hills were reflected. No artist could have used his palette and brushes as expertly as Old Mother Nature. I could see the hills and valleys for miles around. A small farm-house was visible in the distance and this seemed to demonstrate the difference between a simple scene of Nature and a simple dwelling of man. Now I understood why Gypsies choose to wander close to Nature's heart instead of remaining in the bright, artificial towns.

Here I sat for a long while, thinking that this was only a small portion of God's Universe and wondering how anything so picturesque could be reproduced, or improved upon, in other parts of the world.

The mountains and sprinkling of valleys made me think that Mother Nature had taken the features of a glorious girl and had carelessly strewn them about. There among the uneven trees I could see the russet-brown of her hair, the ruby-red of her lips, and the pale rose of her cheeks. Here in the lakes were her eyes of the deepest blue; the distant fir-trees represented her arched brows and her dark, curling lashes; in the solitary cloud I could imagine a striking set of white teeth. One mountain was a perfectly-shaped nose; a valley might be a dimple in her rounded cheek. As a canopy for this beautiful picture was the azure sky. Could one imagine a more splendid sight!

Here in Nature I could sit and dream. I lost myself completely, revelling in the beauty of my surroundings. Questions of history and geography were answered by Mother Nature who had made it possible for history and geography to be created. But to interrupt my soliloquy I heard the cows descending from higher hills, and, with most maidenlike fear, I ran down one hill and up another until I reached home.

ANITA R. GREENWOOD, X-2A.

## ANNOUNCEMENT

IN last year's Annual, an announcement was made regarding a Literary Competition. Prizes were 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 9th Grade.

The Editors of this year's Annual take much pleasure in announcing the following awards:—

Short Story:

1st Prize—"Strange Chivalry" by Jack McLeish.

2nd Prize—"A Reporter's Experience" by Clare Edey.

Third Prize—"Quebec for King Louis" by Ethel Liddy and "The Supreme Judge" by Myrtle Davis (equal).

## PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT

1. Canadian Government Pilot-Boat "Jalobert," Father Point, Que.—R. MITCHELL, VIII-2B.
2. Assiniboine Camp, 1930.—JANET BOWDEN, X-2A.
3. Grand Falls, N.B.—D. B. WILSON, B.A.
4. Indian Head Falls, Rawdon, Que.—MYRTLE DAVIS, X-2A.
5. A French Village Scene.—D. B. WILSON, B.A.
6. A Pet Cat.—A. WEEKS, VIII-1.
7. Percé, Gaspé Peninsula, Que.—H. C. ATKINSON B.A.
8. Parliament Buildings.—LAURA GARDINER, X-2C.
9. Capital Building, Sacramento, California, U.S.A.—MAY RILLIE, IX-2A.
10. Two Giants of the Air, the R-100 and a Large Passenger Plane, St. Hubert Airport.—ALLAN TURNER, IX-2B.
11. The C.N.R. Bridge over the North River, Shawbridge, Que.—ALLAN TURNER, IX-2B.
12. Bridge over Back River Replacing the Old Viau Bridge.—A. D. MOSS.
13. Ullswater Lake—English Lake District, Cumberland, England.—WINNIFRED JENNISON, X-2A.
14. The Forth Bridge, Scotland.—D. B. WILSON, B.A.
15. Along the Gaspé Peninsula Coast.—H. C. ATKINSON, B.A.
16. Totem Pole, Jasper Park, B.C.—ARTHUR YOUNG, VIII-2B.
17. R-100.—LAURA GARDINER, X-2A.
18. Mt. Assiniboine and Mt. Magog, 1930.—JANET BOWDEN, X-2A.
19. Robert Bruce's Monument, Glasgow.—WINNIFRED JENNISON, X-2A.
20. Mt. Assiniboine.—JANET BOWDEN, X-2A.

## GEOGRAPHY QUESTIONS A LA CARTE

- Do Germs come from Germany?  
 And Cider from the Zuider Zee?  
 Chocolate Cubes from Cuba?  
 And Cans from Canada?  
 Do Sandwiches come from the Sandwich Islands?  
 And Rocks from Morocco?  
 Do we get Bombs from Bombay?  
 Or Ice Cream from Iceland?

SAM TAYLOR XI-2B.

Poem:

First Prize—"The Song of the Wood-Nymph" by Kathleen Hodgson and "Sunset on the Ottawa" by Madeline Hodgson (equal).

The first and second prize stories are published in this Annual on pages 33 and 26 respectively; the prize poems on pages 28 and 29.

In appreciation of the efforts in Art Work for this Annual prizes have been awarded as follows:—

Cover design—Maja Black.

Frontispiece—Bernard Fisher.

Contents Page—Violet Josepho.

Graduating Class—Madeline Hodgson.



## OVERHEARD AT A BALL GAME

**L**AST summer I went to a ball game, and seated in front of me was an elderly lady, who was probably witnessing her first baseball game. She talked to a man beside her, and here is the conversation I overheard.

After about five minutes of play, the man turned to her, and said, "Beautiful catch, eh?"

"Pardon?" in a puzzled tone.

"Why, didn't you see that player catch a fly?"

"No, how silly! Imagine stopping in the middle of a ball game to catch flies!"

The man gulped and almost lost a wad of gum. A few minutes later three men being out, the teams changed.

"What are they changing for?" she asked. "Are they tired?"

"No!" came an emphatic reply.

All went well for a while, until one of the players made a home run, and the fans began to shout. The lady tugged at his sleeve, and asked, "What is everybody yelling for?"

"One of the players made a home run."

"Oh, well—I wish they would all run home! I think it's a silly game."

The man did not answer, only gazed at her in a puzzled manner.

The woman spoke again, saying: "I think this is too silly for words. One man hits the ball way out into the field, and somebody else has to run after it. If I had anything to say about it, I'd make him run after it himself."

The pitcher then made a bad throw, placing the ball below the batter's knee.

"Why didn't he hit it?" she asked.

"Because it was too low."

"Well, why didn't he bend down and hit it?"

"I DON'T know," he answered, stuffing a handful of peanuts into his mouth.

At the next ball the umpire yelled "Strike!"

"Ooooh!" said the lady in a frightened tone, "Are they going to have a strike?"

The man sighed in exasperation. He stood up, looked at her with a baffled expression on his face, and excused himself.

ADELE THOMSON, VIII-2C

## I HAVE DISCOVERED A SUBSTITUTE FOR GOING TO THE MOVIES FOR ENTERTAINMENT

**I** AM happier than I have been for months. The gloomy frown has vanished from my brow. My hairs no longer jump to an erect position on the slightest provocation, like a private who sees his colonel approaching around the corner. Peace has come to my soul. In short, I have made the discovery that going to the movies is not the only form of entertainment and recreation left for a red-blooded he-man in these drab dull days. Oh! no! Now, every evening, I amuse myself with a dangerous and thrilling form of exercise. I am in charge of a great treasure. I lead it through the streets. I have often to defend it from marauders who would like to wrest it from my hold, and for exercise, I bear it over rough places in my arms, tenderly, lest its fragility and purity be harmed. Then, when my task is complete, I am sure of a sweet reward and tender words of thanks; for my present form of entertainment is to take my girl's Pekinese for its daily stroll.

ROBERT BROWN, XI-2B.

## UNDAUNTED

**D**EJECTED! Humiliated! A laughing stock, an outcast from Society! I am worn out from the strain—beaten. I must admit defeat; it is no use. I can still see the iron, gleaming in the sun, as I brandished it high above my head to strike. But I failed—failed when I might have won. What is the use of all this? The one thing left for me to do is to end it all. I shall go away—away, where it shall not leer at me and mock at my defeat. If only I had not done it; if I had not even thought of it; but it is too late. I still see myself standing there in the full zest of youth, self-confident, happy in the knowledge that I was there to win. And now it is gone, all gone. I was weak where I should have been strong; gloried too soon in my unfulfilled triumph.

But why should I admit defeat? Cannot I try again? I shall. I will be revenged! Tomorrow I shall return, and to-morrow that iron will not falter—I will be victorious. Once again I shall be able to lift up my head and show the world that I am not a failure. They will scoff at me no longer—I shall be as good as they are. Yes, to-morrow I shall show the world that I, too, can play golf!

HELEN SIMAND, XI-2A.

## HANDKERCHIEFS

**A** LITTLE square of dainty georgette fluttered to the ground—could it be possible that a little wisp like that was called a handkerchief? An absurd idea, why it didn't even deserve its long name. Did you ever think that such trivial things have personalities? Well, they have. There are handkerchiefs for every occasion. A plain white linen one for the elderly gentleman contrasts with the jaunty patterns which peep over the edge of the pocket of budding youth to see if they harmonize with that day's tie. But for female pockets, Oh! White or coloured chiffon ones fall gracefully from the new suit pocket adding a feminine touch. Sometimes these find their way into smart purses to become entangled with every one else's parcels in the street car. Dainty Irish linen predominate at afternoon teas, and pure white ones with embroidered lace look disgustedly at their coloured neighbours as if to say, "White always shows the best of taste." But soon the Irish white linen will feel compassionate as the coloured handkerchiefs grow damp with tears, and say in a soothing voice, "Well, I must admit that you match your dresses most becomingly." Whereupon a gentle rustle is heard as they brighten up considerably. Sometimes a faint breath of perfume hides itself in the folds of the most insignificant kerchief, and immediately it assumes a new dignity quite the same as if it had its hair waved for the occasion. But under the moon and the stars just outside on the balcony is where the true significance of a real aristocratic chiffon evening hankie is felt. As the wind blows gently it may accidentally be wafted from the bearer's little finger to her admirer's face, bringing with all its filmy charm a faint odour of delicate perfume, just at the critical moment. Now that handkerchief deserves a real hug and kiss before it is put to sleep with its dreams at night. Aren't you glad it can never tell tales out of school?

ETHEL LIDDY, X-1A.



## ON THE MENACE OF MOTOR CARS

**I**N this era of radio, television and miniature golf, the automobile is rapidly displacing the pedestrian. I reached this conclusion after having narrowly escaped death at the hands of several homicidal taxi-drivers. This ended a series of attempts to remove my person from the thoroughfares of the city. The reason of my comparative immunity from the piratical attacks of the said taxi-drivers, is that I had purchased a car—of sorts. They were now compelled to seek other sport.

The agent from whom I had decided to buy the car (?) informed me that it was a 1927 model. Unfortunately the moral character of vendors of second-hand cars is not always high and they are apt to understate the age of their sales. The actual age of the car, I learned, was ten years, being a 1921 model. The dealer also managed to sell me a patent lock, which I affixed to the car, having heard that ardent collectors of antiques were notoriously active. Among the repairs (which cost five times the purchase value of the car) the brake-bands had been overlooked.

Proceeding down Sherbrooke Street one morning at thirty miles per hour, I found to my dismay that the brakes would not function. As a result of this, my bus became wedged between a two-seater Ford, carrying five people, and a seven-seater Rolls with one occupant. Life is like that. I decided to back out. At that moment a truck-driver behind me "stepped on it." The result is rather difficult to describe. We were both animated with the same desire, *viz.*: to elaborate on each other's character with as forcible phraseology as possible. The truck-driver won. Humbled, I drove on.

I know not whether my next accident was the result of spring-fever or the result of the example set by Captain Campbell; however, I "trod on it" and rose to unprecedented heights, by medium of a telegraph-pole. Events hereafter moved smoothly, until I mistook the "gas" for the brake. The resultant damage was of no consequence. I found that I had run into an old enemy, whom I cordially hated. My dislike was intensified the next moment when he made a certain Darwinian observation concerning my ancestry. This I realized, was not my lucky day.

Motoring does not suit my health. On that issue I am emphatic. My doctor is likewise, and advises me to move my habitation to the Island of Tristan de Cunha; for what reason I cannot ascertain. Possibly it is because automobiles are unknown on the Island of Tristan de Cunha?

REGINALD SHAW, X-2D

## A THEOREM IN PHILOSOPHY

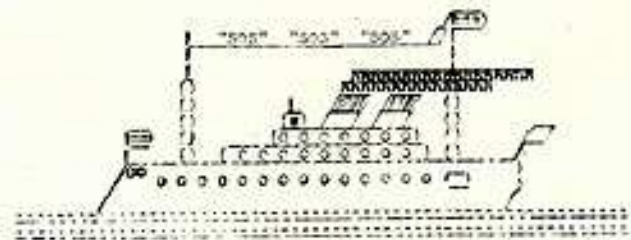
When the poet said, "All men are liars," he spoke the truth; but if he spoke the truth, he was wrong when he said, "All men are liars," because he himself spoke the truth. He thereby lied when he stated that all men are liars, which proved that he was right when he said, "All men are liars."

JEAN E. WILSON, XI-2A



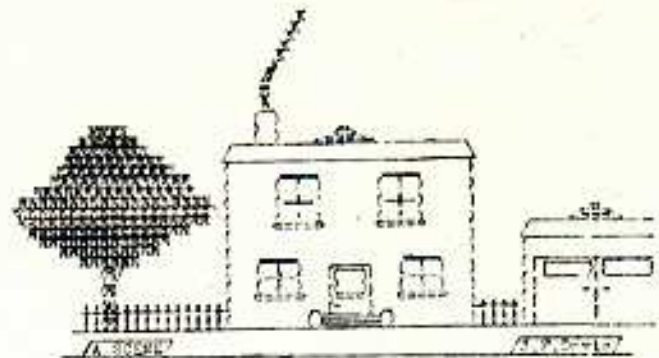
1927 J.P. Smith

1927 J.P. Smith



1927 J.P. Smith

1927 J.P. Smith



1927 J.P. Smith

1927 J.P. Smith

## TYPEWRITER SKETCHES

### HEARD IN X-2A

Teacher, in Literature lesson, "Who wrote 'Roast Pig'?"

Winnie, with great inspiration, "Bacon."

Teacher, in Latin lesson, "'Permoti' means to move thoroughly. Now what does move thoroughly mean?"

Voice from beyond, "Shove."

### A JOURNEY

IT happened. It had happened and was all over. It had come quickly, happening before my mind could grasp the circumstances. The crash, the noise, the confusion, were horrible. The rending of wood, the cry of tortured metals and the groans of the injured, were heart-breaking. At last came oblivion. Red flashing lights punctuated the darkness. There was a great rushing sound.

On regaining consciousness, I found myself lying in a field. What a field! Its grass was blood-red in colour. The trees also, were red, while the sky was shaded a lovely orange. When I looked at my watch, I saw that it was almost twelve o'clock. I looked again at the sun and received a second shock. Shining down with a hard brilliance that almost blinded me was a glaring blue sun.

Presently I noticed an officer and two soldiers walking along a road that passed through the field. When I had joined them they asked who I was. I gave my name. On hearing theirs I was rather amused, for the officer's name was "Major Penalty," while the soldiers were called "Private Interview," and "Private Property." Continuing on our way, we soon approached a city of some size. I was told that this was "Eccentricity," the capital of the country.

Two new soldiers, "Private Office" and "Private Affairs," commanded by "Corporal Punishment," escorted me into the throne room. "Bow before King Pin and Queen B," I was told. I did so. I was then introduced to Their Majesties' three daughters. What daughters—they were as ugly as their names. I was horrified to see them, for "Miss Fortune," "Miss Take" and "Miss Demeanour" were terrible. From a balcony of the Palace we watched a parade in my honour. "General Nuisance" and "General Motors" commanded it. They countermanded each other's orders, which resulted in a very comical mix-up. We left them for the dining hall where I first tasted traffic jam.

A few days later when I was walking down the street with "French Leave" and "Miss Cellaneous" a terrible storm arose. Silence reigned and everyone got wet.

Following this the king, having a bad attack of gout, had me hauled before him. His mind was further poisoned against me by the snappy thoughts of "Elastic Band." In a voice that required oiling, he shrieked to the Mud guard, "Off with his head!" Laying my head on the block, I heard the whizz of the descending axe. There came a sharp snap. I awakened and saw the doctor shutting his spectacle case.

All these terrifying events occurred just because a Ford of 1906 vintage hit a moth-eaten horse and a decrepit buggy.

ALLAN WILKINSON, X-2D.

### A STRANGE ADVENTURE

IT was a dark and stormy night and a fog covered everything with an impenetrable curtain. It was damp and cold among the tombs of Westminster Abbey. The clock had just struck midnight when the policeman passing by on his beat saw a shadowy figure dressed in clothes of the seventeenth century and thought that somebody coming home from a fancy-dress ball was lost in the fog. Just then a harsh voice addressed him, "Where is my escort, and who art thou?"

"Most likely your escort is looking for you at the present moment," he replied. "I am the policeman on this beat."

"Fetch me a carriage," ordered the woman.

"If you will come with me to the taxi stand, I will get you a taxi, ma'am."

She seemed about to protest but finally followed him. She walked very cautiously trying to see where she was putting her feet and at last said, "Who laid the cobbles on this road so evenly. I must have him up in court and make him lay out all the other roads as smoothly as this one."

"What do you mean?" responded the Bobby. "There are no cobbles on this sidewalk."

"Do not contradict me or I will have you thrown into prison."

The policeman now thought she must have escaped from an asylum and wondered how he was going to get her back to it.

During the walk many heavy busses rumbled by, and again the woman spoke, "What is happening over there, is a battle being fought?"

"No ma'am," politely answered the policeman, "those are busses."

"Busses, what are they?"

"Why," responded he, "they are large motor cars with seats on the roof."

"Motor cars, that does not tell me much," said the woman crossly.

The policeman did not quite know how to explain what a motor car was but deciding he had better keep her in a good humour he said, "Ma'am, they are large horseless carriages and are run by motors."

The fog was lifting a little now and he could see her looking at himself. "Where do you carry your sword and what is that?" pointing to his holster.

"Policemen do not carry swords ma'am, and my pistol is in that holster."

"How do you defend yourself from highwaymen?"

"Highwaymen went out of date long ago."

Just then an electric light shone through the gloom. "Oh!" said she excitedly, "is it a Protestant or a Catholic?"

"What, who, where?" said he looking around.

"The person who is being burned at the stake over there," she responded pointing to the light.

"Look here. What is the matter with you, asking questions and talking like that?"

Just then a stifled giggle reached his ears. He turned around quickly, peering through the gloom. There, close behind him, were five or six youths who were stuffing their handkerchiefs into their mouths in an effort to keep from laughing out loud, but their mirth overcame them and they laughed uproariously for a few minutes. At last one of them, recovering his composure, said, "Gosh, that was great, Charley, you passed with honours. They ought to make you an official of the club after that exhibition."

"Then I've qualified for membership?" said the 'lady' eagerly.

"You certainly have," they all answered as they took 'her' arms and walked 'her' off into the fog.

DORTHY L. DIXON, IX-2C.



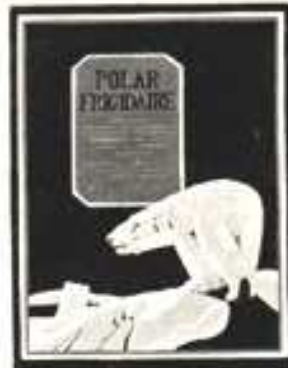
VISIT THE RHINE



COOKS TOURS



JUTLAND



## POPPING THE QUESTION

SHE waited impatiently for the young man to appear. He had phoned to say that he would be over that evening, and had aroused her curiosity by saying that he had something very important to ask her. As she waited, she thought over what he might have to say. It surely couldn't be—and yet, why not? He was graduating this year and had an excellent position waiting for him. He was a fine and honest chap, good-looking and of wealthy parents, he would have no trouble in getting started. She was fond of him—in fact, very, very fond of him, and she would, if the occasion arose, do anything to make him happy.

At last the door-bell rang! She herself answered it, charming and wistful in her new tea-gown bought especially for the occasion. He stood on the step, shyly twisting his hat in one hand and carrying a package in the other. They entered the house and she led him into the living-room, softly lit—a perfect setting for such an occasion. She could see that he was nervous, ill at ease—well, they usually were at such a time.

"What did you want to tell me?"

"I don't know just how to begin—er—er. You know, you've been awfully kind and sweet to me, since I've come to college. It's sort of lonesome for a fellow away from home, and without any friends. You know what I mean, don't you?"

"Of course, I understand. Do go on!"

"Well, er—you've been a real pal to me and I wanted to ask you—er—er."

"Yes dear, go on," she breathed.

"Oh no! I just can't ask you—it really wouldn't be right!"

"Oh, yes it would! Please tell me—I'd love to do it."

"Well—you see—er—it's this way—er—, I haven't any one else here in town and er—er—I feel in quite an awful state"—fingering his tie nervously—"but—er—I don't know just how to say it—er—!"

"Are you trying to ask me to m——"

"Well, it's this"—with a huge gulp—"you're the only girl I know and it's awfully uncomfortable and—er—I know you can do it—so—er—Helen, will you please darn the hole in my best pair of socks?"

LILLIAN WAGNER, XI-2A.

