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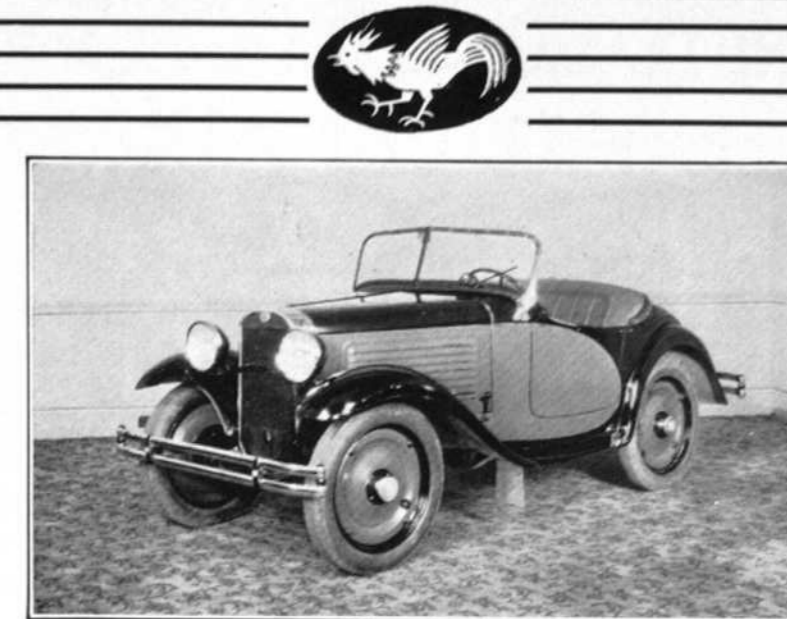
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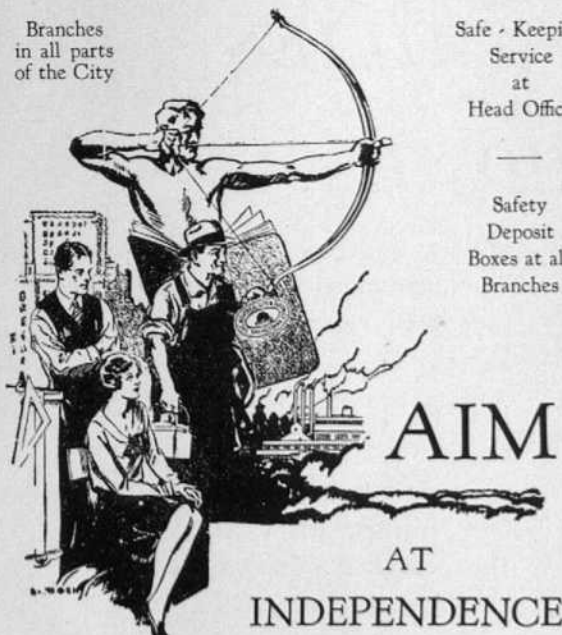
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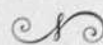
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West Hill High School

The Senior Art Rooms

The Junior Art Rooms

The School Auditorium

The Chemistry Laboratory

The Physics Laboratory

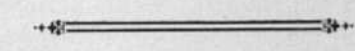


EDITORIAL

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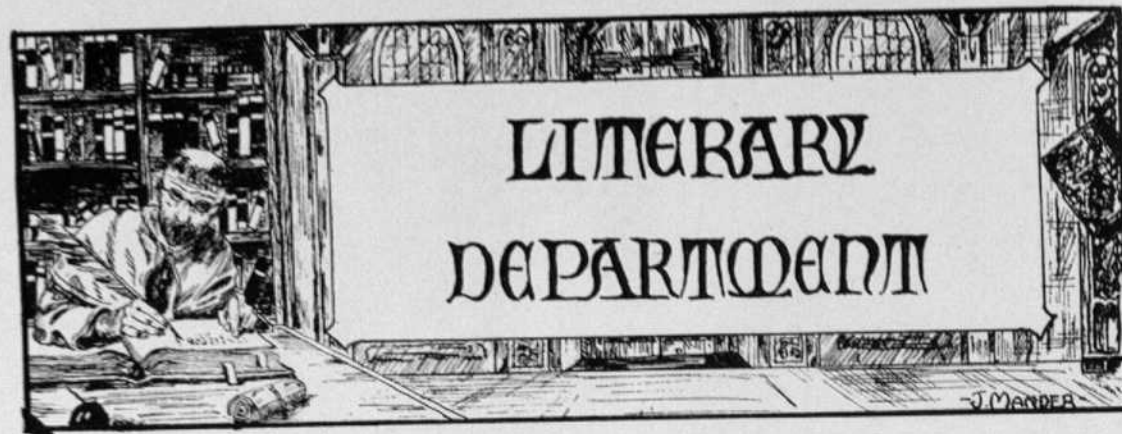
AS THE year draws to a close, we look back upon one of the most progressive periods in the history of West Hill. Many changes and improvements have been made in the school during the past twelve months, and the Editors of this sixth volume of the West Hill Annual trust that the record of those changes, and of the entire School life, will be found faithfully inscribed herein.

Glancing through its pages, the reader will hardly fail to notice the great alteration which has been made in the physical appearance of the school. Not only has a new wing been added to the eastern end of the building, but the gymnasium and the auditorium have both been considerably

enlarged. Moreover, every activity of the School has increased in extent and in importance.

West Hill representatives stood very high in the honour roll of the province, and many of them are now carrying on the good work at the University. Our fame has gone abroad; it rests with us, the present and future graduates of West Hill, to hold high the good name of our School.

In offering this book, then, the Editors trust that not only it may be read with pleasure at the present time, but that in years hence, when High School days are dim memories, it may serve to bring back recollections of happy years at West Hill.



ON WRITING EXAMINATIONS

IF a layman wished to read about the history of our School, he would naturally consult our existing records, the Annuals, and in these he would find articles about our past great men, pictures of Athletic Champions, and the smiling countenances of our Staff. Sad to relate, however, up to the present there has been no mention of our truly favourite sport, that of writing examinations.

I say our favourite sport, for what pursuit is more generally followed at West Hill or arouses more feelings of apprehension concerning the outcome?

For several days before the exams., students are observed going about with hollowed eyes, pale cheeks and meatless frames, expending endless energy in their last-minute cramming.

Then dawns the Day of Days,—a beautiful sunny day, what could be better?—for the first examination. The pupils sit down calmly, receive paper, blotter,—and an exam-paper. The exam-papers are turned over and the first question is read, then follows silent woe and deep despair.

During the exams, if an onlooker were in the room, he would observe on the faces of the pupils the depths of despair, pensive frowns, finger-nails being nervously gnawed, harmless, innocent pens and pencils being chewed to shreds, quivering hands being passed through dishevelled locks, a ceaseless drumming of fingers and rattling of rulers, the only gleams of inspiration being on the faces of the possible Scholarship pupils.

When the teacher says, "The time is up—the papers must be handed in—stop all work at once", there are "sudden partings, such as press the life from out young hearts, and choking sighs which ne'er might be repeated."

After the exam. is over, the students gather together and discuss their answers, when to the consternation of most, they find they have made many careless errors, and, instead of their "possible good mark," their results have become "rather doubtful." When the students reach this stage, they see their marks "going down," and:—

"Ah! then and there is hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but a minute ago
Blushed at the thought of their own cleverness."

GORDON G. YULL, X-2D.

THE CONTENTS OF MY POCKETS

ONE of the proudest moments of my life was the occasion when I wore my first suit with real pockets. Now I had a hiding place for the things which I wished to carry about with me;—things, however, which would be immediately confiscated if seen in my possession by my parents. Now I could smuggle the sweets, given to me by a kind friend, into the house without being forced to deliver them up to a fond parent who, after informing me that candies were not very good for little boys, would take them into custody, and put me on the scanty allowance of one per day.

Alas! at my tender age my forethought was not very highly developed, and when the time came for my suit to be cleaned, I neglected to remove my treasures from their hiding places. Then my under-hand methods were discovered, and for a long time thereafter I was subjected to a rigorous search, both before leaving and upon entering the house, to make sure that I did not carry anything that was "taboo."

As I grew older, and was allowed more freedom as to what I wished to carry, my pockets would become filled to the bursting point. In one pocket there might be a tennis ball, a few marbles, and a noble pocket-knife (deficient of the blades). Another pocket, (if I had another without a hole in it) would often contain a top, a few lengths of string, and perhaps a few coppers which I usually managed to lose before I had a chance to spend them.

Now that I have reached the age of young manhood, I have left behind most of these childish playthings. Coppers have given place to nickels and dimes, occasionally to quarters, and, very rarely, to dollars. A comb, an innocent white handkerchief, a pocket-book, and sometimes a heap of scrap paper which some kind classmate has slyly slipped into my pocket without my knowledge, comprise the remaining contents of my pockets.

In one respect I differ from nearly everybody else. I do not carry love-letters or other amorous tokens around in my pockets. Of course this does not necessarily mean that I have never possessed such mementos, but that is a question the answer to which I shall bury in oblivion.

Now, having seen some of the uses to which pockets may be put, you will doubtless agree with me when I say that they are an indispensable adjunct to our attire;—to a boy's at least!

GORDON W. HACKETT, X1-2B.

HOW THE WORLD WAS CREATED

MILLIONS and millions of years ago, at a time which only new-born babies can remember, there was no world such as we live in today. There was only the sky, over which ruled Lucifer, Lucifer king of darkness, father of all evil, emperor of easy joys and sullied pleasures; and above his starry domain lived God, the hermit who lived in a kingdom of light and good and beauty.

Now it so happened that Lucifer's constant companions were a wicked youth named Bad and his sister Good. So similar were they in act and manner that none but the ruler himself could tell which was the virtuous and which the wicked.

Then it came to pass that Lucifer, called Satan, knew in his heart that one day God would come down in his white light to teach his people to distinguish between his two friends. And so he expelled Good from the skies. But Bad, who loved her infinitely, would not be parted from her. And so they fell together, locked in each others arms, into the outer spaces. God, the all-merciful, looked down from his bright kingdom and pitying the outcasts changed them into one eternal mass of fire, and fastened them by a moonbeam to the heavens.

Then began a mighty conflict. Satan, consumed by an overwhelming fury, sent down his henchmen Spite and Envy, Hate and Malice, Sickness and Death. But God cooled the fiery mass and in his turn sent down his children, Love and Charity, Kindliness and Beauty, to dwell in the universe of his making. The jealous Lucifer then created a white hot mass in the midst of the new earth, wherein lurked his imps, ready to pounce upon God's messengers of goodwill. Then God threw down Satan from his high place and sent him into exile, a wandering soul, into the outer spaces of darkness.

And God warmed the earth with the sun by day and the moon by night. But the offsprings of the devil lived on the earth and multiplied with the good and became a mighty people. Yet God could not dissolve the wicked kingdom of hell which Lucifer had created in the centre of the earth, for he had not the faith of all the people to help him.

But a day of true faith will come, indeed, when the earth shall become the Kingdom of God forever.

LOIS SIMAND, X-2A.

A LULLABY

Little one, sleep, while the shadows creep
Softly across the wall,
Little one, dream, while the moon-rays gleam
And the night birds softly call.

Angels will come and softly hum
A lullaby for you,
Little one, wake, when the dawn shall break
And the flowers be dipped in dew.

LAURA McGRIL, Grade 8-2A.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR

WHAT the first season of the year may be, is more than I can say. Should I start with January, and say Winter was first? No, that would not be right, for in January the Winter is half over. And, as if Winter were the beginning of anything, except snow-storms!

I think that Spring should be the beginning of everything—beautiful Spring, with its budding trees and delicate flowers,—the first of the year. How gay and lively everything is, with the birds—the new arrivals, absentees of the Winter—singing in the tree-tops, grass springing up under foot, blossoms breaking into bloom. Truly, Spring is a time when everyone should rejoice, for it seems to be the Birth of Nature! How can anyone be gloomy or sad, during this period of blissful happiness?

Gradually the Spring grows older—becomes more mature, as it were. It seems to me that Spring is a child, while Summer is that child grown up. But as in a human, the liveliness of Spring, the child, lessens, as the season advances to Summer, the adult; here we find, in the heat of July days, a droning laziness, in contrast to the gay life of May and June. However, taking everything into consideration, I believe I prefer Summer to its predecessor, because of the joy of Summer sports. To my mind, anyone who dislikes Summer must be either an Eskimo who hates warmth, or a South Sea Islander who has too much of it.

But eventually all good things must come to an end, and so it is with the Summer. But in this case, that statement is not strictly true, for now Autumn, with its rich golden-browns and oranges, and its deep sunburnt reds, takes the place of the preceding season. What is grander than to walk through the woods on a fine Autumn day, with the wind blowing through your hair, as it whisks the many-hued leaves through the air, as if they were playing a game with each other! Do not think of Autumn as the time when all Nature dies, for Nature never dies, but sleeps through the long, hard Winter that is to come, and that will take toll of any little plant that does not protect itself. But Mother Nature provides for her Children, and so, when Jack Frost comes, he rarely finds anything to destroy.

Perhaps from former statements, one would think that I disliked the Winter, but if this is their thought, they are entirely wrong. I have been praising each season, for I love them all, and now it is Winter's turn. As I said before, Winter is not a time when things are dead; they are only sleeping. How can one think of such a mournful subject as death, when he sees the world covered in a glistening white blanket of feathery snow! How beautiful it all is! I love the Winter with its snowy days, its frosty days, its cold days, its sunny days! And apart from the beauty of it, how much enjoyment can be had from the sports of a real Canadian Winter. How many glorious hours are spent skimming over an ice-coated river, or racing down a snow-covered slope! So bracing, so healthful are these wonderful Winter days of ours! How can one help but enjoy them!

And thus the Winter melts into Spring, and so begins another year. It is needless to write more, for I would but repeat myself, but before laying down my pen, let me say that I love every season of the year, for all are different, all have their own peculiar charms, and all are—beautiful.

GERTRUDE ROGERS, X-2A.

A PRIZE-WINNING ESSAY

Aug. 10, 1812.

Dearest Madeleine,

News has come today that General Hull is still retreating before the English, and rumors are spreading that he intends to make his stand here at Detroit.

Every night Uncle Martier tells old stories of the French wars here with Pontiac, until my flesh shivers and I creep up stairs to gaze out over the river until far into the night, watching the lanterns on the scows flicker and reflect themselves in the water.

Aug. 14

'Tis a terrible suspense. Last night Jacques came in with fresh rumours that the enemy have reached Amherstburg. In the evening I climbed to the little room in the top garret and I thought (it may have been only imagination) that I saw lights flickering far down the river in the direction of Magreaga and Sandwich. I pray the rumours are false for our defense here is weak, the men say, and General Hull though earnest, has few troops and his supplies have been wasted by his foolish (even we admit it) ravages in Canada.

Aug. 16

The rumours are true. The enemy arrived at Sandwich and at noon General Brock sent a message to our commander to surrender, saying he wished for no unnecessary shedding of blood and implied that his was the stronger body. Of course, General Hull immediately sent back our refusal and before night the enemy opened fire on us from the river. Our garrison returned it but rather languidly, I thought. The fire kept up all night. (I watched it in safety from the garret far up the shore.)

This morning both batteries renewed their fire and I could see the enemies' battery boats anchored in the middle of the river. Behind these boats signs of movement were seen and soon our curiosity was more than satisfied when the enemy's boats came into view interspersed with innumerable Indian war-canoes filled with Indian warriors, naked, and decked with feathers and war-paint on which the sun glittered fiercely. We saw that we had not only the English to combat with but also the Shawnees, burning for vengeance, likely, for their defeat by General Harrison last year.

The enemy was able to make their landing a mile or so down the shore at Spring Wells and as they landed I could see that however daring they might be, their army was certainly small. At this my spirits rose but here I was not counting on the bravery of Brock and his men.

The English then formed into a small but dense column and on them our garrison turned the guns. However, the little line did not hesitate but started fearlessly forward. I could see Brock in the lead, making a striking figure on his black horse. On they came, straight into the mouths of our guns. Their only guns were on their battery-ships which were anchored in the middle of the river. The dense column never wavered, as slowly it advanced. I watched, fascinated. I could see the fuses in the hands of our gunmen ready to set off our batteries and I knew the enemy could see them too. Still their line never shook, still there was no sign of panic and still our men refrained from lighting the guns. At length when the enemy got to within

three-quarters of a mile from the town they made a dash for cover and succeeded in gaining it behind the old stone buildings of Monsieur de Fontaine.

At this point Jacques came bursting in upon me to say that the Americans were getting ready to surrender, that four of our head officers had been killed by an English ball, that the rest of the army had thereby been thrown into a panic and that the short dense column was believed to be too strong for us. I then understood why there had been no firing on the English line,—the terms of the permit to surrender had been underway. I looked from my loophole again and saw the English soldiery entering the fort.

So now, dearest Madeleine, we have again changed hands and are now subjects of the English King, but conquered, I think, by one of the bravest men who ever led an army.

kindest regards to your parents,
Your loving cousin,
Jacqueline.

ESTHER MUSGROVE, XI-2A.

(This essay in letter form won the second prize given by the Montreal branch of the Canadian Authors' Association, and also second place among all those submitted in the Dominion.)

FRONTI NULLA FIDES

(Appearances are often deceiving.)

There was a maid and she was fair:
When she passed by, the folks would stare
To see such loveliness;
But tho' she was the finest seen,
A Venus, with a smile serene,
No lovers came to woo this queen.
And why?—She could not guess.—

Alas! The maid was very bright,
She ate up Authors with delight,
And worked Geometry;
She painted like an Apelles,
She dramatized like Sophocles,
She mastered all the Theories,
And learned Orthometry!

In language she was Polyglot,
Her Rhetoric great fame had brought,
Her eloquence, a star;
She practised in Astronomy,
A prodigy in Chemistry,
She never stuck on Botany—
A wonder, near and far.

She was as brilliant as the day,
And thus she scared the men away
Who would have sought her side;
She embraced her erudition,
Knowledge was her sole ambition,
So she lived in this condition,
An old maid 'till she died.

The maid's fate all may well bewail,
But heed the Moral to this tale,
Come close, ye maidens, come:
"If you would find the Spice of Life,
And with the "Stronger Sex" be rife,
To end up as a happy wife,—
'Tis Wisdom to be Dumb!"

KATHLEEN HODGSON, XI-11).

JAPAN

A VISIT to the Orient is perhaps one of the most interesting and attractive trips one can take. Japan, the land of Cherry Blossoms, with its delightful climate, its beautiful scenic attractions and the picturesque garb of the natives, never fails to stimulate and benefit the traveller.

Upon arriving in a Japanese harbour we are suddenly overcome with a feeling of awe and wonder, for there before us lies a vast world of colour,—bright, darting objects of red and yellow. We descend the gang-plank, and no sooner step upon Oriental soil than we are surrounded by a throng of native merchants, some begging our patronage, coolie boys seeking passengers for their "rickshaws," and a continual volume of cries and yells in the peculiar eastern tongue. Back of it all stand the little discolored, tumbled-down buildings that crouch together in a line along the wharf. However, the magnificent architecture of the public and commercial structures beyond soon rectify our first impressions of Japanese building.

The hotels in the cities are much the same as our own, having all the modern equipments and conveniences. The main street, usually called "Motomachi" is the centre of the shopping district, and its quaint shops and moving picture houses are a source of great interest to the visitor. In April, the cherry blossoms, for a period of about three weeks, present a riot of beautiful coloring, bursting with glory and enchantment.

Not many miles from Tokyo (Eastern Capital) lies the village of Hase. Within it stands a marvellous work of art,—the great Daibutsu, or Japanese idol. It is a few inches less than 50 ft. in height, and its canopy having been removed by earthquakes, it now stands in the open air unharmed. Inside it are flights of stairs upon which one may mount to the neck of this great Buddha. The eyes are made of solid gold.

There are numerous hot springs, fine walks and beautiful views, with the snow-capped Mt. Fuji dominating in the distance. To the foreigner, Japan is a land of beauty and luxury, for we are waited upon hand and foot. To live there is to dwell in a fairyland of colour and romance. Once we have seen the sunrise, the sunset, and the glorious works of Oriental Art, we are ready to join the natives in their salutations to the fair Enchantress of the East.

AUDREY M. MARTIN, VIII-2G.

THE SPHINX

The still desert has brooded in silence,
Softly veiled in a haze of deep blue.
A gleam pierces the darkness, shimmering,
silver-hued;
A tiny star peeps through a cloud-rent,
The herald of the horned moon: straightway
The rich curtain of heaven is parting
And she glides o'er the star-lit stage: darting
Before her a comet, flashing a ray
Silver-gray'd: o'er a stone in the desert
It trembled, shedding its ray o'er the sand,
Marking more clearly the shadow; the girth
Surrounding the vast image of man,
Standing alone through the ages, mere earth
Defying all time;—The dream of a master-hand.

E. J. LIDDY, XI-2A.



POMPEII

THIRTEEN miles from Naples, at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, lies the ruined city of Pompeii, buried centuries ago by an eruption of the mighty crater, but within the past few years, resurrected for the whole world to wonder at.

The city itself may be reached by an interurban from the adjacent city of Naples, along a route through beds of lava still warm from the eruption of 1906. The excavations of the city were begun in 1748, and have but recently been completed.

Now one may walk along the old cobble-stone streets, worn by the passage of chariot wheels at the time of the Caesars. At each intersection are stepping-stones, on which Romans stood when the streets were flooded with rain. Excavations have brought to light the city just as it was when buried by the falling ashes from the erupting volcano. The bodies of fleeing towns-folk, caught before they could escape, have been discovered.

At one place a glassed-in portico contains the bodies of three thieves, evidently over-taken while fleeing with loot from a deserted dwelling. One still holds the box of stolen goods under his arm. Loaves of bread, being baked in the baker's ovens at the time of the eruption, and petrified bodies, including those of the famous guards who remained at their posts because they had not received the order to dismiss, may be found in the museums about the city.

Pompeii is a most interesting city, a city of the dead. Marvellously preserved, it gives us first-hand knowledge of the Roman world at the time that Christ lived. It well repays a visit.

GORDON BEALL, IX-2B.

SEEN ON THE STREET CAR

THE perusal of physiognomy presents a never-failing attraction, and surely no better place could be desired than the hard uncomfortable seat of a jolting streetcar. My friends have often remarked that it must be rather tiresome to have to travel on the same streetcars, day after day, year in, year out, with nothing to relieve the monotony; yet undoubtedly there is sufficient to absorb the interest of even the dullest individual, if only his eyes are open so that he may observe reflectively.

Let us board this approaching streetcar and investigate. First we meet our old friend (or enemy), Mr. Conductor. After glaring at us, apparently annoyed with the world in general, he suddenly perceives our ticket, a blue one; his eyes widen with hostility; the everlasting gum or tobacco is forcibly projected from side to side in his mouth; and then that spontaneous, monosyllabic command so odious to scholars, is hurled forth, "Passe!" At the same time he displays a set of broken stained teeth, evidently not on speaking terms with a toothbrush. We look at him with renewed interest, our feelings suddenly and incomprehensibly aroused. Really, he is a fine specimen. Where else but on a streetcar would you meet such an antiquated personage, his piercing pig-like eyes peering from two bushy eyebrows, his weather-scared face giving evidence that the weekly shave is due tonight? Decidedly, he is unique.

However, let us pass on into the interior of the car and examine its contents. Did you ever before see such a miscellaneous collection of humanity? Look at that diminutive young man with the carefully tended growth almost visible on his upper lip. How assiduously he is trying to balance on the end of that seat and at the same time appear unconcerned. Beside him is a big business man, so intent on his morning newspaper that he cannot notice the lady standing so opportunely in front of him. But what is that next to him? Probably if the paint and powder were removed an office-girl would be discovered. At present, however, she reminds one of an old Indian war-chief, decked out in brilliant regalia for some friendly scalping party.