## SONGS WITH A SCHOLASTIC MEANING

Tie a Little String Around Your Finger So  
You'll Remember—Your Homework.  
There's a Long, Long Trail—West Hill Avenue;  
When you are Late.  
You're Simply Delish—Holidays.  
Then You'll Remember Me—Undone Lessons  
in Examination Time.  
You're Driving Me Crazy—Latin.  
The Little Things in Life—Marks.  
Three Little Words—You're not Promoted.  
What's the Use?—Of Studying.  
The Song of Songs—The Red and Grey.  
Good News—Promoted.  
The Talk of the Town—The West Hill Annual.

I Want to be Happy but I Won't be Happy—In  
Examination Time.  
My Heart is Sad—When I Think of Reports.  
Around the Corner—Is the Office.  
With You—"Later," said the teacher to the  
pupil who came in late.

CATHERINE CAMPBELL and JEAN MacLACHLAN,  
VIII-2E

A REPORTER'S EXPERIENCE  
PRIZE STORY

CHINATOWN at midnight! Dim street lights! Darkened doorways! The dismal drip, drip, drip of an autumn rain! Bob Holt's imaginative mind thought of the hundred and one things that might happen to a person on such a night, in such a place and at such an hour! As he strode along the wet pavements, his heart rejoiced that he had been chosen to report on the Tong feud. Bob recalled how the editor had called him to his desk and said, "Bob, here's a chance in a lifetime for you. Let's see you bring in news of this feud before the other papers!"

Well, here he was, and his love for adventure made his pulses throb as he neared the centre of the town.

He was walking along, his hat pulled as far over his face as possible, to keep off the driving rain; his coat collar turned up in an endeavour to meet his hat; hands thrust deep into rain-coat pockets, when he turned a corner to come into rather uncomfortable proximity with a dripping, wet umbrella. As the umbrella was quickly raised, he beheld the frightened little face of a Chinese girl. He would have spoken to her, but she looked so frightened, that he merely touched his hat and resumed his former gait. He was wondering if the owner of the startled little face had anything to do with this feud in which men's lives were at stake, when suddenly he realized that someone was running behind him. He turned around sharply, and saw the Chinese girl coming hurriedly toward him.

Laying her hand on his arm in a shy, half-eager gesture, she implored him to help her. At the sound of her short-clipped, Chinese-accented words, Bob scrutinized her more carefully, and saw that she was dressed in one of those long, loose-fitting gowns so commonly worn by Chinese immigrants. Over this was a man's overcoat, several sizes too large for her, and topping it all, there was a queer little turban-shaped hat. In a flash, Bob took these things in, and then he had to give his entire attention, so as to glean any meaning from the girl's confused statements. This was what he gathered from the jumble of disconnected words:

A short while ago she had been at home in the Shan Hills, China. She was the eldest daughter of a large family, and although women were thought very little of in China, still her father had thought the world of her, and would not allow her to be treated as the rest of the household. Amongst all the rioting and upheaval so recent in China, their home in the hills had been almost immune from trouble. However, Chung Kee, a neighbouring relative, had started the rumour that the house of Tiensu was unfaithful to their Goddess and was

therefore no fit neighbour for them. A bitter quarrel arose and the house of Chung Kee decided to migrate to Canada. There, they said, no one would trouble them, no rioting would disturb their repose. But thinking this might look like a retreat, they had succeeded in abducting her, Sena Zu, the one most dear to her father's heart. Then had been the long ocean voyage, during which she had been locked in her stateroom, appearing on deck only when everyone else had retired. When the boat reached Montreal, she had been taken to the new house of Chung Kee, with no idea of how long she would be compelled to remain there.

However, through all the darkness, there had been the unflinching friendship of Leah, Chung Kee's daughter. One night Leah had secretly brought her a slip of paper, on which was the address of an old friend of her father's. Sena Zu had watched her every chance of escape and had found none until this night. If she could but find Wah Nee, her troubles would be at an end. She handed Bob the slip of paper, and with the aid of a pocket-torch, he saw the number, 136 Lagauchetiere Street.

"Why, that's just near here!" cried Bob, "Come, I'll take you there."

So they hurried along the wet sidewalk, the little oriental maiden with her short, queer little steps, contrasting sharply with her large, broad-shouldered companion's long strides. As for Bob, he had for the moment forgotten that he was sent out to delve into the secrets of a Tong feud; instead his thought was concentrated on helping a person in need. He certainly did not find it hard to help this almond-eyed, black-haired creature, whose very name seemed to spell the sweet essence of lofty hills, green vales and oriental mysticism.

In a few moments they had reached the house, and never had Bob seen such a desolate-looking place in his life. It had probably not seen paint for a good many years. The steps were slanting and rickety. The only sign of life was a narrow ribbon of light gleaming from beneath the shutters. They mounted the rather doubtful steps, and as Bob raised the knocker, the sound of shuffling feet approached. In a moment, the door was opened a crack, and they found themselves surveyed through it. Sena Zu spoke in a very soft, melodious tone, whereupon the door was opened immediately and the bowing servant entreated them to enter. The door was closed and carefully bolted after them, and when Bob looked around, he could hardly believe his eyes. He had expected the inside of the house to fit with the dilapidated exterior; but instead he beheld such grandeur as he had never seen before. The room was decorated in pure oriental style; rich hangings of velvet, precious vases and ornaments, and the soft scent of Chinese incense filled the room.

The servant again bowed low to Sena Zu, giving Bob a rather curious glance as he did so. He turned to his left and disappeared through a heavily curtained doorway. A murmur of voices ensued; one which Bob took to be the servant's sounded excited. In a moment, a figure draped in loose eastern garb, appeared in the doorway. With an exclamation of surprise, he ran toward

them. After a few moment's talk with Sena Zu in their native tongue, the gentleman turned smilingly to Bob, and in almost faultless English said,

"My friend, Sena Zu has told me of your wonderful help. I would like to repay you for your kindness."

"Oh, I am fully repaid, now that she is safely in your hands," assured Bob. "However, I am a reporter——" Here he paused as if uncertain what to say next. But Wah Nee put him instantly at ease.

"Ah! what else would a reporter be down here for, but news of the feud. Perhaps I could help you, eh?"

Bob found out in a few moments that Wah Nee could indeed help him, for he was told by his new friend the ins, outs and complications of the feud. A few hours later, when Bob rose to go, he had all the details of the feud, as well as the comfortable feeling following a cup of hot tea.

Bidding his new friends good-night, he again found himself in the street, not caring now whether the street-lights were dim, the doorways dark and mysterious, or the rain still dripping down in a seemingly endless drizzle. He had accomplished what he had set out to do.

CLAIRE EDEY, X-2C.

#### HENRY VIII AND HIS REIGN

HENRY VIII was the son of Henry Tudor and Elizabeth of York, and ancestor of the celebrated Mr. York, of York, Yorks. Being a dashing young man, he naturally married a number of charming young women, including Catherine, Anne Blowin and Anne of Cloves. All of his wives were descended from Edward I, and were therefore relatives of his, being second or third cousins once removed. After nearly twenty years of married life, Henry grew tired of his first wife; he accused her of being arrogant, but he really wanted a son, and not Broody Mary. To gain his purpose, he sent Wolsey to Rome to obtain a divorce. The Pope, chafing under Wolsey's yarn, challenged him to a game of tennis, and worsted him. Wolsey hastened to England to bear the ill news to his monarch; but it was with a premonition of pending defeat. Henry, much displeased at this unexpected turn of events, threw him into disgrace. However, before the King could behead him, Wolsey died, a defeated man. Henry soon promoted Cromwell and Crammer to the chief judicial positions. Shortly after he had wed for the sixth time he was taken violently ill. The physicians rushed to the bedside of their monarch; after long consultation, they pronounced his case as acute halitosis, and his condition as hopeless. He died shortly afterward and was buried in the grave reserved for himself and his children.

WILLIAM PARKER, VIII-2D.

Young hopeful, feeling his head, "My head is as hard as Gibraltar."

Ditto: "Yes, and almost as thick."

Gym teacher, "Now, boys, what do we need for a college start?"

Bright young man, "Money, sir!"



## SONG OF THE WOOD-NYMPH

### PRIZE POEM

Where the silvery brook's a-gurgling,  
 Where the deer come down to drink,  
 Where the willow trees are waving  
 By the silver brooklet's brink;  
 In the twilight of the evening,  
 Gazing at the shadowy sky,  
 Slowly wafted into Dreamland,  
 On the mossy bank I lie.

When the silvery stars are gleaming,  
 While the misty moon doth ride,  
 When the tall and slender birches  
 Softly whisper side by side;  
 When the night her spice is brewing,  
 Wafting by like sweet perfume—  
 Then I softly rise and wander  
 Through the midnight's mystic gloom.

KATHLEEN HODGSON, X-1.



## SUNSET ON THE OTTAWA

(Lake of Two Mountains)

PRIZE POEM

A streak of gold across the sky,  
 A lake of crimson hue,  
 A bed of rosy loveliness  
 The sun is creeping to.  
 The trees and flowers lift their heads  
 To bid a fond good-night,  
 Watching their king who gives them life,  
 Sink gently out of sight.  
 The sky becomes a darker blue,  
 The colours leave the West;  
 The tiny birds, their songs all thro'  
 Now nestle down to rest.  
 The night-hawk, wakening from its sleep,  
 Soars upward thro' the air.  
 The wind aw whispering in the trees  
 Bids all a good-night there.  
 The sky is now a misty blue,  
 And twinkling stars appear  
 Which seem to say to all the world:  
 "We'll watch till morn is here."

MADELINE HODGSON, IX-2A.

## SONG OF THE WIND

I love to blow among the trees  
 And make the green leaves stir.  
 I send my breath o'er hills and leas  
 'Mong evergreens and fir.  
 The flowers adore my freshening breeze,  
 And o'er the fields I chase the bees.  
 I tangle up the children's hair  
 And throw their hats about;  
 They seem to love my gusts of air  
 Because they laugh and shout.  
 The papers in the street I tear  
 And scatter pieces everywhere.  
 I push the clouds across the sky  
 And chase each one in play;  
 I send the kites a distance high—  
 Then float them far away.  
 The hillside people hear me sigh  
 And say, "The wind will surely die."

MADELINE HODGSON, IX-2A.

## BEFORE DAWNING

The candles of night had flickered low,  
 The Lady Moon was gliding swiftly on;  
 I stood, and waited in the thrilling hush  
 That grips the drowsy world awaiting dawn.  
 No sound disturbed my pensive spirit's flight,  
 Save the low whisperings of awakening trees,  
 That gently shook their freshened foliage,  
 And bade a soft "Good Morning" to the breeze.  
 In the cool air of morning there was borne  
 The perfume of the rose and eglantine,  
 As nature thanked God for the opening day,  
 Offering sweet incense from her flowery shrine.

KATHLEEN HODGSON, X-1E.

## ANOTHER LATIN ODE

Dico, dicere, dixi, dictum;  
 Of Latin verbs I am a victim,  
 Traho, trahere, traxi, tractum;  
 Into my well-worn brain I've packed 'em.

N. E. JOTCHAM, VIII-2A



## ACROSTIC

My first is in window, but not in pane,  
 My second in sunshine, but not in rain;  
 My third is in second, but not in third,  
 My next in straight, but not in curved.

My fifth is in high, and also in height,  
 My next in justice, and also in right;  
 My seventh is in light, but not in dark,  
 My eighth in field, but not in park.

My ninth is in hockey, but not in sports,  
 My tenth in silver, but not in quartz;  
 My next is in sledge, and also in sleigh,  
 My twelfth in wheat, and also in hay.

My next is in school, and also in books,  
 My fourteenth in police, and also in crooks;  
 My next is in bought, but not in buy,  
 My sixteenth in liquor, but not in rye;  
 My next is in globe, but not in sphere,  
 My last in lake, but not in mere.

My whole is a building, known to all;  
 You can read its name on the entrance hall.

NORTON ARONSON, X-2D.

## A PUNCTURED ROMANCE

(Triolet)

I have broken a heart  
 Beneath a sweet bonnet;  
 It began à la carte,  
 I have broken a heart!  
 It was a love mart  
 Upset by a hornet;  
 I have broken a heart  
 Beneath a sweet bonnet.

A. WILKINSON, XI-2B.



### MALCOLM'S VACATION

I had nae muckle siller when I tuk a trip to toon,  
Ma mither said, "Be cannie lad, lest some lass run  
ye doon;  
Don't venture on the streets at a' after the fa' o'  
nicht."  
I kissed her and I said, "I ken. It sure will be a'  
richt."

I gaed away to Glesca. O' course I did na ride,  
'Cause it was only fifty miles. I saved ma fare  
beside.  
The onny thing that I regret about this walk o'  
mine,  
Is that on my road to Glesca I spent a lot o' time.

At last wi' weary footsteps I walked up the auld  
main street,  
I hustled up tae brither Jock's to get a bite tae eat,  
I walked intae his wee bit hoose, then to the ben  
I went,  
Whaur brither Jock spiered, "Lad," says he, "hoo  
muckle siller spent?"

It seemed sae much like hame to me I started in  
tae weep;  
Jock brought a kettle, "Malcolm, lad, greet on this  
leg o' sheep,  
The price o' salt is risin', the sheep are getting  
thinner,  
Sae weep intil the kettle, we'll hae lamb stew for  
dinner!"

I stayed a month, then I returned unto ma thrifty  
hame,  
Ma mither cried, "How muckle spent? I ken ye're  
nae to blame."  
I kissed her gently, "Mither dear, ye've asked hoo  
muckle spent;  
The siller's still sewn in ma sark the same as when  
I went."

KATHLEEN HODGSON, XI-1E.

### DETENTION

My fingers clasped around my pen,  
The draught my pages blew;  
The clock declared 'twas four-and-ten—  
Five hundred lines to do!

The teacher wore a heavy suit,  
Fresh air to her is wine;  
The cold wind whistled like a flute  
While I went in decline.

If I had firmly closed my lips,  
Or sucked my thumb instead,  
I'd not now have my finger-tips  
So cold you'd think me dead.

My head is slowly lowering,  
My pencil has a chill—  
The teacher's eyes are glowering—  
I have four hundred still.

I have to use a pencil now  
Because my ink is ice;  
I'll never speak again, I vow,  
Without first thinking twice.

LUCILLE SNODGRASS, XI-1E.

### TO THE CUCKOO

(Apologies to Wordsworth)

O blithe New-comer! I have heard  
You're here, and I rejoice.  
O Cuckoo, shall I call thee bird,  
Or have you any choice?

I am Napoleon in his tent,  
Together here we'll play.  
Bold Caesar, thou! 'Tis our intent  
To fight our foes each day.

We have some famous persons here,  
Who'll join us in the fray.  
There's John Gilbert, and Paul Revere,  
Santa, and Lucy Gray.

There's Cleopatra, Joan of Arc,  
Such maidens fair and fine!  
One poor fish shouts (thinks he's a shark)  
"Come in, the water's fine!"

O Cuckoo, we must haste away,  
An end to harmless fun!  
Tomorrow is another day,  
We'll still be in Verdun!

PHYLLIS MORANT, XI-2A.

### THE SPARK THAT FAILED!

(Triolet)

We had purchased a car  
In the second hand market,  
But we didn't get far,  
Though we'd purchased a car.  
Just imagine the jar  
When the plugs failed to spark it—  
Who'd purchase a car  
In the second hand market?

S. WISEMAN, XI-2B.



**BROKE, BROKE, BROKE**

Broke, broke, broke,  
 At the end of my money, O Gee!  
 And I'm glad that my tongue can't utter  
 The thoughts that arise in me!

O, well for the studious ones,  
 That they stay with their studies all day!  
 O, well for my thrifty chums  
 That for college they put all away!

And the spend-thrift lads go on  
 While their fathers pay the bill.  
 But O! for the touch of a vanished roll  
 And the clinking of coins that are still!

Broke, broke, broke,  
 As broke as I well can be,  
 But the tender grace of a full fat wallet  
 Will never come back to me!

ANITA R. GREENWOOD, X-2A.

**TO THE TEACHERS**

When "The Solitary Reaper"  
 Is a-reaping of the grain,  
 And "The Vision of Sir Launfal"  
 Is a-puzzling our brain—  
 When "Queen Marie's Execution"  
 Is a-forcing us to weep—  
 Do you think it's any wonder  
 That we then prefer "The Sleep"?

When John Wyclif and the Lollards,  
 And that stupid Henry VIII,  
 And that vain old party, Lizzie,  
 Have kept us up so late—  
 Do you think it's any wonder  
 That we then would rather see  
 The wild tales of Edgar Wallace  
 Than the "English History"?

With the Cape to Cairo railway,  
 And the products of Sudan,  
 And the lowness of the level  
 In Chinese Turkestan;  
 With Burma next to India—  
 And The Hejaz in the west—  
 Do you think it's any wonder  
 That we sometimes need a rest?

When the Latin lesson's over,  
 And the Grammar's yet to come;  
 When History's a memory,  
 And Arithmetic's not done—  
 When our Spelling's all forgotten,  
 And our heads begin to ache—  
 Dear teachers, please forgive us,  
 If we make the odd mistake.

EDYTHE COX, VIII-2C.

**SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT**

(Apologies to Wordsworth)

She was a Phantom of delight,  
 When she appeared before my sight.  
 A lovely, fair-haired maiden, she  
 Most instantly appealed to me.  
 Her eyes were pools of deepest blue,  
 Her hair was blond, peroxide, too!  
 But as she moved around, about,  
 A flapper type there was no doubt,  
 A boyish shape, a form divine,  
 Oh how I wished that she were mine!

I then moved up for closer view,  
 And shook as though I had the flu.  
 Her graceful motions, light and free,  
 Did stir my heart with ecstasy.  
 I pictured her as my soul-mate,  
 "Canned goods" she'd heap upon my plate,  
 Or carefully darn up my hose,  
 Where through the sock I'd put my toes.  
 My life-long pal, companion, she  
 Had come from Heaven straight to me!

And then I saw with eye serene,  
 How, in a little house, as queen  
 She'd rule, and I'd be at her side.  
 Together down Life's road we'd ride.  
 At night she'd stand beside our gate  
 To greet me, when I came home late.  
 A perfect little wife, she  
 Would never scold or nag at me.

My fancy I indulge, I ween,  
 I only saw her on the screen!

PHYLLIS MORANT, XI-2A.



Section  
Broméales

### ELLE ÉTAIT JUSTIFIÉE

**N**OUS lisons chez Daudet qu'une mule papale garda sept ans sa vengeance contre un vaurien du nom de Tistet Védène, et qu'à la fin elle lui donna un coup de pied si terrible qu'on ne l'a plus vu et la fumée du coup de pied était vue jusqu'à Pampérigouste. Mais Daudet ne nous dit que les événements. C'est notre dessein de vous expliquer que la mule était absolument justifiée de le faire, quoiqu'elle montrât un esprit qui n'était pas entièrement chrétien.

Avant tout, il faut que la vengeance soit retenue en vie jusqu'à son accomplissement pour qu'elle soit la vengeance. Ce n'est pas une vraie vengeance qui meurt dès que la personne contre qui on l'a destinée est hors de la portée de la vue. Ainsi, la seule question qui reste, est, "Est-ce que la vengeance est justifiable?"

Malgré la propagande des pacificateurs, je ne crois pas devoir offrir l'autre joue au frappeur, parce que le frappeur, qui n'est pas évidemment pacificateur, profitera probablement de l'occasion. Notre amie, la mule, aurait oublié sans aucun doute sa vengeance, et, en langage figuré, aurait offert l'autre joue au frappeur si elle avait été sûre que Tiste était pacificateur mais elle connaissait son homme.

Tous les jours il l'avait poursuivie, l'avait maltraitée, et lui avait joui de si vilains tours que la bête bien-nourrie commençait réellement à s'amalgamer et à perdre du poids. Vous savez tous que ce n'est pas la manière de laquelle on doit traiter n'importe quelle mule, et particulièrement celle-ci. Elle était une brave bête, mais personne ne peut dire qu'elle était une mule avec qui on pouvait s'amuser. Ainsi, quand Tistet s'en alla à la cour de la reine Jeanne, elle savait son caractère comme un livre et savait qu'il ne s'améliorerait jamais. La seule solution était un coup de sabot.

Et, finalement, la mule était absolument justifiée de lui donner ce coup de sabot après sept ans, parce qu'elle ne pouvait le lui donner avant.

JOHN H. SHEPHERD, XI-2B.

### LE PRINTEMPS

**L**E printemps, c'est la saison la plus joyeuse! Tout le monde se réjouit quand vient le printemps.

L'air est humide et plaisant. Il pleut beaucoup, il est vrai; mais bientôt des tendres et jeunes tiges sortent de terre; l'herbe devient verte; et on se

rajeunit. Les jardiniers plantent leurs graines et les observent pousser de jour en jour. Une promenade au grand air au printemps est très agréable. On voit partout de belles petites fleurs et leur doux parfum pénètre l'atmosphère.

Ainsi, je préfère le printemps. C'est la saison de joie et de charme. C'est la réjouissance de la Mère Nature.

MARGARET TAYLOR, IX-2C.

### MONSIEUR SEGUIN ET SA CHÈVRE

**C**HACQUE fois que je pense à Monsieur Seguin, j'ai à rire. Ce pauvre Seguin! Il est bien comparable à un galant déconcerté, car sa chèvre ressemble bien à une demoiselle opiniâtre.

Les chèvres, c'étaient la passion de Monsieur Seguin, comme les demoiselles sont souvent la passion des gens indiscrets. J'ai dit que Blanquette était semblable à une femme opiniâtre. Comme les demoiselles, elle voulait être libre. Elle voulait le grand air et la liberté sans penser au prix. Comme les femmes du vingtième siècle, elle voulait être libre pour faire ce qu'elle désirait, et en même temps elle voulait la protection d'un fort honnête homme. Il y a un proverbe qui dit qu'on ne peut manger son gâteau et le garder en même temps, mais Blanquette voulait faire cela. Comme les demoiselles d'aujourd'hui qui veulent l'égalité avec les hommes, et veulent que les hommes leur donnent leurs sièges en tramway, Blanquette aurait voulu que Monsieur Seguin la protégeât sans lui rendre service.

Maintenant, causons un peu de Monsieur Seguin lui-même. Pauvre homme! Son affection pour les chèvres aurait dû être irrésistible. Ayant perdu six chèvres, il en acheta une septième. S'il avait perdu six femmes, pensez-vous qu'il en aurait épousé une septième? S'il avait aimé les femmes autant qu'il aimait les chèvres, il aurait fait banqueroute en six mois.

J'ai bien peur de signer mon nom à cet article, mais j'espère que les demoiselles me pardonneront mon attaque sur leur émancipation.

G. R. GROSS, XI-1C.

## FAIRE JOINDRE LES DEUX BOUTS

TROIS Irlandais traversaient un jour le pont à Cork. L'un d'eux, jetant un coup d'œil sur le parapet, voulait toucher l'eau; mais comment cela pouvait-il se faire? Cela intrigua beaucoup les fils d'Irlande. Enfin un d'eux pensa qu'en se suspendant aux pieds de l'autre homme, il pouvait faire ce qu'il voulait. Il se mit donc à l'œuvre, il escalada le mur du pont. Après qu'ils s'étaient étendus autant que possible il se trouva que l'eau était encore loin au-dessous d'eux. Alors l'homme qui était en haut cria à celui qui était le plus bas, "Arrah, maintenant, Paddy, tenez-vous ferme afin que je descende à vous, et alors, mon cher, nous l'atteindrons. Il ne faut pas dire si ce plan fut couronné de succès.

GERTRUDE L. PHILLIPS, XI-2A.

## STRANGE CHIVALRY

## PRIZE STORY

THE woodsman paused, as the rough path broadened into a small clearing,—a sanctuary of the forest, clothed in green, circled about by trees. All was quiet beauty in this sylvan spot. Here on the rich grass flooring streamed the pale silver radiance of an autumn moon, and here deep, purple shadows stretched fantastic forms; solitary leaves, no longer masquerading in the moon's soft twilight, sank spinning, twisting downwards into dark oblivion. A night bird, crying, cut the deep silence with his call; a sudden gust of wind stirred slumbering trees into rustling protest. Then all was quiet again.

For a moment the woods-runner paused, and upon his stern, bronzed face came almost a look of reverence. Perhaps in the moonlight and the shadows he found God—.

But now he stood like one who sees visions, and dreads his own credulity; as if an angel's song from the golden stars had swept upon him in the night wind's wake.

For there,—small wonder that he stood amazed—there on the clearing's opposite fringe where moonlight, trickling through the mighty trees, made a dim chequered shadow pattern on the forest grass, a man lay in a crumpled heap, a man whose sleep seemed the sleep of death, whose dress was the gay garments of the princely courtier. A moment the *coureur-de-bois* hesitated, wondering, then like a dark, silent shadow he glided across the uneven carpet of the sanctuary, and knelt beside the quiet figure of this unknown visitor.

His was the noble's girk, this slumberer's, and his a mass of hair golden as the sunlight of smiling France. A handsome gallant, doubtless, in the fine bantering circle of a court; but now his coat was broken at the shoulder; and where a jagged gash glowed angry crimson on his upper arm, the lace was all blood-clotted and discoloured. But he was not dead; he slept. And so the *coureur-de-bois*, scarcely glancing at aught but the wounded shoulder, dipped his rough kerchief into a pool of fresh rain-water that was cradled in a rude basin of rocks, and bathed the ugly surface of the cut. Quickly, silently he worked, until the sleeper



stirred, and murmured incoherently, and turned his head. His was a face, nobly-formed and, albeit white and somewhat haggard, most pleasing to the eye.

But now into the eyes of the gaunt *coureur-de-bois* had leaped a sudden look of recognition. His lips closed into a harsh, cruel line. He stood up, and in his eyes was the gleam of a wolf, and over all his face the veiled hatred of a tortured mind. The woods-runner's hand sought the short sword in his belt. But gazing at the sleeping wounded man he shook his head, and, physically rigid, gazed into the forest.

But now the slumbering courtier awoke, and waking, sighed, and struggled to sit up with the aid of his injured arm.

He was white as death; his golden hair tousled and unruly; his eyes, blue-purple wells in the dim, silver moonlight. A falling leaf tumbled past his head, and suddenly aware of his unnatural surroundings, he glanced about him, and then up—.

For a while they looked at each other in silence, the woods-runner and the cavalier. One with the intensity of hate, the other with the sardonic smile of knightly rivalry.

'Twas he of the woods life who spoke first, spoke reluctantly, slowly, almost in a hoarse whisper, "How came you here, La Crevecoeur?"

The other toyed with the lace on his coat front; he seemed strangely ill-at-ease.

"Do I dream a nightmare," said he, "or is that really Brabant." He forced a smile—a weak smile—and went on "Brabant, a woodsman? A fugitive from justice? Ignoble paradox, noble Brabant!"

The woods-runner gazed into the forest shadows. Clear his voice was now, and his words crisp and clipped. "Ay, it is indeed Brabant so surely as you are La Crevecoeur. We two have an account to settle, and Good Fortune brought us together. Strange paradox indeed! But why do we pause over the workings of Fate? How came you here?"

The courtier smiled his bantering smile, but he was very white.

"How came a nobleman into a forest?" Now he laughed, and in his laugh was the soft chiming of bells. "There were four gentlemen at cards, and many beakers full of wine. There was noble drinking and noble cheating and noble cursing. Two gentlemen quarreled, and their naked swords gleamed in the firelight. Then after a space, there was a broken sword and a dead courtier, and a room full of upset tables and broken glasses. And he who had killed another gallant, took boot, saddle, and horse"—

Brabant smiled. "Then you came away from Quebec, my lord, because that precious neck of yours might wear too tight a collar?" He turned contemptuously.

The young noble flushed a dull red, but he forced a bantering smile.

"Have it as you wish," he said, "I should not expect you to take it otherwise."

Savagely the woods-runner turned upon him, his restraint broken. "Otherwise? Why should I give you knightly courtesy? You, whose uncle deprived me of lands and wealth who slaughtered my family before my eyes, and cast me aside with an empty pocket and a broken heart. You are the nephew of a fiend, my lord; and they say that half his fiendishness was of your making! God forgive me, but had you a sound body and a long sword you should answer me!"

La Crevecoeur struggled to sit higher along a supporting tree trunk. A little trickle of blood ran over the stained lace at his shoulder. He spoke, and there was no smile on his white lips nor any banter in his quiet words. "I give you my word as a gentleman of France that they speak not truly concerning me. I have not wronged you nor any man, save he who died two nights ago. And him I killed for honour's sake."

The courtier ran his hot fingers through the cool, moon-shot grass.

"But you will not believe me, because, unknowingly, I mocked you when your grief was great. I never liked you; I don't think I like you now. Why do you wait any longer? The forest keeps her secrets, and I am very tired." The nobleman was fighting weakness now; almost wraith-like he seemed in the soft darkness.

For a moment there was stillness between them. A hawk went screaming through the quiet trees; silently leaves fell, gay scarlet-yellow leaves, careening into darkness; their masquerade was done.

Slowly Brabant spoke. "Perhaps I have done you an injustice, my lord. I do not know. They said that it was so, and I believed them. Your

uncle is a demon, your father was a drunken coward. That you cannot deny. Why should you be better than they, save with a smoother tongue and a speck more gallantry? But how should I gain by your death? That could not bring back my wife to me, nor my children, nor my estate. Your humiliation is perhaps enough. That—and something more—"

La Crevecoeur raised his golden head with hopeless weariness. "And what is—something more, Brabant?"

Sharply now the woodsman spoke, gazing into the dark recesses of the forest. "There can be no return to gay Quebec for you. You killed the Intendant's nephew."

"His brother," said the nobleman, nor was there any wonder in his drowsy brain that Brabant had so nearly guessed the identity of the slain man.

"Then—what is left but the forest, my lord? That—or death."

Now La Crevecoeur gazed at him in wonderment. "The forest? The woodsman's life? What can I know of trading with Indian trappers, and hunting game, and eking out a livelihood in this wild place?"

For the first time Brabant looked intently at the blue-eyed cavalier whose hair was autumn sunlight.

"You shall be apprentice to me. I shall teach you for a while. When you are strong and capable of finding food we shall go our ways again."

Banteringly the nobleman looked at him, and in the eyes that were blue-purple wells in the dim light a whimsical glimmer played.

"You are kind, Brabant, and your kindness is strange. Scarce five minutes ago I was nearly a dead man, and now I have not merely life, but a future too. Yours is strange chivalry; I like it not."

The woods-runner's face was pale and drawn; his lips were a thin line.

"Will you go with me," he asked coldly, "or shall I leave you here?"

La Crevecoeur smiled the courtier's smile. "I shall go," said he. "What ever your later purpose may be, it's rather fine of you to do this for me. You think me a coward and a cad; I do not like you over-well. I'm a whimsical person, and I might murder you in your sleep. Truly, in this you are the nobleman, not me."

Brabant dropped to his knees beside the boy; and, dipping his still damp kerchief in gleaming rainwater, bathed the red surface of the shoulder gash.

"You did this before for me," said the courtier. "I know, for the wound was cleaner and it hurt less when I woke. 'Tis a freakish cut. Back a piece—it seems ages ago—my horse threw me on some stones. He killed himself, but somehow I was unhurt, save where my shoulder tore against a jagged stone."



Brabant said nothing, merely he bathed the ugly wound with his dripping cloth. Then wringing out the rag upon the patterned grass, he raised himself into the full radiance of the moon. Tall he was, and sternly handsome, lean and bronzed with the forest toil.

La Crevecoeur gazed up at him with laughing eyes. He sang a tune of ancient France, but the words were improvised—

"A poor errant-knight was he,  
His virtue was strange chivalry."

But in Brabant's veins the blood beat in a hot race, and in his brain there was a fiery passion and a tortured prayer. "Dear God, why do you not give me the will to slay this nephew of a fiend? Why is not my heart cruel as his is cruel, and mine not an avenging soul to give me satisfaction for my wrongs? Why do I weaken towards this handsome boy?"

Yet calmly he answered the nobleman's banter. "Perhaps you do not know me yet, my lord." He laughed, and his laugh was as the running of deep waters in a river's sunken bed.

And so it was that the *coureur-de-bois* travelled no longer alone through the forest wilderness. For now he had a strange companion, a stripling noble, whose hair was burnished gold in the light of the autumn sun. Two weeks they pressed on together, the woodsman and the errant noble, pressed on through wildernesses flaming with colour. And into the cheeks of him who was an exile from Quebec there stole the shadow of a rose, and into his eyes there came a happy brightness. Only at times the torn shoulder hurt him,—when he was tired, or stumbling, jarred against a tree. They got along not badly, the two companions, but always Brabant kept his own counsel. Grim, silent, he was, and his dark moods never changed.

La Crevecoeur noticed things. He did not expect that his own light-hearted, whimsical banter would stir Brabant to gaiety, but he observed how cautiously the woodsman laid his plans, how startled he was when weird bird notes at twilight shrilled through the woodland silence. Yet Brabant was strong and iron-willed and courageous—the courtier knew that. It was all very mystifying; their journeying westward when they might more easily have turned south towards civilization; the woodsman's sudden kindness on their first meeting; and now, Brabant's peculiar anxiety, and his strange preoccupation. The woodsman shunned human contacts; he seemed entirely oblivious to trade.

But the young noble screened his natural wonder pretty well. Always his talk was the gay repartee of a king's court; he took this mode of conversation as a definite policy. It was the fittest answer he could make to Brabant's stolidity.

As the days passed there came a sharper breath to the autumn winds. Leaves fell in little scurrying bands, and dropped with topsy-turvy indirectness into the ranks of fallen compatriots. Armies of silver raindrops filled the grass with wetness. Fog arose above the brush, and choked the air. And grayer even than the days of dying autumn was the attitude of Brabant.

Somehow to La Crevecoeur it seemed as if he were an actor in a mighty drama—whether tragic or comic he knew not—and that each day passing brought the play swifter to its climax. He was not naturally superstitious or over-anxious, but now the forest seemed sinister, forbidding; the sulky skies seemed fraught with some mysterious danger.

Then one dim morning while woodsman and noble rested a while in one of the little sanctuaries Brabant knew so well, the noble's opportunity came. The *coureur-de-bois* had dropped to his knees beside the rough, charred patch of burnt and blackened grass that marked a former camp-fire. He studied it intently for a while, then suddenly tense, jumped to his feet, and trance-like, listened for a moment. The noble looked at him quizzically "What's the matter now Brabant?" A half-smile played about his lips.

The woodsman shrugged. "An owl's hoot—nothing more."

But La Crevecoeur no longer smiled. "An owl's hoot? At this time of day?"

Brabant bit his lip; he was obviously disconcerted. "I suppose," he said, "there is nothing to prevent an owl hooting in daytime." And with that he turned once more to the camp-fire's ashes.

But now all the pent up wonder of days broke through the nobleman's reserve, and his words came, flashing, in a torrent. "What has come upon you Brabant, that a bird's note strikes you so? What is there in an owl's hoot to affright you, or in a stick's crackle on the path? Almost you seem haunted by a spirit carrying Death!"

Quiet the woodsman was, ominously quiet. There was no trace of anger on his deep-tanned face, nor any sneer or smile upon his lips. Merely he stood gazing pensively at the charred spot at his feet.

Then clearly, crisply, he spoke, and into the noble's mind swept a picture of a gaunt man standing grimly in the autumn moonlight.

"Have you not guessed, my lord, with those quick wits of yours? Why do I pause at an owl's hoot? Why do I stop beside this camp-fire? Why do I not barter with the Indians?" He paused a moment, and went on, "I am not a child in this wilderness! Truly we are haunted by a spirit carrying Death!"

La Crevecoeur wet his lips; his voice came hoarsely.

"You mean—you fear some Indian's revenge?"

Pensively Brabant answered him as in a dream. "Ay, a kind of revenge,—out of a little drama of thievery and firewater and dead Iroquois." Now he talked rapidly, bitterly. "I'm under death sentence, you see, from Soaring Eagle, a rotten-blooded chief of the old school, and all his filthy Iroquois. I killed the Eagle's brother in a quarrel; didn't think they'd follow up till a week ago I heard that owl's cry. Then I knew."

He looked up; La Crevecoeur, a little white but undaunted, faced him squarely. For a little space there was silence between them, a silence not unkind.

"Heigh-o," said Brabant at last with a semblance of cheerfulness, "Why need we wait here any longer, my lord? Let's get on with the work."

Still La Crevecoeur faced him, immovable.

"Is the danger very near?" he asked, as the woodsman fumbled with his jacket.

"Quite," said Brabant. "Will you go with me still, or—" he half-sneered, "is the danger of my company too great to be hazarded?"

Perhaps it was the chill wind winging through the trees that whipped sudden colour into the noble's cheeks. He answered banteringly.

"I should follow you, Brabant, to the world's end,—and beyond."

Through the mists of early morning they travelled onward, till the day grew glorious around them. At mid-day the sun broke through his barrier, and on the winds of afternoon there came a warmer breath, like the touch of summer gladness. White clouds chased themselves across the sky's face. Streamers of glory swept into the forest shadows, and stirred some lingering birds to song. Still nobleman and woodsman kept their course, until the afternoon lengthened into mellow twilight and shadows stole some rapture from the sunbeams. Almost it seemed a September twilight, this one, golden-purple, filled with the smoke perfume and gentle haziness of lazy autumn.

With early evening, weariness came to the two companions. Worry wore Brabant's endurance down, and a throbbing shoulder stole the noble's strength. They rested in a spot where a camp-fire's ashes lay.

To La Crevecoeur there seemed no danger now that they had struggled so much farther westward, but the woodsman seemed both nervous and unsettled. Cat-like he walked up and down the rough flooring of the forest space. The courtier looked at him strangely.

"Have we no hope even now, Brabant?" The *coureur-de-bois* paused. For a moment a twisted smile played over his lips, but he answered almost gently, "There is always hope."

"But surely your Soaring Eagle wouldn't follow you through the whole wilderness."

The young noble laughed with a note of gaiety.

"Why, I should think he'd be leery of you after that last accident to his brother. Sometimes I think you fool me superbly; and even if you do not, I feel that we are safe."

Again Brabant paused.

"I never fool; I'm not a buffoon. If you but knew Soaring Eagle as I—"

He stopped short. For ominous and clear an owl's note sounded in the forest shadows; and clearer still from another place floated an answering call.

The woodsman half slumped against a tree's trunk.

"God help us," he said, "for nothing else can save us now. We've stumbled into a hornet's nest."

La Crevecoeur had scrambled to his feet as the bird's cry sounded in the trees. Now he spoke quietly. "You mean we've run into Soaring Eagle's camp?"

Brabant was silent; he passed one hand wearily across his forehead, then looked up in amazement as the nobleman walked swiftly over to him, and gazed questioningly into his eyes.

"Look you, Brabant," said he, "why did you not turn south to Quebec when you knew how dangerous the forest was?"

The woodsman hesitated. "This was the better course to take," he answered uneasily.

But in La Crevecoeur's eyes shone a gleam of admiration and his words came slowly, stumblingly. "My faith!" he said, "That I should not have seen it before! You turned west, my friend, because my life was forfeit in Quebec! You shall not deny that, greatheart. 'Tis true."

For a space there was silence between them; for that moment the common danger sank into oblivion.

"You are silent," said LaCrevecoeur at last. "It's a great thing you've done, Brabant. The world will never know of it, but it will be with the wind and trees for ever."

There was a hint of sadness in his voice, but as a chill wind sang through the clearing, he spoke more strongly. "I think I can face anything—now."

Scarcely had his words died away, than the weird, haunting war whoop of the Iroquois shattered the woodland stillness. Evening had come unawares; the forest was filled with dusk, and the night sky studded with stars. Now human shapes, misty in the darkness, broke through the trees' fringe, and set upon the two companions. Brabant made no resistance; he knew his Soaring Eagle. But the noble fought with desperate courage, and



took a blow that opened a bleeding gash in his forehead. Half-stunned he fell to the damp grass, only to be jerked to his feet, placed between two powerful braves and forced to stumble dazedly along with the Indian band. He did not know where Brabant was; suddenly he had ceased to care. His head ached intolerably, his shoulder throbbed; and the guttural murmur of his captors' voices confused his brain. He had played and failed—played and failed—played and failed. That thought pounded its way through his mind with every throb of his wounded head. The minutes dragged interminably, and still he stumbled painfully through the unrevealing darkness.

Then a red glow beat upon the tree-shapes, and tinged the grass with colour. The murmur of voices rose into a swelling volume of sound; La Crevecoeur fancied he could hear Brabant's crisp voice, speaking a strange language. Dimly he saw bronzed figures, war-painted; and dimly too, the person of a chief, whose face was all cruelty and strength.

Then weakness came, and a mist across his eyes. He thought that they had reached their journey's end, but now once more his savage captors dragged him, half-stumbling, between them for what seemed eternities of time. Suddenly he was jerked to an abrupt halt, roughly his hands were bound behind his back, and roughly he was half-thrown into some place where darkness was. The noble struggled to break through his half-unconsciousness. For a fleeting moment he saw the interior of a rude brush hut, saw the camp-fire's glow straggling feebly through some secret cracks, felt the nearness of some misty shape bound like himself—. Then darkness filmed his eyes.