But we are nearing our destination, and as we rise we take a look at a young maiden of six summers, so young and charming compared with the others.

As we reach the front, the courteous motorman demonstrates how well his brakes are working, precipitating us through the opened door. Here we are in the street now, none the worse for our novel experience. Amusing?—perhaps; yet perchance we ourselves provided amusement in a like proportion to another observant spectator.

WALTER J. POYNER, X-2B.

NIGHT

Night is purple damask,
Sprinkled with silver dust,
Honeyed with perfumed breath;
Offered to us, yet thrust.

Night is the depth of dreams:
Beauty before 'tis flawed,
Something awful, and chaste;
Night is Silence—and God.

KATHLEEN HODGSON, XI-1D.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

THE Editorial Board wish to express their appreciation of the work of Miss A. D. Moss in the production of the Annual.

The reproduction of so many photographs, so artistically mounted, would not be possible without the work and guidance of Miss Moss. A great saving in production cost is made each year through the enthusiastic efforts of our Art mistress.

"KLEISTER WOCHE" IN LATVIA

THE month of September, during which the harvest festival occurs in Latvia, is eagerly awaited by all inhabitants of that country. Ambitious singers, dancers, and even writers, have for one week the opportunity of exhibiting their talents before the whole community.

In the vicinity of Riga the week is spent by school children in various ways. Some pupils exhibit their acting ability, others their musical talents, and still others their poetic or literary genius. Thus all the members of the elementary or rural schools partake in the festival and have the opportunity of visiting other educational institutions of importance. The most talented of the scholars receive small gifts which say that they are the winners of the day, while the majority looks upon these individuals with awe and reverence.

Since the crop is gathered in by this time, all the peasants celebrate by attending the harvest festival in their village.

The members of the communities adorn themselves in their most picturesque costumes. The women wear broad navy skirts, neatly embroidered tea-aprons, red or white blouses on which the collars and wrist-bands are cross-stitched, and, last but not least, colourful strings of beads and bracelets. The men in their black high-boots, dark trousers, and coloured embroidered shirts complete the gay and happy gathering.

All the villagers of a community meet at a large public place set aside for such an occasion as this. Gifted young men and women form the musical band. They play and sing while the majority of the members dance; occasionally the frolickers hum the tune as an accompaniment. During the early part of the celebration folk songs and country dances are indulged in when the weather is suitable. All exchange greetings and talk at once on the same topic—"how the crop harvested this year."

Thus the harvest week passes quickly. As the people depart from the last evening's celebrations and wend their way homeward they all hope that

the harvest of the following year will exceed both in quality and quantity the one preceding it. Moreover, they all sincerely pray for many more such festivals to be held during the favourite period called the "Kleister Woche."

REGINA ROSENGARTEN, X-2A.



THE WEIGHT OF EVIDENCE

By
J. C. J. H.

PROFESSOR Jules Savard, Head of the Criminal Jurisprudence Department of the University of Monkland, was famous—or perhaps infamous—for his absence of mind coupled with a great presence of body; for he tipped the scale at not an ounce less than three hundred pounds. Indeed, when a famous London author, also noted for his Falstaffian proportions, was visiting Montreal, the two men caused a good deal of unintentional amusement when they appeared on the same platform together, being both short, rotund, and globular.

After one such public meeting, they were both standing in the street together, waiting for transport, when the famous London writer turned to the legal pundit with the remark, "Shall we split a taxi?" The professor was either engaged in meditation or else he was not versed in colloquial English. At any rate, he bowed politely and replied, "I am rather afraid we should." The story made a hit in the legal circles and still travels around the university common-room.

During the war, Savard was in requisition by the authorities in connection with some abstruse points of martial law. Finally, in order to give him some status in these cases, he was granted the rank of temporary colonel. His figure, when he appeared in the streets, clad in regimentals, was somewhat remarkable. His manner was, if possible, even stranger. The two combined brought many thoughtless people to a realization of the seriousness of the struggle.

One bright morning in 1917, he was rolling along briskly, as his custom was, from his house in Outremont towards the University. The small boys on the street seemed to be greeting him, he noticed, with more than their usual hilarity. At the corner, a policeman met him and brought him to a halt.

"Excuse me, m'sieu, but I must request you to return home and dress yourself properly."

Savard, full of proper respect for the law, flushed uneasily and glanced up and down his khaki garments to assure himself that all was in order.

"To dress myself? Mon Dieu, man, am I not dressed already?"

"Pardon, m'sieu, the hat."

Savard raised a hasty hand to his head and took off—his polished top-hat! Where it came from, he never discovered.

Such awkward situations might have given rise to an inferiority complex in many a lesser man, but the professor was not so easily disturbed. It was not till five years later that his mental lapses brought him into really serious trouble.

He was returning with his wife from a dinner at the Place Viger. It was a fine moonlit night in the early fall, so they decided to enjoy the freshness by walking home. They had not gone a hundred yards when a passer-by, stumbling clumsily, bounced off the professor's orbic figure and nearly brought the pair of them down in the gutter.

However, Savard and his wife continued on their way. Then he remembered that this was the common device practised by the light-fingered gentry. He clapped his hand to his watch-pocket. Sure enough, the thing was gone.

Now Savard always carried a small shooter when he was out late. With a word to his wife, he drew the weapon and hurried after the retreating figure. To his great joy and surprize, he found he was overtaking the fellow. In a dark corner of Bonsecours, he grabbed the felon and brought him up with a jerk.

"That watch, or I fire!"

He repeated the command in English to make sure.

There was a moment's delay. The man brought out the watch and handed it over.

"Look here! You're darned lucky to get away like this!" growled Savard. His blood was up and he was seeing red. "For half a cent I'd—I'd—" However, he left the threat unfinished, turned on his heel and rejoined his wife.

They had got as far as St. Catherine Street, when the professor was roughly seized from the rear. There was a scuffle, and his hat was knocked off. When he had recovered from the surprize, he found himself in the grip of two constables. The bandit was with them.

"That's the fellow!" he said. "He's got my watch. Take care, officer, he's armed!"

Madame Savard screamed. Her husband was dumfounded, amazed.

"Come, what's this you've got ter say?" muttered one of the policemen. "Out with the watch!"

"Well, stop twisting my arm and I'll show you! And take care what you do, my man. I'm Professor Savard of the University."

"That's all right—I can't help that. Out with it!"

They extracted the pistol from his hip-pocket and relaxed their grip. Then it was that Savard found his own watch had been in his handkerchief pocket all along. Why the deuce he had put the blessed thing there, only a psychologist or a lunatic could imagine.

They carted him and his wife off to the station a large crowd of excited and angry spectators following in the rear. "Gangster" and "swell confidence crooks" were some of the names bandied about in rear of them.

It was only at one in the morning when they were set free. Young Stephen O'Rourke, a young police-court lawyer recently graduated, left a bridge party at the Queen's to come down and identify old Savard and femme.

It was one thirty when the professor was opening a bottle of sherry to celebrate his release, and pretty Catherine Savard came in to join the trio; but that begins a longer story.

(Copyright, 1932, J. C. J. H.)

THINGS I LOVE

Cuddlin' up in cozy nooks,
Munchin' "chocs" and readin' books.
Fires blazing in the gloom,
Shadows flickerin' 'round the room,
Music that hurts 'way inside;
Peaceful homes where joys preside.
Telling tales to little folks,
Listening to their cunnin' jokes.
Laughing eyes of deepest blue,
Curly locks and dimples, too.
The fresh, embalming smell of pines,
The luscious warmth of sparkling wines.
Camping out 'neath moon and stars,
Long and low, high-powered cars.
Diving into cool, green waters
While the sun is beating down;
Swimming slowly—oh for hours;
White, white, clothes on backs of brown.
Tall girls dancing with infinite grace,
Turquoise velvet, and white frothy lace;
Beautiful gifts from up above,
These are some of the things I love.

ANITA R. GREENWOOD, XI-2A.

GHOSTS IN THE OLD TOWER

WE WERE in the old Tower of London. The solid grey walls echoed and re-echoed to the excited exclamations of our little party as we explored its historic wonders. A peculiar feeling came over me as I walked,—a sort of creepy sensation. I thought of what things these old walls had seen, what famous people they had quietly watched, what agony and sorrow and fear during many a mortal's last hour they had gazed upon, what secrets they knew that no one else would ever know. That strange feeling stayed with me. It was as if I could almost feel the spirits of those prisoners around us,—haunting the scenes of their captivity.

Then suddenly, saying I was tired and would rest there until the return of the others, I sat down in a corner of the room and soon was fast asleep. I awoke later to find that the dusk had changed to a deep, impenetrable darkness and that everything seemed strangely still. I was about to run towards the door in alarm when a ghostly voice arrested me. "Halt," it said, "in the name of the Dead, and the Tower shall yield its secrets unto you." Terrified beyond words, I sank back and opened my eyes to find a dim ghostly procession standing before me, motionless and silent.

It was led by two little golden-haired boys, their faces white with terror. The older one began softly to speak to me and the walls echoed once more with the same voice that had spoken words of consolation centuries ago when the two children were fighting against the loneliness and fear and despair that was creeping over them in their dark prison.

"We are the sons of King Edward IV of England and the rightful heirs to the throne of our country. While we slept the life was choked from us, yet England rose not against the murderer."

They faded and two beautiful women appeared. Said one, "I am Anne Boleyn, for three years queen of England. Then I was cast here where my only joy was the thought of my little daughter Elizabeth.

She has done great things, but unforgivable things as well." With a sigh the great lady disappeared, and the silent Catherine Howard with her.

They were followed by another woman. She did not speak, but her tragic face told its tale. It was Lady Jane Grey,—the unhappy Jane of English History.

The next in that endless procession was a man clad in the Elizabethan style. He was sitting at a desk writing, while dim figures came and went before him,—poets and princes, friends of the great Raleigh's prison days. The figure ceased writing and I caught the murmur of his voice, "But from this earth, this grave, this dust, My God shall raise me up, I trust", before the vision faded into nothingness.

Then a dim host of the men who had died for their religion surrounded me and one whom I recognized as Sir Thomas More began speaking.

"I died for the faith my conscience held me to, and the good Lord gave me courage."

When they had gone, a solitary figure approached, in Scotch tartan. It was Sir William Wallace, the great Scottish patriot, betrayed, forsaken, and alone. And yet I had the impression that his thoughts were beautiful in that last hour of his life.

The shadows came and went. Some I recognized, others I did not. The room seemed full of them, treading silently its worn floor; and then, as suddenly as they had come, they disappeared. I began to feel frightened and, running toward the door, threw myself against it in absolute terror. To my relief it gave way, and there was I standing in the midst of my flesh-and-blood friends. Had it been a dream after all, or are the ghosts of old history really there, haunting the great Tower of London?

MARJORIE RUSSELL, X-2C.



CANADA AND THE DEPRESSION

LIVING, as we are, in a period of financial depression and slow business, we are sometimes too apt to look to the future of our country with nothing but pessimism. This is hardly fair to ourselves when we consider the vast natural resources of this dominion and glance at Canada's position in the world of trade.

Having an area several million square miles larger than that of the United States and Alaska combined, and with a population less than one tenth of the United States, Canada has chances for commercial and industrial expansion of which we may be justly proud. The principal drawback lies in the fact that our Dominion has no semi-tropical area, and, therefore, cannot produce those commodities peculiar to the warmer climates. Also, it must be considered that a vast far-northern area of Canada is not suitable for extensive commercial or industrial expansion.

Canada, however, leads the world in the production of nickel, asbestos, hydro-electric power and newsprint. It has the second largest number of telephones in use, ranks second in the number of automobile registrations, has the second greatest coal resources, and ranks third in the production of gold, silver, and aluminum. It ranks fourth in copper production, fifth in butter production, sixth in the production of pig iron and zinc, seventh in steel, and eighth in cheese.

Canada is a world leader in the production of electric power, the availability and cheapness of which has made possible the development of many industries which, if dependent upon coal for fuel, could not operate. Water-power has been a chief factor in this development.

Frequently termed the British Empire's greatest timber storehouse, Canada has the second largest timber area in the world, being surpassed only by Russia. Closely allied with the timber industry is pulp and paper, the leading manufacturing industry. In total capital invested, pulp and paper is second only to the electric light and power plants.

Slaughtering and meat packing occupies third place among the Canadian industries in value of production. This industry's by-products, hides and skins, provide a large proportion of the raw materials for Canada's important boot and shoe industry.

The iron and steel industries rank high among Canada's industrial activities. A wide variety of products is included in this group, important among which are automobiles.

Canada's leading mineral products in the order of their importance as to value are: Coal, copper, gold, nickel, cement, lead, asbestos, clay products, silver, zinc, stone, natural gas, sand and gravel, lime, petroleum, gypsum, cobalt, salt and platinum metals. Ontario is the leading province in mineral production.

The sea fisheries of Canada are among the greatest in the world, with 12,500 miles of indented coast line on the Atlantic and Pacific. There are also more than 200,000 square miles of inland fresh waters abundant with the finest of edible fish.

Agriculture is a key factor in the economic prosperity of our country. It originally ranked first,

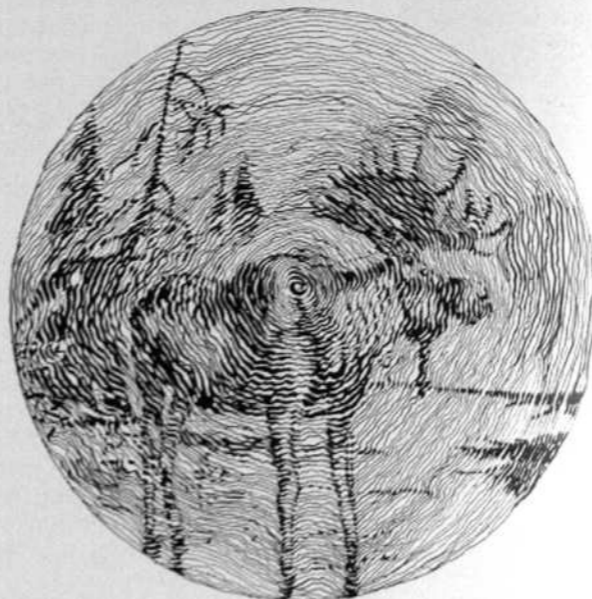
but now it is second in the total value of annual production. Canadian agriculture is undergoing a process of readjustment which includes improved farming methods, and a greater use of mechanical power. While wheat is generally regarded as Canada's greatest single agricultural product, tremendous possibilities exist for dairying and livestock.

In foreign trade, Canada ranks fifth among the trading nations of the world, carrying on world trade with nearly 100 countries. She has preferential tariffs with 29 British countries and favoured trade agreements with 45 other foreign countries. She ranks first as an exporter of printing paper, nickel and asbestos, and second as an exporter of wheat and automobiles. In exports of woodpulp, she is fourth. These commodities account for about 50% of total Canadian foreign trade.

Another important bulwark of Canada's economic structure is her banking system, which has operated throughout the present period of slow business without a single suspension.

Keeping these facts in mind, it should seem clear to everyone that Canada will come out of the present emergency stronger than ever, and it is our duty as citizens of Canada to see that she does. We, who are stepping into the business world in the near future, must place our shoulders to the wheel and do our part to help Canada through this temporary setback in her march towards world trade supremacy!

ERIC E. DENMAN, XI-2B.



THE LURE OF THE SEA

FORESTS of masts, clouds of smoke, the smell of fish, and the salty tang of the air are bread and drink to the sailor. The herring fleets sailing away from the harbour, with their brown sails thrown to the wind; the whalers in their huge wind-jammers, sailing in search of that prince of mammals, the whale; all these bow to the rule of the sea.

No man who has seen the surging mass of emerald green waves rising and falling in huge billows, smelt the keen fresh air, or heard the cries of the seagull, ever escapes the clutches of the sea. She binds him in a band of steel; she works her way into his very soul, giving him that freedom found in no other place than on the boundless waves of the rolling deep. His heart is lifted in rapture when he beholds the rippling sea shining with a silvery sheen in the moonlight. He exults when he feels the elements roaring in battle and the waves, running high as mountains, trying to overcome the pigmy toys of man. Nothing else in the whole universe so fills a man's life, lifting his heart with its beauty, filling his manhood with strength from its brutality; his soul soars beyond the kingdom of men to that realm which is ruled by God. No man is brought so near to God as the sailor, his life is in His hands from one day to another, and he develops not a hypocritical outward form of religion but a deep spiritual emotion which fills his whole being.

"The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The wide, the blue, the ever free."

Thus there is instilled in the hearts of those who go down to the sea in ships that freedom and communication with God which no other person ever receives, and thus, the sea, once it casts its net, holds a man in its thrall forever.

REGINALD C. BYFORD, XI-1E.

THE CALL

The seas are breaking upon the rocks,
Their thunder rends the air;
The sea-birds scream and wheel in flocks;
Oh, would that I were there!

I see the waves at their wild play,
The white-caps leaping high;
I feel the sting of the flying spray,
And vision the ocean sky.

But here I languish, pine, and stay,
'Midst mud and slush and rain,
When I would fain to haste away
And rove the surging main.

I once did course the salty waste,
To probe nature's domain;
And, as my lips the sea did taste,
So shall I sail again!

To you whose veins do run with blood,
This will I now address;
To you whose minds do know that mood,
I tell of my distress.

For when the air of spring me moves,
While friends its praise extol,
And tell of pleasures, hopes, and loves,
This longing fills my soul.

CHARLES R. STEWART, XI-2B.

COUNTRY SCHOOL LIFE

ALTHOUGH country schools lack many advantages common to those in the city, still the life there is most enjoyable. For one thing there are more open air activities, since in fine weather the reading and spelling lessons are held out of doors. When all classes are perfect in spelling an extra ten minutes is added to the recess. Physical training is always taken outside, even in the winter, and during warm weather we go on long hikes through the forest, and often have gay and frolicsome picnics in the woods. We also enjoy many a hike over the hard crust on the snow in winter. Believe it or not, the time for all these pleasures is taken off school hours, as the teacher is quite at liberty to say, "Well, I think it would be nice to take to-morrow afternoon off for a picnic."

There is also an entertainment committee of three boys and three girls, who afford great amusement for all. They prepare either a concert, a sale or an afternoon tea at the end of each month. The money from this is largely for the benefit of the "Junior Red Cross," although five dollars a month is turned over to the Secretary-Treasurer for the school. We also use some of this money to build up our library, and now there is a selection of some three hundred and fifty books. Two hours every Friday afternoon is devoted to work for the "Junior Red Cross," which is carried on with the greatest interest and enthusiasm from all.

Every pupil is urged to come and support all games. One does not need to have a fifty cent ticket or belong to any association to get in. Each scholar is given a pass at the beginning of the term. There is no charge for it, and it admits him to any of the games or activities of any kind in the school. Everybody, no matter how hard pressed, can come to support the games, and to get the pleasure from seeing them.

On account of the open fields, and the numerous games, most of which are of our own invention, there is always something to take up our recess and noon hour. Instead of rising lazily out of our seats, strolling up and down the halls, perhaps buying some cake, but mostly dreadingly gazing at one another, as we do in the city, every scholar rushes out of the school, and enjoys himself intensely, up to the very last minute.

We all get to school extra early in the morning, and the majority of us stay for lunch. About six or seven years ago, the idea of cooking our lunch at school was originated. This is heaps of fun, as we have a large box-stove, and are supplied with all kinds of pots and pans, although each family has to take turns at bringing the food.

Besides all this, much fun can be had by running through the open fields, pastures and forests on the way to school. Can you not imagine being able to go to school through lovely open fields, in the fresh air, with the sweet scent of wild flowers and ever-green trees blowing past you? How different it is to walk along the same old paved sidewalk, morning, noon and night, with no change of scenery, or nothing new to draw your attention. Think, then, of the pleasure obtained merely by walking to and from school in the country, in addition to all the pleasant happenings of the school period.

DOROTHY OWEN, X-2C.

"QUICK RESULTS"

JIMMY RAND was very keen on radio, television, and anything in connection with them. At night, instead of doing his homework, for hours he would pore over books and pamphlets on this subject; and if his parents were not at home he would have the radio all to pieces on the living-room floor, examining the parts with the greatest care. Then he would begin his lessons about eleven fifteen, and wonder why he failed at school.

One evening just as he had begun a new book on radio, he began to feel very sleepy, but tried to shake off the feeling. Finally he was overcome, and dozed in his chair.

It seemed to Jimmy as though clouds of sand were drifting towards him. Then the air cleared, and he found himself in a little tower which seemed to be up in the clouds, it was so high. In front of him stood the largest radio he had ever seen, and an enormous television screen.

Jimmy turned the dials back and forth and he noticed that there were no numbers on the large dial but just above it there was a small oblong space. As he turned the dials the word **ELYSIUM** formed in the oblong space. "Elysium, Elysium," mused Jimmy, "where have I heard that before?" Oh yes, wasn't it the Greek Heaven or 'sumpin'?" Then he looked at the screen.

Seated on the floor among countless pieces of Roman armour, was a man correcting examination papers. Jimmy recognized the face but couldn't think who it was. Then, in walked another man, dressed in the long flowing robes of a Greek.

"Ah! I bid thee welcome," cried the latter, "I have not seen thee in a long time, friend Caesar; how goes it on your planet?"

"Well enough, dear Homer, but I thought I would call over in my rocket baby Austin, since I had just been visiting earth, to steal these for a few hours." He held up a pile of Latin test papers. Jimmy saw his own and several of his classmates' papers among them.

"My dear friend," said Caesar, "just look at this," and he pointed out the following:

"Haec civitas plurimum totius Galliae equitatu valet"—means: "This state, longer than all Gaul, had some cavalry."

"What is this modern world coming to," stormed Caesar. Jimmy wondered what the real translation was.

"My dear fellow, I have something as bad if not worse to tell you," said Homer.

"It couldn't be worse," moaned Caesar.

"On an examination paper that I saw," said Homer, "a boy had said that I had written Iliad, all very well, but he said that it was the beginning of a new age in literature, because as all other literature had been historic, this was a personal memoir."

Hardly had he finished when up rushed Euclid, Pythagoras and Byron. Euclid was tearing his hair in a frenzy. "My dear sirs, listen to this, I pray you," he cried, holding up a paper which was very familiar to Jimmy. "Two triangles having three angles equal to each other are congruent, and a right angled triangle —"

"But listen to this," shouted Pythagoras, "there is a person trying to prove my theorem with an acute angled triangle. This is preposterous."

"But just listen to this," roared Byron, reading from a paper, "Byron was a very happy man, he did not like the mountainous country of Scotland but loved the smooth rolling English countryside."

"And glance at this," interrupted Coleridge, in a cool sarcastic voice (He had just arrived in a brand new rocket limousine.) "Here is what Jimmy Rand wrote about —"

Jimmy quickly turned off the radio, for he himself knew too well what he had written.

A large cloud of sand arose again, and he found himself back in his own room. He looked at the clock. It was but nine-thirty.

That night when his parents came home they found Jimmy studiously poring over Byron instead of over the mysteries of Radio and Television.

EVELYN R. STAPELLS, X-2A.

HER ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTION

SUSIE sat down at her desk, determined not to rise from there until she had written something, anything, for the School Annual. Facing her desk was a window, through which she could see the other side of the street, where were the usual red-brick houses, and a few children playing in front. Not a very romantic setting in which to write poetry. She'd have to try her hand at an essay. Now, what could she write about? Books! There was an interesting topic. "What would mankind do without books?" she began. That sounded pretty good. "But what kind of books?" Susie asked herself. Certainly not murder mysteries or love stories. Yet those were the only ones about which she knew anything. Well, it was plain to see that she must choose another subject. "Winter Sports," "The School Spirit," "Playing the Game," all these had been used time and again. Maybe she had better try to write a French anecdote; but she didn't even know any English ones. Suddenly she espied the latest "College Humor." Of course she wouldn't dream of copying. Oh no, just get a few suggestions. Ah, here was a witty little piece:

"Tim: Don't forget it; it takes push to get anywhere.