The leather thongs that chafed the woodsman's wrists were not more painful than the angry thoughts that filled his brain. 'Twas not pleasant to be brought captive, in humiliation, to the camp of Soaring Eagle; to be thrown roughly like a sack of meal into a dark hut in company with a courtier-fop whose troubles had consummated Brabant's woes, whose doom was now to be Brabant's doom. Some misguided sense of humanity had placed the woodsman's heart before his head, and death was to be his reward. There could be no escape, with an Indian on guard; everything was over now; he'd been a fool, and a fool always loses in the end—.

Brabant gazed at his fellow prisoner. Moonlight streamed through a gap in the hut's roof, and lighted up the noble's face. Tired and worn he looked, his golden hair awry, his forehead cut with a ribbon of blood. Now he stirred, and smiled a little, and looked across the dark space into Brabant's eyes.

"We're through—now?"

The woodsman coughed. "There is always hope," he said. "We're not through yet."

La Crevecoeur seemed to ignore this. He asked merely, "Will it be—pretty terrible?"

For a moment Brabant paused, then clearly he spoke, without a tremor. "Yes—pretty terrible."

The noble dropped back into his half-sleep again. He seemed a marble statue, so still and white he was, save where the red blood stained his

cheek. Something touched the woodsman's heart; poor handsome boy, a month ago the Intendant's wine and favour; within a day now, death in a forest's oblivion. That was what life was like, thought Brabant; sometimes you rode in Fortune's carriage, and sometimes grovelled in the ditch of Hopelessness.

He fell into a kind of reverie. As from afar came guttural voices, debating the prisoners' death; from the near forest came a night bird's cry; clouds scurried across the moon's face; leaves fell.

Suddenly a voice stabbed the woodman's dream. 'Twas the voice and tongue of an Iroquois. Rapidly, eagerly the words came, and in obedience to their command Brabant rolled nearer to the brush wall. A gleaming knife cut through his leather thongs; his hands were free—.

The noble, waking, looked at Brabant in wonderment. "You were talking to—someone?" he asked.

No gleam of joy lit up the woodsman's face. He answered tersely, "Yes."

For a moment La Crevecoeur's lips quivered in a spasm of pain. "To whom, Brabant, an Iroquois?"

Quietly the woodsman answered, and his voice was low. "Aye, to an Iroquois, Mountain River. Once I saved him from a ghastly death; I guess God sent him as a guard tonight. It's the Iroquois' chance to repay, and an Indian never forgets."

Eagerly La Crevecoeur queried, "Then—we're to escape, after all?" Queer, thought Brabant, how the colour came sweeping back into the noble's face now there was hope. The woodsman shook his head, and rubbed his chafed wrists.

"Mountain River can't let us both go. He's got his reputation in his tribe. But in five minutes he'll not be watching carefully, and one of us may go."

Bending over the boy he loosened the leathern knot that bound the noble's arms. Again a little quiver of pain twisted La Crevecoeur's face.

"One may go, Brabant? What of the other?"

Grimly the woodsman smiled; he looked full into the courtier's eyes.

"One of us must stay; stay with these fiends—God help him."

Now in a whisper came the noble's words, "You've done too much for me, Brabant; it's my turn now. But stay—we're free now, almost, and there's only Mountain River to oppose—."

His eyes met Brabant's, and his voice wavered. "Sorry," he said, "I know your code of honour. It's my turn now."

But the grim smile still lingered on the woodsman's face. He spoke almost lightly, "No, my lord. It's not your turn. You're younger than I am, younger by ten years. You've a life to live; mine's done. Where I didn't make a botch of living someone else obliged, and—wrecked things for me. I've done with the race; you've only begun. The forest waits you; go—and God bless you."



He was through with that speech, Brabant, and now he waited for some protest from the other's lips, but there was none. Dreamily the noble spoke, "Aye, a life to live. For me the shining rivers of happy France, and the salt wind from a heaving sea. And for me, too, silver rain on Norman pastures, and the great Hall's fire, and love. Aye, I want to live my life." Then half-ashamed, he added, "But—you've done so much for me, Brabant—too much. The sacrifice is greater than thy heart should bear."

The woodsman scarce heard La Crevecoeur's words. Suddenly he wanted to live; with every pulse and beat of his heart he wanted to stay alive. There was the wind that sang through the forest trees, and the beat of partridges' wings as they rose in the forest stillness. He clenched his hands; everything was over now. Let this boy go; play the drama nobly. That was his job. But he wished the noble would make a show of protest; the blood of cowards and drunkards ran in the courtier's veins, but even he might make a stab at bravery.

The woodsman roused himself. "Never mind me, and forget what I've done for you. 'Twasn't chivalry; just impetuous, silly humanity that urged me to befriend you. I don't suppose I'd do the same again. Heaven knows we're in a fix now."

Sudden vigour seemed to fill La Crevecoeur with strength. "How long shall I need in the forest?"

"A half-hour's start of the Indians for safety in this dark evening."

The noble smoothed his coat. "How long would you need, Brabant?"

Brabant laughed softly. "Five minutes in the forest, and they'd never find me more."

The nobleman crouched, listening. A low whistle sounded on the night wind.

"That's your signal," said Brabant. "Run as the deer runs, swiftly, to yonder fringe of trees. Strike south as the crow flies. The moon will give you succour."

Still the noble waited, crouching. "I ought not to leave you thus, Brabant," he said. "'Tis a base ingratitude. But how great is the urge to live!" The woodsman hid his face in shadow lest it betray the anguish in his heart. There was no true steel in La Crevecoeur's soul, after all; no passion for duty, no light of courage. And he, Brabant, would die with a man's shame ringing in his heart.

Quietly the courtier asked, "Is it time to go?"

Quietly the answer came, "Yes, time to depart." Still the woodsman's face was clouded in shadow, and there was silence a moment. Then the noble moved where the moonlight caught his face and golden hair.

"Will you bid me good-bye, Brabant?"

The woodsman raised his head; 'twas a bitter moment for him, witness of another's callousness. But he must not show his feelings now, 'twould deter the other. Better to play the man to the end, finish the game, hold high the torch—. Now he spoke cheerily, and his hand grasped La Crevecoeur's. "Good-bye—, and godspeed!"

For a moment the noble looked at him a trifle wistfully, the woodsman thought, noting with a pang how blue-purple were the courtier's eyes in the quiet moonlight, and that he would never see

them more. "Adieu, greatheart," said LaCrevecoeur, "d'you think me a craven too?"

And with that farewell singing in the woodsman's ears, the noble sprang through the fire-lit opening of the hut, and with hidden strength sent the unwary Mountain River reeling.

Half-stunned, Brabant gazed at the boy. For now he ran as the deer runs, swiftly, but towards the campfire's glare; and Mountain River, mad with fury, followed stumbling in his wake.

Fiery thoughts seared the woodsman's brain. Was the boy crazed that he ran so, where the red glare was? But now Mountain River was gone, too!—Brabant was free! Free to seek the moonlit forest once again. This gallant lad was giving him his opportunity for life. And he had dared to scorn that handsome youth!

The camp-fire council was stricken dumb with wonder, too, and the guards had gone. With every step La Crevecoeur's doom was nearer, and the woodsman's liberty was slipping away. The courtier had given him life in noble sacrifice; he'd not throw that life away, not that mighty gift!

With a half sob Brabant broke through the hut's brush wall and raced towards the forest shadows. Nearer to the fringe, nearer—now forest giants loomed above him—on and on he ran, ran against Death, till his breath came in great gasps and his heart beat high. Roughly he stumbled through the forest wilderness, roughly, and now a swelling chorus of angry sound broke behind him as the foiled Iroquois discovered that their prize quarry had escaped. But they should never get him now—not in this darkness—not this cool Brabant who threaded his way more cleverly than any Indian could through the forest tangle. They'd never get him now—life was his—life, and the wind in the trees, and the partridges' flight—'twas the five minutes' start that gave him liberty. That gallant boy! Heaven knew what they'd do to him. On and on through the forest sanctuaries where moonlight played—on and on with superhuman zeal, till dawn came, till heart and soul and body crumpled with the burden of their task. He sank upon some downy moss, his shoulders heaving with a mighty physical and mental strain. Now he could sleep; they'd never catch him, not in this forest. Gallant boy!

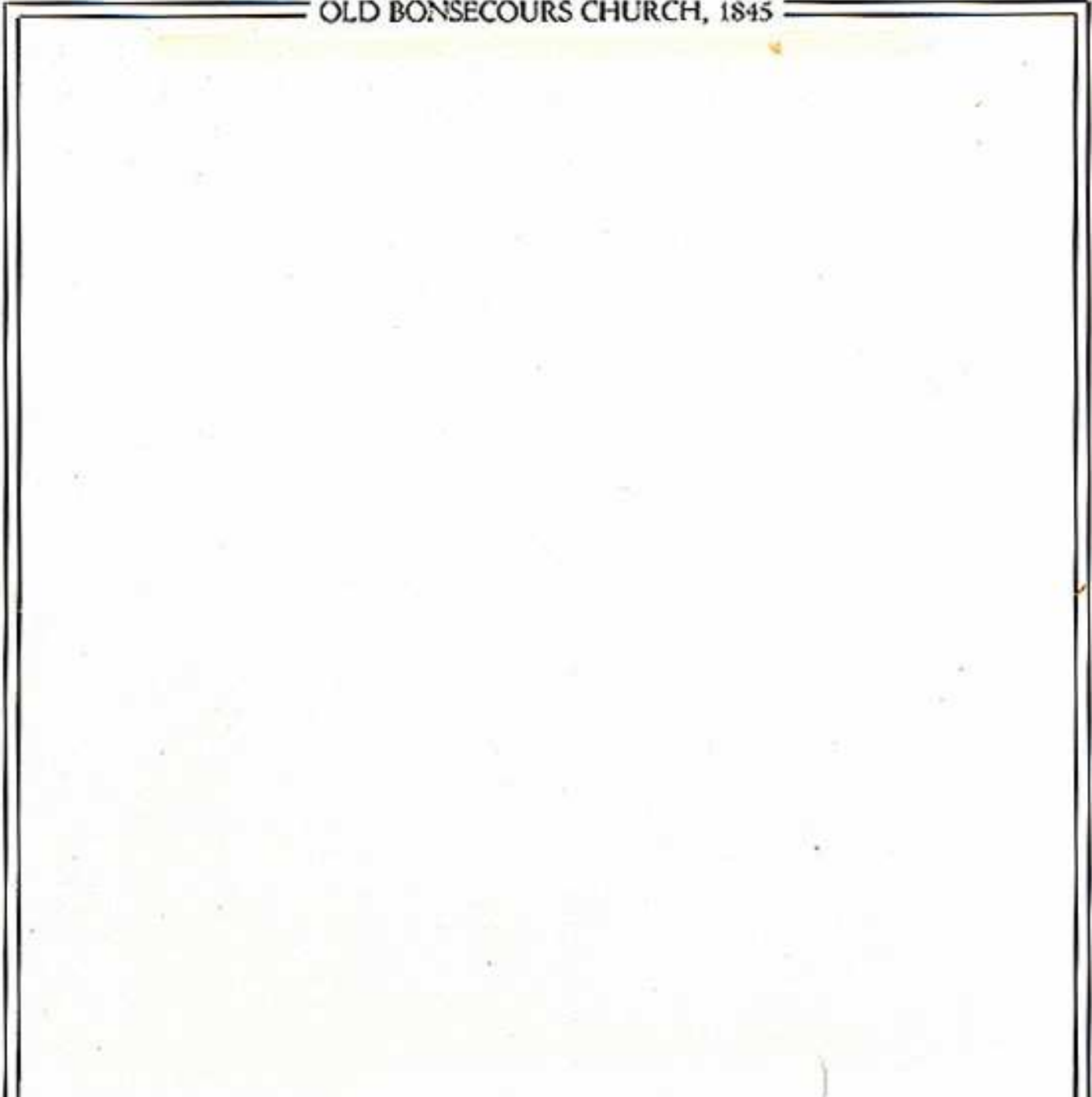
With the morning came grey light trickling through the trees, and streamers of soft rose lighting eastern skies. Lovely is the forest dawn, when mists steal through the brush; and lovely is the thrill of life that stirs the sleeping woods.

Seated upon a mossy rock was the figure of a man, whose pensive eyes looked and saw not, whose open ears listened and heard not. Quietly he sat, and in his hand was a rough kerchief, stained with blood, and in his head the song of an errant knight.

Wearily he rose and gathered sticks as if to build himself a fire. He seemed a voyager whose way was lost, whom hopelessness had stricken; or a woodsman who had hunted overlong, and now was very tired. Quiet and sober he seemed to the watching trees, a prosaic being, unromantic, unimaginative, whom visions stirred not.

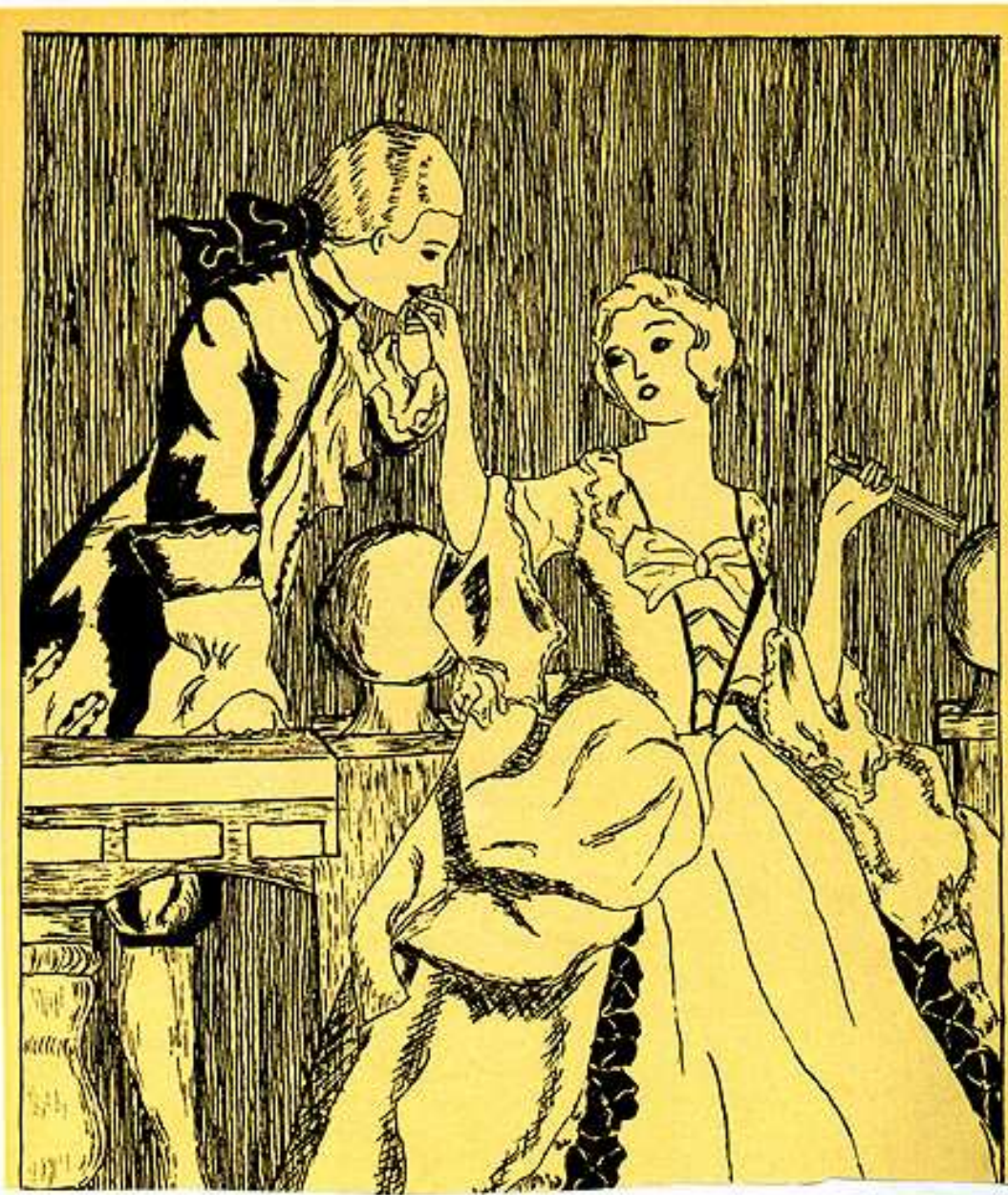
But the hands of him that piled stick on stick trembled a little, and his eyes were wet with tears.

## OLD BONSECOURS CHURCH, 1845



A SCENE on St. Paul Street, Montreal about the year 1845, showing Old Bonsecours Church as it appeared at that time. St. Paul Street was then a fashionable quarter of the city, and the costumes shown represent the fashions of the period. The soldiers are in the uniform worn by the British at that time.

Specially painted for JAS. A. OGILVY'S Limited  
By PAUL CARON



Graduation Class .

1931



GWEN BURBANK:

"And with thy keen clear joyance, languor cannot be."

Fav. Exp. "Why?" and "Wanta hear a story, Leona?"  
 Hobby. Day-dreaming.  
 Pet Avers. Wearing a hat.  
 Ambition. To be an air-pilot.

\* \* \*



VIOLET CASSIDY:

"Life is not a thing to be hurried thro'  
 But to be enjoyed at leisure."

Fav. Exp. "Oh-oh."  
 Hobby. Changing the part in her hair.  
 Pet Avers. Going to bed.  
 Ambition. To have a car.

\* \* \*



HELEN COOKE ("COOKIE"):

"Work! Alas I know thee not."

Fav. Exp. "I nearly popped a tonsil."  
 Pastime. Walking down the hall to Room 13.  
 Pet Avers. People who don't like the Toronto Maple Leafs.  
 Ambition. To get to Macdonald.  
 Activities. Class Basketball '29, '30.



BERYL FRENCH:

"Lovely curls,  
 Eyes so bright,  
 Best of girls,  
 She's all right."

Fav. Exp. "Oh, goodie-goodie."  
 Pastime. Arranging V. G.'s hair.  
 Pet Avers. Blushing.  
 Ambition. To be on the Olympic team.  
 Activities. Class Basketball '28, '29, '30, '31.

## MARION FRIEDLANDER (MANNY FIANNY):

"I am a woman; when I think, I must speak."

Fav. Exp. "Isn't that a doo-daddie!"  
 Pastime. Talking.  
 Pet Avers. Writing in any form.  
 Ambition. To become a Co-ed.

\* \* \*

## VIOLET GOODMAN:

"Her eyes as stars of sunrise fair,  
 Like sunrise too, her bright red hair."

Fav. Exp. "It's a pleasure."  
 Pastime. Looking for her French book.  
 Pet Avers. Hearing old jokes.  
 Ambition. To make a million—soliciting ads.  
 Activities. Class Basketball '30, '31.

\* \* \*

## JOYCE HAYWARD:

"Sweet masters be patient."

Fav. Exp. "It isn't going to worry me."  
 Hobby. Being a real good sport.  
 Pet Avers. Anything literary.  
 Ambition. To find an 8th wonder of the world.

\* \* \*

## FLORENCE HOWE:

"I chatter, chatter as I go."

Fav. Exp. "I don't know."  
 Pastime. Shrugging her shoulders.  
 Pet Avers. Being disturbed to answer questions.  
 Ambition. To be able to sleep through the algebra lesson without being interrupted.  
 Activities. Class Basketball '28, '29, '30, '31.

\* \* \*

## VIOLET JOSEFO:

"About binomial theorems I'm teeming with a lot of news,  
 With many cheerful facts about the square on the hypotenuse."

Fav. Exp. "You dropped something."  
 Hobby. Drawing.  
 Pet Avers. Giggling. (In class?)  
 Ambition. To excel McClelland Barclay.





## SARAH LAZARE:

"Always seen but seldom heard from?"

- Fav. Exp. "Isn't this lesson over yet?"  
 Hobby. Interrupting a French lesson.  
 Pet Avers. Silence.  
 Ambition. To be allowed to talk in peace.  
 Activities. Class Basketball '29, '30, '31.

\* \* \*



## HAZEL MCBRIDE:

"She is a scholar and a ripe good one!"

- Fav. Exp. "Don't laugh, it's tragic."  
 Pastime. Rushing H. C. to and from school.  
 Pet Avers. Her laugh.  
 Ambition. To get a full house for an after-school debate.  
 Activities. Class President; President, Literary and Debating Society;  
 Editorial Board '28; Debating Team '30; Secretary,  
 A.A. '29; Class Basketball '27, '28, '30.

\* \* \*



## PHYLLIS MORANT:

"But she to her full height her stately stature draws."

- Fav. Exp. "Got a joke, Leona?"  
 Pastime. Walking the "purp."  
 Pet Avers. Sausages and hash.  
 Ambition. To become an architect.

\* \* \*



## RETA OLMSTEAD:

"Sweetly and stately and with all grace."

- Fav. Exp. "I mean really!"  
 Hobby. Keeping up with E. Wallace's latest.  
 Pet Avers. Maths in general.  
 Ambition. To become a globe-trotter.

\* \* \*



## MARJORIE ORNSTEIN:

"O sleep, it is a gentle thing,  
 Beloved from pole to pole."

- Fav. Exp. "Oh nothing."  
 Hobby. Running for the 2nd bell.  
 Pet Avers. Compositions.  
 Ambition. To be punctual 6 times out of 5.

## EVELYN PARKER:

"A kindly smile hath she."

- Fav. Exp. "He's not so hot!"  
 Pastime. Dancing and skating.  
 Pet Avers. Singing.  
 Ambition. To become a commercial artist.

\* \* \*

## DORIS PERRY (D'ORCY):

"No one but she and Heaven knows,  
 Of what she's thinking—  
 It may be either books or beaux."

- Fav. Exp. "It's a honey."  
 Hobby. Being adorable to all her acquaintances.  
 Pet Avers. People who don't like Rudy Vallée.  
 Ambition. To be awake just once for a French question.  
 Activities. President, A.A. '30, '31; Treasurer, A.A. '29, '30; Vice-President, Literary and Debating Society '30, '31; Executive Committee Literary and Debating Society '29, '30; Class Lieut. '31; Dance Committee '31.

\* \* \*

## GERTRUDE PHILLIPS:

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

- Fav. Exp. "Wait a minute. What's your hurry?"  
 Pastime. Explaining algebra to Florence.  
 Pet Avers. English in all forms.  
 Ambition. To get 101% in French.  
 Activities. Class Basketball '28, '29.

\* \* \*

## HELEN ROTHCHILD:

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

- Fav. Exp. "Ooh, I'll crown you one!" "That's goofy!"  
 Hobby. Arranging home lessons to suit class.  
 Pet Avers. French, gum, or what have you?  
 Ambition. To find a way of learning without studying.

\* \* \*

## BEATRICE SABBATH (GIRLIE):

"Silence is of the gods; only monkeys chatter."

- Fav. Exp. "That's adorable! That's great!"  
 Pastime. Beating the clock by split seconds.  
 Pet Avers. Snow?  
 Ambition. To write a novel.  
 Activities. Dance Committee '31.



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## HELEN SIMAND:

"Wisely and slow; they stumble, that run fast."

- Fav. Exp. "You piece of cheese of the first water."  
 Pastime. Collecting ten-page letters from Boston every Tuesday.  
 Pet Avers. People who call her "talcum powder" because her middle name is Mavis.  
 Ambition. To be nonchalant on every occasion.

\* \* \*



## JOAN SKINNER:

"Much have I travelled in the realms of gold."

- Fav. Exp. "D'you know what?"  
 Pastime. Getting in trouble with Helen and Flo.  
 Pet Avers. "Annual" conferences.  
 Ambition. To have a complete library.  
 Activities. Editorial Board '31.

\* \* \*



## LEONA WILANSKI:

"Genius is the ability to avoid work."

- Fav. Exp. "Was it funny! Laff, I thot I'd die."  
 Pastime. Laughing at her own jokes.  
 Pet Avers. Exerting herself.  
 Ambition. To go to Europe to find out why 50,000,000 Frenchme can't be wrong.  
 Activities. Class Basketball '28, '29, '30.

\* \* \*



## LILLIAN WAGNER (AL):

"And still she was full of satiable curiosity,  
 Which means she asks ever so many questions."

- Fav. Exp. "Who wants a candy?"  
 Pastime. Asking questions.  
 Pet Avers. Geometry, or what have you?"  
 Ambition. To be a reporter.  
 Activities. Class Basketball '28, '29, '30.

\* \* \*



## WILDA SPROTT:

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

- Fav. Exp. "Heavenly daisies!"  
 Pastime. Smiling.  
 Pet Avers. Couples getting married in the first few pages of a novel.  
 Ambition. To cultivate a new laugh.  
 Activities. Class Treasurer and Secretary.



## SYBIL WILANSKI:

"I know the Kings of England,  
And I quote the fights historical,  
From Marathon to Waterloo  
In order categorical."

Fav. Exp. "Stop it, Leona!"  
Hobby. Skiing and tennis.  
Pet Avers. Freckles.  
Ambition. None, as yet.  
Activities. Debating Team '30; Class Rep. Literary and Debating  
Society '31; Class Basketball '28, '29, '30.

\* \* \*

## JEAN WILSON:

"——with her satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail,  
Unwilling to school."

Fav. Exp. "Where is my——hat?"  
Pastime. Converting "papa" into a taxi-driver.  
Pet Avers. Walking to school.  
Ambition. To graduate before she's old enough to vote.

\* \* \*

## EVELYN WOOD:

"Musical as is Apollo's lute."

Fav. Exp. "I'll be seein' you."  
Hobby. Warbling.  
Pet Avers. None. (What a girl!)  
Ambition. Metropolitan Opera.

\* \* \*

## MACLEOD ACHESON:

"Ours not to reason why,  
Ours but to do and die."

Fav. Exp. "Absolutely expressionless!"  
Hobby. Gouging holes in the landing of the Montreal Ski Club.  
Pet Avers. Letting the punch ball hit back.  
Ambition. 250 feet at least.

\* \* \*

## ROY ADAMS:

"A life of ease is a difficult pursuit."

Fav. Exp. "Quit shaking my desk, Hulbig!"  
Hobby. Long basketball shots.  
Pet Avers. Women of any sort.  
Ambition. To pitch for Royals.  
Activities. Class Basketball '28; Class Baseball '27, '28, '30; Class  
Hockey '30; Senior Soccer '28, '29; Baseball '30; Inter.  
Hockey '30; Senior Basketball '29, '30.



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## SELWYN ADAMS:

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

- Fav. Exp. "I wonder how that girl dances?"  
 Hobby. Answering (?) French questions.  
 Pet Avers. Being asked if he understands that algebra now.  
 Ambition. To light that pipe in a high wind with one match.  
 Activities. Class Hockey '30; Ice Relay Team '31; Senior Hockey '31.

\* \* \*

## JAMES BRODIE:

"I know the boy will well usurp the grace,  
 Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman!"

- Fav. Exp. "That makes us square, Edwards!"  
 Hobby. The royal and ancient game (not Tom Thumb).  
 Pet Avers. Being confused with Hulbig.  
 Ambition. 18 holes in less than 150.  
 Activities. Class Vice-Pres. '31; Class Baseball '30; Class Hockey '31;  
 Inter. Hockey '31; Inter. Basketball '30; Senior Hockey '31.

\* \* \*

## ROBERT BROWN:

"If ignorance is bliss, I am in perpetual dissatisfaction."

- Fav. Exp. "I gotta go to bed early to-night."  
 Hobby. Anything and everything.  
 Pet Avers. Being called a profound literary student.  
 Ambition. To be invited to stay for breakfast after a dance.  
 Activities. Vice-Pres. Literary and Debating Society '31; Editorial  
 Board '31; Inter-School Debating Team '31; Senior Soccer  
 '30; Dance Committee '31.

\* \* \*

## KENNETH CREBER:

"For a soldier I 'listed, to grow great in fame,  
 and be shot at for sixpence a day."

- Fav. Exp. "Shuttup!!!"  
 Hobby. Being a perfect little gentleman.  
 Pet Avers. His kiss curl.  
 Ambition. To squash young Eric.  
 Activities. Major Commanding Cadet Corps '31; Class Baseball '30;  
 Senior Soccer '29, '30.

\* \* \*

## RALPH EDSON:

"Life is a jest, and all things show it."

- Fav. Exp. "Have you got your dime?"  
 Hobby. Using curling tongs (?).  
 Pet Avers. Being asked where he was on Sunday afternoon.  
 Ambition. To win an argument about physics.  
 Activities. Inter-School Debating Team '31; Class Treasurer '31; Class  
 Baseball '30; Class Basketball '28; Class Hockey '28, '31;  
 Junior Rugby '28; Senior Rugby '30; Inter. Hockey '30;  
 Senior Hockey '31; Senior Basketball '30; Dance Committee  
 '31.

## JAMES EDWARDS:

"An' I says to my flutterin' 'eart strings,  
I sez to 'em,  
Peace, be still!"

- Fav. Exp. "C'mon gang—get organized!"  
Hobby. Rabbit punches.  
Pet Avers. Turning a rich carmine.  
Ambition. To lose "that schoolgirl complexion."  
Activities. Secretary, Athletic Association '31; Class Secretary '31; Literary and Debating Society '28, '29; Class Hockey '27, '28, '31; Class Rugby '26, '27; Class Baseball '27, '28, '30; Class Basketball '27, '28; Inter. Rugby '27, '29; Senior Rugby '28; Track Team '29, '30; Junior Basketball '26; Captain, Track Team '30; Captain, Senior Basketball '29; Captain, Inter. Hockey '28; Captain, Senior Hockey '29; Manager, Senior, Inter, Junior, Hockey Teams '31; Manager, Senior Rugby '30.

\* \* \*

## LESLIE FARROW:

"Oh! this learning, what a thing it is!"

- Fav. Exp. "What is the question, please?"  
Hobby. Day dreams.  
Pet Avers. Questions in general, history in particular.  
Ambition. To hit 60 in the parental auto.

\* \* \*

## WILLIAM HULBIG:

"For men may come, and men may go,  
But I talk on for ever!"

- Fav. Exp. "Oh!—Oh!"  
Hobby. Comparing automobiles.  
Pet Avers. Having his photograph taken.  
Ambition. To be a radio announcer.  
Activities. Editorial Board '31; Junior Rugby '29.

\* \* \*

## BLAIR LABRISH:

"Over exertion in any line should be avoided!"

- Fav. Exp. "I don't know!"  
Hobby. Sitting and dreaming, or just sitting.  
Pet Avers. French.  
Ambition. To get a job as conductor on a freight train.  
Activities. Class Baseball '27, '28, '30; Class Hockey '28; Junior Hockey '28; Inter. Hockey '30; Senior Hockey '31.

\* \* \*

## LEON LANG:

"Much study had made him lean, and pale, and leaden eyed!"

- Fav. Exp. "I'll break your neck!!"  
Hobby. The right question at the wrong time.  
Pet Avers. Being asked the wrong question at the right time.  
Ambition. To win the Nobel Prize in Literature.  
Activities. Class Baseball '30; Inter. Basketball '29, '30.



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## BERT LOWLES:

"Still waters run deep."

Fav. Exp. ? ? ?  
 Hobby. Being a strong, silent man.  
 Pet Avers. Speech.  
 Ambition. To spend a whole day without saying a word.  
 Activities. Class Baseball '30; Class Hockey '31; Inter. Rugby '29;  
 Senior Rugby '30.

\* \* \*



## ALAN LUNAN:

"My books and instruments shall be my company,  
 On them to look and practise by myself."

Fav. Exp. "Oh, cut it out!"  
 Hobby. Science.  
 Pet Avers. Being told his scrawl is unintelligible.  
 Ambition. To get a message from Mars on a short-wave set.  
 Activities. Quartermaster Sergeant, Cadet Corps '31.

\* \* \*



## JOHN MCKINNON:

"Horribly stuffed with epithets of war!"

Fav. Exp. "Can I type anything for you, Sir?"  
 Hobby. War.  
 Pet Avers. Peace.  
 Ambition. To be a stenographer.  
 Activities. Class Track Team '29.

\* \* \*



## DONALD MCCRADY:

"Wee sleekit, cow'rin', timorous laddie!"

Fav. Exp. "Oh! you would, would you?"  
 Hobby. Trying to discover a new chemical element.  
 Pet Avers. Publicity and the limelight.  
 Ambition. To develop a picture of a black wall on a dark night.

\* \* \*



## VAUGHAN OSBORN:

"Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray."

Fav. Exp. "Let's scrag Gradinger!"  
 Hobby. Baseball.  
 Pet Avers. Being caught chewing gum.  
 Ambition. To emulate Helen Wills.  
 Activities. Lieutenant, Cadet Corps '31; Class Baseball '30; Class Hockey '31; Class Track Team '29, '30; Inter. Hockey '31; Senior Basketball '29, '30; Tennis Champ. '29.

## JACK PLUMBLEY:

"Not bent with learning,  
But growing under it!!"

Fav. Exp. "Aw! ain't that too bad!"  
Hobby. Collecting scholarships.  
Pet Avers. Speed.  
Ambition. To teach in a Normal School.  
Activities. Editorial Board '30; Class Baseball '30.

\* \* \*

## EUGENE RUSSELL:

"A rosy man, right plump to see."

Fav. Exp. "Darn you anyway!"  
Hobby. Leon Lang.  
Pet Avers. Calligraphy.  
Ambition. An ivory extractor.

\* \* \*

## JOHN SEALE:

"Away, slight man!!"

Fav. Exp. "How did you do that one, Hulbig?"  
Hobby. Ecksteining.  
Pet Avers. Being asked how the weather is up there.  
Ambition. To ride in a Baby Austin.  
Activities. Class Baseball '30; Class Hockey '31.

\* \* \*

## JOHN SHEPHERD:

"Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,  
And practise rhetoric in your common talk."

Fav. Exp. "Why should I cast my pearls—?"  
Hobby. Passing the buck.  
Pet Avers. Stupidity in any form.  
Ambition. To out-Beaverbrook Beaverbrook.  
Activities. Convener, Athletic Association '31; Treasurer, Athletic Association '30; Class President '31; President, Literary and Debating Society '30; Inter-School Debating Team '29, '30, '31; Editorial Board of Annual '28; Manager, Class Teams '28, '29, '30, '31; Manager, Senior Hockey '30; Convener, Dance Committee '31.

\* \* \*

## SAMUEL TAYLOR:

"The smile that was childlike and bland."

Fav. Exp. "Oh! Oh!—Osborn."  
Hobby. Chewing gum.  
Pet Avers. The Young-Creber coalition in algebra period.  
Ambition. To outrun Percy Williams.  
Activities. Class Baseball '27, '28, '30; Class Track Team '27, '28, '29, '30; Class Hockey '28; Junior Soccer '27; Captain, Junior Soccer '28; Senior Soccer '29, '30; Junior Rugby '27; Inter-Rugby '28; Senior Rugby '30; Junior Basketball '27; Captain, Junior Basketball '28; Track Team '28, '29, '30; Inter-Track Champ. '29.



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JACK WALLER:

"One ear it heard, the other, out it went."

- Fav. Exp. "Hey, Blair!"  
 Hobby. Blowing bubbles.  
 Pet Avers. Being asked to translate into French, "Speak to him when he comes."  
 Ambition. To invent a new explosive at home.  
 Activities. Class Baseball '30.

\* \* \*



ARCHIBALD WILKINSON:

"To spend too much time on studies is sloth."

- Fav. Exp. "Holy Cow!"  
 Hobby. Latin vocabulary.  
 Pet Avers. Labor et opus.  
 Ambition. The Poet Laureateship.  
 Activities. Literary and Debating Society '30; Class Baseball '30; Class Track Team '30; Class Hockey '31; Inter. Rugby '30; Senior Rugby '30.

\* \* \*



SOLOMON WISEMAN:

"Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast!"

- Fav. Exp. "Let him wait."  
 Hobby. Getting out of embarrassing positions.  
 Pet Avers. Any sort of horseplay.  
 Ambition. To get to school 15 minutes ahead of time.  
 Activities. Drummer, Cadet Corps '30, '31.

\* \* \*



ERIC YOUNG:

"Small show of man was yet upon his chin!"

- Fav. Exp. "The keys of the lab., Sir!"  
 Hobby. Natation.  
 Pet Avers. Dull women.  
 Ambition. To have his young emotion reciprocated.  
 Activities. Class Baseball '27, '28, '30; Class Basketball '28; Class Hockey '31; Cadet Corps '30; '31, Junior Soccer '29; Junior Basketball '29; Inter. Basketball '30; Swimming Team '31; Swimming Champ. '29.

\* \* \*



RUTH ARONSON:

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

- Fav. Exp. "Call me to-night."  
 Ambition. To compete with Betty Co-ed.  
 Hobby. Meeting the girls' gang on the corner.  
 Pet Avers. Kerr's laugh.

## ESTHER AZEF, "DOC.":

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

- Fav. Exp. "No kidding!"  
Ambition. To become a doctor.  
Hobby. Studying medicine.  
Pet Avers. An evening by the fire.  
Activities. Editorial Board of Annual '29; Class representative '29, '31.

\* \* \*

## BEULAH BALINSKY:

"And a beam of fun outbroke  
On the mouth that spoke."

- Fav. Exp. "Do you want to hear a joke?"  
Ambition. You'd be surprised.  
Hobby. Telling jokes.  
Pet Avers. Using her brains.

\* \* \*

## MINNIE BOTNER, "OH MIN!":

"He works his work, I mine."

- Fav. Exp. "You don't mean it!"  
Ambition. To own an Auburn roadster.  
Hobby. Reading the latest books.  
Pet Avers. Catching 3A's.

\* \* \*

## RITA HARDY, "RIO":

"A jolly girl who's always gay,  
And likes to play the livelong day."

- Fav. Exp. "You're a hon!"  
Ambition. To be, not a co-ed, but a physical-ed.  
Hobby. Gym and sports.  
Pet Avers. Labour in any form.  
Activities. Class captain '28, '29, '30, '31; Class Basketball '28, '29, '30, '31; Captain Class Basketball '30, '31; Junior Basketball '30; Senior Basketball '31; Baseball '28; Secretary A.A.A. '31.

\* \* \*

## PEARL HATTON, "POOLA":

"One who never turns her back, but marches face forward."

- Fav. Exp. "Did they ask for me?"  
Ambition. To win an argument.  
Hobby. Arguing.  
Pet Avers. Being broke.





## MURIEL PEARSON:

"A violet by a mossy stone  
Half-hidden from the eye."

Fav. Exp. "I don't know."  
Ambition. To travel.  
Hobby. Badminton.  
Pet Avers. Straight hair.

\* \* \*



## ETHEL ROCKSTEIN:

"I could love thee, work, so much  
Loved I not pleasure more."

Fav. Exp. "Is that a fact?"  
Ambition. To spend five consecutive days at school.  
Hobby. He's a dark secret.  
Pet Avers. Pests, kids, snobs, and such like.

\* \* \*



## DOROTHY MORRELL, "DOR.":

"The merry twinkle in her eye  
Foretells her disposition."

Fav. Exp. "Under such trying circumstances——"  
Ambition. To own a Baby Austin roadster.  
Hobby. Driving.  
Pet Avers. Any homework.  
Activities. Class Treasurer '29, '30.

\* \* \*



## MAURINE ROLAND, "Mo.":

"Bearing the bandages, water and sponge,  
Straight and swift to my wounded I go."

Fav. Exp. "O keep quiet, Kerr!"  
Ambition. Cap and apron.  
Hobby. Avoiding French questions.  
Pet Avers. Being teased.  
Activities. Class Basketball '28; Class Captain '28; Class Treasurer '28, '29.

\* \* \*



## OLIVE SANBORN:

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

Fav. Exp. "Really."  
Ambition. It's a secret.  
Hobby. Preparing speeches.  
Pet Avers. Cats, human and otherwise.  
Activities. Class President '29; Executive Committee, Literary and Debating Society.



## EDITH SELLAR:

"Now she sees through a glass clearly."

- Fav. Exp. "That's my story, and I'm stuck with it."  
 Ambition. To prove the theorem on equality of men and women to Mr. Unsworth.  
 Hobby. Cleaning her glasses.  
 Pet Avers. Her new glasses.  
 Activities. Class Basketball '28, '29, '30; Class Captain '28, '29; Junior Basketball '28; Dance Committee.

\* \* \*

## HYLDA SHAW, "HILLY":

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

- Fav. Exp. "Oh my dear, what will I do?"  
 Ambition. To pass in AN algebra exam.  
 Hobby. Hurrying Rita.  
 Pet Avers. Having Hylde spelt with an "i".  
 Activities. Representative of Annual '29, '30; Secretary of Literary and Debating Society '31.

\* \* \*

## GOLDIE STEIN:

"Sit down and all shall happen as you wish."

- Fav. Exp. "Do you think it all right?"  
 Ambition. To raise a flock of well-bred canaries.  
 Hobby. Trying to choose the right from the wrong.  
 Pet Avers. The male of the species.

\* \* \*

## KELLERT ALDRICH:

"A slumber did my spirit steal."

- Fav. Exp. "Who won the game last night?"  
 Hobby. Supporting Maroons.  
 Pet Avers. Being awakened.  
 Ambition. M.A.A.A. Senior half-back.  
 Activities. Int. Rugby '28; Senior Rugby '30; Int. Basketball '31; Class Basketball '27, '28, '29, '30; Class Hockey '31; Class Baseball '27, '28, '29, '30, '31; Gym Team '31; Track Team '27, '28, '29, '30, '31.

\* \* \*

## ALBERT BARNES:

"How doth the busy little bee——"

- Fav. Exp. "Can you do it this way, Sir?"  
 Hobby. Geometry problems.  
 Pet Avers. Easy geometry problems.  
 Ambition. To succeed Baden-Powell.