"Jim: So you bought a second hand car too, eh?"

Now, if she would just change it a bit, and put the word "Teacher" instead of "Tim," and "Pupil" instead of "Jim," it would be a school joke, and almost original.

DORIS MARSH, X-2A.

THE SUPREME MOMENT

DARKNESS encompassed me. The stillness was tense. I stared straight before me, fearing to turn my head. I had a premonition of what would happen should I do so. From the corner of my eyes, I saw something white appear—then another—and still another. I set my teeth and resolved not to yield. Soon it would be over. If only I could persevere!

"The spirit was willing but the flesh was weak." My lips were quivering and my hands were clenched and moist. Everything became blurred before me. —At last I fumbled for my handkerchief. How embarrassing it is to weep during a motion picture!

BARBARA MCPHERSON, XI-2C.

A MOUNTAIN HOME

IN a clearing, far up on the mountain side stood a lonely little shack. It was roughly yet warmly built of stout logs with chinks filled with moss. Behind it jagged cliffs broke the cold north wind, and towered gray-white in the sunshine. Before it a tiny expanse of green sloped gently away to a point where the mountain dropped in another sharp descent, wooded with scrubby firs and pines. At the left a footpath led into the cool depths of the forest. But at the right the mountain fell away again and disclosed to view a picture of dream-like beauty.



At sunrise gleamed the silver pool of a lake with its ribbon-like river far outflung, and above it the grays and greens and purples of the mountains that climbed one upon another, until the topmost thrust its head into the wide dome of the calm, blue sky itself.

At sunset this 'Silver Lake' became golden. Across the valley, the grays and blues of the mountains were purples now. Above, the sky in one huge flame of crimson and gold, was a molten sea on which rose-pink cloud-boats floated. Below, the valley with its lake and river, picked out in rose and gold against the shadowy greens of field and forest, seemed like some enchanted fairyland of loveliness.

No road led away from this cabin with its beautiful and awe-inspiring scenery, and only the one solitary footpath disappeared into the forest. The houses far down in the valley by the river were mere white specks, as seen from this mountain home.

Within the shack, a wide fireplace dominated one side of the main room. It was June now, and the ashes lay cold on the hearth. The furnishings were simple, and yet, in a way, unusual, consisting of two bunks, a few rude but comfortable chairs, a table, two violins, and everywhere books and sheets of music scattered all over the floor. Nowhere was there cushion, curtain, or knickknack that suggested a woman's daintiness or taste; but neither was there a gun, pelt or antlered head to speak of a man's strength or skill. The only decoration was a copy of St. Cecilia at her organ, several photographs, and a festoon of pine cones such as a child might gather and hang.

Such were the simple surroundings in which one of the great violinists of all time, spent his early years; who, from the beauty of lake and forest wove a web of magical melody to delight the weary hearts of those in the valleys below.

DOROTHY OWEN, X-2C.

SHADOWS IN A CANDLE-LIT ROOM

THE candle shed a warm light over the old-fashioned plush-covered chairs and the worn carpet, making one think of years long past. The Wedgewood china seemed to come to life. The courtly gentlemen in their powdered wigs, the ladies in their lovely ballroom dresses, seemed to be talking and whispering together, as they danced to the strains of the old-time waltzes. The candle shed a rosy glow here and a dark shadow there. The dancing went on till midnight and as the clock struck the candle went out, the shadows faded, the rosy glow was no longer seen and the Wedgewood china took on again its customary appearance. What deceiving things shadows are!

MURIEL FLOUD, VIII-2G.

SUNSET ON MOUNT ROYAL

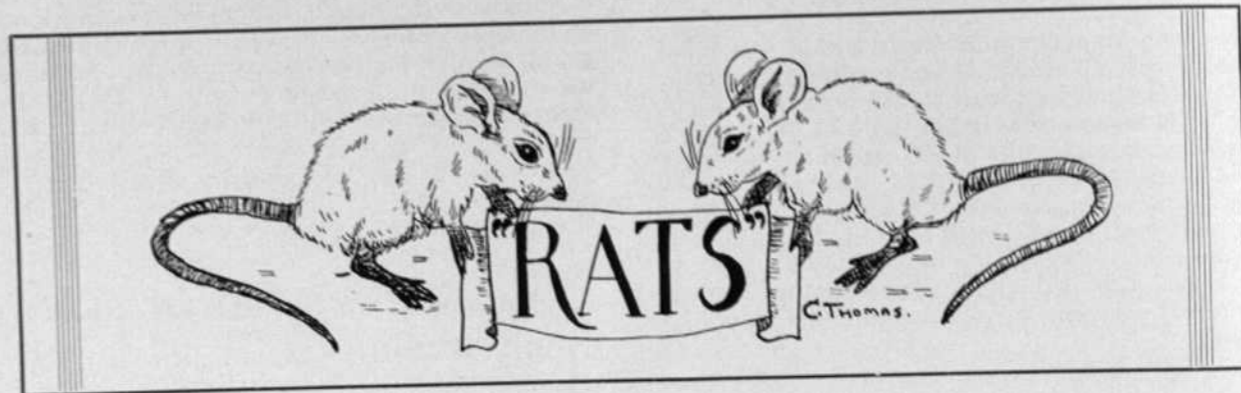
AS I sat on an old bench amid the purple-shadowed snow, I watched with increasing wonder and admiration the vision of the sun, a glowing disc in the darkening sky, rapidly sinking into a bed of snow-capped mountains with the frozen river at their feet. Directly in front of me was a solitary, weatherbeaten pine of uncertain age.

The violet, purple, red and gray shadows reached out in every direction, reminding me of a giant but colorful octopus, not so much grasping at everything with its reaching tentacles, as covering the snow, trees, hills and sky with a rich palpitating mantle and transforming them into objects of beauty such as could not be seen when the bright mid-day sun, with its cruel, relentless light, bares everything.

I watched this beautiful panorama being unfolded before my curious eyes, for never before had I taken so much notice of our glorious Canadian sunsets. It is a heritage which is freely given us, we have to give nothing in return. Perhaps you will say that you've often seen a sunset, what is there to write about? But have you ever really watched the whole transformation? It is hard to convey one's thoughts in mere words, one must see this sight to fully appreciate it.

It was one of the most beautiful pictures I have ever seen, and I doubt if any other I shall view can ever erase the memories of that winter sunset. When the sun finally sank out of sight, my companions' belated arrival broke my reverie and we left the mountain alone with its sable cloak, Night, swiftly descending.

JUDY CONNOR, VIII-2G.



RATS

WHEN speaking of rats one usually thinks of dirty grey ones, things to be avoided and exterminated. If I said I had pet rats, many people would exclaim, "Rats! How could you keep such horrid things?"

I had two of them, pretty little creatures with white fur and pink eyes, ears, tails and noses. When Mickey and Minnie first came to us they were rather frightened; in a little while, however, they lost all their timidity, and when anyone approached their cage, they came to the door to see who it was and to be picked up.

It is an accepted fact that rats and mice prefer cheese to other food, and although our rats ate everything from tea-leaves to tin-tacks, they would not touch cheese. A rare treat for Mickey and Minnie was to be given a June-bug, which they crunched with great gusto. A dish of milk, from which they were continually drinking, was kept in their cage. They also had a cardboard box to sleep in, which only lasted a day or two, as they always ate it.

When we got our big tomcat, we thought the rats' days were numbered. They certainly differed from wild rats, for when the cat looked in their cage Mickey jumped up and bit him on his nose; he kept away for several days. Yet the cat seemed to have a respect for them, for he often sat, watching from a safe distance. The rats evidently decided that he was not too dangerous, for they soon became good friends; even when the rats were out of their cage the cat could be left with them quite safely.

One day Minnie presented us with a family, thirteen in all, an unlucky number for some of them. When the baby rats were very young they looked like pink jelly-beans, for no eyes nor ears could be seen. Soon, however, a little white fuzz appeared on them, and at the age of two weeks they were cute little things. They would roll over on their backs playing like kittens, and run along the floor after a string. When all the children of the street had white rats, Minnie's next family had to go to a watery grave.

Mickey and Minnie were quite educated rats, for they attended school (West Hill) on several occasions. While in the class room they sat in our laps or in the desks eating macaroni and erasers.

"Name a principal product of Italy!" demanded the teacher one afternoon during geography lesson. Of course I was not thinking about principal products so I did not answer.

"Aw Rats!" somebody remarked, much to my embarrassment. But Mickey suddenly gave me an inspiration when I heard him in the desk munching macaroni.

When holiday time came the rats found themselves in the train too, for they could not be left behind. They travelled in their own cardboard box with holes punched in the lid. All went well, until the box (which I was holding in my lap) suddenly burst open and out jumped Mickey. In a flash he had climbed over the seat and landed on a fat French woman sitting in front. What a commotion! The woman screamed and every one jumped up; but I managed to grab the truant rat and shove him in a suit-case just as a conductor arrived on the scene. The woman was pacified and found another seat, so the journey finished without further adventure.

One afternoon, in the country, we took Mickey and Minnie down to the lake, to see if they could swim, yet fearing the water would frighten them. To our astonishment Mickey immediately dived in the lake like an experienced swimmer, and swam away so fast that we were unable to catch him. Lifeboats were launched to retrieve the fugitive, but he disappeared so quickly that we gave up all thoughts of ever finding him again, and Minnie was left to lament "Where is my wandering boy?"

Weeks passed, then early one morning I opened the cottage door to see the lost rat sitting on the step as if he was waiting to be let in. Where he had been, and how he had found his way back we never discovered, but he seemed glad to be home and never attempted to run away again.

It is a mistake to think that white rats are dirty, for apart from swimming, they often washed themselves like a cat. Mickey and Minnie died after we had kept them about four years, much to my sorrow, for I think they were some of the most interesting pets which I have kept.

CICELY THOMAS, X-2C.

A SIMPLIFIED HISTORY OF BRITAIN (Dedicated to the VIIIth Years)

'Twas in the days of Ancient Rome,
That Britain's isles were found
By Julius Caesar: far-removed
From Europe's sight and sound.
The people, then uncivilized,
Were girt about with skins
That fastened at the top, you know,
With thongs instead of pins;
But when great Caesar came from Rome,
He brought the Occupation,
Together with the Latin view
Of the world's education.
Alas, Rome also made them slaves,
And when the Angles came,
These Britons could not fight them, for
Through Rome they'd grown too tame!
The Angles conquered them with ease,
And drove them into Wales;
They also killed a lot—they knew
That dead men tell no tales!
Then one fine day these Angles were
Attacked by Normans bold,
Who prowled along the English Coast,
In search of jewels and gold.
They lorded it from North to South,
From East to West, as well;
Just what would be the end of it,
I'm sure no one could tell.
At last then came diversion in
The shape of a Disease—
It killed both Norm and Angle
Without an "If you please."
Then Angles, Norms and Britons,
Became the best of friends,
And worked all day together,
Toward the same old ends.
And from a scarcely-noticed throne
An Empire was begun—
Is not the tale of England
A truly worthy one?
Maybe you won't believe it,
Although 'tis surely true:
The people of this country
Looked out for something new.
They went through many battles,
They dared both fire and slaughter,
They grew to bigger prospects
Through Mary, Henry's daughter.
And thus down through the ages
'Till George the present came.
And in his rule old England
Enjoyed a peaceful reign.
Long life to Merrie England!
Oh, never may she wane—
Perhaps a hundred years from now,
I'll write of her again!

NANCY JOTCHAM, IX-2E.

THE FIRST FINAL EXAM

A STRANGER from Mars was visiting the Earth and his sight-seeing tour brought him one morning to a large building. Donning his "hat of darkness," he stepped across the threshold and immediately found himself in the midst of a

noisy, highly excited throng of wild-eyed people of the Earth. What queer creatures they were! Some had gathered in little groups, all excitedly talking at once, while others paced feverishly back and forth, fiercely muttering evil-sounding formulae. Suddenly a bell rang, and a scarcely perceptible second of silent agony was followed by a wild clamor, even more uproarious than before. Soon a very calm, undisturbed person entered the hall and made her way through the crowd to a heavy wooden door. What fate awaited the distracted mob, on the other side of that door? Certainly something more hideous than death itself. The door was unlocked and part of the crowd went in. The door was closed and a silence reigned more horrible than the noise of a few minutes previous. Long white papers were distributed and the quiet was unbroken save for the scratching of pens and a few hopeless sighs. At the end of an hour, our friend from Mars quietly took his leave, completely bewildered. Oh, how fortunate is he to whom the horrors of the first final exam are unknown!

MARGARET TAYLOR, X-2C.

SONNET TO GRADUATION

But oh! the sorrow we shall feel
When to the platform we ascend,
Upon our cheeks a furtive tear will steal,
And, graduates all, our heads will sadly bend:
For happy days at West Hill then shall end.
We go into the world to make our way,
Each for himself—for who will guide us then?
I sometimes wish that we might stay,
And go on thus forever and a day!
But none can slow the onward course of time,
Nor free us from this weary load of pain;
Yet through the mist one radiant gleam doth shine:
The hope that somewhere all may meet again
And talk of days when we wore Red and Gray.

J. GRAHAM HUNTER, XI-1E.

A ROMANTIC REVIVAL

"THE Ancient Mariner" and "Kubla Khan" were going down the street singing "Chorus From Hellas" when they met "Christabel." Together they went to "The Mermaid Tavern" where they found "Ulysses" and "Hervé Riel" arguing over "The Subjugation of Switzerland." Then the conversation turned to "The Incident of The French Camp" between "The Two poets of Croisic." Just then they were interrupted by "The Solitary Reaper," and his daughter "Arethusa." Ulysses declared "She Was a Phantom of Delight" while Hervé Riel called her "La Belle Dame Sans Merci." This started a second "Siege of Corinth" and lasted till "The Guardian Angel" was summoned to take charge of the remains of Ulysses, and then Hervé Riel had "The Poet" write "In Memoriam" to "The Lost Leader."

ALBERT MORELAND, XI-1E.

THE MAN WHO LOVES WAR

By
JOHN C. J. HODGSON

AN infantry-captain, an Englishman who served through the war, has written a book entitled "Fire-eater." He tells us that he enjoyed the war, both in and out of the line. He gained the highest decoration for bravery in the presence of the enemy—the Victoria Cross.

When the war broke out, Captain Pollard, V.C., was working in an insurance office. He enlisted at once and saw a good deal of hard fighting, rising from private to be commandant of a base camp. He does not write, therefore, as a regular soldier or as one bred and born in the traditions of fighting. He came to it as a young man and took his chance with thousands of others. He has been in positions of great danger. He has seen battalions cut down by machine-gun fire, falling like grain before the scythe. He has seen trenches choked with dead, killed by high explosive. And yet he says he enjoyed the war. We can only take his word for that; but surely this must be the saddest book ever written. He enjoyed the war.

Now we are none of us without admiration, I hope, for a man who can face great danger undismayed.

The fact is that the world will have to build up an entirely new tradition about war. We are in desperate need of a new attitude to war and fighting. We are in desperate need of a new type of hero to worship. Wordsworth's Happy Warrior and Tennyson's Sir Galahad were very well in their day and generation, but they are not the heroes for this century. If humanity is to survive as humanity, we must find new literary paragons. They belong to an age when warfare was accepted as part of a civilisation that included plagues, smallpox, witch-hunts, religious persecution, burnings, and judicial torture as regular and normal events. We have done away with some of these. Others are still with us, though in less dangerous form; but so far the world has hardly thought of abolishing war, still less of abolishing the war-heroes. When the world makes up its mind, the relief will be great.

Here is the task which the men who are now boys will have to face. They must either pull the teeth of Mars or get hydrophobia in more and more virulent forms from his bite. There can be no dental treatment here.

Do not let us dismiss Captain Pollard's view of war as insane. It is not insane. The Allied press and propaganda did all they could to encourage that sort of thinking when the war was on. Whole nations and whole continents followed them. Most of the people concerned have returned to a more normal and more balanced way of thinking by now but we have not yet found the true centre. The pendulum of national psychology is still swinging.

We must envisage the task clearly. We have to teach ourselves and to teach others that construction is better than destruction, that mental victories are more permanent than physical, that to live nobly is harder than to die nobly, that love is stronger than hate. We have to work patiently to make mankind realize that national murder is as

much a crime as individual murder. We must work for the adoption of new national slogans. "Rule Britannia," "Deutschland uber Alles," "Canada First," "My Country right or wrong" will have to go the same way as the Inquisition. "England for the rights of All," "Italy for Art," "France for the Freedom of the Mind," and "America for God" would be better mottoes—if we were sincere about them. But we are a long way from that yet.

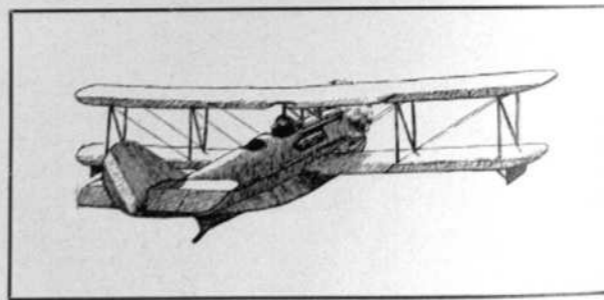
The mentality of the war-hero is in truth a throw-back, but a throw-back that we are all prone to admire. Intellectually, he belongs to the tribe of small boys that love to hear the tinkle of shattered glass. Who is there who does not get some pleasure from destruction? Even the great pacifist, Gladstone, used to love to chop down the biggest trees on his estate at Hawarden. How many people love to plant a tree? Of all the trappers and hunters, how many study the preservation of the species they hunt?

For myself, I admit I have a great admiration for the Captain Pollards of 1914 to 1918. A man who could keep his sang-froid and his courage amid such world-wide distress was, in a way, to be envied; but I do not believe they provide us with the type of mentality that is going to lead humanity anywhere. The Great War has solved nothing. It has created a legion of dangers.

My own recollection of the period is most unpleasant. Often, I admit, I was almost scared out of my senses. I recall that on one occasion, before dawn on a shivery morning, I helped to carry a famous colonel (also a V.C. with numerous other decorations) out of the trenches. He had been badly hit with shrapnel in a night raid. This brave man was—I must admit it—almost completely demoralized. He made us lower the stretcher every few yards and crawl along at a snail's pace. He could think of nothing but the pain he was suffering.

So I am not impressed by Captain Pollard's book. It is not a happy book. It is a very sad book indeed. He describes the war—a war that killed, maimed, crippled, and gassed uncounted numbers of men, women and children; a war that left many a home without a father; a war that sent a Lusitania to the bottom of the sea; a war that brought down the roof of the church of Saint Gervais on the hundreds of women and children assembled within for the Good Friday service; a war that brought forth a world such as we see it today. And for four years you enjoyed it? And you sit down now and write of your enjoyment? "God help you, Captain Pollard!" say I in all sincerity.

There was once an emperor who fiddled and played while he sat, enjoying the sight of his capital in flames. His name was Nero.



"OPUS PACE"

PEACE and Liberty, two beautiful young maidens, are clinging to each other on a lonely cliff o'erlooking the sea. They are weeping bitterly as they survey the distant horizon. The cause of their grief is soon known, for we see the sky is dotted with storm clouds which are ever moving nearer. The ocean in the far distance seems to be rising in angry billows, and the sisters shudder as the steady roar of the breakers becomes louder. Even now the peaceful waters below the cliff are moving in slow eddying circles sucking into their depths several pieces of floating driftwood. A flash of jagged lightning cuts across the sky followed by a terrific crash of thunder. Peace and Liberty sink sobbing in their fear. A light, cool breeze springs up, and seemingly playful tosses their filmy white garments in rippling waves and ruffles a few tiny curls on their temples. Another crash of thunder, on their right, dies into an ominous rumble, nearer rolling its dread warning. They cry out for help. Mars, the merciless, comes.

It is we who must go to their aid. For fourteen happy years we have enjoyed the rule of Peace. We have prospered under the noble guidance of Liberty. But alas! Mars has grown restless in his bondage. He gathered strength in his idleness. He schemed to depose his enemies, Peace and Liberty. He first planned to attack Peace, for when she is in his power Liberty will not long stand alone. Peace is resisting valiantly, but she needs our support. This is our task.

In the far-east China and Japan are glaring at each other through barbed wire, and sending each other messages in the form of highly explosive shells. Russia, a Communistic centre, is hoping to increase her power. She professes peace, but insists on sending armed troops to endorse her word. Australia fears for her safety, as she has recalled all soldiers on leave for service, if necessary. India is opposed to Britain, Ireland is openly disagreeing; where there is not unity at home, there is no strength abroad. United States navy is at present on the Pacific Ocean, contrary to her schedule. We in Canada are feeling the effect of these revolts by a chain of socialistic outbreaks and mutinous gatherings of unemployed men. So too, Germany and the Slavonic peoples are in a state of troubled unrest. It needs just a tiny spark to ignite the bonfire which would soon consume the whole world in a seething flame.

It is up to each one of us to do our share in preventing such a calamity. Since advertising plays such a vital part in modern commerce it seems logical to think it would be effective in an anti-war campaign. Why not have organized young people's meetings whose aim would be to expose the futility of war? Advertise through the newspapers, magazines, movies, by using striking examples, to illustrate the cost of war. Impress upon the people what losses they would suffer, point out the personal danger. Then, having a peace-loving populace at home, aim to oppose war abroad. Let the nations, zealous for peace, place a boycott on all countries engaged in war. To use the Roman Catholic phraseology, place their realms under an interdict. Within three months the combative countries would be forced to cease. They would be hopelessly bankrupt.

It is the individual effort which results in organized national action. It is the national decision which promotes world-wide response. Peace and Liberty await and implore us. It is a challenge. May we be the first to serve.

E. J. LIDBY, XI-2A.

A DREAM JOURNEY

THE rocking-horse stood in a corner of the nursery, pushed out of everybody's way. It was very old and battered, its paint was shabby, and there was very little of its mane left. The best head of hair, when badly treated, grows thin. What could you expect, when all the children who had ridden the horse had held on by its flowing hair.

Tommy lay on a bed opposite, and gazed at the old horse. He couldn't sleep, and was wondering why he felt so ill. When he had been taken to that room, his mother had mentioned something about measles; but Tommy was too young to understand what that meant. "How nice it would be to sit on the rocking-horse's back, and ride far away into the wide, open spaces," thought the little boy to himself. Why, strangely enough, here he was mounted on its back!

Sitting very erect on the prancing horse, Tommy gazed proudly at him every now and then. Occasionally, the steed tossed his head until the silver bells on the beautiful red leather reins tinkled. Satisfaction and admiration were evident from the little boy's strangely happy countenance.

Soon the nursery was left far behind, and they were galloping down a green meadow. They cleared the hedge and entered a cool wood. Gay music was heard in the distance; music which signified joy and revelry. As they drew nearer, there in the clearing of the forest was a company of wooden soldiers. Suddenly, a trumpet call was sounded. All the soldiers lined up in two files, while Tommy rode magnificently between them. He recognized his old friend the one-legged soldier, who was balanced very precariously on one shrivelled foot. The little boy continued his ride, and soon drew up in front of a large farm-house, enclosed by a belt of trees which grew on green wooden stands. Near this spot was a pond where ducks were swimming. Farther on, Tommy could discern a gay procession of animals, winding its way among the trees. He wished to ride on, thinking that perhaps one of the wild creatures would attack him. As he passed by the farm-house, Mrs. Jones, the farmer's wife, invited him to have a bite to eat. "I'd like a drink of water," begged the little boy, "I'm thirsty."