## NOEL DOBBIN:

"Just as high as my heart."

- Fav. Exp. "Gee, I'm tired."  
 Hobby. Collecting class money.  
 Pet Avers. Tall women.  
 Ambition. To know a little dark-haired girl better.  
 Activities. Junior Rugby '27; Int. Rugby '28, '29; Senior Rugby '30; Junior Soccer '28; Senior Soccer '29; Class Hockey '31; Class Baseball '27, '28, '29, '30, '31; Class Basketball '28; Class Pres. '31; Class Treas. '31.

\* \* \*

## BOB EDWARDS:

"My strength is as the strength of ten  
 Because my heart is pure. (?)"

- Fav. Exp. "Aw, I did not"—"C'mon Kerr—"  
 Hobby. Goal tending.  
 Pet Avers. Kerr—in a playful mood.  
 Ambition. To conquer his shyness and take a blond to the movies.  
 Activities. Int. Rugby '26, '27, '28; Sen. Rugby '29, '30; Int. Hockey '27, '28; Sen. Hockey '29, '30, '31; Sen. Basketball '29, '30; Class Baseball '28, '29, '30, '31; Class Basketball '27, '28, '29, '30; Class Hockey '31.

\* \* \*

## CLARENCE GROSS:

"Night after night he sat and bleared his eyes with books."

- Fav. Exp. "Laugh, clown, laugh."  
 Hobby. Eloquent oratory.  
 Pet Avers. Showing Gruber his mistakes.  
 Ambition. Oxford.  
 Activities. Class Baseball '30; Debating Team '31.

\* \* \*

## ABE GRUBER:

"We have but faith, we cannot know."

- Fav. Exp. "Yea,—but—"  
 Hobby. Arguing with Gross.  
 Pet Avers. Giving speeches.  
 Ambition. McGill—or wherever they will accept him.  
 Activities. Junior Rugby '30; Int. Rugby '29; Int. Basketball '30; Junior Basketball '29; Class Basketball '29, '30; Class Baseball '29, '30, '31.

\* \* \*

## GERALD KAHN (pronounced "CAWN");

"Yet must I think less wildly."

- Fav. Exp. "At Strathcona—"  
 Hobby. Collecting stamps.  
 Pet Avers. Being called "Can."  
 Ambition. To have his name pronounced "Cawn."

## ALLAN KERR

"I trust I may have leave to speak, and speak I will."

- Fav. Exp. "It was Edwards, Sir."  
 Hobby. Prompting Edwards.  
 Pet Avers. Having his jokes fail.  
 Ambition. We have hunted but——.  
 Activities. Int. Basketball '30, '31; Sen. Soccer '29; Class Baseball '29, '30; Class Basketball '29, '30; Class Hockey '31.

\* \* \*

## OLIVER RETALLACK:

"I never felt the kiss of love, or maiden's hand in mine."

- Fav. Exp. "I'll bite."  
 Hobby. Boxing with Gruber.  
 Pet Avers. Ritzy parties.  
 Ambition. Unformed.  
 Activities. Junior Basketball '28; Int. Basketball '31; Int. Rugby '30; Gym Team '31; Swimming Team '31; Class Baseball '27, '28, '29, '30, '31; Class Basketball '27, '28, '29, '30; Class Hockey '31.

\* \* \*

## HYMAN ROSANSKY:

"Heard melodies are sweet,  
 But those unheard are sweeter."

- Fav. Exp. "Faster, boys, faster."  
 Hobby. Breaking desks.  
 Pet Avers. Geometry, History, Algebra, Latin, French, Chemistry.  
 Ambition. To have long flowing locks.

\* \* \*

## GORDON STEWART:

"The dear Lord made him as he is  
 And never made another."

- Fav. Exp. "Yes, but in Windsor——"  
 Hobby. Books.  
 Pet Avers. A badly written editorial.  
 Ambition. To become a reporter.

\* \* \*

## DRUMMOND STUART:

"The merry twinkle in his eye foretells his disposition."

- Fav. Exp. "I don't know."  
 Hobby. Blonds.  
 Pet Avers. Twilley.  
 Ambition. To change seats with Rosansky.  
 Activities. Sen. Hockey '31; Class Hockey '31; Class Basketball '30; Class Baseball '30, '31.





HERBERT WESTMAN ("HERB"):

"Thy modesty is candle to thy merit."

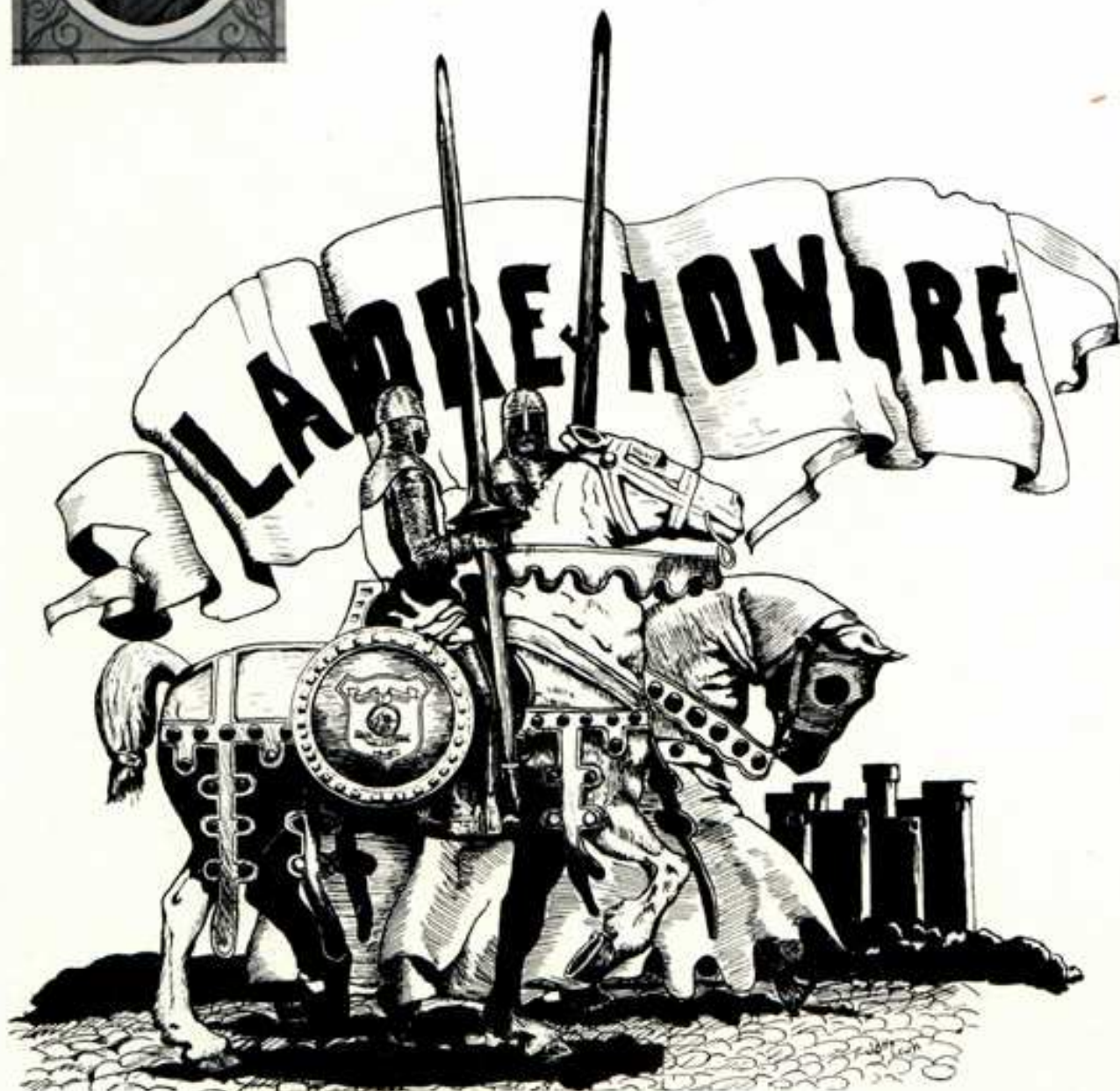
Fav. Exp. "Aw, gee, you're making me blush."  
 Hobby. Supporting McGill.  
 Pet Avers. Women of all descriptions.  
 Ambition. To resist the wiles of the class sirens.  
 Activities. Junior Rugby '27; Int. Rugby '29; Sen. Rugby '30; Junior Soccer '27; Junior Basketball '27; Int. Basketball '29; Sen. Basketball '30; Sen. Hockey '31; Class Hockey '31; Class Basketball '27, '28, '29, '30; Class Baseball '27, '28, '29, '30, '31.

\* \* \*

IRVINE TWILLEY:

"Genius is the ability to avoid work."

Fav. Exp. "Hey, listen——"  
 Hobby. Teaching others geometry.  
 Pet Avers. Giving away blotters.  
 Ambition. 3rd base, defence,—or what have you?  
 Activities. Class Baseball '30, '31; Class Hockey '31.



# School Activities

## STAFF

Next fall, Mr. MacGowan is leaving West Hill High School to assume the position of Supervisor of French in the Montreal Protestant Schools. For the past eight years, Mr. MacGowan has been engaged in teaching French in this school. The staff and pupils join in wishing him every success in his new position.

The position of French Specialist at West Hill will be taken by Mr. Wilson, who is at present Junior French Specialist.

Mr. Pitcairn, who has been studying at Edinburgh University since last October, is returning to the school at the beginning of the next school term.

Mr. Sharpe is leaving to become the Principal at Pointe Claire School, and will also be attached to MacDonald College as Director of Athletics. Everyone wishes him a successful year.

## CADETS

THE West Hill High School Cadet Corps, under the capable direction of Lieutenant Brasford, has just completed a very interesting and active programme. On Armistice Day three officers of the corps attended the Memorial Service, where the Major presented the school wreath.

Kenneth Creber was in command of the company, with Bruce Watt as second-in-command. The four platoons were under the command of Vaughan Osborn, Russell Greenleaf, Charles Austin and Richard Gillett. The parades, which began towards the end of March, consisted of arm and company drill.

Shooting was carried on regularly during the Winter and Spring at the ranges of the Royal Montreal Regiment. Fourteen boys qualified for the bronze pins given by the Dominion Marksmen Club, and six boys qualified for silver pins. One cadet Gordon Storey qualified for the bronze, silver and gold this year. Bruce Watt qualified for his silver and gold pins. These two cadets have been very consistent in their shooting all year. The latter obtained two perfect scores last year while Gordon Storey obtained one.

Another branch of work, in which the cadets took part, was signalling. Seventeen boys took the six weeks' course in Semaphore. The results of their examinations were very satisfactory.

On May the twentieth the annual inspection of the cadets took place, with Colonel Keefer as the Inspecting Officer. The inspection, of which rifle drill was a feature, was carried out very successfully.

Lieutenant Brasford deserves great credit for his work. In spite of his numerous other school activities and in spite of the fact that it was his first year in actual command of a cadet corps, he turned out a fine corps. He has devoted every Saturday morning to shooting, and has spent two afternoons, weekly, conducting the drill. He greatly deserves the credit for the cadets having a successful year.

## MONDAY MORNING ASSEMBLIES

FOR the past year West Hill has again been the scene of many enjoyable Monday morning assemblies. Several speakers of note were procured to address the school from time to time and were very much appreciated by all who heard them.

At the special Armistice service which took place on November 9th, the address was delivered by Rev. James W. Clarke, M.C., who spoke in a most inspiring manner on the subject of "Canada's Response." Rev. R. Y. Katsunoff at the formal Christmas closing also proved to be an interesting and eloquent speaker.

On two successive Mondays the school had the privilege of hearing a most vivid account of the Oberammergau Passion Play from one who was actually an eye witness of the spectacle. Rev. Elton Scott brought the various scenes from the play before his hearers in a most realistic manner, and left them much enlightened upon the subject.

Of special moment to those interested in public speaking was the visit of Mr. J. M. German, Britain's representative at the Oratorical Contest which took place at Washington this past year. Mr. German gave the discourse which was so highly commended at that conference, namely: "Mr. Lloyd George."

A somewhat new departure was the return to West Hill on different occasions of two graduates who addressed the school. Both these young men, (Mr. Edmund Collard of the 1927 class and Mr. R. Douglas Smith of the 1925 class) have won honour for themselves and their school at college and elsewhere. Teachers and pupils alike listened to the young orators with feelings of pride and pleasure. It is to be hoped that this custom of having former pupils revisit the school will be continued and enlarged upon in future.

Two members of the local clergy who officiated at different times were Rev. Roy McGregor, B.A., of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church, and Rev. N. E. Peterson of St. Columba's Church. Rev. S. J. Newton of the Bible House spoke in a concise manner on the work of the Society, and Rev. I. W. Pierce dwelt forcefully on the subject of alcoholic beverages.

Mr. Howard S. Ross, K.C., on still another occasion gave his audience a most interesting hour on the subject of modern poetry. His address was greatly enhanced by the reading of quotations from the works of several of the modern poets.

Last, but by no means least, must be mentioned Mr. J. M. C. Duckworth of the local Y.M.C.A. who roused his hearers to enthusiasm by a discussion of a subject always of interest to students the world over, namely: "School Spirit."

It is needless to mention that the pupils of the school have profited greatly by one and all of these addresses and are extremely grateful to the Principal for securing the services of the speakers. It is to be hoped that when the improvements on the assembly hall are completed, it will again be the scene of as many enjoyable assemblies as it has been in the past.

HYLDA SHAW, XI-C.

## THE LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

THE last year has proved to be a fairly active one for the Literary and Debating Society. Late in September a reorganization meeting was held, at which a new constitution for the Society was adopted. In accordance with this constitution there were to be two presidents and two vice-presidents who should share the duties of the offices. The officers elected for the year were:

- Hon. President—Mr. J. C. J. Hodgson.
- Girls' President—Hazel McBride.
- Boys' President—Jack McLeish.
- Girls' Vice-President—Doris Perry.
- Boys' Vice-President—John Shepherd.
- Secretary—Hylda Shaw.

After taking his matriculation examinations in January, Jack McLeish was forced to resign. His place was taken by the Vice-President, John Shepherd, according to the constitution. Robert Brown was then elected Vice-President. An executive committee was formed consisting of representatives from the Tenth and Eleventh Year classes.

During the winter months a series of debates took place between members of the senior grades on subjects of both a serious and humorous nature. The majority of these debates were held during school hours and were, of course, well attended. It is only regrettable that the debates held after school or in the evening were not so well patronized.

The preliminary debates of the Inter-School Debating League took place on Dec. 12th. The participants were the same as in former years—namely, Westmount High, Montreal West High, Strathcona and West Hill. The subject under discussion was: "Resolved that newspapers are a menace to world peace." Those upholding the affirmative for West Hill were Hazel McBride and John Shepherd, and the negative at Westmount were Betty Marshall and Robert Brown. All these debaters supported their side of the argument nobly, but were defeated by their Westmount opponents, who once again carried off the laurels of the League.

A particularly interesting feature somewhat later in the season was a debate between four of the School's former students. The subject was: "Resolved that the writer is of greater influence than the orator." The affirmative side was championed by Margaret Miller and Edmund Collard and the negative by Alma Johnson and Alan Edson. The debate was an extremely interesting one and if any decision had been given, it would have been a very difficult undertaking to determine the winning party.

In March, a team from West Hill, consisting of Ralph Edson and Robert Brown, went to the Catholic High School to debate with two of its members, while on the same evening the Catholic High sent two representatives to do battle at West Hill with John Shepherd and Clarence Gross. The subject discussed was: "Resolved that Canada should open trade negotiations with Russia." The affirmative side in each case was supported by the home team. Although the West Hill debaters were not successful in either case, they gained credit and recognition for themselves and

for their school. It is to be hoped that this debate is only the beginning of a series of other such debates to take place between the schools in future.

The closing feature of the season will be a Mock Trial which will take place towards the end of May.

## HEARD AT WEST HILL

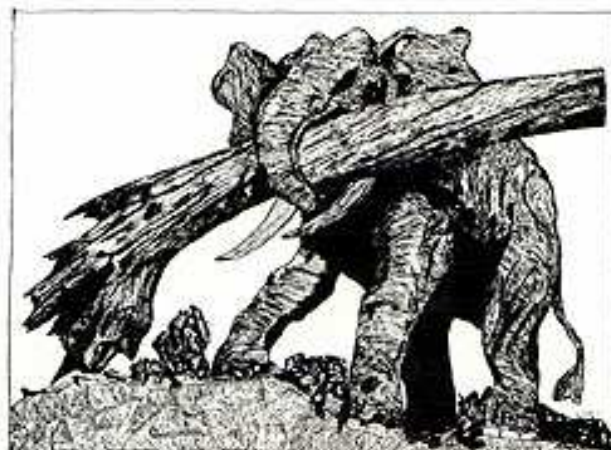
ON Oct. 14, 1930, it was our privilege to hear the Right Reverend P. Lindel Tsen, D.D., Assistant Bishop in the Diocese of Honan, China. Bishop Tsen delivered, in faultless English, a most interesting address which dwelt upon the likenesses rather than the differences between his people and ours. His address was enjoyed by all. He will long be remembered for his charming personality.

Miss E. A. Clarke, an English lady, traveller and lecturer of note, favoured us with a lecture on the subject "Palestine and India," on Oct. 20, 1930. Her discourse was imperial in character and referred to (1) military achievement, (2) constructive work in Palestine and mandatory provinces, (3) loyalty of the Indian princes, (4) India's right to self-realization through self-government.

On Nov. 24, 1930, it was our extreme good fortune to hear an illustrated lecture on Byrd's Antarctic Expedition by Frank Davies, Esq., B.Sc., M.Sc., who accompanied Commander Byrd as Chief Physicist. Introducing Mr. Davies, Mr. Atkinson told us of the peerless qualities which an explorer has to possess, although Mr. Davies would be the first to deny his possession of these attributes. His lecture was both instructive and entertaining, and there was not one of us who did not have a more comprehensive understanding of the toil and hardships of a two-year stay in the Antarctic, after we had reluctantly left the auditorium.

L. H. Baker, F.C.G.S., on March 6th, 1931, treated us to a lecture beautifully illustrated, in colours, on "The Lure of the Burmese Jungle." He explained in some detail the Burmese Teak Industry, and particularly the use of elephants in that industry. His witty discourse and his accounts of personal hunting episodes were highly amusing, especially his tale of the tiger.

WM. J. TULBIG, XI-2B.



## SOCIAL ACTIVITIES

THE Social activities at West Hill this year have been numerous. The first step was taken by the Eleventh Year Girls, who gave a Tea Dance on October thirty-first. The success was partly due to the enthusiasm of the guests, the Eleventh Year Boys. The music was furnished by the "Gloom Chasers." A number of Novelty Dances were held during the afternoon. Too soon the Supper Dance had come and gone and refreshments were served. A few more dances and all was over, but a pleasant memory.

The great success of the Girl's Tea Dance fired the Eleventh Year Boys with enthusiasm and they gave a return one on unlucky February thirteenth. Were the results unlucky? Decidedly not, at West Hill. The success was partly due to the music furnished by the "Blue Syncopators." At five-thirty, directly following refreshments, there was a "Lucky Number" dance and prizes were given. The Dance just seemed to have started when we heard the strains of "God Save the King." Do you wonder that we are no longer superstitious about "Friday the Thirteenth?"

The disease soon spread and the next thing we knew was that the Tenth Year Girls were having a Tea Dance on December twenty-third. Although the dance was held after the Christmas closing the guests—Tenth Year Boys—came in unlimited numbers. A Ladies' Choice and Paul Jones furnished excitement for a time. Refreshments were served at five-fifteen and too soon the Dance was over—over for the day, but a resolution was formed that next year should see a repetition.

The next event of the season was a Sleigh Drive given by the Ninth Year Boys on January sixteenth. A sleigh, full of laughing, merry West Hillians left the school at seven-thirty. They drove west and then returned to the school along St. James and up Atwater Avenue. The crowd met again in the gymnasium where refreshments were served. Mansell Scruton played the piano and the merry throng danced until twelve.

The annual Eleventh Year Dance was held on April seventeenth. This year one of every couple was supposed to be an Eleventh Year pupil or a graduate. This helped to give the dance an even friendlier atmosphere than in other years. The gymnasium was decorated in the school colours, red and grey. Music was supplied by Jack Bain and his orchestra, "The Gloom Chasers." The ninth dance on the programme was a moonlight dance. All the lights were turned off and a big moon shone smilingly down on us. The big flag which held balloons overhead was then lowered and showered us with bobbing, bouncing balls of red, blue and yellow. Immediately the air was smitten with pops, cracks and bangs, and the balloons were littered over the floor in fragments. After a few more dances the orchestra broke into strains of "Home Sweet Home." We all went away with that glorious feeling that only comes after having had a wonderful time.