"Come, Tommy, take this refreshing drink," someone urged, gently raising it to his lips.

There stood the rocking-horse at the other side of the room, the same as ever, even including the broken tail. The little boy had much faith in the horse, and knew it could carry him for miles and miles, even if it was only in a dream.

"Why, I believe Tommy's sleep has done him good," somebody exclaimed; "he's better already!"

AMELIA KEYFITZ, IX-2E.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A ROAD

I FIRST lived in the midst of a forest. One day when everything was silent, except for the birds singing in the trees, and the small animals scratching about, some white men came. They were wood-choppers, and they began to blaze a trail slowly and steadily through the forest. It was a very small and narrow one to be sure, but still it was my beginning.

I did not see these men again for a long time, though trappers used me steadily until I began to widen. Then, one day, from a small village some distance away, a caravan and a few head of cattle came slowly along the narrow trail. Sometimes, when the caravan could not get through, the men would have to widen the trail. They built a hut on one side of me. The next day, as I was getting over the excitement of the previous one, I saw a whole group of caravans coming from the village, and they settled together where the first one had the day before. I gradually widened, for the men had to pass over me to get provisions from the far-away village.

More caravans came later on and they settled further along me still. A small log school-house was built, and the little children passed up and down on their ponies to go to school. I was getting very proud of myself, for do you know—I was the best road to be found anywhere in that district.

Imagine my astonishment when farmer Johnson came home over me in a shining new four-seated buggy. Then farmer Smith got one, and soon most of the other farmers too.

People were moving in on both sides of me in such large numbers that I could not even remember their names. A town was growing up very fast around me, and other small streets branched off me.

What do you think came over me one day? I will tell you. Street car tracks and trolley-cars and then the first auto! My, it was funny! Nothing like the ones that come over me today, though; I have any kind you can mention, for do you know who I am? I am St. James Street, in the City of Montreal.

ELSIE GOODENOUGH, XI-1E.

STAMP COLLECTING

TO MOST people philately is the gathering of as many stamps as one can. This conception is to be expected of a person ignorant of stamps. There is certainly much more to them than many non-collectors believe. Collecting stamps is interesting as a hobby and valuable from an educational point of view. By studying the features of a stamp, one can learn the name of the country that issued it, its face value, and the kind of money used by that country.

On the stamp there is sometimes a picture of a battle, a famous person, or some other design. Commemorative stamps are those which have been issued to celebrate a special occasion in the past. Educationally, stamps help one acquire a knowledge of history, geography and monetary values, and also an appreciation of foreign languages.

To an ordinary observer, a stamp appears to be a mere coloured scrap of paper used for postage. Even to a skilful collector, the stamp itself tells very little. He will set about cataloguing it with various instruments. These instruments are a magnifying glass, a perforation gauge, a water-

mark detector, and last, but far from least, a stamp catalogue. The magnifying glass is used to bring out the minute features which are invisible to the naked eye. A perforation gauge is an instrument by which the perforated edge of the stamp can be measured. A water-mark detector helps to make clear the water-mark on the back of the stamp. A catalogue gives information as to what perforation, water-mark, irregularities and errors are to be found on a stamp. The catalogue serves as a guide to collectors and dealers. To the ordinary eye, two stamps will often appear to be identical, but with the use of the articles already mentioned, important differences may be seen.

A popular saying is that "Stamp collecting is the king of hobbies and the hobby of kings." It is, indeed, the hobby of kings. King George the Fifth is very fond of stamps and has a collection filling more than one hundred albums. The Kings of Belgium, Egypt, Siam and many other countries are great philatelists. The royal ladies also take a great interest in stamps. It is not possible for everybody to be kings, but it is possible for everybody to know something about stamps.

MONTY BERGER, VIII-2D.

ADVICE TO CLASSMATES

Never raise your hand when you know something which all the others have failed to answer. It shows lack of consideration.

Don't shine. It's bad form. A great display of learning is vulgar and distasteful to the rest of the class.

Always put your feet on the seats and desks. This is one way by which we may tell whether you are flat-footed.

Be broad minded. Use the floor for waste paper. This shows your disdain of waste-paper baskets and such trivialities.

Never use your own text-books if there are others around. This consequential saving shows your appreciation of the efforts of your parents to supply you with books.

Always use the surfaces of the desks for your artistic endeavours. This gives the entire class an opportunity to appreciate your talent.

If you are delinquent in the subject the teacher is explaining, always laugh. You see, you can fool him this way. He will order you out of the class room, thereby saving your honor; for if you were sent to the blackboard you, instead of him, would have been laughed at.

J. GRAHAM HUNTER, XI-1E.

BEAUTY

Full often did my lonely eye behold
The twinkling waters, when the sun had set,
Leaving me to the world, the world to me;
And I rejoiced in solitude, and prayer
That rises mutely from a trembling heart:
Trembling with wonder, joy and reverence,
That comes whenever beauty strikes my gaze
With her unceasing glories: like the moon,
Bursting thro' sable clouds, to scatter wide
A trail of golden glitter on the sea,
And watch the great expanse, once dark and bleak,
Transform into a sparkling, dancing path
That seems to stretch its wonder into Heaven.—
Thus is my heart, when beauty holds my gaze.

KATHLEEN HODGSON, XI-1D.

SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS

DOCTOR BIRCHMALL was the Head of Birchwell School in the thriving little town of Pickle-in-the-Dill. He had for his motto "Spoil the rod and spare the child," and in addition to this he was endowed with a fine physique, and a pair of brass-lined lungs. Needless to say, then, Birchwell School was a model of order and discipline, and Dr. Birchmall and his staff felt very proud of that achievement.

Now the Doctor was very interested in science; in fact, it was his hobby, and he always kept in touch with the current developments of that age of miracles, the nineties. Late in his career his throat began to fail him, so that he could no longer shout at the top of his voice, "Sit down, Brown, or I'll tan your dirty hide!"

No, indeed! Whenever he tried to do this, his voice sounded as though he did not mean it. But Dr. Birchmall did not despair, not a bit of it! He applied himself to his science and soon invented an unusual sort of electrical appliance. This device was made to fit a boy's seat, and soon all the seats in the school were equipped with them. Dr. Birchmall controlled the appliances by means of a switchboard located on his desk. At any sign of misbehaviour on the part of the boys the Doctor simply pressed a button, and the electricity did the rest. It was a shocking situation, as the boys soon found. The Doctor chuckled contentedly to himself and was at peace with the world.

But alas! something unexpected happened. While in a thoroughly bad mood, Dr. Birchmall had seen fit to discharge two of his ushers, and he did not know where to find two others to take their places. One day, however, while reading the latest topics on science, he was overjoyed to find a column advertising the "Automatic Usher." This "Usher" was said to save time, money, and worry, while it also had the power to teach systematically. Being a man of action, Dr. Birchmall immediately ordered an "Automatic Usher" which arrived a few days later accompanied by a smart 1890 salesman. The latter explained to the Doctor the workings of the new device.

"All that you have to do," he said, "is to speak the lesson into it at night, wheel it to school in a wheel-barrow, and then go home and smoke your pipe for the rest of the day." As the invention was also equipped with a Blastophone, which automatically reprimanded the pupils, and with an automatic cane, it seemed unlikely that the boys could fail to give it their attention.

The next day Dr. Birchmall brought his "assistant" to school. He had just placed it in position in the classroom when he was suddenly called to his office. He had no sooner gone out than the automaton began to operate.

"We shall now begin the lesson," it said, "Jones, proceed."

Unfortunately, Jones happened to be absent that morning, but, of course, the machine could not have been expected to realize that. After a few minutes, in which Jones should have been answering, the machine squeaked out, "Yes, very good, I see you have prepared your lesson."

At this there was a great burst of laughter from the class, and one of the boys jumped up and poked the "Usher" in the ribs. This was indeed unfortunate, for the automaton very logically decided

that he had received the signal to use the cane, which he began at once to do in a most determined manner. Several of the boys still retain vivid memories of those telling strokes of the "Assistant's" tireless arm, and many more would surely have been able to do so had not some one opened the room door and led the class to freedom down the corridor. The automaton followed in swift pursuit right out the main entrance down to the street where it mistook a "Bobby" for one of the escaping pupils. Before the innocent policeman fully realized what was afoot he had received a dozen or more very sound blows about the head and face. In fact, the almost unconscious bluecoat was only saved from being beaten to death by the appearance on the scene of Doctor Birchmall himself. The Doctor was in the act of reaching for the control switch on the "Usher's" breast when the still thrashing robot seemed to divine the attempted curtailment of his activities, for he immediately turned upon the Doctor. Even though the latter retreated almost at once he received three or four blows which made him cry out louder than any of his own victims ever had. It is to his credit, though, that he successfully vaulted the stone fence beside him and left the machine to smash itself against that same unyielding barrier.

Of course, that was the end of his teaching. He did come back to the school for a short while after he had recovered, but he found it very difficult to meet the boys' frequent questions of "Getting another assistant, Sir?" or "Oh, Sir, do you think machines will ever overcome man?" On the day that his class fitted up his own chair with one of the electric "Reminders," turned on the power, and then gathered about him, insisting that he remain seated, he decided that he had taught long enough. He retired the next day. It was rather a pity, though, for he might have contributed many new ideas to educational method.

STANLEY G. LUMSDEN, X1-2B.

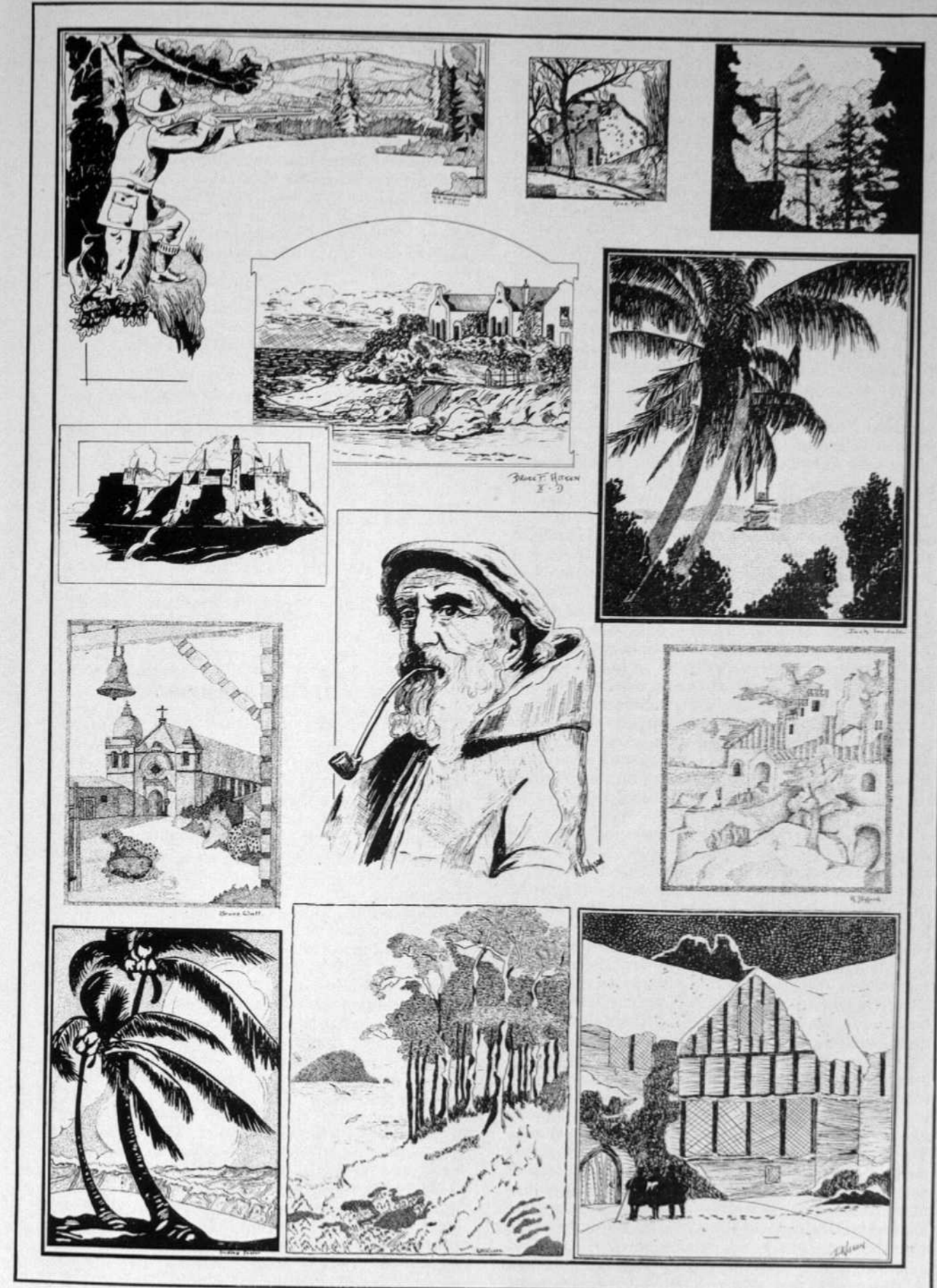
A ROBIN'S SPRING SONG

Oh! I am very happy, for the snow has gone away,
The grass is turning greener, and the sun shines all
the day;
The leaves are now appearing, and the flowers are
coming out
Which send their pleasing fragrance o'er the fields,
and all about.

My songs are really happy on these lovely days
of spring,
For I am always busy, and that is why I sing.
My nest is nearly ready, and my mate is joyful
too—
We're going to raise a family that will number
more than two.

You hear me in the morning from the budding
maple tree
Where my nest is safely hidden from the cat—my
enemy.
And though you wonder why I sing my joyful
songs so gay—
If you but listen for a while you may hear what
I say.

MADLINE HODGSON, X-2A.



ON THE SPANISH MAIN

I OFTEN wonder if the fact that my great-grandfather was the last of a long line of sea-faring men has anything to do with my love for the sea. Ever since I can remember the sight of a boat of any size caused strange emotions in my breast. What is it that makes sane men leave comfortable homes and their families for a mean and dangerous existence on the sea? Is it the sight of comrades leaving for the far corners of the earth, the smell of salt air and the chance of adventure that is always present at sea? I think that most men are like Ulysses, who said:

"I cannot rest from travel:
I will drink life to the lees."

Although a sea-faring life is not as dangerous now as in the days of sailing-vessels, it nevertheless offers a thrilling, if not a profitable, career for a boy. In the days when boats raced from the Orient to England around the Cape Horn, the life of a sailor was continually in danger. To-day, the smoky, dirty tramp-steamer has almost entirely replaced the old picturesque schooner or brig. Now it is a rare sight to see a sailing boat racing along with sails flapping in the gale. People seated on the passing steamer can even hear the wind whistling through the topsails and the creaking of the ropes and hawsers. And many there are who, among all their comforts, would change places with the sailor on the passing windjammer. There is a strange romantic appearance about sailing vessels, perhaps because they are now so scarce; they are associated by us with stories we have read about the old windjammers. Most people who cross the Atlantic say that the only emotions they experience are wishes that they had stayed at home, or that somebody would smooth out the ocean and let them get on shore without any more sickness.

Last summer I had the good fortune to obtain a position as deck-hand on an oil-boat working from Montreal to a small port in Texas, on the Gulf of Mexico. I particularly remember one incident of that summer and I shall try to do justice to the occasion.

Our ship one evening was steaming near the coast of Florida and its decks were crowded with the crew, all doing their best to cool off. As for myself, I was standing on the taffrail, gazing at the ship's wake where the shadow of the moon rose and fell. Beyond the rough waters left by the ship's passing, the sea was unusually calm and the stars were imaged on the moving mirror. Being a new member of the crew I felt no alarm at the clouds which began to rise in the North. The watch, however, a seasoned tar, realized their significance and sounded the alarm.

In a moment all the crew were at their stations and everything was battened down. We were now ready for the worst, and we did not have long to wait. The black clouds were scurrying by overhead and soon the rain came upon us in sudden squalls. The sea was becoming rough and our boat was just making headway, plunging from one mountain of water into another. The thunder rumbled ominously overhead, and streaks of lightning zig-zagged across the sky, against the white background of the clouds.

During all this part of the storm I was standing in the wheelhouse where I stood by to help the steersman if need arose; so I had a good opportunity to see the might of the ocean in a storm. Seem-

ingly for hours we struggled on, with only the sound of our fog-horn to cheer us. Suddenly the clouds began to thin out overhead, and in a short time the whole sky cleared. The sun was now shining, and never was the sight of the sun so welcome to me as then. Although the sea did not abate for some time, the worst of the storm was over. I quickly lost all my fears and I tried to convince myself that I had never been afraid. It is a peculiarity about human beings that their most trying experiences are those that they like best to recall, and so it is with me. Today I no longer think of how I wished to be on land during that storm. Given another opportunity, I would again eagerly yield to the lure of the sea.

DOUGLAS SCOTT, XI-1E.

THE GREEN MONSTER

I hear a growling from a-far—
A most unearthly, gruesome sound;
I leap aside. I take no chance
When the Green Monster is around.

Around the curve it comes in sight,
Rocking and swaying in its flight;
It's sides are hues of brilliant green,
While all its front is silver sheen.—

Within a second it did pass,
Yet through its steamed window panes
I saw the awful surging mass
Of Mansell Scruton's numerous "flames."

DOUGLAS SCOTT, XI-1E.

RECESS ECHOES

THERE is only one period on the school timetable of which I have not yet heard some pupil complain; it is, of course, the recess interval. As soon as the bell denoting its commencement rings, the hitherto comparatively quiet classrooms burst into a pandemonium of sound. Doors are flung open, and a flood of humanity pours into the corridors and down the staircases, endeavouring to throw off in one effort the restraint of the last hour and a half.

Some pupils, feeling the pangs of hunger, make a determined rush on the baker's wagon and squander their allowances in an endeavour to appease their appetites. Others, more studiously inclined, scuttle off to a quiet corner with books under their arms. The heroes of the higher grades stroll languidly along the halls, bestowing casual glances at the notice-board. Some of their number, afraid of ruining their constitutions by descending the stairs, remain at the windows of their rooms and watch the varied scene below. The sport enthusiasts, scenting the approach of the baseball season, commence warming up with ball and mitt, while some of the less ardent among them congregate in small groups to discuss the prospects of their favourite teams.

Alas, time flies fast, and the period is ended almost before we realize that it has begun. Once more the bell rings, and the pupils lazily wend their way to their respective classrooms. Good things cannot last forever, but it is sad to think that the most popular period of the day should be the shortest.

GORDON W. HACKETT, XI-2B.



A FREQUENT OCCURRENCE

RAIN . . . Sleet . . . mud. Twelve o'clock at noon. Pupils coming out of West Hill. Side-walks swarming with boys and girls. Umbrellas in evidence. Street Car seen in the distance. General rush commences. Boys arrive at car-stop first. Car eventually reaches Grand Boulevard Ave. Feet and toes trampled in the haste. Squeals of pain. Angry exclamations. Door opens. Crowd swarms in. Car tickets put in slot . . . Not by all. Some students pushed into interior. These cannot pay fare. Others walk in deliberately without paying. Still others sneak into car unseen. Sometimes are caught. Frequently escape. Conductor furious. Culprit resentful. Claims he paid. Will not yield. The two concerned quarrel. Student thrown off car not ungently. Snickering heard. Ah! no more tickets left in conductor's pocket. Quarters are produced. Tickets demanded by all. Conductor hot with anger. West Hillians beaming with joy. A few breathless late-comers. Door slams. Car jolts. Occupants sway unsteadily. Are jerked off their feet. Sit on floor of their own accord. Driver wreaks vengeance. One and all must suffer. Drives without stop from Grand Blvd. to Girouard Ave. Faces still wreathed in smiles. Free ride obtained by many!

AMELIA KEYFITZ, IX-2E.

RESPONSIBILITY

IN THE world to-day one of the qualities most necessary for an individual to possess is a sense of responsibility. In some this is a natural characteristic, in others it has to be developed, while in many it appears to be entirely absent.

The possession or the lack of this valuable asset in an adult depends considerably upon whether the guardians of his youth, his parents and his teachers, ever tried to develop it. One sometimes feels that in this matter our mentors perhaps fail to realize the opportunities presented to them. In a large school, particularly, the means for instilling in the pupils habits of sound judgment, self-reliance, and a sense of responsibility, seem very numerous indeed.

In all the School activities pupils should be given certain duties, the fulfilment of which they would

regard as a matter of personal honour. Of course, this practice is already followed to a certain extent, but why could it not be greatly increased in our school?

For instance, in the matter of school sports, why could not senior pupils do much of the routine business—about games, referees, grounds, line-ups, and so on—now done by the teachers? We are convinced that the latter would be overjoyed to be rid of the tasks; while on the other hand the pupils concerned would be gratified that they had been selected to certain offices of trust.

Through the formation of a Students' Council many pupils, both boys and girls, might be appointed to tasks which would certainly develop in them this sense of responsibility, and which would at the same time lighten the burdens of the Staff.

A keener sense of responsibility, developed in pupils in all our schools, would in time produce a better citizenry, and that, after all, is certainly one of the ends of public instruction.

H. I. PATTERSON, X-2B.

THE MONGOL'S LAST RIDE

THE wild nomad tribes, who range over the vast country known as Mongolia, have been celebrated for their horsemanship. Every Mongol is a born horseman, and he herds his flocks of sheep, goats and camels, on horseback. There is, in fact, no circumstance of Mongol life in which horsemanship does not play a part. Courtship and marriage take place on horseback, a simulated chase and the abduction of the bride constituting the ceremony of the latter, while even in the last scene of life's drama, the "ruling passion strong in death" is frequently shown in the funeral rites. As a rule, the Chinese burial rites are followed in the case of the chief lamas and princes, who, placed in coffins, are buried in tombs on the steppes, before which the descendants of the deceased have to worship as prescribed by custom. The poorest people, and even the lower order of lamas, are, however, merely taken out some distance from the village and thrown in some small ravine, to become the prey of wild beasts or dogs—a custom common throughout Mongolia and Tibet. The bodies of chief lamas are usually burnt, and the ashes covered by small mounds or cairns known as "nobos," a custom partly due to the Shamanistic practice of making sacred cairns, to add a stone to which is an act of piety.

The Mongol method is this: the dead man, wrapped in a blanket, is taken from his tent in the still hours of the night. Four companions, mounted on their rough, wiry, little ponies, bear him up, and at a mad gallop the little band sweeps towards the hills. Frequently the lean prairie dogs follow the cortege, and above fly ravens. Once at the appointed place, there is little more to do. A last farewell, and the little band races back to the village, with only a stoical regret for the still, stiff figure at the ravine-bottom. Each man knows that the time will come when he too must take this terrible last ride, but with Oriental fatalism he says, "If God wills it, what can we do?"

JOHN MADDEN, XI-2B.

L'HABITANT VISITS

AS I sat in my cosy little den the other evening, I realized how precious this little room had become to me. I glanced at the cosy chair, the sofa, the bookshelf, the different ornaments around, then back to my desk again with its row of favourite books on top. In these pages lived my most intimate friends—D'Artagnan of the "Three Musketeers," Jo of "Little Women," "Anne of Green Gables," and several others.

Just as I turned with a sigh to my Chemistry homework, I heard a slight sound that certainly came from Drummond's "Habitant" that lay open at my elbow. Why! there was a brown, seamed face peering at me from between two of the pages. A broad grin appeared on his face and a sturdy little figure tumbled out before my astonished eyes! He picked himself up, and leaning over, brushed his rumpled trousers into some semblance of neatness. Just then another figure rolled out from between the pages. This one was a little fellow in blue overalls, who instantly hid behind the other, although he cautiously peeked around at me. Then:

"You recognize me, no?" uttered the first startling figure, "I am l'Habitant, le grandpère de Leetle Bateese!"

"Why yes,—yes, of course!" I stammered.

"Ah oui! many year ago, I levee near de rapide de Cheval Blanc, dat's long tame ago. Seence Meester Drummond he teenk of me, I levee once more; over all de world dey read of me and my peeples. Mais allons! mon petit!" drawing the other little chap from behind him, "here is our friend who laks so moch our verses." Then looking up, "Wan day, I get tire' so I teenk maybe I go see some of your oder friend on dis desk.

"Wal, I try two or tree, but de wan I lak bes', hees name is William Wordsworth. Dat man, he's sure wan fine man! Grace au ciel! He would tak me for nice walks wit heem, tro' hees poems. Once, you know where he tak me?—down to a beeg, beeg field of asphodèles,—daffodils, I teenk you call dem. Bon! de sky she was blue lak wan beeg bluebird dat have wan or two white tufts on heem! But Oh, dat stretch of yaller flower waving in de wind lak feader!

"Often too I tak heem wit me. Eh bien! I tak heem for sleigh-drive, for portage, and many tame for see grain field. He is ver' quiet man an' don' say moch, but hees eye dey sparkle an' I know he have moch fun!"

Reaching into his pocket, he produced an old cob pipe, and began puffing away. As I had made no motion to touch or harm them in any way, Leetle Bateese overcame his shyness to such an extent that he began a little exploring on his own. He discovered my pen-wiper, on which he began to roll and scamper as if he found it most soft and downy. Then a small piece of green ribbon caught his attention, and he began to play around with it. Grandpère was seated on the edge of the book, and now Bateese climbed up behind him and placed the ribbon around him in the style of a harness.

"Ah, you want me for wan cheval, eh? Wal, I teenk 'tis tame for petit garçon he was in bed!"

The pipe was replaced in his pocket, and he was preparing to slip back where he had come from, when I found my voice at last:

"Oh please don't go! I so love to hear you talk!"

One foot had already disappeared, and the other was following, when he chuckled.

"Don' worry. I come back again!" Another merry chuckle, and he was gone.

As I finished my homework, I resolved to do less day-dreaming and more Chemistry. But glancing into "The Habitant," I found between two of the pages, a piece of green ribbon which most certainly had not been there before!

CLARE EDEY, XI-1D.

THE TALE OF POOR GASPARD

"(as suggested by The Tale of Two Cities)"

AH! mes enfants. You ask where your Uncle Gaspard is. You ask why you have not seen him here these last three months. Listen well to your grandmère and I will tell you. Then, take heed and be careful what you do an' say in this, our poor neighbourhood of St. Antoine. The Monseigneur is mighty now, but a time will come, ah! a time will come, when we shall be revenged. These old eyes are growing dim and I am growing weak and old, but when the time comes, if I am alive, I will revenge my son, mon garçon! He was such a sweet bébé, mon pauvre Gaspard. To have you back! But it is the will of the bon Dieu and we must wait. Wait!

You are frightened of what I speak. I will tell now of Gaspard and his bébé, your petit cousin, and of the cruelty of the Marquis. Bah, he treated us like dogs.

You see, mes enfants, one day while we were peacefully working at our meagre tasks in our neighbourhood of St. Antoine, the Marquis passed through in his fine coach, wearing fine clothes. For us we wear rags and starve. To my story again. As he went down our narrow street, le bébé de Gaspard was caught in front of those horses and killed. Killed before our very eyes! Oh, poor Gaspard, he was so distressed and then, to try and pay for one wee, small life which had done him no harm, the Marquis threw to Gaspard a coin, a gold coin. We, though we were starving, would not take such money in return for le bébé. Maybe it is better though, its life would be a misery here on earth; it is with le bon Dieu now and happy, so we should not have regrets.

Attendez, while I tell you of the rest. Gaspard was so angry, so sad. He caught up with the coach of the Marquis and rode, hanging on to the back of it, far into the country, to the little village where the Marquis ruled, then he dropped off and hid. That night he killed the Marquis, killed him because of a wee bébé, who, in the Marquis' eyes, was worth only a gold coin.

Ah! too bad, but he was caught. Caught and hanged for the murder of the Marquis. It was terrible. My boy, to be hanged on the gallows! The deed which he committed was done in a frenzy; he should have been pardoned. Mère de Dieu, pardon him. Take care, my children of your words and actions; there are spies here. Keep in your heart the story of your Uncle Gaspard and wait! Wait!"

JEAN MACLACHLAN, IX-2A.

AN OLD HOUSE SPEAKS

THE sun was shining and the sky was a lovely clear blue, with only a few clouds near the horizon. After four days of rainy weather, we welcomed this change and went for a hike. After half an hour of steady walking, we reached a deserted farmhouse. Having examined it, everyone wanted to go down to see the grave-yard, which was a quarter of a mile away. I declined, because I had seen it and so preferred to sit on the doorstep of the old place and wait for them. The sun was hot. My head began to nod and I was soon asleep.

"Where did you come from?" I asked the funny little creature, who was walking slowly back and forth in one of the rooms.

"I'm the spirit of this house and have nothing to do all day but to walk up and down, bemoaning the fact that I have to be the spirit of this building. Would you like to hear a story?"

I hastened to say yes, and was soon listening to the little creature telling me all of its history.

"Many years ago the piece of land I now stand on was given by a farmer to his son. This man married a neighbour's daughter. They both loved the country and because they found a spring on a little hill, they chose it for the site, and I was soon built. The farmers were a very happy family. The small children romped in and about me. They grew older and went to the city, leaving the old farmer and his wife alone. She died, and after living a month or two alone, the farmer could stand it no longer and shot himself. The little room on the right, where you laughed and joked a few minutes ago, is the very one in which that deed was committed. After that my windows were barred and doors locked. The farmer's children came one day to remove all the furniture. Everyone said I was haunted. A party of hunters, wanting shelter, broke a door down. A few curious boys took the boards from my windows so that they could see the inside better. They decided to take my upstairs partitions and build a house for themselves. The wind howled through my rooms and the rain and snow rotted my foundations. My friends, the barns, who are down that little hill, laugh and tease me about my terrible condition. Just last week the farmer's children came and had lunch under those apple-trees, and I overheard one say, "Well, I'm sorry to have to sell it, we had so many good times in the old place." "Bosh, Mary, you ought to be glad to get rid of it at such a good price," replied another. Next day some men were here. They are going to pull me down and build another house so my life will soon end."

"But can't you be the spirit of the next house?" I asked.

"No," the little spirit answered, sadly shaking its head, "each house has its own spirit and my day is finished."

"Wake up, sleepy-head!" reached my ears.

"Where has it gone? Oh say—" and I realized my friends were standing about me, laughing.

Until the day it was pulled down I looked at the old farm-house with new interest and hoped the little "spirit" had not died an unhappy death.

EPHYSE JOUSSE, IX-2E.



DE LONG VOYAGE

(Apologies to W. H. Drummond)

Wan early morn, de win' she blow
On village N. D. G.
De place is jus' couvert wid snow,
An I'm so tired, me.

You know it is wan funny t'ing,
At time for go couché
I always feel like dance an' sing,
But at de break of day

My bed, she feel so nice an' warm,
I never want leave it,
'Specially w'en dere is one big storm
An' wind she tak de fit.

Well, den I was get out of bed,
Eat queek mon déjeuner.
Dere is jus' wan t'ing in my head,
Dat's catch de ole 3A.

At Girouard I was board de car,
Den right up rue Monkland,
Why dey was build dat school so far
I never understand.

When we was reach de end of track,
I run for rest of way.
Imagine jus' w'at I feel lak—
Mon cher, it's Saturday!

Mon Dieu, but I was in the rage!
I start for leave de school,
Again, I mak de long voyage,
I feel lak wan beeg fool!

But w'en I was feel less upset,
I stop for being sore.
'Cause I was have long ride an' yet
Have time for tak one more!

ANITA R. GREENWOOD, XI-2A.

CONCERNING A STIMULATING, SALUBRIOUS SOAKING

NOTHING is more luxurious than to gently repose, covered with a warm, watery blanket, while the turmoil of the busy world sweeps past your door. A delightful warm aroma assails the nostrils and floats upward toward an immaculate white ceiling. Now and then commonplace beings of outside life tap imperiously at your portal, which, being securely bolted, permits you to settle back for another half-hour of this blissful siesta.

A dreaminess comes stealing over you, a luxurious lackadaisical laziness almost carries you off. Delicious drowsiness, complete contentment,—then with a sudden start you are brought back to the cruel realization that all good things must come to an end. But how can you leave this comfort, this seductive warmth? However, with one final effort you tear yourself away.

Indeed, much may be said in praise of hot baths. This viewpoint may even be furthered by considerably revising a statement of Bacon's, to say:—

"Heat excelleth in comforting the spirits of men."

BETTY SMITH, X-2C.

HOMEWORK

We often ask, as we review
Our lessons, whether Cornish too
Racked his poor brain, and tried to do
His homework.

Did L. Grant, our historian famed,
Pore over prose and verse unnamed,
And learn of buffaloes long tamed,
In homework?

Has Mason, that grammarian long,
Once laboured with impatience strong
O'er phrases that are always wrong?
Oh, homework!

If these all suffered, as do we,
With facts of lands across the sea,
Why did they write such books, Ah me!
For homework!

RUTH COHEN, IX-2E.

A MURDER?

ANOTHER day was over and I was in bed dozing peacefully, in fact I was almost asleep. Then my mind became hazy and I was dreaming—dreaming. Suddenly there was a piercing scream. I sat up in bed in a cold sweat, gripping the covers, that ghostly voice ringing in my ears. My first thought was that somebody had been murdered, murdered in cold blood. I trembled all over, my heart beating like a hammer. A cold shiver ran down my spine as I wondered who the unlucky victim might be. At that moment the unexpected happened. I heard static, plain ordinary static. I fell back limp upon my pillow, inwardly cursing the person who was switching the radio dial.

PEGGY COOKSON, X-2C.

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL

ONE of the finest examples of old Gothic architecture to be found in the world is the Cathedral at Rheims, France. Begun in the early years of the 13th century, it was not completed until the year 1428. Rearing its lofty towers high above the buildings of the city the giant Cathedral stands as one of the greatest art treasures of the world and one of the most prized possessions of the Roman Catholic Church.

During the years that France was ruled as a monarchy most of the kings were crowned at Rheims. It was here, also, that Joan of Arc brought Charles VII for his coronation.

On the pretext that its towers were used by the French as observation posts, and its main hall as an ammunition dump, the Germans, during the Great War, bombarded it with heavy guns again and again. All the buildings around it were destroyed, and nearly every house in the whole city was hit at one time or another.

The church itself was struck by hundreds of high explosives. The beautiful stained glass and rose windows were entirely destroyed. Many of the statues were broken, and most of the roof was shot away, but even this huge bombardment did not totally destroy the building. Since the end of the War, repairs to the Cathedral have been steadily in progress, and it is hoped that in time it will be completely restored to its former beauty.

DICK PARTRIDGE, IX-2G.

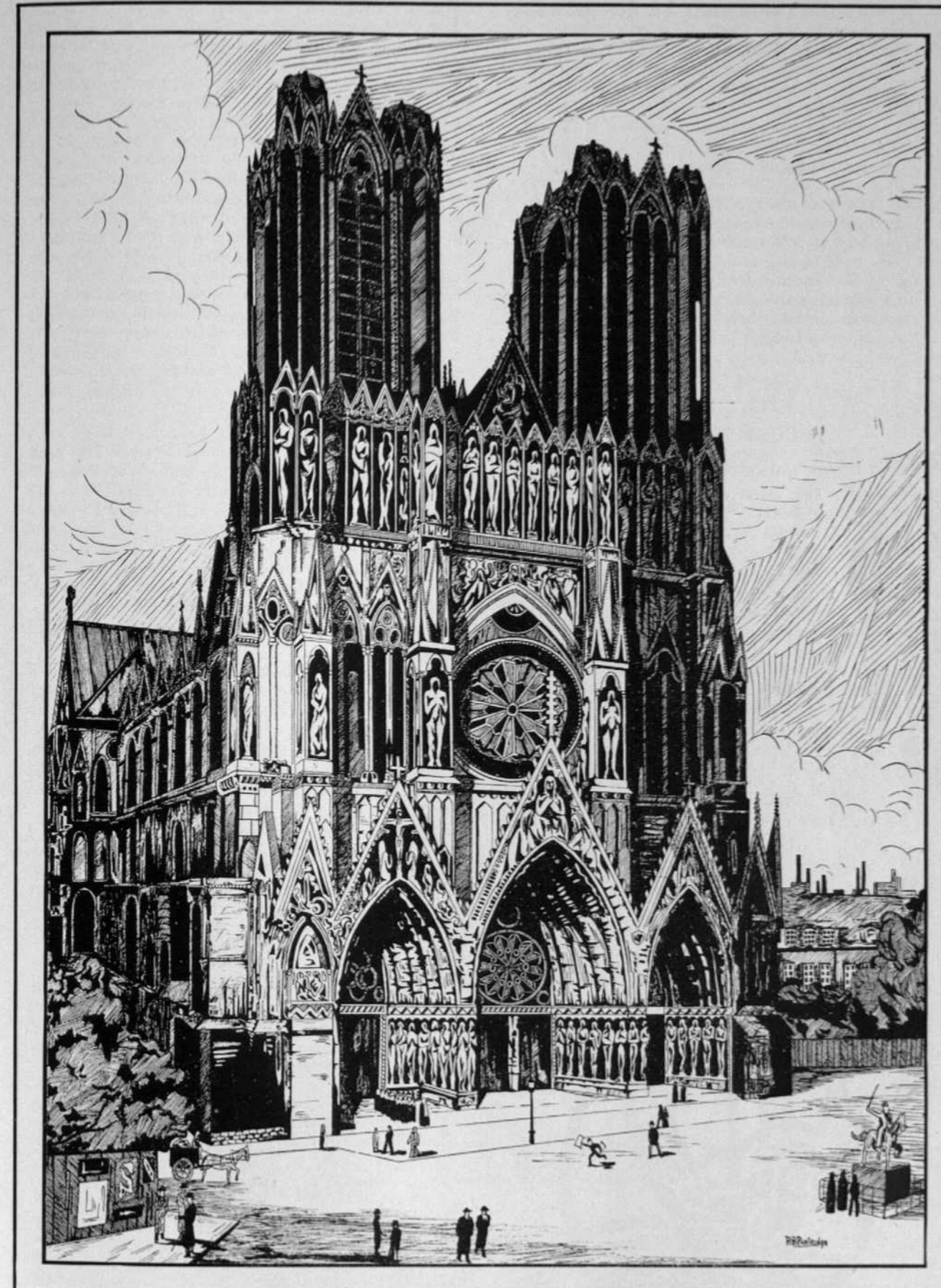
ANNOUNCEMENT

The drawing of Rheims Cathedral reproduced on next page, was submitted by the artist, Richard B. Partridge, IX-2G, in the Montreal Boys and Girls Hobby Show. The judges of the Show thought so highly of this work that they awarded a Special Prize, First Prize and a Honourable Mention. We congratulate Richard on a fine piece of work, and wish to express our pleasure in reproducing it in the Annual.

THE ORDEAL

Today I stood up at my desk,
My knees were wobbly, weak,
While you, with cruel, taunting voice,
Commanded me to speak.
No sound could pass my trembling lips,
My vocal chords were hot!
And you, I'm sure, were gloating o'er
The havoc you had wrought.
It seemed an age I faced you there
So mocking, cold, austere;
Had I the power to move, I would
Have fled in abject fear.
But, one consoling thought I had,
As I stood there in confusion:—
Better youths than I have quailed
Before you—Mr. Wilson.

J. GRAHAM HUNTER, XI-1E.



SPHERES

We've spheres and spheres! There's one, whose looks
The youthful minds appal;
You find it in the Atlas books—
Familiar(?) to us all.
Its names of places—ugh!—et cet.,
Distract a tender brain,
So I am not so keen, you bet,
To see THAT sphere again!

But there's another sphere, oh my!
It thrills me to the soul!
I love to watch it soaring high,
Adjacent to the goal.
With glee I mark it shooting clear,
Or passed from man to man;
I want to see THAT lovely sphere
As often as I can!

JOHN MADDEN, XI-2B.

A CURE FOR LOVE

My dear Love-lost Friend:—

I hear that you are a sight to behold, all dressed up in a broken-heart. Sympathy will do you no good, so I offer you a cure.

Take 12 ozs. of dislike, 1 lb. of resolution, 2 grs. of common sense, 2 ozs. of experience, a large sprig of time, and 3 qts. of the cooling water of consideration; set them over the gentle fire of love, sweeten with the sugar of forgetfulness, skim with the spoon of melancholy; put the mixture at the bottom of your heart, cork it with the cork of a clear conscience and let it remain. Then you will quickly be at ease and restored to your senses.

These things may be had of the apothecary, at the House of Understanding, next door to Reason, on Prudent Street, in the Village of Content.

Take when a spell comes on.

Yours for a quick recovery,
The Doctor of Lost Souls.

RONALD LEE, XI-1E.



THE GENIUS

LAST spring, a new family moved into an adjoining residence. There was nothing unusual about this but my curiosity was aroused when I was informed that one of the new neighbours was an excellent pianist. While sitting on the front balcony of our house one very warm evening a few days later, attempting to concentrate upon a geometry book, I was interrupted by the sound of a piano coming from the direction of the new neighbour's house. It had been a lilting melody of Schumann which had caught my ear, but the pianist, continuing not long in so light a mood, played one of the great fugues of Bach, and then the Sonata Pathetique of Beethoven. I became tense as the minutes passed and I dropped the book. Then he turned to the compositions of Brahms and Chopin and found a brilliant finale in Franz Litz. I was charmed by this player. He was a musician with technique, he was a musician of refinement, but above all he was a musician with a soul. The piano sang at the touch of his fingers: he was a genius.

Being interested in music, I resolved to gain an introduction to this marvellous artist. The next evening, I knocked at the door and his wife opened it to me. I did not immediately wish to disclose my purpose in visiting them and accordingly I feigned an excuse for my call. I announced that being one of her nearest neighbours, it would be well for us to become acquainted. She understood, and being apparently pleased by my visit, she led me upstairs. The master had just begun his playing.

"Who is that playing?" I inquired, getting down to business.

"Oh! that is my husband," she replied half apologetically, "I certainly hope he doesn't keep that up all night. He seems to love the piano a great deal, and I have to put up with it."

"But you can surely have no objection" I said. There was a brief pause in the music, and when the pianist recommenced, it was with a composition of Mozart.

"But he is more than an ordinary player," I resumed, "his technique, his feeling, his genius, his—he is superb, marvellous!" After this outburst I was surprised to notice in the face of my hostess a very puzzled expression. I began to realize that the wife of this genius did not even understand his art—she was of an unmusical temperament, I concluded.

"May I introduce you to him?" she ventured, rising and pulling aside the curtain which hung over the entrance to the living room. He was standing there, my master, my artist, my genius, winding up a gramophone.

ALLAN F. TURNER, X-2B.

IN MEMORIAM

It is with deep regret that West Hill learned of the death of three of her pupils throughout the past year; Denis Dunbar who passed away September 12, 1931; Lorna Stinson, in November 1931, and Frances Bacon of VIII-C who died on February 11, 1932. We shall always hold the memory of these, our schoolfellows, sacred.

THE PERFECT CRIME (SOLVED)

ALL was silent. A deep gloom pervaded the large room. Not a sound was audible. A flashlight was seen playing its illuminating rays on the floor, under the bed, and under the bureau. The drawers were opened noiselessly; everything was taken out, and after a hurried search, things were put back neatly. He looked at the clock on the mantle—a cold, nervous chill seized hold of him as he watched the time rapidly approaching. "They'll soon be here," was the thought that constantly rankled in his brain. He continued to renew his search feverishly, tremulously. Not a sound did he make. Suddenly he heard a door on his right open almost noiselessly—stealthily and discreetly a person peeped through the open door. Tiny drops of perspiration broke out on his forehead—his hair was dishevelled, his body quivered with the sense of approaching time. Suddenly a voice was heard—a small, shy, restrained voice which said, "Daddy, is this your collar-button?"

DAVID SABBATH, XI-2B.

CLASS ROOM THOUGHTS OF AN AVERAGE ELEVENTH YEAR STUDENT

WHAT the heck No, it's the guy behind me he means Wonder if Valencia is a town or a girl's name, or both Boy, I'm dead tired; need a hair-cut, too Where's that book Ho hum Hey Sam, what's next? Well, I don't know either Wonder if elephants ever have indigestion Good show last night Broke for another week Twenty minutes until recess That clock has creeping paralysis They should supply a pillow with every desk See your dentist twice a year Sez who! C'mon bell, let's go Aw heck! Said moonlight didn't affect her a bit Who's your little Whoosis Hey you, get your boots off my desk Oh Yeah! Long live the Cuckoos Do you mean me, sir? Yes, sir No, sir That is I forgot to do it, sir Did you say three- thirty, sir? Well, such is life Knew I had that dime somewhere Shall it be buns or doughnuts? Whoopee! there's the bell!

J. GRAHAM HUNTER, XI-1E.

LACROSSE

LACROSSE is Canada's national game. Long before the white man came to America the Indians used to play a game which they called Baggataway, from which our game has descended. French settlers learned it from the Indians, and because the netted stick that was used by the players resembled a bishop's crosier the sport was renamed Lacrosse.

As the Indian played it Baggataway was very different from the game we know. A whole tribe sometimes made up one side, as many as two thousand players having been known to take part at one time. Hence, it is not hard to believe that the game was occasionally used as a means of settling inter-tribal disputes. A study of early Indian Lacrosse also suggests an origin for many of the features of modern American rugby, for we are told that in the Indian game crippling, maiming, or even killing members of the opposition were recognized tactics, and that goals were attempted only after the other side had been disabled beyond the point of retaliation (and, probably, of recognition). Officials played a small part, indeed, in Baggataway. In fact the only non-participants concerned with the game were the medicine men, whose duty it was to mark the goal line. When the medicine men felt disposed to stroll, the goal line went with them, as a result of which, the records tell us, the playing-field sometimes moved as much as fifteen miles in a day.

When the French and the British adopted the game later, it was, of course, extensively modified. It reached the peak of its popularity during the nineteenth century, but early in the twentieth its roughness, and the several deaths arising from it, caused it to lose favour with the general public. Since the War, however, when men have gradually become used to the idea of death as a result of sport, as in rugby, skiing, motor-racing, flying, and even ordinary car driving, Lacrosse is once more becoming a popular diversion. But the old outdoor game is being replaced by the newer "box-lacrosse," which is played with a seven-man team on an inclosed playing floor.

Spectacular as the old game was, the new one is said to be even more so. Waged with the speed of lightning, employing as it does almost eye-defying combinations, it is a game to thrill the heart of any sport enthusiast.

Truly, Canada may be proud of her contribution to the sporting world.

CHARLES BOURDON, X-2B.





Nous Présentons La Section Française.



UN OISEAU OU UN HOMME?

IL Y avait dans une ville de la France, un perroquet qui avait appris à dire sans cesse: "Qui est là? Qui est là?"

Ce perroquet s'échappa un jour de sa cage qui était dans le jardin et vola bientôt à un bois tout près. Malheureusement un paysan le vit et commença à le chasser. Or, ce paysan n'avait jamais de sa vie vu un perroquet, mais il pensait que c'était bon à manger. Il s'approcha de l'arbre où se trouvait l'oiseau et allait le tuer avec son fusil. A ce moment le perroquet se mit à répéter: "Qui est là? Qui est là?" Ces mots épouvantèrent le paysan qui laissa tomber son fusil. Il se découvrit et dit très poliment: "Mon cher monsieur, je vous prie de me pardonner. J'ai pensé que j'avais affaire à un oiseau!"