MARION FRIEDLANDER, XI-2A.

## WEST HILL HIGH CHOIR

ON the morning of December 19th, 1930, the members of the Choir were given the great privilege of hearing the boys of His Majesty's Savoy Chapel Royal, who sang in Tudor Hall. The exceptionally fine tone and harmony with which their songs were rendered, left nothing to be desired, and it is certain that all who heard them greatly appreciated this opportunity.

In the evening of the same day, the Tenth Year Choir gave a broadcast of Christmas Carols from Tudor Hall over station C.F.C.F. In addition to the choral work, a number of well-prepared solos were rendered, as follows:

"Ave Maria" by Evelyn Wood, Soprano.

"Abide With Me" by Adele Lortie, Contralto.

"God Rest Ye, Merry Gentlemen" by Gordon McKinney, Soprano.

A Christmas Carol service in which the whole school participated was held on December 22nd, 1930, in the school Auditorium.

Some music periods and extra rehearsals during the winter were devoted to the study of the Opera, "Hiawatha." Although the pupils, at times, failed to respond very well to his efforts, Mr. Cooper, with his usual zeal and ability, persevered, and it is felt that by May the Choir will be prepared to stand before the microphone, this time presenting "Hiawatha."

It is expected that next Fall, the Choir will give a concert in the new Auditorium, when, in addition to the singing of "Hiawatha," several other selections will be rendered.

## THE CHRISTMAS CONCERT

Following the old West Hillian custom, on the Tuesday before the Christmas Holidays, several very humorous skits were presented by different classes of the school.

The modern version of the tragedy "Antony and Cleopatra," was well staged by the members of the XI-1 girls' class. A chorus of girls from this class also danced and sang the popular number, "Betty Co-ed," to Jack Cooke's accompaniment at the piano.

A Spanish tragedy of a very touching nature was finely performed by girls from grade IX-2. The costumes in this skit were particularly good.

John Shepherd of grade XI-1 broadcast an amusing radio programme from behind the curtain, and this was followed by the story of the wooden horse of Vergil's Aeneid, which was put on by the boys of the same grade.

The girls of grade X-1 gave a novel form of entertainment when they produced a shadow-show depicting John Gilpin's ride.

Throughout the performance, candy was sold. The proceeds of the sale went to distributing Christmas cheer to poor families.

Music was provided in the intervals by J. Seale and F. Flynn; the latter also acting as master of ceremonies.

J. M. A. SEALE, XI-2B.

## WEST HILL HI-Y CLUB

**T**HE purpose of the Hi-Y, as defined in the Hi-Y Manual, is: "To create, maintain and extend throughout the school and community, high standards of Christian Character." In other words the purpose of a Hi-Y Club is to raise the moral of the school and community to a higher and better standard.

The first club, which might be called a Hi-Y Club, was organized at Ionia, Michigan, in 1870. This club included both boys and girls but existed for only two or three years. Another club was started in 1889 at Chapman, Kansas. This Hi-Y Club was the first to maintain a continuous existence. The name Hi-Y was suggested by the Boys' Work Secretary of the West Side Branch in Cleveland Ohio, as a suitable contraction of the words, High School and Young Men's Christian Association.

The West Hill Hi-Y Club was started in November, 1930. It was suggested by the secretaries of the local branch of the Y.M.C.A. and followed up by a number of boys of this school. Small meetings were arranged and boys got together to talk things over. The first official meeting on November 21st, 1930, was a supper meeting, held at Central Y.M.C.A. At this meeting Mr. Atkinson was present and the Purpose of the Hi-Y was explained. The following officers were elected: President, Allan Kerr; Vice-President, Archie Wilkinson; Secretary, Ralph Edson; Treasurer, Roy Adams. Before the meeting was adjourned, Mr. Atkinson was appointed Honorary President and Mr. Brash school counsellor and adviser to the Club. At a later meeting, held in Westmount Y.M.C.A. the members were inducted into the Hi-Y Movement and the West Hill Hi-Y Club was inaugurated. Many interesting meetings have been held at which teachers from the school have been present. The one social the club has had so far was a Toboggan Party at the Park Slide. All who were present had an enjoyable time.

The value of this club to the school is manifold. (a) The members assist the officers of the Athletic Association. (b) They have the welfare of the school at heart. (c) They develop and maintain school spirit by actively participating in sports and supporting the teams. (d) They endeavor to set an example in work and conduct. (e) They take an interest in the appearance and reputation of the school, and endeavor to keep its record clean.

RONALD LEE, X-1F.

CLASS OF '27 WEST HILL  
CLASS OF '31 MCGILL

EDMUND COLLARD.....	Faculty of Arts and Science
E. ALLEN EDSON.....	Faculty of Arts and Science
MEYER GOLFMAN.....	Faculty of Arts and Science
MARK I. H. KAUFMANN.....	Faculty of Arts and Science
GEORGE DOUGLAS MCINTYRE..	Faculty of Arts and Science
SEYMOUR WENER.....	School of Commerce
FRANCES APPLETON.....	Faculty of Arts and Science
MARJORIE JOTCHAM.....	Faculty of Arts and Science
MURIEL KAY.....	Faculty of Arts and Science
FLORENCE WEINER.....	Faculty of Arts and Science

CLASS OF 1930  
GIRLS

TILLIE ABER.....	Sun Life.
ENA ALEXANDER.....	Mother House.
AUDREY ALLO.....	Macdonald College.
KATHLEEN BLACK.....	Macdonald College.
MARY BOSTROM.....	Macdonald College.
MABLE BOULKIND.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill.
ANNIE BURNIE.....	Mother House.
GRACE COLLINGE.....	Macdonald College.
MARION DUNBAR.....	Macdonald College.
BETTY GOLDTHWAITE.....	Rapid Grip Co.
LILLIAN GOLICK.....	Business College.
BETTY GUY.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill.
ALICE HENRY.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill.
JEAN HOWE.....	Business College.
BETTY LYSONS.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill.
KATHLEEN MCCOLLUM.....	Bank of Montreal.
MARION MCKEOWN.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill.
MARGARET MILLER.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill.
RUTH MORRIS.....	Sr. Matric. Class, Westmount High.
DOROTHY OSWALD.....	Macdonald College.
EVELYN PEEL.....	Macdonald College.
LILLIAN RATTRAY.....	Mother House.
MARION REID.....	Mother House.
HENRIETTA ROSENFELD.....	O'Sullivan's Bus. College.
CHERIDA SHIELLS.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill.
EDITH VAREY.....	Faculty of Arts, McGill.

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### BOYS' ATHLETICS

AS usual this year, West Hill has entered wholeheartedly and intensively into all branches of school and inter-school athletics. Although winning no city championships, West Hill teams have distinguished themselves in that they have always played a hard, clean game, and have played for the love of the sport. Moreover we have done very well when we consider that we have entered Senior, Intermediate and Junior teams in all major sports, though we have a much smaller student body to provide team material than other competing schools.

West Hill opened her sporting season with Rugby, and this year's was the most successful in the history of the School. For the first time the School entered three teams in the Western League. Of these three, the Junior team emerged champions of their division. Although they were eliminated in the city finals, they were the equal of any team in the city. The Seniors also distinguished themselves, proving to be an extremely hard team to beat, though they finally lost the championship to Catholic High in the hardest fought game of the season. The Intermediate team was not so fortunate, on account of the stiff opposition that it met with in those schools which, not entering senior teams in the league, were playing many men of senior calibre, on their Intermediate teams.

The thing most worthy of note was the fine team-work and sportsmanship displayed by our fellows at all times. This, together with individual talent and fine coaching, accounted for the excellent showing of our teams. Captain Herb Westman was the key man of the Senior team, filling the quarterback, kicking, and running-half positions with marked ability. On the line, Bert Lowles, Bob Edwards, and Hesse Rosenstein provided the heavy artillery, and opposing teams can testify to the excellence of their efforts. The efficiency of Doug MacDonald at snap-back was a big factor in the team's success.

For the Intermediates, Jack Allen, and Bill Moffatt supplied some very good backfield work. Wilkinson, Rodriguez and Whyte worked well on the line, while Harry Bryant held down the quarterback position very effectively.

The Juniors had an exceptionally strong team this year and to pick out individuals would be difficult. Shepherd, Briskin, Wolfe and Hutchison did very well in kicking, running and plunging respectively.

Much of the success gained by the three depended on the great coaching of Mr. Brasford, Mr. Oxley and Mr. Johnson. The School is also very grateful to Mr. Smythe who collaborated with Mr. Brasford in coaching the Seniors and to whom they owe a great deal of their success.

This year West Hill entered both Senior and Junior teams in the inter-school Soccer League. While the Seniors did not show up as well as had been hoped in the league standing, yet the team was brilliant in regard to many of its individual members, and lack of practice was all that prevented it from being a winning aggregation.

Farquhar's fine work at centre-forward, and McLeish's sturdy defensive play were often particularly noticeable, but each player was good, both individually and in backing these others up.

The Juniors were also a fine team, winning their first games quite easily, but they eventually bowed to Montreal West's superior weight. This team was so evenly matched that it is impossible to point to any individual as a star.

Next year, with Mr. Aitken's able coaching and all the promising material now on hand, West Hill should surely achieve a championship in this sport.

Basketball followed closely on the heels of football and West Hill produced three fine aggregations during the past season; their showing being better on the whole than in previous years.

The Juniors went farther in their section than either the Intermediate or Senior teams. They experienced no great difficulty in winning their first games and won the title of the Western Section. Unfortunately, they lost their "sudden death" game with Strathcona.

The Intermediates also did well in their division. West Hill and Westmount tied for first place, each team losing its home game. In the play-off at the

Central "Y", West Hill was finally nosed out of a win, after having had the best of the play for more than half the game.

The Seniors did not climb so high, although they acquitted themselves very well. Starting slowly, they did not hit their stride until the latter part of the season when they provided very stiff opposition for their opponents.

Several good players will be lost through graduation, but their places will be filled from the ranks of the promising young players who, with such good coaching as was furnished by those teachers concerned this year, will be adequate for the positions, and next year will see the Red and Grey carried to victory.

West Hill's hockey teams followed her cagemen as a centre of interest. As usual Loyola Stadium was the scene of all our home games, and although the hockey teams this year had no outstanding successes, still that rink saw much fine hockey by the Red and Grey teams.

Although the Seniors came second, both the Intermediates and Juniors were second to last. Yet the season was not wholly disappointing. The Seniors held the highest position that a West Hill senior team has yet held; the Intermediates lost each game by a small margin; and the Juniors, who held first place for most of the season, were only two points behind the leaders, and defeated the champions once and tied them once.

Once again the Seniors can attribute their success to their defensive play. Out of eight games played, they won four, each by only one goal, and tied another without scoring at all.

The undoubted star of the team was MacDonald, an Intermediate last year and at present one of the best forwards in the League. He scored half the team's goals and passed for others, and whenever he was on the ice was a threat to opposing goalkeepers. Bob Edwards always played well in goals, and the success of the team is due in a large measure to his efforts. Selwyn Adams, Ralph Edson, and Herb Westman divided the defence duties among them and were far from unsuccessful. Westman also played on the forward line, where he teamed up with MacDonald and Bill Clayton, who had his best season this year. Farquhar, Parsons, and Stuart formed the alternate forward line, which was as strong as many regular ones.

Although the Intermediates did not have as successful a season as they wished, they had a strong team, and were many times the victims of adversity in losing games. Thanks to the sensational work of Jack Kerr in goals, opposing teams rarely scored more than once or twice, and it was only some hard luck in missing scoring opportunities that kept West Hill from registering a win more often. Charlie Mott, Bill Booth, and George Bruce formed a forward line equal to almost any in the league, but failure to score kept West Hill down in the standing.

The Juniors had the experience of being almost certain champions at one time, and of finally sinking down into third place in the standing. However, they have the consolation of remembering that they had a sure hold on second place if they wished it, but gave it up for a chance at the championship.

George Shepherd was the star of the team, and scored more goals than any other school player. Steve Hutchison in the nets played more than one spectacular game, while Wallace Derry was always a scoring threat on the forward line.

A new branch of inter-school competition was entered into this year when the first annual Inter-School Gymnastic Competition was held at the Montreal High School on Saturday, March 21, 1931. Competing against five other schools, the West Hill team gained a well won second place. The team early in training developed a smooth rhythm on all pieces of apparatus, and hearty efforts were put forth by all to carry out Mr. Brasford's wishes.

The team: O. Retallack, J. Allen, D. Taylor, B. Kay, M. Mitchell (Capt.), K. Aldrich, R. Lee, F. Wilson, R. Skinner, D. Reid (Champ.), M. Stober, B. Lockhart, H. Bryant, C. Rodriguez.

In concluding we wish to take this opportunity of thanking all those teachers who made it possible for West Hill to enter teams, by so loyally giving up their own time to coaching and managing teams. Their generosity in this respect has been one of the greatest factors in making the Red and Grey teams the fine aggregations that they have been.

#### INTER-SCHOOL AQUATIC MEET

This year for the first time an aquatic meet was held for the boys of the various high schools under the Protestant Board of School Commissioners. West Hill entered both a Senior and Junior team.

The Senior team was third in the total number of points secured and the Junior team second in their respective divisions. The individual total gained by Mander in the junior section enabled him to tie with Hobbs of Montreal High for the junior aggregate.

Next year, it is hoped that West Hill will be even more successful in this new inter-school competition and that more boys will take an interest in aquatics.

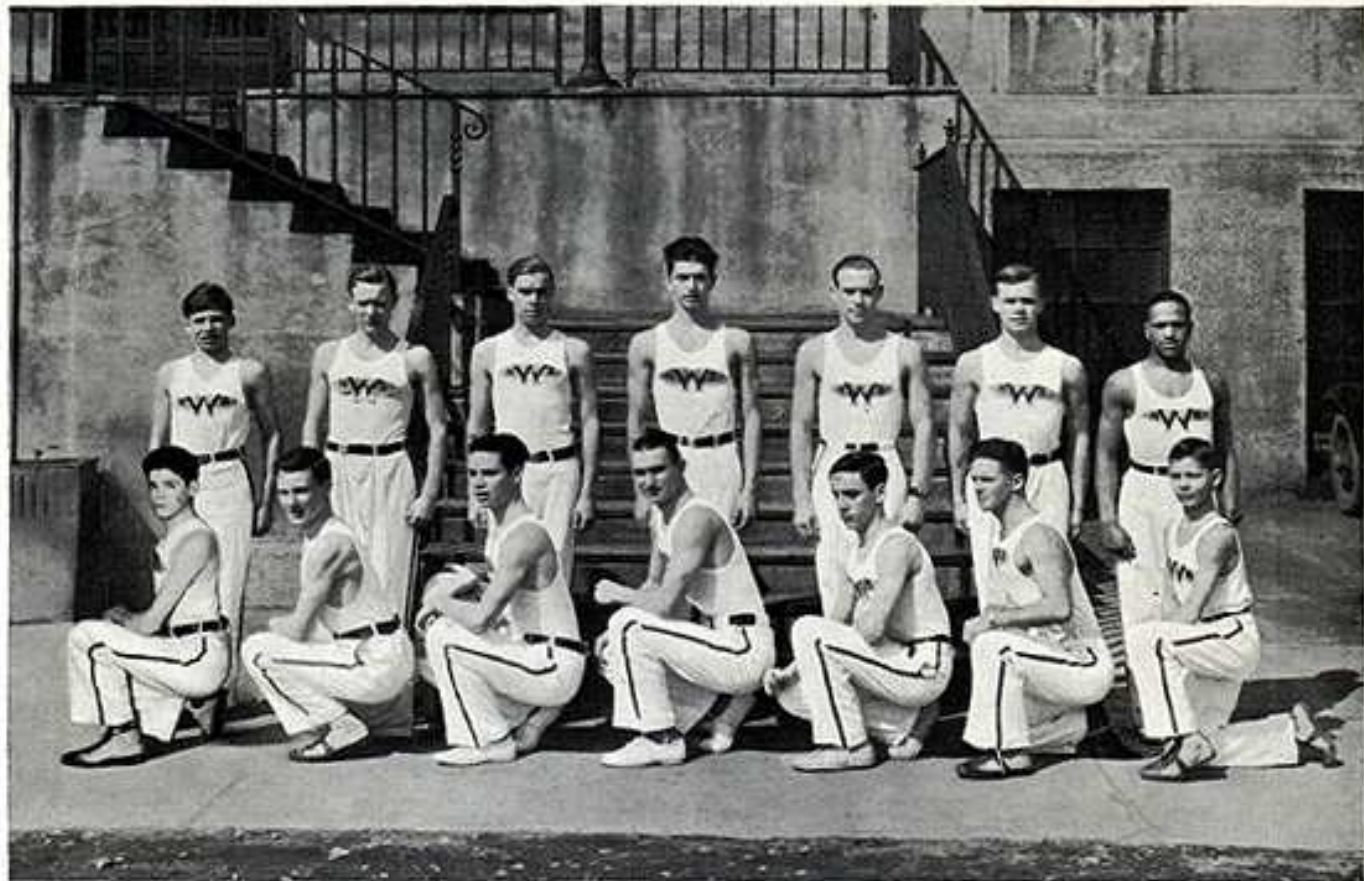
#### BOYS' TENNIS

Much interest was taken in tennis during the 1930 season, as was shown by the fact that more than seventy-five boys entered the fall tournaments. Last year it was decided to hold a senior and a junior tournament, the latter to give the younger boys fairer competition.

In the senior section, the previous year's semi-finalists again advanced to the same stage. This time, however, the tables were turned, the former runner-up, Clifford Robinson, being defeated by Frank Wilson, and the former champion Vaughan Osborn, by Eric Ogilvy. In the finals, Ogilvy showed his superiority over Wilson by winning three straight sets: 6-2, 6-3, 6-4, thus establishing himself as champion of the school.

In the Junior Section Bill Moffatt and Wallace Derry reached the finals, where Moffatt was victorious with a score of 6-3, 6-2, 6-3.

VAUGHAN OSBORN, XI-2B.





### TRACK AND FIELD MEET

On Monday, May 11th, the West Hill girls participated in their Annual Field Day. A good attendance of about eighty girls was recorded, many of whom showed very good promise of becoming splendid athletes in the near future. The day was far from perfect, for although the rain held off, still the track was soggy and damp, and the wind was cold. Although the prevailing conditions were not ideal, the girls enjoyed it very much, and incidentally four records were broken, and one equalled. The record for the Senior 50 Yard Dash was broken by Barbara McPherson the new Senior Champion who lowered the mark from  $6\frac{1}{5}$  to  $6\frac{2}{5}$  seconds. This was excellent running for a high school girl, considering that the women's record is only about  $5\frac{1}{5}$  seconds, and that our girls run without practically any training. Barbara ought to be congratulated on her fine showing; she amassed 16 points and was closely followed by Rita Hardy. Eileen Hesler, the Intermediate Champion did remarkably well, breaking the record for the 50 Yard Dash by one-fifth of a second, and making a very good showing in the other events, indicating that she will be a prospective contender for the Senior honours next year. She had a total of 19 points, and was followed by Beryl Jenkinson, Jessie Smith, Eleanor Spiller and Evelyn Clayton who tied for second.

Claire Walsh again holds the Junior Championship, and this time broke two records, the 50 and 100 Yards Dashes, clipping one-fifth of a second off the old records. She accumulated 16 points being followed by Alice Marjoribanks.

The Class of X-2C, captured honours for the grand total, having 36 points, and closely followed by VIII-2E with 30 points. X-2C also equalled the record of  $30\frac{1}{5}$  secs. for the relay race. The field day on the whole was a great success, much of which is due to the efficient manner in which the track and field officials ran off the events.

CLAIRE WALSH.

### THE GIRLS' GYM DEMONSTRATION

Attend, all ye who list to hear our West Hill High School's praise;  
I tell of deeds, right strenuous, she wrought in recent days,  
When, a display Gymnastical, on two March nights, she gave.  
Oh! How her guests assembl'd there, o'er sights so fine did rave!  
Before their wond'ring eyes she showed in quick and fast succession  
Stunts Physical, Pyramidal—a gay and glad procession.  
Then followed fast a short programme of neat and graceful dances,  
That ranged through nearly everything, e'en Polkas and Romances.  
The Chatterboxes yielded to Heave Ho! On a Pirate Ship!  
Then next Kate Greenaways Polka'd their dance without a slip.  
Tarantelle and the gay Hopak now claimed our guests' attention.  
Then drilled the Wooden Soldiers—we give them worthy mention.  
Playtime and dainty Balloon Dance were encored next, we state.  
One item more did end her show, so colorful, so great.  
The girls did all assemble for Grand March and Presentations,  
Our worthy chairmen's apt remarks, School Yell, Congratulations!

Notes.

Two March Nights—March 27, 1931.  
March 28, 1931.