S. G. LUMSDEN, XI-2B.

L'HOMME DE SCIENCE N'EST PAS ATTRAPE

DEUX anglais qui étaient amis de Charles Darwin ont pensé un jour qu'ils pourraient lui faire un tour. Ils ont saisi un papillon, une cigale, un maillot et un mille-pieds; et de ces créatures ils ont créé un insecte singulier. Ils ont pris le corps du mille-pieds, les ailes du papillon, les jambes de la cigale et la tête du maillot et ils les ont attachés ensemble. Alors avec la nouvelle punaise dans une boîte, ils ont frappé à la porte de la maison de Darwin.

—Nous avons trouvé cette punaise dans un champ, lui ont-ils dit, pouvez-vous nous dire quelle espèce de punaise est celle-ci, Monsieur.

Darwin a regardé la punaise et alors les garçons. Il a souri,

—A-t-elle trompé quand vous l'avez attrapée? leur a-t-il demandé.

—Oui, Monsieur, ont-ils répondu, en se donnant un coup de coude l'un l'autre.

—Alors, dit Darwin, c'est une tromperie.

EDNA M. PHILLIPS, XI-2A.

L'EPOUVANTE

UN HOMME avait été réveillé par sa femme au milieu de la nuit. Elle avait entendu du bruit au rez-de-chaussée. Était-ce un cambrioleur? Il chercha des allumettes à tâtons, alluma une bougie, descendit en robe de chambre

en pantoufles. Il ne pouvait rien voir. Le bruit cessa et le maître retourna à sa chambre pour se rendormir. Il était arrivé à côté de son lit quand il l'entendit de nouveau. Cette fois le bruit était plus terrible qu'auparavant, et ressemblait à une personne mourante. Il se décida à en découvrir la cause. Il alla au rez-de-chaussée et chercha partout. Au moment où il décidait qu'il avait failli, il entendit quelque chose. Il regarda où le bruit semblait être. Cette fois il vit une pauvre vache. Elle avait mis sa tête par la fenêtre et ne pouvait pas la retirer. Pauvre vache! Et pauvre homme!

GRACE MITCHELL, X-2A.

LE LOUP ET LE CHEVAL

IL Y avait une fois un loup qui demeurait dans un bois. Depuis longtemps il voulait attraper un jeune cheval qui passait quelquefois par ce bois. Un jour, quand le cheval passait près de la place où se cachait son ennemi, le loup pensa immédiatement à une ruse pour l'attraper. Il s'avança lentement vers le cheval et s'écria à haute voix: "Comment vous portez-vous, Monsieur? Savez-vous que je suis médecin?"

"Ah, c'est bien," répondit le cheval. "Alors vous pouvez me regarder mon sabot qui me cause de la peine."

Comme le loup tendait ses pattes pour le prendre, le cheval lui donna un coup de pied de toutes ses forces et s'enfuit.

SARAH HUTCHISON, XI-1D.

LA CHARITE DE LA REINE HEDVIGE

C'ÉTAIT un matin du mois d'avril. L'air était pur et frais. La ville de Cracovie dormait encore. La reine Hedvige, entourée de quelques dames, sortit du château royal de Wajvel pour se rendre à l'église. Les dames de suite étaient vêtues de belles robes, mais la reine était vêtue d'une robe simple. Elle marchait vite. Tout à coup elle s'arrêta. Au bord de la rue était couché un mendiant. Il était aveugle et tremblait de froid car son manteau était en guenilles. La reine dit: "Il faut le transporter au château." Quand personne ne voulait l'assister, elle se baissa et de ses mains blanches, elle toucha le front du malheureux. Tout à coup le mendiant disparut, laissant pleines de belles roses blanches et rouges, les mains de la reine. Qui était ce mendiant? Personne ne le sait.

PAULA GELBER, XI-1D.

LE DIMANCHE MATIN DES FRANCAIS- CANADIENS EN HIVER

LA PETITE ferme blanche est nichée dans le long champ étroit couvert de neige, avec un petit chemin amenant jusqu'à l'endroit, où la fumée monte de la cheminée—les cloches de l'église sonnent dans l'air froid et calme et réveillent les familles de bonne heure. Bientôt le père et le fils aîné vont à la grange pour traire les vaches et pour faire manger le bétail tandis que la mère est dans la cuisine préparant le simple déjeuner. Quand le déjeuner est tout fini la famille prépare à s'habiller de leur mieux et après le cheval est attelé au traîneau, ils sautent là-dedans et ils se rendent à l'église. Le vent est froid et les coups sont plusieurs mais ils sont très contents et chaque fois que des amis se rencontrent on entend crier "Bon jour!" On atteint bientôt l'église et les chevaux sont attachés dans une large grange qui a été construite vis-à-vis de l'église pour abriter les chevaux pendant qu'on assiste à la messe. La plupart des Français-Canadiens sont Catholiques-Romains et la beauté de l'église avec des lumières brillantes, de l'encens, des images et les riches vêtements des prêtres est un spectacle merveilleux. Le service aussi, est très frappant avec le chant du choeur et des prêtres et la douce musique de l'orgue. Quand le service est fini chaque famille va tranquillement dehors dans l'air clair. Les chevaux sont attachés encore une fois aux traîneaux, pendant que les amis restent parlant des affaires de la semaine. Finalement, les gens disparaissent une famille après l'autre s'en va.—le dernier tintement des cloches est entendu—puis encore une fois l'église reste tranquille et abandonnée et tout est paisible.

CLAIRE WALSH, IX-2A.

LA MISERE

IL Y avait une fois deux frères. L'un était intelligent; l'autre stupide. Un jour "La Misère," habillée comme une vieille femme, est venue chez le frère intelligent et lui a demandé si elle pourrait demeurer chez lui. Il l'a refusée.

Alors "La Misère," est allée chez l'autre frère et a frappé à la porte. Quand il l'a ouverte et l'a vue toute en guenilles, il l'a fait entrer.

La femme est tombée malade et il n'y avait ni nourriture, ni bois. La chaumière est devenue très froide mais "La Misère" y restait toujours.

Alors le fermier lui a dit: Vous nous avez rendus pauvres. Vous devez aller avec moi dans la forêt pour chercher du bois et pour trouver quelque chose à manger.

—Que voulez-vous tuer? a demandé "La Misère"

—Des ours, parce qu'ils sont les plus grands.

—Comment voulez-vous les tuer?

—Je vous montrerai, a dit l'homme et il a chargé son fusil. Je tuerai un ours avec chaque balle.

—Et combien en avez-vous?

—Entrez dans mon fusil pour voir, a-t-il crié.

Alors "La Misère" a maigri jusqu'à ce qu'elle pût entrer dans le canon du fusil. Quand il a vu qu'elle était bien là-dedans, il a rempli son fusil de poudre et l'a tiré. "La Misère" fut désseminée. C'est pour cette raison qu'il n'y a pas une seule Misère mais qu'on trouve partout de petits morceaux de Misère.

PEGGY COOKSON, X-2C.

LA FILLE DE L'ETOILE

UNE des plus agréables des légendes indiennes raconte de quelle manière un Indien gagna la fille d'une étoile pour sa femme.

Un jour Algon, un jeune chasseur brave d'une des tribus algonquins trouva dessiné sur la terre, un grand cercle magique. Tout surpris, il l'examina et, finit par s'imaginer que c'était les esprits qui l'avaient fait. Il se cacha parmi les herbes hautes pour épier.

Au bout de quelques instants, Algon vit au ciel une toute petite marque qui ressemblait à un nuage blanc. Peu à peu elle s'approcha et maintenant il put voir que c'était un chariot en argent et il entendit de la musique bien étrange mais mélodieuse. Le chariot descendit et douze belles et jeunes vierges se débarquèrent. Chacune semblait être la beauté même, mais le moment où Algon les vit, il s'éprit de la plus jeune et la plus fraîche des douze.

Jamais de la vie n'avait-il vu des vierges si charmantes; jamais de la vie n'avait-il entendu de la musique si douce que les chansons qu'elles chantaient. Extasié, l'Indien les regarda danser de bonne grâce dans le cercle magique et comme elles dansaient, il s'élança de sa cachette afin de saisir l'exquise vierge qu'il aimait mieux que toutes les autres, mais quoiqu'il fût agile, les vierges l'étaient encore plus et sautant dans leur chariot, elles remontèrent au pays de l'étoile, chantant de belles chansons.

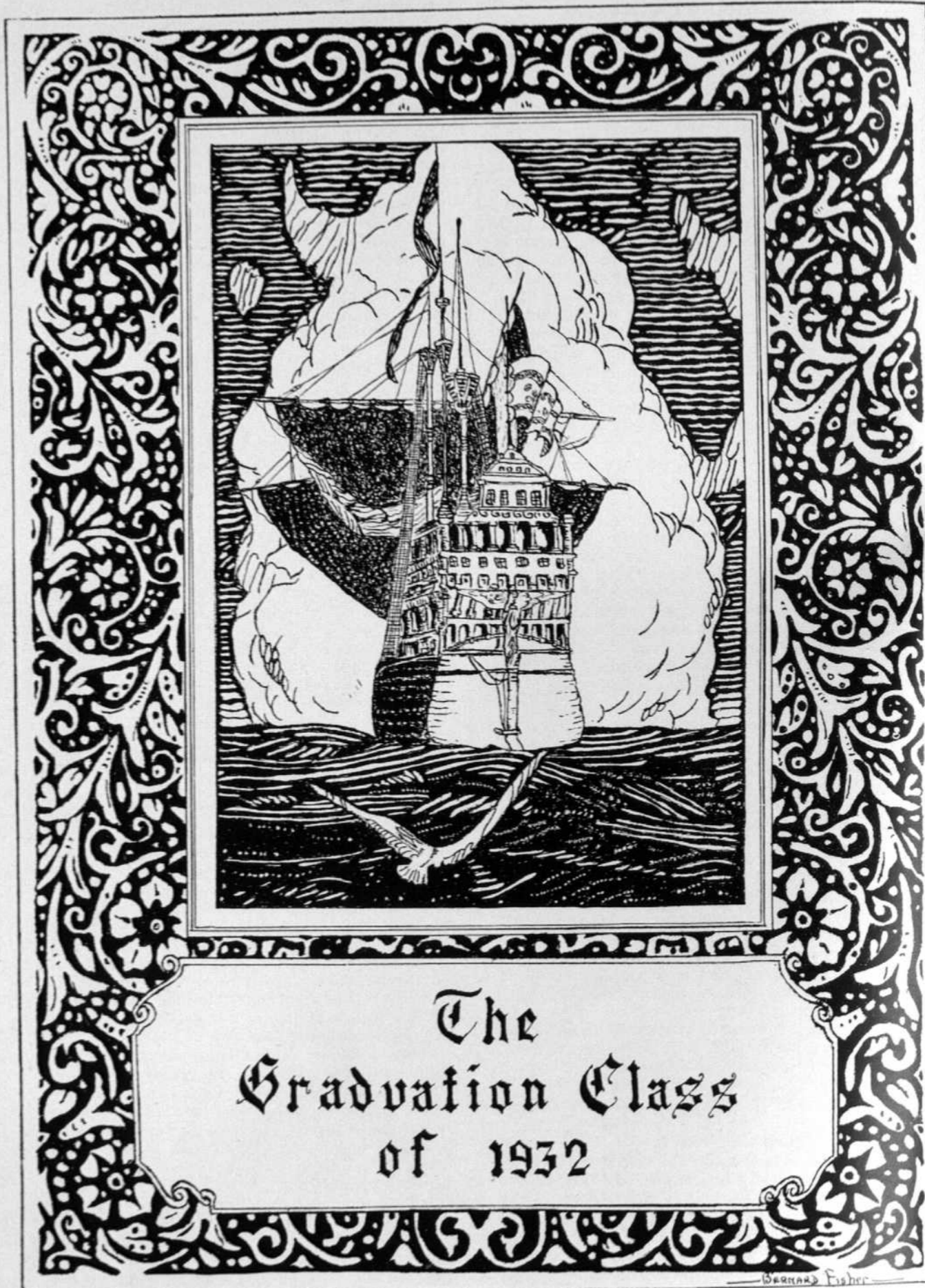
Très tristement Algon retourna à sa cahute. Il ne pouvait pas dormir de toute la nuit, et le lendemain il revint de très bonne heure à sa cachette près du cercle magique. Les vierges vinrent danser et une seconde fois Algon essaya de saisir celle qu'il aimait, mais en vain.

Le jour suivant quand Algon vint au morceau de terre charmé, il vit une vieille souche autour de laquelle jouaient quelques mulots. Aussitôt Algon se changea en un mulot. Quand les vierges vinrent, voyant les mulots, elles les tuèrent tous excepté Algon qui fut poursuivi par la belle jeune vierge qu'il aimait. Au moment où elle l'atteignit, il reprit sa propre forme, saisit la vierge et l'emporta chez lui. Algon était si bon qu'il gagna son affection, mais elle n'était pas heureuse et elle désirait retourner au pays de l'étoile.

Un jour, quand elle cueillait des herbes, elle fit un panier et se mettant là—dedans avec son petit fils, elle chanta les belles chansons magiques, qu'elle se rappelait encore et s'envola jusqu'au pays de l'étoile. Et ainsi beaucoup de jours plaisants se passèrent dans le pays de l'étoile. Algon et la Terre furent presque oubliés. Mais Algon n'oublia pas sa femme et son petit fils et chaque jour il visita le cercle magique.

Enfin sa fidélité fut récompensée, sa femme et son fils retournèrent avec un message des gens de leur pays. Ils voulurent qu'Algon vint à leur pays, mais il lui fallut leur donner un trait de toutes sortes d'animaux et d'oiseaux qu'il avait tués à la chasse. Joyeusement il les cueillit et alla avec sa femme et son fils au pays de l'étoile. Arrivé là, il fut reçu avec amitié par le roi. A chaque personne Algon donna le trait d'un animal, et ceux qui l'avaient reçu se changèrent en l'animal dont ils avaient reçu le trait. Algon, sa femme et son fils prirent des plumes et chacun devint un faucon blanc et demeura sur les savanes où on peut encore voir leurs descendants.

MARGARET TAYLOR, X-2C.



The
Graduation Class
of 1932



LORNA ALLEN:

"Bring money, still bring money, girls,
No matter by what means."

Hobby. Balancing the budget.
Ambition. To go up in an aeroplane; or down in a submarine.
Prob. Dest. Chancellor of the Exchequer.

* * *

MARGARET BATTYE:

"Ever, evermore the while in a slow silence she kept smiling."

Pet Avers. Reading poetry.
Hobby. Maths.
Ambition. Never to have to answer any more History questions.

* * *

SHEILA BOWEN:

"She loves the salted wind,
The voices of the sea."

Hobby. Drawing ships.
Ambition. To be an aviatrix of an army plane which has its
headquarters in a seadrome.
Prob. Dest. Sailing the bounding main.

* * *

GRACE CANN:

"A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle and way-lay."

Fav. Past. Successfully organizing the school dances.
Hobby. Making male hearts flutter.
Asset. Charm.

* * *

HOPE CHRISTIE:

"Where there's Hope, there's laughter."

Fav. Past. Walking in late to Latin.
Hobby. Working with a studious frown.
Pet Avers. Having her sense of humour questioned by Mr.
Cooper.

* * *

IDA CURTIS:

"How brilliant and mirthful the light of her eye,
Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky."

Hobby. Going into raptures over certain people.
Pet Avers. Polishing the school cups.
Fav. Past. Music, music, and more music.

*



MYRTLE DAVIS:

"Here I sit with my paper, my pen, and my ink,
First of this thing, and that thing, and t'other thing, think."

Ambition. To write that book.
Pet Avers. Wearing goggles in the rain.
Hobby. Finding a joke in everything.

* * *

MARGARET DAWSON:

"Why should life all labor be?"

Fav. Exp. "You're telling me?" or "Cats."
Hobby. Making up "that" Chemistry.
Pet Avers. Homework.

* * *

ONOLEE DUNBAR:

"A dainty maid, charming, lovable, sweet,
The kind of girl you rarely meet."

Hobby. Teasing Betty.
Ambition. To travel all over the world.
Fav. Past. Richard Halliburton and other glorious people.

* * *

MARJORIE ELLISON:

"I hate what I hate, I love what I love,
My divine inspirations all come from above."

Fav. Exp. "You're a pal!"
Fav. Past. Playing in school.
Hobby. Joking with Barbara.

* * *

LAURA GARDINER:

"Not mastered by some modern term;
Not swift nor slow to change, but firm."

Pet Avers. Hearing anyone sing "Lover Come Back To Me."
Ambition. To be a globe-trotter.
Prob. Dest. Guide on a Cook's Tour.

* * *

SYLVIA GOLDENSTEIN:

"Thy soft heart refused to discover,
The faults which so many could find."

Pet Avers. Being disturbed from her haven at the back of the class.
Fav. Past. Being demure.
Hobby. Making the class wonder if she is present.



ANITA GREENWOOD:

"Where'er I came,
I brought calamity."

Hobby. Swimming.
Ambition. To own and operate a yellow Ford roadster.
Fav. Past. Exacting ejaculations of joy (?) from the teachers.

* * *

MARY GROSS:

"Serene, and calm, with plenty of pluck,
A girl to whom we wish the best of luck."

Pet Avers. Being made to hurry.
Ambition. A Household Science teacher.
Asset. Friendliness.

* * *

MAITABEL HORWITZ:

"Yet through her sweet and calm repose
I saw the inward spirit shine."

Pet Avers. Quarrels.
Hobby. Making loud, smashing noises in the Chem. Lab.
Fav. Past. Chatting with Stella and Anita.

* * *

MARGARET HOWE:

"She, convinced against her will,
Is of the same opinion still."

Fav. Past. Reading "A Rebellious School-girl."
Hobby. Facing the back of the class.
Pet Avers. Being "downed" in an argument.

* * *

WINIFRED JENNISON:

"Oh! banish care!—such ever be
The motto of thy revelry!"

Hobby. Entertaining others.
Fav. Past. Painting.
Prob. Dest. A great artist.

* * *

THELMA JOHNSON:

"Graceful and useful in all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes."

Fav. Past. Dancing.
Pet Avers. Boring lessons.
Asset. Being a good listener.



IDA SCHWARTZ:
 "Thought is deeper than all speech."
 Pet Avers. Exertion—mental or physical.
 Ambition. To finish her charcoal cast before it finishes her.
 Fav. Past. Sharing the peaceful (?) bliss of the back of the room.

EDITH SELLAR:
 "And that at night we really live,
 And in the day we dream."
 Fav. Past. Sisterly criticism of Bill's Sport Talks.
 Hobby. Amusing her neighbours in class.
 Asset. A sunny disposition.

STELLA SHAPIRO:
 "Her hair was thick with many a curl,
 That clustered round her head."
 Hobby. Dancing.
 Prob. Dest. Operating a convalescent home for teachers who have taught Anita.
 Assets. Hospitality and good fudge.

ROSE SKLOFSKY:
 "I linger, I linger,
 The last of the thron!"
 Pet Avers. Being told she's late.
 Fav. Past. La première réponse.
 Hobby. Studying at dawn.

DOROTHY SOMERS:
 "Her voice is low and seldom heard,
 We strain our ears to catch each word."
 Hobby. Telling a better one than Marjorie W.
 Pet Avers. Being told she has red hair.
 Fav. Past. Reading.

MARJORIE WILLIAMS:
 "Blessed with a temper whose shining ray
 Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day."
 Ambition. To leave school while still in her 'teens.
 Pet Avers. Doing dangerous Chemistry Experiments.
 Fav. Past. Writing her will in the Lab.



GEORGE BRUCE:
 "A gentle youth of noble mien,
 Whose foes are few and far between."

Fav. Exp. "Hey, Stupe!"
 Ambition. To play in the Stanley Cup finals.
 Pet Avers. Toronto—and anything connected with it.
 Activities. Junior Hockey '29-'30; Inter. Hockey '31; Senior Hockey '32; Class Hockey '31-'32; Junior Rugby '29; Inter. Rugby '30; Class Rugby '31; Class Baseball '28-'29-'30-'31; Class Basketball '29-'30.

NATHAN COHEN: (Andy)
 "Calm youth!
 Who can perturb thy sober brow."

Fav. Exp. "Cut it out, Madden."
 Ambition. To play for "Y.M.H.A." Senior Basketball team.
 Pet Avers. Physics—
 Activities. Senior Basketball '32; Class Hockey '32; Member "Menorah Club."

ROLLAND CUNNINGHAM: (Rolly)
 "Somewhere a light is shining!"

Fav. Exp. "Ta-Ra-Boom-Boom."
 Ambition. To be able to impersonate any member of class.
 Pet Avers. Being moved during History lesson.
 Activities. Class choir; vocalist in Class Orchestra; Track '29-'30-'31-'32; Senior Soccer '31; Class Rugby '31; Class Hockey '32.

BILL DEHARTE:
 "Soul of the Free,—
 Scorning base conventionality."

Fav. Moan. "But Sir ——" —"Aw, Lee."
 Hobby. Throwing elastics, wood and chalk at Frew, Bruce, etc.
 Pet Avers. Latin Comp., Latin Trans., and Latin Grammar.
 Activities. Desk Hockey '30-'31; Desk Golf '29-'31; Pool '32.

ERIC DENMAN:
 "Strength was in his very gait and glittered from his eye."

Fav. Exp. "Put a sock in it, Reid!"—"Whistle before you throw."
 Fav. Occ. Talking about "Les femmes françaises" to Eglin.
 Divers. Slings chalk at Frew.
 Activities. Senior Rugby '31; Editorial Board '32.

JACK EGLIN:
 "A follower of knowledge this,
 In deadly classics finding bliss."

Fav. Exp. "Mr. Eglin to you."
 Fav. Occ. Listening to Denman's French Talks.
 Ambition. Changes from time to time.
 Pet Avers. Having his name spelt "E-l-g-i-n."
 Activities. Class Rugby '31; Member "Menorah Club;" (not on class orchestra).



BERNARD FISHER:
 "From my course I'll n'er depart,
 But pledge my soul to that of Art."
 Fav. Exp. "Oh, Mr. Aitken!" (tsk-tsk.)
 Hobby. Drawing.
 Pet Avers. Having his name pronounced "a la française."
 Ambition. To know a little red-head better.
 Activities. Class Basketball '30-'31; Editorial Board; Member "Menorah Club;" Class Baseball '30.

JIM FLAVELLE:
 "With aching feet he threaded
 The secretest walks of fame."
 Fav. Exp. "Oh me."
 Hobby. Keeping his glasses in good condition.
 Pet Avers. Having Ireland run down.
 Activities. Junior Hockey '29; Junior Soccer '29; Class Hockey '30-'31-'32; Class Basketball '30-'31; Class Baseball '30-'31; Class Rugby '31; Editorial Board '30.

VAL FREW:
 "Right good humour and a smile
 Were nature's gifts to him."
 Fav. Exp. "Oh —!"
 Pet Avers. Having his "automobile" confused with a perambulator.
 Ambition. A licence for his "automobile."
 Diversion. Heaving chalk at Denman.
 Activities. Senior Hockey '31-'32; Class Baseball '30-'31; Class Rugby Champs '31; Class Hockey '30-'31; Vice-Pres. Class '32.

GORDON HACKETT:
 "Small in stature, great in guile
 Mischief lurks in every smile."
 Fav. Exp. "Thou shalt die!" "Toot! Toot!"
 Pastime. Beating up Madden.
 Pet Avers. Tall dark girls.
 Ambition. To be seen as well as heard.
 Activities. Class Orchestra '31-'32; Ranks second in Desk Hockey Mascot—Class Rugby '31.

ALFRED ISRAELS: (AL)
 "In this man doth lurk
 Ability to work."
 Fav. Exp. "Aw, jump in the lake."
 Ambition. To wear a new suit every day.
 Pet Avers. Doing homework.
 Hobby. Reading magazines and playing a piano.
 Activities. Class Basketball '31-'32; Class Baseball '32; Member "Menorah Club."

JACK KERR:
 "Full of a nature nothing can tame,
 Changed every moment, ever the same."
 Fav. Exp. "C'mon, I'll poke you one!"
 Ambition. To study ten hours a night
 Pet Avers. The extra Latin class.
 Activities. Junior Hockey '28-'29; Inter. Hockey '30-'31; Senior Hockey '32; Junior Soccer '28-'29; Senior Soccer '30; Class Baseball, '28-'29-'30-'31; Class Basketball '29-'30-'31; Class Rugby '30-'31.



JOHN LEWIS:
 "The elements so mixed in him—"
 Fav. Exp. "I'll do anything for a friend."
 Pastime. Cartooning the wasters.
 Pet Avers. Reid's humour.
 Ambition. To retire at the age of 21.
 Activities. Junior Basketball '29; Junior Soccer '29; Class Hockey '30-'31-'32; Class Baseball '30-'31; Class Basketball '29-'30-'31; Class Rugby Champs '31; Junior Cross Country Champ '30; Cross Country Ski Champ '32.

LEONARD LIVERMAN:
 "One who knows more than he's shown,
 Acquiring knowledge while alone."
 Fav. Exp. "Woe is me."
 Pastime. Waiting for Shane.
 Pet Avers. Waiting for a "Tram."
 Ambition. Wanting.

STANLEY LUMSDEN:
 "A scholar he, and that a right good one."
 Fav. Exp. "Mighty square!" (Broad accent).
 Hobby. Cleaning the "Old Briar."
 Pet Avers. Having Newfoundland belittled.
 Ambition. To bring 'Prosperity' back to above Province.
 Activities. Class Rugby '31; Class Hockey (mascot) '32.

JOHN MADDEN:
 "Though for sorrow caring naught,
 Capable of deepest thought."
 Fav. Exp. "Was that, incidentally, Hackett?"
 Hobby. Punching Hackett.
 Ambition. Oh, for the life of a sailor.
 Activities. Class Orchestra '32, (Leader)—enough said!

BILL MOFFAT:
 "All so learned and so wise,
 And deserving of a prize."
 Fav. Exp. "Gees!"
 Hobby. Collecting nickels.
 Ambition. To fill that little book.
 Pet Avers. Essays of every description.
 Activities. Junior Soccer '28-'29; Senior Soccer '31; Junior Tennis Champ '30; Senior Tennis '31; Junior Track Champ '30; Junior Basketball '29; Inter. Rugby '30; Junior Rugby '29; Inter. Hockey '31; Class Rugby '31; Class Hockey '32; Class Treasurer.

KENNETH MOUNT: (Ken)
 "To one great treasure does he hold the key,—
 The virtue that is unassuming modesty."
 Pet Avers. Being awakened in History lesson.
 Ambition. To lead the family hockey team.
 Diversion. Tying string around his finger to remember to do that extra history.



EVANS REID:

"None but the brave deserve the fair."
 Fav. Exp. "Tell me what it's all about now!"
 Pet Avers. Being asked if he curls his hair.
 Ambition. To stretch his legs without having them walked on.
 Hobby. Tripping the light fantastic.
 Activities. Class Rugby '31.

CLIFFORD ROBINSON: (Cliff)

"This brow tho' burdened oft' by love
 Forever seemed serene."
 Fav. Exp. "Come on! No foolin'!"
 Pet Avers. Being awakened at the wrong time.
 Ambition. To arrive at school on time without hurrying.
 Hobby. Most things that require little effort.
 Activities. Junior Hockey '28; Class Hockey '29-'30; Class Rugby '30-'31; Class Basketball '29-'30; Class Baseball '28-'29-'30; Tennis finalist '29; Class President '31-'32.

DAVID SABBATH: (Dave)

"A pure heart, a ready smile,
 Will ever make one's life worth while."
 Fav. Exp. "This thing called love."
 Pet Avers. Recitations in public.
 Ambition. To discover a word that will silence Bill Reid forever.
 Hobby. Telling his brother what books to take home.
 Activities. Junior Hockey '29; Inter. Hockey '30-'31-'32; Class Champs '30; Class Basketball '30; Class Baseball '29-'30; Senior Water Polo '31; Junior Rugby '29; Inter. Rugby '30; Class Rugby Champs '31.

LAWRENCE SABBATH: (Lorne)

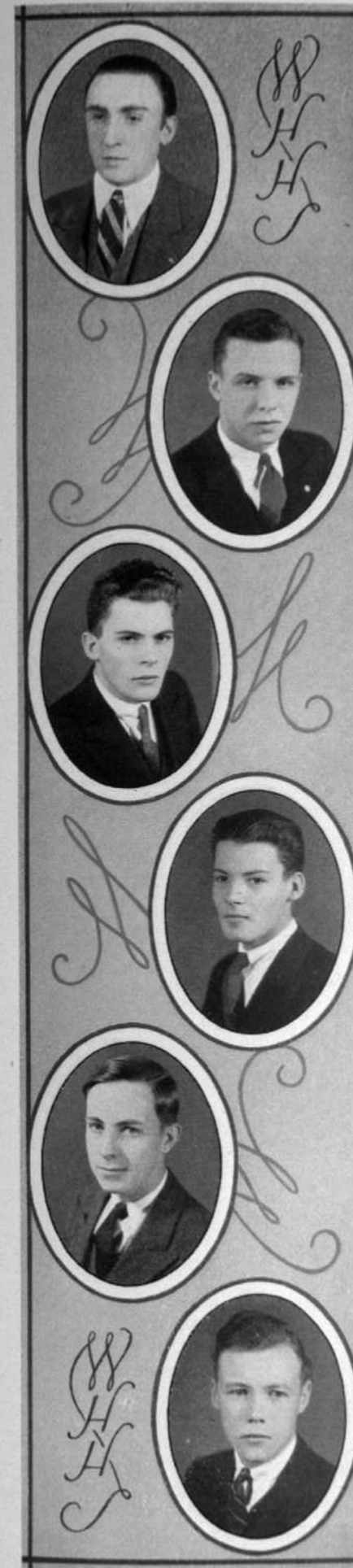
"In silence do I toil,
 Which serves me as a foil."
 Fav. Exp. "Lend me your ears."
 Pet Avers. Telling his brother all the answers.
 Hobby. Debating.
 Activities. Inter. Hockey '31-'32; Junior Track Team '30; Inter. School Debating Team '32.

MAX SCHWARTZ:

"Be not conscious of thy size,
 Were there giants but half as wise!"
 Fav. Exp. "Say, lend me my books!"
 Pet Avers. Looking up to Lewis.
 Ambition. To become a successful business man.
 Hobby. Fruit.
 Activities. Class Baseball '29-'30; Class Hockey '32; Class Basketball '30-'31.

WILSON SEALE: (Bill)

"A man of letters he
 Not lacking in originality."
 Fav. Exp. "Cut it out, DeHarte!"
 Pet Avers. Having his books knocked on the floor.
 Ambition. It's growing!
 Activities. Class Basketball '30-'31.



REGINALD SHAW:

"In tiresome toil he took no part,
 Avoiding labour is an art,
 In this his genius shone."
 Fav. Exp. "Oh!"
 Pet Avers. Being told not to clean the board.
 Diversion. Cleaning the board.
 Ambition. To clean the board at the right time.
 Hobby. Reading the newspapers.
 Activities. Class Baseball '29-'30.

GRAHAM STANYON:

"He spoke his mind and who shall say,
 He was not eloquent."
 Fav. Exp. "Aw! Kerr!"
 Pet Avers. A front seat in History lesson.
 Ambition. To graduate with a minimum of effort.
 Hobby. Harmonizing with the class orchestra, as Maestro.
 Activities. Junior Hockey '29; Inter. Hockey '30-'31; Junior Rugby '29; Class Rugby Champs '31; Junior Soccer '29; Class Basketball '30; Class Baseball '29-'30-'31.

CHARLES STEWART:

"Modesty,—
 The greatest human virtue now is thine."
 Fav. Exp. "I read —."
 Pet Avers. Sponges.
 Ambition. To revise "World Progress."
 Hobby. Amateur author.

GORDON STEWART:

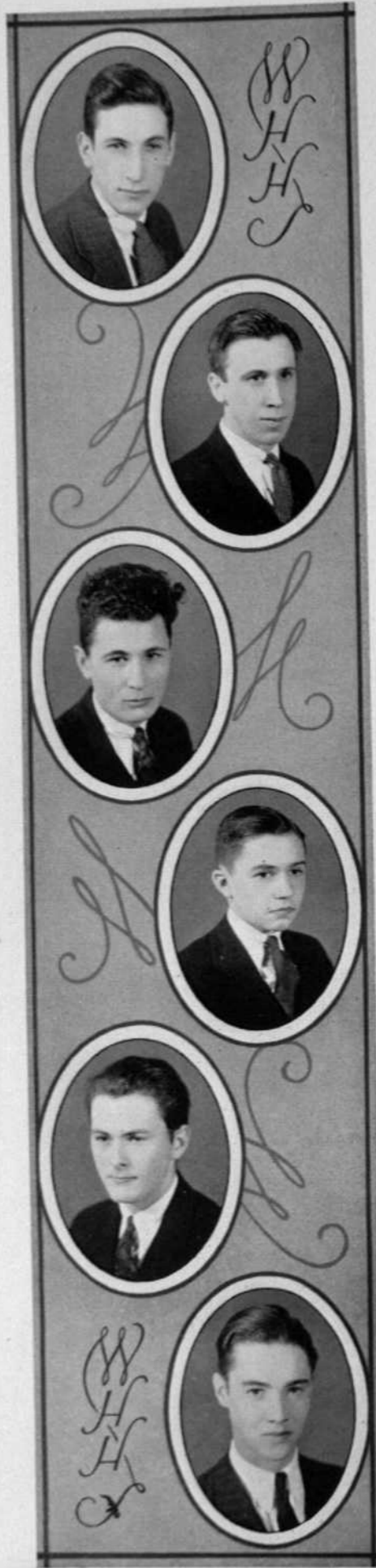
"I tread the path of famous men
 To shape my future with my pen."
 Fav. Exp. "Not bad."
 Pet Avers. A badly written editorial.
 Ambition. To succeed "Baz" O'Meara.
 Hobby. Writing colourful descriptions of sporting events.
 Activities. Class Rugby '31; Sporting Correspondent '31-'32; Editorial Board '31-'32.

KENNETH WARD:

"A youthful, easy-going lad,
 By nature sober—never sad."
 Fav. Exp. Absolutely none.
 Ambition. To stop blushing.
 Pet Avers. Hard work.
 Hobby. Supporting Maroons.

BRUCE WATT:

"This Youth, tho' fast, shall never fall,
 A foe to none, a friend to all."
 Fav. Exp. "Aw! Keep quiet Kerr!"
 Pet Avers. Coming to school Friday afternoons.
 Ambition. To complete one Algebra example by himself.
 Hobby. Waking up Robinson.
 Activities. Inter. Hockey '30-'31; Class Rugby '30-'31; Class Baseball '29-'30-'31; Capt. Cadet Corps '31; Class Basketball '29-'30.



NORTON ARONSON:

"What man has made of man."

- Fav. Exp. "Aw, geddyap!"
- Hobby. Playing desk hockey with Gerry.
- Pet Avers. People who talk of love and moon-light nights.
- Ambition. Blue Bonnets.

* * *

ARNOLD BARKES:

"He never burnt the midnight oil.
In search of useless knowledge."

- Fav. Exp. "W-w-wh-what's that?"
- Hobby. Drawing caricatures.
- Pet. Avers. Having his literature censored and seized.
- Ambition. To surpass McClelland Barclay.

* * *

AVROM BRODSKY:

"I was alone, and seemed to be
A trouble to the peace."

- Fav. Exp. "Want to hear a good joke?"
- Hobby. Playing noughts and crosses.
- Pet. Avers. Farmerettes.
- Ambition. Travelling Salesman.

* * *

JACK BURNIE:

"Are those his ribs thru which the sun
Did peer as thru a grate?"

- Fav. Exp. "Beating the bell to it."
- Hobby. Swimming.
- Pet Avers. Holidays (?)
- Ambition. Engineer.

* * *

GEORGE DUNLOP:

"Still waters run deep."

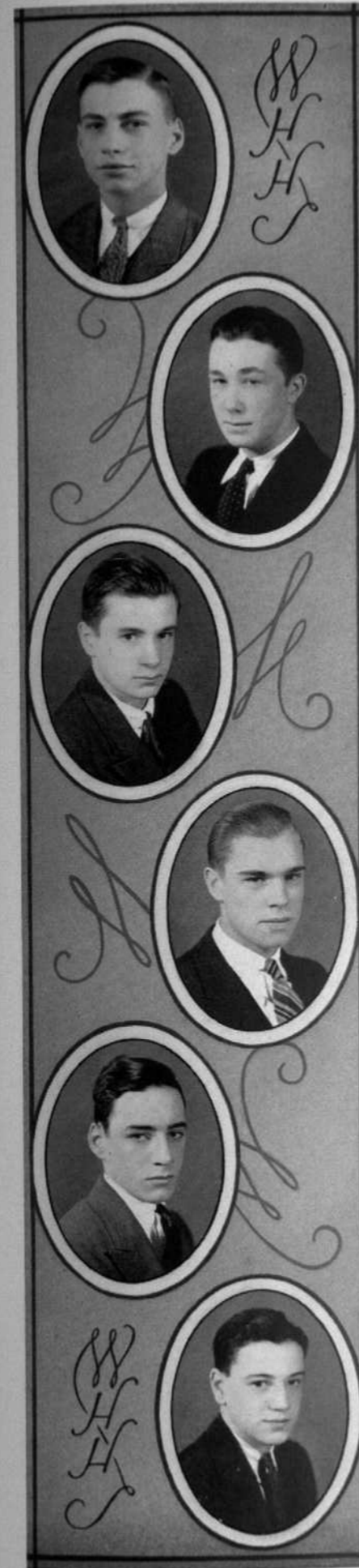
- Fav. Exp. "You're up a pole."
- Hobby. Airplanes.
- Pet. Avers. Women, women, women.
- Ambition. Annihilation of those who call him "Jarge."

* * *

BOB EDWARDS:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

- Fav. Exp. "C'mon Herb"
- Hobby. Nibbling Apples.
- Pet. Avers. Over-exertion.
- Ambition. To Matriculate.
- Activities. Int. Rugby, 27-28, 28-29. Senior Rugby, 29-30, 30-31, Int. Hockey, 27-28, 28-29. Senior Hockey, 29-30, 30-31, 31-32. Senior Basketball, 29-30, 30-31, 31-32.



SYDNEY GREENWOOD:

"I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine."

- Fav. Exp. "Yeah, but in Toronto—"
- Hobby. Photography.
- Pet Avers. Being called Greenburg.
- Ambition. To win the Eastman Kodak Prize.

* * *

WILSON HAMMOND:

"I leave the plain, I climb the height,
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields."

- Fav. Exp. "You're in a tailspin."
- Hobby. Airplanes.
- Pet Avers. Crashes.
- Ambition. Transport pilot's licence.

* * *

GEOFFREY JOTCHAM:

"Oh, to be in England,
Now that April's there."

- Fav. Exp. "Sir, can't you do it this way?"
- Hobby. Scientific research.
- Pet Avers. Being called a cockney.
- Ambition. To be Einstein's assistant.

* * *

BRUCE KAY:

"The game is done,
I've won, I've won!"

- Fav. Exp. "I can't give you anything but love, Baby."
- Hobby. Eating doughnuts.
- Pet Avers. Being disturbed while eating doughnuts.
- Ambition. To eat doughnuts in peace.

* * *

ROBERT LOCKHART:

"I have an hour's talk in store for you."

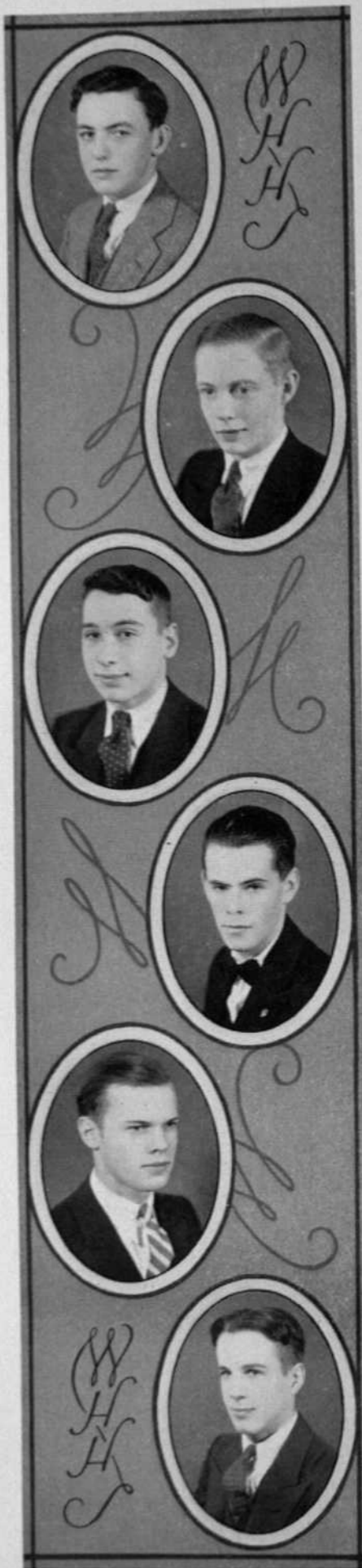
- Fav. Exp. "How d'ya do this one, Dud?"
- Hobby. Selling tickets to Y. M. dances.
- Pet Avers. Turning out to team practices.
- Ambition. That matric.

* * *

CHARLES MACDONALD:

"Pleased with a rattle,
Tickled with a straw."

- Fav. Exp. "Aw, cut it out Wilkinson!"
- Hobby. Sitting still (?)
- Pet Avers. Wilkinson.
- Ambition. To have Wilkinson drawn, quartered, and boiled in oil.



BLAIR MENZIES:
 "Blessed with a temper whose unclouded ray,
 Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day."
 Fav. Exp. "Yes sir!"
 Hobby. Collecting blondes.
 Pet Avers. Tall women.
 Ambition. Maire de Valleyfield.

STEWART ROBERTSON:
 "A weary time! a weary time!
 How glazed each weary eye."
 Fav. Exp. "What's the rush?"
 Hobby. Y.M.C.A.
 Pet Avers. Rushing.
 Ambition. To sleep, to dream, and ne'er to wake.

GERALD SHANE:
 "There never has been any great genius without a spice of
 madness."
 Fav. Exp. "Aw, go 'way."
 Hobby. Playing hockey on N.A.'s desk.
 Pet Avers. People picking flaws in his Geometrical Proofs.
 Ambition. Einstein II.

GORDON STOREY:
 "His eye flashed: his plans
 Soared up again like fire."
 Fav. Exp. "Calling C. Q!"
 Hobby. Radio.
 Pet Avers. History.
 Ambition. To be another Marconi.

DUDLEY TAYLOR:
 "True to his word, his work, his friends."
 Fav. Exp. "Hey, wait-a-minute."
 Hobby. Radio.
 Pet Avers. Being asked what his P. A. is.
 Ambition. Presidency of C. P. R.

WALLACE WALFORD:
 "Who first invented work and bound the free
 And holiday rejoicing spirit down."
 Fav. Exp. "Louse."
 Hobby. Motorcycles.
 Pet Avers. Knitting.
 Ambition. To sleep comfortably in History.



ALLAN WILKINSON:
 "A lovelier flower,
 On earth was never sown."
 Fav. Exp. "Sit still Charlie."
 Hobby. Punching Charlie.
 Pet Avers. Charlie.
 Ambition. Architecture and to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

RUTH ABELL:
 "A blooming lady—a conspicuous flower,
 Admired for beauty, for her sweetness."
 Pet Avers. French.
 Hobby. Reading a "certain" magazine.
 Ambition. To develop a personality.

JANET DURRELL:
 "Where'er her footsteps went,
 She was the Queen of Merriment."
 Fav. past. Amusing the class.
 Pet Avers. Algebra.
 Hobby. Writing letters to —?

CLARE EDEY:
 "Affections warm, and faith sincere,
 And soft humanity are here."
 Pet Avers. Having her name spelled with an "i".
 Hobby. Music.
 Asset. A smile for all.

PHYLLIS FEE:
 "Though she looks so bewitchingly simple,
 There's a smile in every dimple."
 Asset. Gift of thinking deeply.
 Ambition. To lay a cooling hand upon a fevered brow.
 Prob. Dest. Stately matron of an orphanage.

SHEILA FLEMING:
 "Oh, who can forget the rich light of her smile,
 Over lips moved with music and feeling the while —."
 Fav. Exp. "That's great."
 Ambition. To be an antique-dealer.
 Prob. Dest. Keeper of a home for old maids.



PAULA GELBER:
 "I can't resist that urge to speak."
 Fav. Exp. "Imagine my embarrassment."
 Fav. Past. Dreaming.
 Ideal. A tall dark man, a moustache, and an auburn roadster.

* * *

ELSIE GOODENOUGH:
 "The very sunbeams seem to linger
 Above that golden head."
 Fav. Exp. "Oh, it's adorable."
 Pet Avers. Being told she is high hat.
 Ambition. To be a debutante.

* * *

LEONA HAILPERIN:
 "Her thoughts
 Were combinations of disjointed things."
 Fav. Exp. "What lesson do we have now?"
 Fav. Past. Taking off lipstick.
 Hobby. Jazz.

* * *

CAROLINE HARPER:
 "A delicate, attractive little figure,
 With vivacity and intelligence."
 Fav. Exp. "Wait a minute."
 Pet Avers. Chemistry.
 Asset. Lovely, dark brown eyes.

* * *

KATHLEEN HODGSON: (Kay)
 "She was made for happy thoughts,
 For playful wit, and laughter."
 Fav. Past. Writing poetry.
 Ambition. To own a night club.
 Prob. Dest. A missionary.

* * *

SARAH HUTCHISON: (Sadie)
 "A smile for all, a welcome glad,
 A jovial, coaxing way she had."
 Fav. Exp. "What's it all about?"
 Pet Avers. Chasing that one o'clock street car.
 Ambition. To be just a little taller.



VIOLET LAING: (Vi)
 "And she shall be sportive as the fawn."
 Fav. Exp. "May I go and speak to Miss Bell?"
 Hobby. Skiing.
 Ambition. To keep girls in order going to gym.

* * *

EVELYN McLAREN:
 "She is good as she is fair."
 Fav. Exp. "Do we have that next?"
 Pet Avers. Geometry.
 Ambition. To get 100 in Geometry.

* * *

ANDREA McNAB:
 "Her air is so modest, her aspect so sweet."
 Fav. Past. Being bored.
 Pet Avers. Being called Ann Harding.
 Ambition. To hear a lesson which does not bore her.

* * *

DORIS MORANT:
 "Long live the merry heart,
 That laughs by night and day."
 Fav. Exp. "Anyone wanna bite?"
 Fav. Past. Eating doughnuts at recess.
 Pet Avers. Silence in the library.