Presentations —Crests to members of the basketball teams.  
Inter-Class Gym Cup, XI-A.  
Inter-Class Basketball Cup, X-A.  
Tennis Cup, Claire Walsh.  
Badminton Singles Cup,  
Phyllis Payne.  
Badminton Doubles Prizes,  
Phyllis Payne and  
Marjorie Gardiner.

Chairmen —March 27, Mr. W. A. Watson.  
March 28, Ald. W. H. Biggar.

### IMPRESSIONS OF THE GIRLS' A. A. PARTY

Monday, October 20th, a keenly anticipated day for the privileged members of the Girls' Athletic Association—. The loud buzz of voices—the vain attempts to obtain a good seat near your best friend. Nervous but shining-eyed, would-be actresses, vaguely wondering how the great "Eleventh Year Players" can be so calm and assured, and the faint dread that comes to one who cannot remember the cue. The audience leans forward; the improvised curtain rises; the show is on! Keen enjoyment; laughing faces; chewed finger-nails; applause; congratulations! Then—ice cream, cool and refreshing, bought in large but inadequate quantities at a reduced price—but ambrosia and nectar because of the novelty of eating in school. Dancing concluded the delightful programme. We all had a jolly good time. The A. A. Party is over. Long live the A. A.!



Heave Ho! on a  
Tumble Ship  
Grade 10-12



Ballet Dance  
Grade 12-C



Playtime  
Grade 10-12



Grade  
of the  
Navy  
Grade 10-12



Tapak  
Grade 10-12



Chatter-box  
Grade 10-12



Polka  
Late Openway  
Grade 10-12



Tarantella  
Grade 10-12

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## GIRLS' SPORTS

**T**HE general success with which the sports met this year is due to the untiring efforts and encouragement of Miss Bell. The girls wish to take this opportunity of expressing to her their appreciation and gratitude. Although we have no city championships to show for our efforts in sports this year, the girls who represented West Hill on any of the teams are to be commended for the good sportsmanship and clean play which they displayed at all times, whether they were victorious or not.

Soon after school opened in September, a tennis tournament was arranged. The girls entered the tournament enthusiastically. The entries came mostly from the lower grades, and the tournament was won by Claire Walsh of Grade VIII-1C. The runner-up, Thelma Johnson, was eliminated by a score of 6-0, 6-2. There was keen competition in all the games, as the girls were more evenly matched this year as compared with other years.

West Hill again entered a Senior and Junior team in the Basketball League composed of Montreal West, Westmount and Lachine. The Seniors, after winning their first five games, lost out to Westmount, which caused a tie. A very interesting game was played in a neutral gym, and West Hill was defeated by the close score of 29-26. The Juniors got off to a bad start, losing their first two games, but came back with a vengeance to win their next three games. All chances of a play-off were lost due to their defeat by Westmount in their last League game. The Seniors wound up the season with the annual game against the Old Girls. The inter-class tournament was won by X-1A, after a very strenuous game with IX-2E.

This year, the girls are for the first time enjoying a regular swimming day. They secured one hour at the Y.W.C.A. tank for each Friday in the months of October and November, 1930, and April and May, 1931. This opportunity has interested more than seventy girls. In November, several girls entered the Inter-School Meet. They captured no honors, but showed good sportsmanship in entering and hope for better results next year.

The Skiing Club held five meetings during the winter. Although this club attracted only a very few members, those who did join enjoyed several pleasant meetings on the mountain. As a diversion for one meeting the girls came back to school for lunch.

Another successful year has just been completed by the Badminton Club. The annual Singles tournament was held in February, and keen interest was shown by the sixteen contestants. Muriel Pearson and Phyllis Payne emerged victorious in the semi-finals. Phyllis finally defeated Muriel in a very interesting match. The score was 11-6, 11-5. The Doubles were held in March. The girls competed for a prize which is donated annually by the West Hill Badminton Club. The finals were between Rhoda Adelstein and Phyllis Weiss against Marjorie Gardiner and Phyllis Payne. Marjorie and Phyllis were victorious by a score of 18-14, 15-4.

We are indebted to the representatives of the various sports for the information given us for this article.

DORIS A. PERRY, PRES. GIRLS' A.A.A.  
RITA HARDY, SEC. GIRLS' A.A.A.



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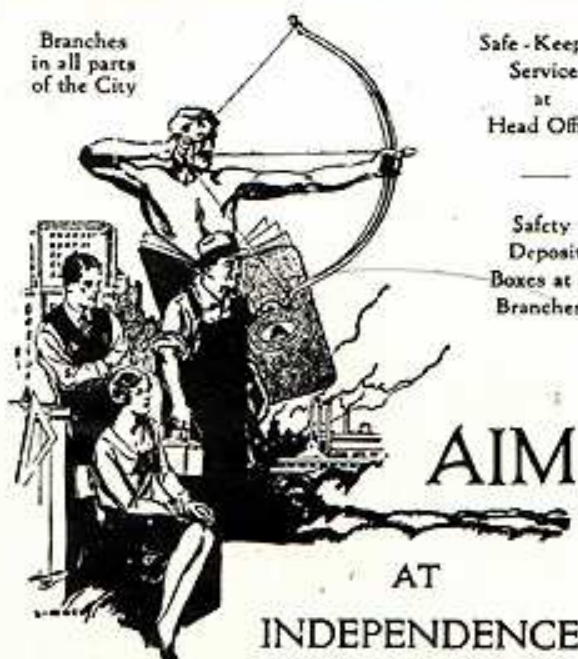
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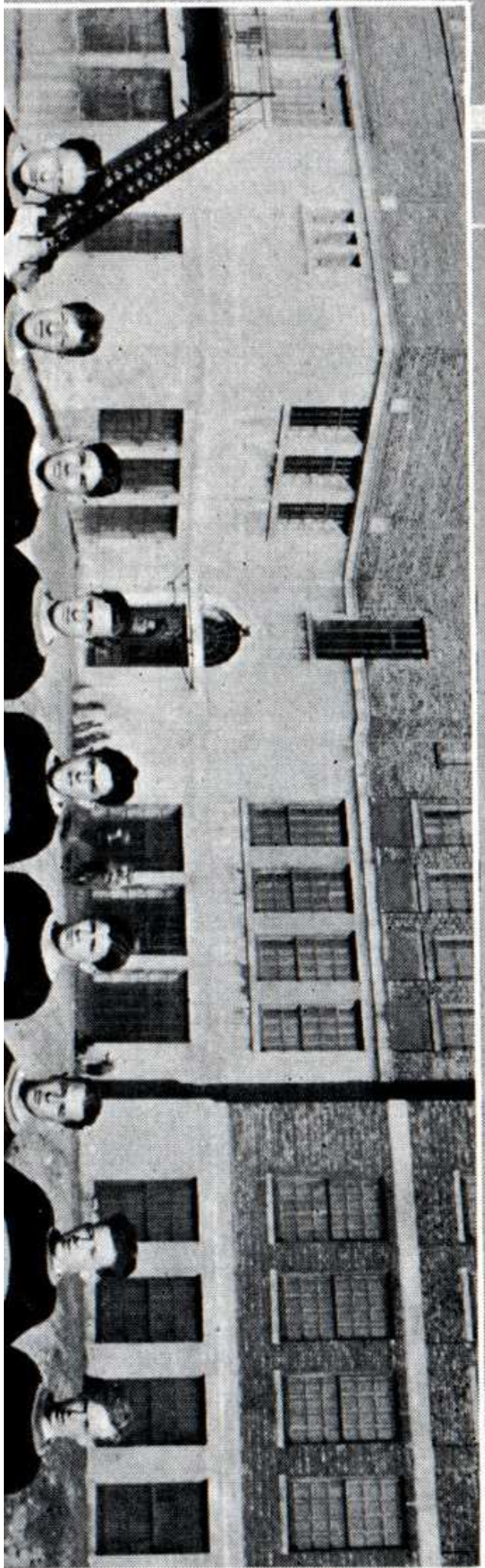
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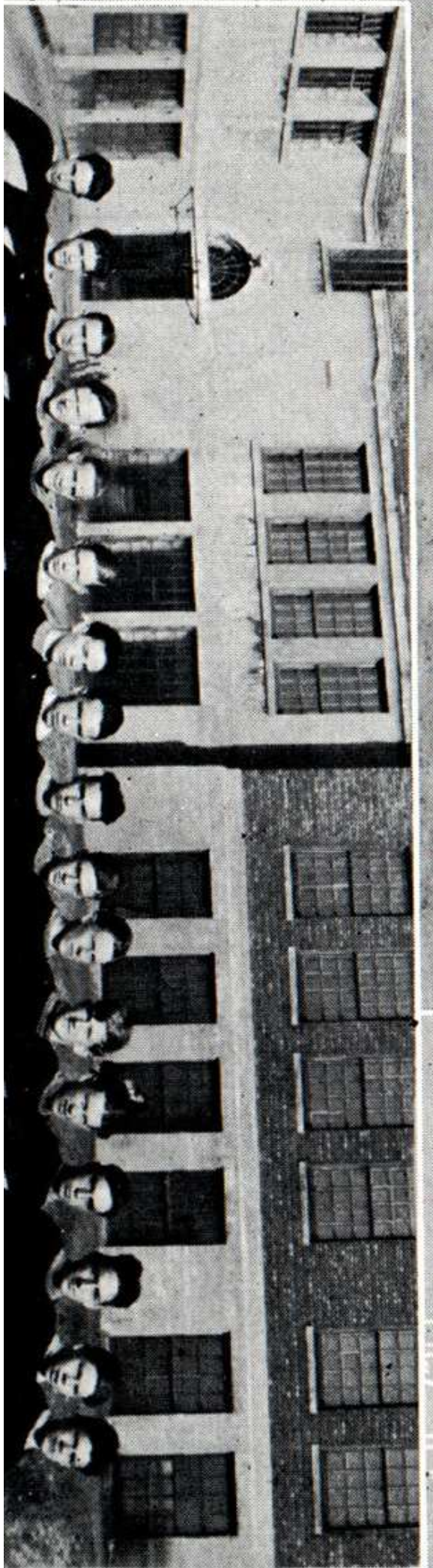


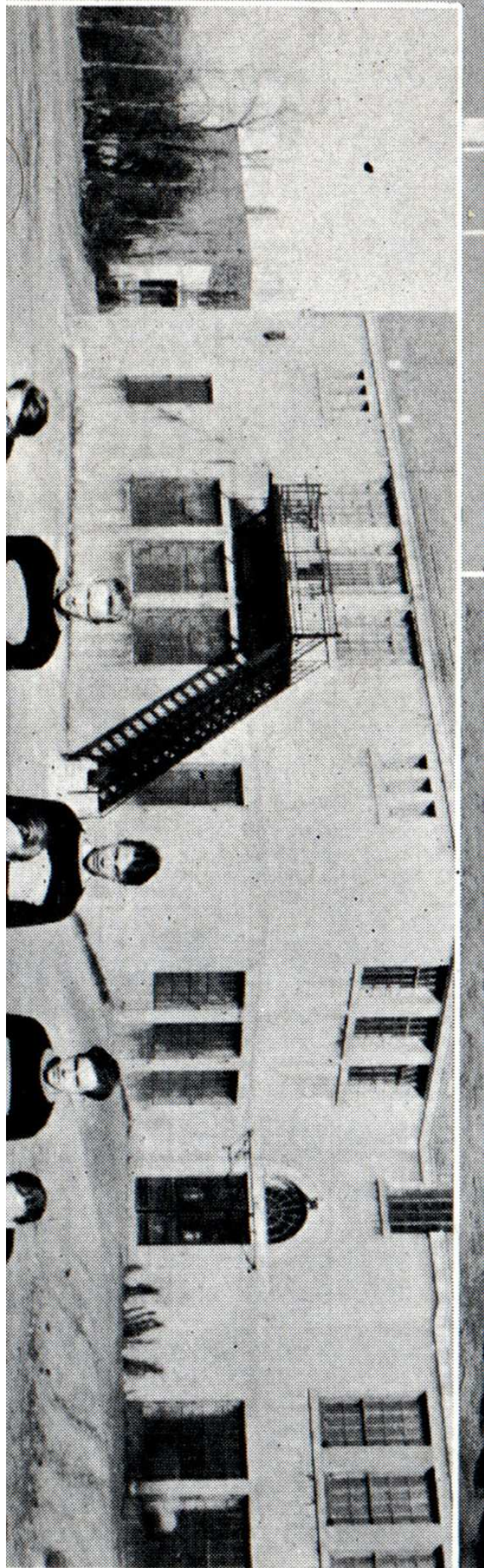
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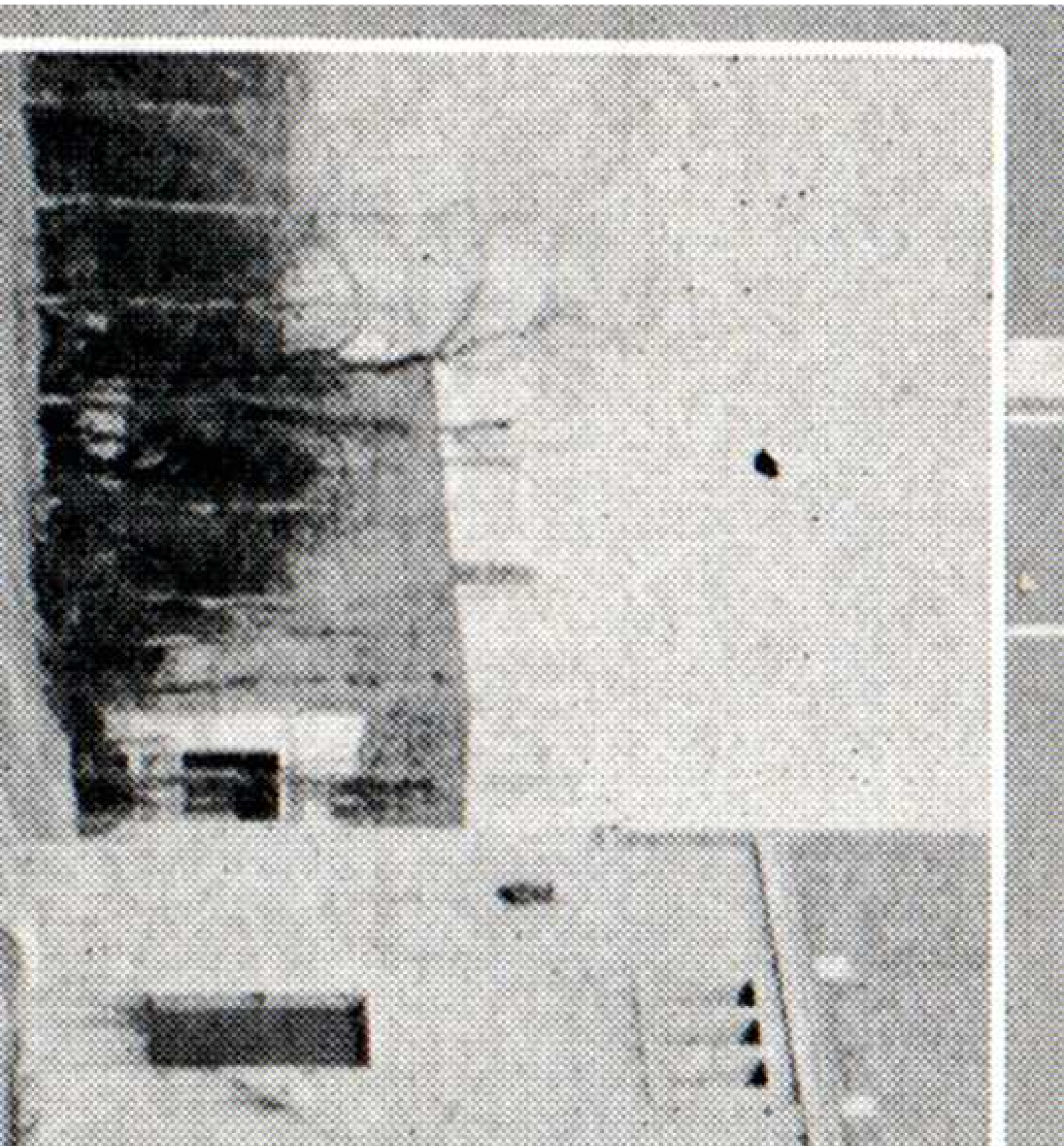
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**A**NOTHER experimental innovation in our Annual this year is this exchange column. As has already been explained, its function is this: we exchange copies of our Annual for those of other schools, and comment on them. Besides this, many of the annuals received for review have been donated by pupils whose property they are. The editors thank pupils who have aided in this way.

The editors, in making the following comments hope that they will be received in the friendly spirit in which they are uttered.

**THE HOWLER**, North Toronto C. C., Toronto, Ont.:

A very good publication, but the art and literary departments might be a little more emphasized.

**THE CAZENOVIAN**, Cazenovian Inst., Cazenovia, N.Y.:

A splendid piece of work; the art is particularly good.

**THE RED AND GREY**, Canadian Academy, Kobe, Japan:

One of our best and most interesting exchanges.

**THE LANTERN**, Sir Adam Beck C. I., London, Ont.:

A good magazine in every way.

**THE PARKDALIAN**, Parkdale C. I., Toronto, Ont.:

This year-book would be improved by the addition of more art-work and reports of school activities.

**KELVIN TECH YEAR-BOOK**, Winnipeg, Man.:

The prize story is very good. We would suggest that you expand your literary section a little, however.

**VOX LYCEI**, Hamilton C. C. I., Hamilton, Ont.:

The lyceum has once again put forth a fine publication, but we suggest that some of the essays be in slightly lighter vein.

**L. C. C. I. REVIEW**, London C. C. I., London, Ont.:

It would make much easier reading if your stories and articles were not broken up over several pages.

**THE HERMES**, Humberston C. I., Toronto, Ont.:

Excellent work; the exchange column is especially interesting.

**THE INTERMEDIATE**, Guernsey, Channel Islands:

Would be improved if the work of the pupils was more in evidence.

**THE CRIER**, Windsor C. C. I., Windsor, Ont.:

The humorous section is a bit too much in evidence. Otherwise it is a very good effort.

**THE TWIG**, University of Toronto School, Toronto, Ont.:

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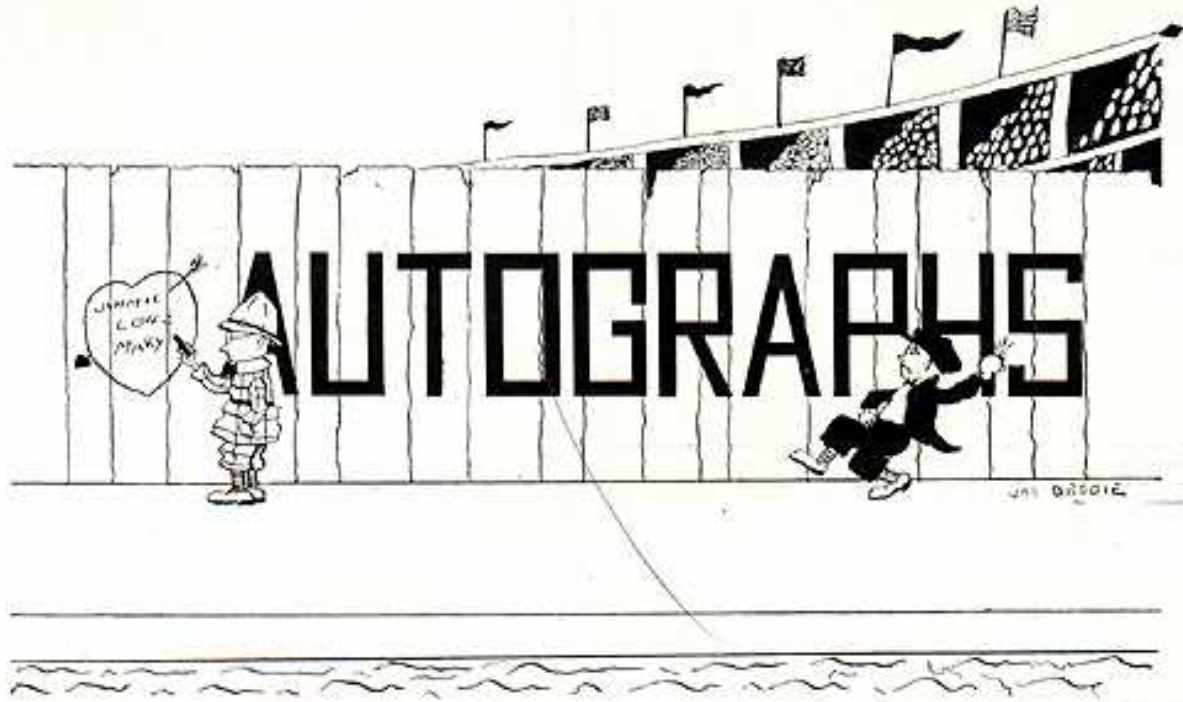
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