* * *

MARY RAYSIDE:
 "A kind, true heart, a spirit high,
 That could not fear, and would not bow."
 Fav. Past. Reading magazines in Chemistry period.
 Pet Avers. Being told that she is thin.
 Ambition. To weigh 120 lbs.

* * *

MARJORIE SACH: (Midge)
 "Her loveliness I never knew,
 Until she smiled on me."
 Fav. Exp. "I'm so tired."
 Pet Avers. The hardness of the desks.
 Ambition. To fly an aeroplane.



LOUISE SCOTT:
 "She lives at peace with all mankind."
 Fav. Exp. "Oh Gosh!"
 Hobby. Reading.
 Ambition. To be a teacher.

* * *

LUCILLE SNODGRASS:
 "Let her but live entirely to her own fancy,
 And happy she will be."
 Fav. Exp. "I don't even think that's funny."
 Fav. Past. Knitting sweaters.
 Pet Avers. Having to wait for Caroline in the morning.

* * *

ERNESTINE STARKEY: (Ernie)
 "And I would that my tongue could utter,
 The thoughts that arise in me."
 Fav. Past. Working Algebra.
 Ambition. The Metropolitan Opera.
 Prob. Dest. Singing in a night club.

* * *

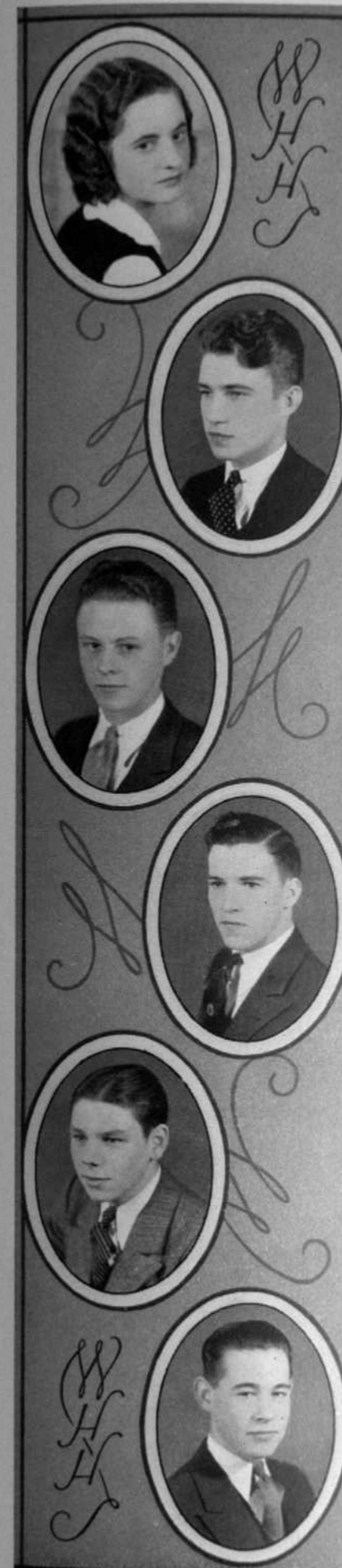
JEAN TUCKWOOD:
 "As idle as a painted ship
 Upon a painted ocean."
 Fav. Exp. "Hello, Squirt."
 Fav. Past. Dreaming.
 Pet Avers. Notes.

* * *

MARGARET WELLS:
 "Cool, unperturbed, by stress and hurry."
 Fav. Exp. "Are you doing any homework to-night, Sheila?"
 Ambition. To be a great painter.
 Prob. Dest. A beauty specialist.

* * *

ISOBEL WILSON: (Izzy)
 "Where'er she goes, she leaves a smile behind her."
 Fav. Past. Playing basketball.
 Ambition. To swim around the world.
 Prob. Dest. Basketball coach.



PHYLLIS WRIGHT: (Phil)
 "I never saw a waist so slender."
 Fav. Exp. "I'm all puckered up."
 Ideal. Clark Gable.
 Fav. Past. Gazing at his picture under the cover of her desk.

* * *

ROBERT ARMSTRONG: (Bob)
 "Heard melodies are sweet,
 But those unheard are sweeter."
 Pet Avers. Blondes.
 Hobby. Crooning.
 Ambition. To sing like Rudy Vallee.
 Activities. Inter. Basketball '29; Senior Basketball '30-'31; Senior Soccer '29-'30; Inter. Hockey '30-'31; Class Basketball '29-'30-'31.

* * *

CHARLES AUSTIN: (Chuck)
 "And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me."
 Fav. Exp. "Pppst!"
 Pastime. Talking to Sheila.
 Ambition. To train Scotty in the ways of right.
 Activities. Lieutenant Cadet Corps '31.

* * *

ROSS BOOTH: (Rosie)
 "Night after night he sat and bleared his eyes with books."
 Hobby. Going to Outremont.
 Pastime. Walking to school with Mr. Wilson.
 Ambition. To win the Senior Athletic Meet.
 Activities. Class Track Team '29-'30; Class Baseball '29-'30-'31; Inter. Hockey '30; Senior Soccer '31; Senior Rugby '31.

* * *

WILLIAM BOOTH: (Billy Buffoon)
 "The dear Lord made him as he is
 And never made another."
 Fav. Exp. "Gee! Sir! I done good in that grammar test."
 Pastime. Acting the clown.
 Hobby. Keeping the class amused.
 Activities. Junior Hockey '29; Inter. Hockey '31; Senior Hockey '32; Inter. Rugby '30; Class Basketball '30-'31; Class Hockey '31; Senior Rugby '31.

* * *

REGINALD BYFORD:
 "The merry twinkle in his eye foretells his disposition."
 Pastime. Staying away from school.
 Hobby. Motor boats.
 Ambition. To beat Gar Wood.



WILLIAM CAMPBELL: (Bill)
 "Was it a vision or a waking dream?"
 Fav. Exp. "Tough guy!"
 Pastime. Sleeping in class.
 Ambition. To take Dornberger's place.
 Activities. Junior Soccer '27-'28; Inter. Rugby '30; Class Rugby '31.

* * *

WILLIAM CLARK: (Bill)
 "I could love thee, Work, so much
 Loved I not Pleasure more."
 Pet Avers. Staying home nights over the week-end.
 Pastime. Reading good books?
 Ambition. To live a life of ease.

* * *

WILBUR CLAYTON: (Bill)
 "His heart more truly knew that peal-too well."
 Hobby. Taking the afternoon off.
 Pastime. Arguing about Hockey.
 Ambition. To play professional hockey.
 Activities. Junior Hockey '27; Inter. Hockey '28-'29; Senior Hockey '30-'31; Class Hockey '30-'31-'32; Class Baseball '29-'30-'31; Class Football '27-'28-'31; Manager Senior Hockey '31-'32.

* * *

VERNON CROWLEY:
 "I never felt the kiss of love, nor maiden's hand in mine."
 Ambition. To beat Nurmi.
 Pet Avers. Being caught skipping periods.
 Hobby. Periods in the library.
 Activities. Senior Track '31; Senior Rugby '31; Class Hockey '32.

* * *

ABRAHAM FELDSTEIN: (Abie)
 "I had great beauty, ask thou not my name."
 Hobby. New geometry proofs.
 Pet Avers. Shaving.
 Ambition. To have some one take an interest in his geometry proofs.

* * *

GEORGE GILL:
 "Then from a rusted iron hook
 A bunch of ponderous keys he took."
 Ambition. To get the lockers open on time.
 Pastime. Going to shows.
 Pet Avers. Short women.



ROBERT GLASS: (Bob)
 "My youth was blasted with a curse
 This woman was the cause."
 Fav. Exp. "Hey, Scruton!"
 Ambition. To own a Dusenberg.
 Hobby. Reading in class.

* * *

LEON GRAY:
 "And thou art long and lank and brown."
 Pet Avers. Gymnasium.
 Hobby. Smoking.
 Ambition. To be a strong silent man.
 Activities. Class Baseball '29-'30-'31; Class Rugby '31; Junior Soccer '29.

* * *

ARTHUR GREENIDGE:
 "Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves."
 Fav. Exp. "Take the lead out of your feet."
 Ambition. Admiral at least.
 Activities. Sergeant-Major Cadet Corps.

* * *

RUSSELL GREENLEAF: (Russ)
 "Not once or twice in our rough island story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory."
 Fav. Exp. "Atten—shun."
 Hobby. Studying.
 Ambition. Achieved (O.C.O.T.C.).
 Activities. Class Rugby '31; Lieutenant Cadet Corps '31; Captain Cadet Corps '32.

* * *

RICHARD HAINES: (Dick)
 "I can not give what men call love."
 Hobby. Reducing.
 Ambition. To be a ward boss.
 Pet Avers. Women.
 Activities. Class Rugby '31.

* * *

JOHN HOPPER:
 "Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair."
 Fav. Exp. "What'll we do to-night, Tom?"
 Hobby. Collecting scholarships and medals.
 Ambition. To beat Bobby Jones.
 Activities. Junior Hockey '30; Inter. Hockey '31-'32; Class Rugby '31; Class Baseball '29-'30-'31; Track Team '29-'30; Secretary Athletic Association '32; Class President '32.



GORDON HUGHES:

"I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine."

Fav. Exp. "Oh! Shucks."
Ambition. To be an architect.
Pet Avers. Lang.

* * *

VERNON HULIN:

"So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer,
A virgin heart in work and will."

Fav. Exp. "Pipe down! little one."
Hobby. Going to see a certain person.
Pastime. Dancing at the Knights.
Activities. Track Team '29; Class Baseball '29-'30.

* * *

GRAHAM HUNTER:

"Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confessions of a wasted youth."

Hobby. Motorcycles.
Ambition. To own one outright.
Pet Avers. Tall women.
Activities. Inter. Basketball '31; Class Hockey '32.

* * *

ERIC LANCASTER: (Duke)

"But soon he knew himself the most unfit,
Of men to herd with men."

Fav. Exp. "Rally round!"
Pastime. Asking Mr. Wilson to repeat his question.
Ambition. To know a certain fair pianist better.

* * *

JOHN LANG: (Jack)

"Since there my life lies, why alter it."

Fav. Exp. "Give me a glass of milk."
Hobby. Singing (?) the Cuban Love Song.
Ambition. To be a soap-box orator.
Activities. Junior Rugby '29; Junior Basketball '29; Senior Rugby '30; Class Basketball '30; Senior Rugby '31; Class Basketball '31.

* * *

FRANCIS LAUER: (Buster)

"A youth, light-hearted and content,
I wander through the world."

Pastime. Waiting after 3.30 in front of the school?
Hobby. Advanced Algebra.
Ambition. To change D.P.T. to D.P.L.
Activities. Class Basketball '30-'31; Senior Soccer '31; Track Meet '29-'30'; Class Rugby '31.



RONALD LEE: (Ronnie)

"Oh blush not so! Oh blush not so!"

Fav. Exp. "Cut it out, Booth."
Hobby. Growing hair on his chest.
Ambition. To shave twice a day.
Activities. Gym Team '31-'32; Hi-Y '31-'32.

* * *

NELSON LESAGE:

"A six years darling of a pigmy size."

Fav. Exp. "Howdy, Guy."
Hobby. Going to dances.
Ambition. To meet the right girl.

* * *

MUIR MITCHELL: (Mitch)

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

Fav. Exp. "Howdy."
Hobby. Taking somebody out?
Ambition. To take somebody out more.
Activities. Inter. Rugby '30; Capt. Inter. Basketball '29-'30; Senior Basketball '30; Capt. Gym Team '31-'32; Track Team '29; Treasurer A. A. '31; Class Baseball '29-'30; Class Basketball '29-'30; Class Rugby '31.

* * *

ALBERT MORELAND: (Abbie)

"A wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command."

Fav. Exp. "My name's Milk—shake."
Hobby. Going places.
Ambition. To pass in Written French.
Activities. Junior Hockey '29; Inter. Hockey '30-'31-'32; Inter. Rugby '30; Senior Rugby '31; Sergeant Cadets '32.

* * *

CHARLES MOTT: (Charlie)

"All shod with steel,
We hissed along the polished ice in games confederate."

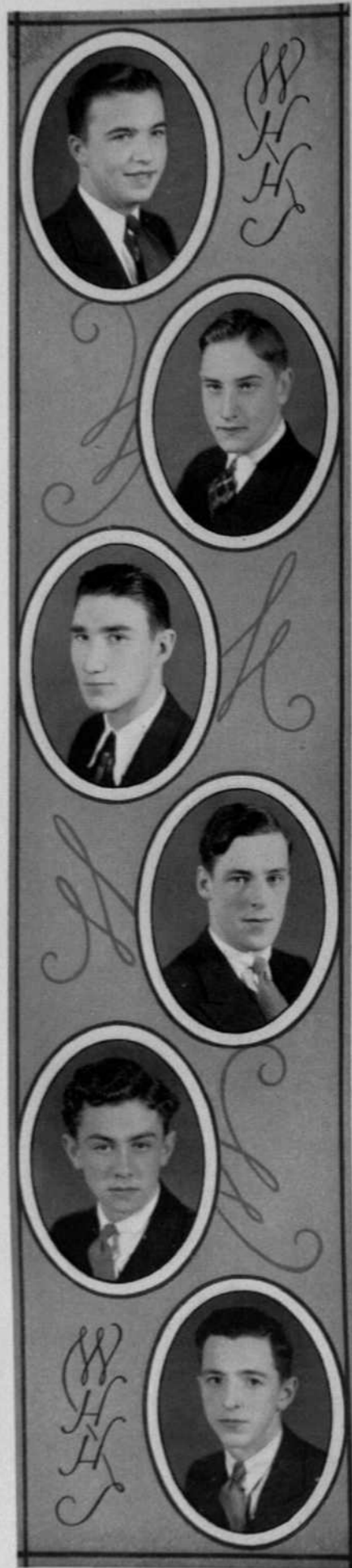
Pet Avers. Helping Booth in Algebra.
Hobby. Working Algebra and Geometry problems.
Ambition. To emulate Einstein.
Activities. Inter. Hockey '31; Senior Hockey '32; Inter. Basketball '31; Class Hockey '30-'31; Class Baseball '31-'32; Class Rugby '31.

* * *

IVAN MCNIFF:

"Thou sing'st as if the God of Wine
Had helped thee to a Valentine."

Pet Avers. Being called "Rudy."
Hobby. Singing.
Ambition. To imitate "Caruso."



ERIC OGILVY:

"Nowher so besy a man as he the n'as
And yet he seemed besier than he was."

Fav. Exp. "Hey, Stattner, move over."
Hobby. Chasing a certain girl.
Pet Avers. Thinking
Activities. Class Baseball '28; Runner-up Senior Tennis Tournament '29; Senior Tennis Champ '30.

* * *

IAN OSWALD: (Ossie)

"How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use."

Fav. Exp. "Hey! Scott."
Hobby. Reading about "Cut."
Ambition. To gain a pass mark in Algebra.

* * *

LAWRENCE PALETHORPE: (Lorne)

"Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep,
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind."

Fav. Exp. "May be."
Ambition. It's a secret.
Hobby. Taking his time.
Activities. Junior Hockey '30; Inter. Hockey '31-'32; Junior Rugby '29-'31; Junior Soccer '29; Senior Soccer, '30; Class Baseball '29-'30-'31; Class Hockey '30-'31-'32; Class Basketball '30.

* * *

HUGH PAUL:

"Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend."

Fav. Exp. "Sure!"
Ambition. To collect all the fees in one day.
Hobby. Waking Campbell.
Activities. Class Rugby '31.

* * *

GEOFFREY ROBINSON:

"How long, how long, in definite pursuit,
Of This and That endeavour and dispute."

Pet Avers. Being called "Goldie."
Ambition. To be an orator.
Hobby. Debating?
Activities. Junior Soccer '28-'29; Senior Soccer '30; Class Baseball '29-'30; Class Rugby '31; Track Team '28-'29-'30.

* * *

DOUGLAS SCOTT: (Scotty)

"Still wouldst thou sing and I have ears in vain."

Fav. Exp. "Oh me!"
Hobby. Writing poetry.
Ambition. A tall ship and star to steer her by.



SEYMOUR SELIGMAN: (Sam)

"A soldier's grave for thee the best."

Pastime. Doing cadet work in class.
Pet Avers. Red flannels.
Ambition. To make the all-Canadian rugby team.
Activities. Junior Rugby '28-'29; Senior Rugby '30-'31; Junior Basketball '28-'29; Inter. Basketball '30-'31; Class Basketball '29-'30-'31; Lieutenant Cadet Corps '31-'32

* * *

MORRIS STATTNER:

"If the heart of this man is depressed with cares,
The mist is dispelled when a woman appears."

Hobby. Passing examinations (?)
Pet Avers. Taking gym.
Pastime. Sitting with Ogilvy.
Activities. Senior Soccer '31.

* * *

FRANK WILSON:

"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye!"

Fav. Exp. "Who's your little whoosis?"
Pet Avers. Anyone who dislikes Greta Garbo.
Hobby. Reading movie magazine.
Activities. Junior Basketball '28; Inter. Hockey '29-'31; Inter. Basketball '30-'31; Class Basketball '29-'30-'31; Class Rugby '31; Inter. Rugby '30; Runner-up Senior Tennis '30; Senior Soccer '31; Senior Tennis Champion '31.

* * *



OLD PUPILS SECTION

THE stage-coach of old Father Time has passed another milestone, and on the journey West Hill has gathered news of former students now scattered here and there throughout the world. Since the graduate list up to date numbers three hundred and fifty it is impossible for direct contact to be maintained with them all. However, we may mention the following pupils whose activities have been noted.

The first graduating class numbered two, one of whom is working in the Sun Life and the other is married. As a contrast it is interesting to note that there will probably be eighty-five graduates this year.

Dorothy Burrell is a physical education teacher in Quebec High School, formerly a teacher at Alma College, St. Thomas, Ontario.

Allan B. Latham a 1922 graduate studied economics for a year in Berlin University. He received a Doctor of Philosophy degree in 1931 (January) from Harvard. He is now Instructor of Economics in Williams College, Massachusetts. He deserves special commendation for honours received.

Helen Curtis, a graduate of 1925, has been particularly fortunate. In January 1931 she left Montreal for an extensive trip through Egypt, Palestine, and Europe, returning in October of that year. Her position is that of secretary of Girls Work in the Y.W.C.A.

Alfred W. Hobart attended West Hill in 1920. A graduate of the University of Chicago, he later obtained his B.D. and was ordained minister of the United Liberal Church of St. Cloud, Minnesota. He feels that this vocation is a most satisfying one.

Albert Baily is an engineer in the Canadian Marconi Company. Mr. Baily was a keen experimenter of wireless telegraphy in his youth, and even before there were any broadcasting stations, built a receiving set and erected an extensive aerial by which he constantly picked up wireless messages. He has had a very successful career.

S. Jameson Martin is a medical doctor who interned at the General Hospital. At the present time he is taking a post-graduate course in surgery in the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh. His vocation is most praiseworthy.

Gordon Brand graduated from this school in 1921. After attendance at McGill University he, in 1926, devoted himself to the study of music under the direction of Madam Somer Curry in Montreal, and subsequently with Enrico Caronna in Milan. "Mr. Brand's first London recital was a great success for this young Canadian bass-baritone. His voice proved to be of exceptionally attractive quality and his command of vocal technique quite unusual. Altogether Mr. Brand is a valuable acquisition to our concert artists." Mr. Brand is at present making his headquarters in New York City.

Edyth Ward is the head nurse in a ward in the General Hospital. Helen Perry expects to graduate from the Royal Victoria this fall.

In the realm of science Alan Mills finishes this year at McGill a course in Chemical Engineering. Donald Young is the holder of a Chemistry Scholarship.

Kenneth Spence 1924 has been appointed research assistant in psychology at Yale University.

Bill Sellar, who has worked his way through McGill University as a journalist of the city, will receive his Bachelor of Arts degree this year.

R. Douglas Smith, a 1925 graduate received his B.D. degree this year, and enjoyed also the honour of winning three scholarships. He has been appointed assistant pastor in Montreal West Church. His career so far has been a very brilliant one.

Arthur Calvert is an ensign of the Salvation Army Corps in Belleville, Ont. He is following in his father's footsteps.

W. Herbert Tees, was one of our distinguished school debaters. He is pursuing the art of speaking in public by studying to be a lawyer in McGill.

Jack Mander found his genius lay in the line of art and fortunately secured a position assisting Mr. Chelsea in decorating the interior of Westmount Park Melville Church. He is now studying with the Meyer Both College of Commercial Art, specializing in free-lancing.

Alex McCall left West Hill in 1929 to go to L'Ecole de Beaux Arts where he studied Commercial Art. After a two year course he entered Smeaton Bros., publishers.

Leslie Coppald studied at Beaux Arts night school. He is now with Rolph, Clark & Stone, lithographers.

Among the girls who have graduated we find that the teaching profession has attracted the majority, since seventy-five former pupils at West Hill have at one time or another enrolled in Macdonald or the Department of Education, McGill. Strangely the boys have made no such unanimous choice but have more varied vocations. There are three in the ministry and several science professors.

It is with keen interest that West Hill watches her graduates and wishes them every success.



LA VIEILLE MAISON

THE Editors are gratified to have the opportunity to produce in the Annual this copy of a painting by Jack Bush, a graduate of West Hill, class of 1926. The picture was hung by the Royal Canadian Academy at Toronto in 1930. Since graduation Jack Bush has studied art in Toronto and has been engaged there in commercial art work. That his gifts extend beyond commercial work to a higher type of art is evidenced by this picture.

School Activities



WEST HILL DEBATING SOCIETY

WEST HILL has at last won the championship of the High School Debating League.

It is not, however, the first time that our team has been in the Final; and it would be entirely mistaken to suppose that the present session has attained the highwater mark of debating excellence. As a matter of fact, interest this year has been confined to a handful of enthusiasts.

A summary of debating contests is given below:— On November 5th, 1931, Clarence Gross and Lawrence Sabbath met a team from the Hi-Y Club of N.D.G. and gained the decision.

On March 21st, the same debaters from West Hill met the Catholic High, taking the negative side of the resolution: "That Western Civilisation is tending towards decay." After hearing both sides, the judges decided that it was.

Round one of the High School Debating League saw us matched against Westmount. Olive Sanborn and Lawrence Sabbath debated away; Pearl Jacobs and Clarence Gross at home. The former team lost and the latter won. The topic was: "Resolved that poverty is the fault of the state rather than of the individual."

To decide the draw, our winning team faced Westmount again, taking the affirmative side of the debate on: "Resolved that the modern High School curriculum does encourage personal freedom and initiative."

This time we gained the debate by a narrow majority.

The Final Debate took place at Westmount on April 7th against Montreal West High School.

Clarence Gross had graduated in January and was therefore ineligible to debate. He took the chair and handed his part in the discussion to Pearl Jacobs, who was supported by L. Sabbath. The topic was: "That the home plays a greater part in shaping character than does outside environment."

Our opponents offered a powerful case for the negative and we were distinctly lucky in gaining the final vote of the judges.

Now we hold the cup for a season. But what of the future?

Public speaking is an essential activity in any enlightened democracy. The power of putting one's ideas clearly and forcefully before a large audience is invaluable. School age is the ideal time to begin.

Now there are multitudinous activities which make demands on our time. It is not the intention of the Debating Society to go in for high-pressure organisation; but it is greatly to be hoped that the juniors of today will seize every opportunity of acquiring the forensic art, not merely for selfish motives, but also that the school may have speakers to carry on the good work of the team of 1932.

J. C. J. H.

MONDAY MORNING ASSEMBLIES

BECAUSE of the alterations being effected in the Auditorium, the regular Monday morning devotional exercises were not held this year until March 7th, 1932, when Rev. Charlie Taylor and his brother, Laurie Taylor, were the welcome guests. These were introduced by Rev. Boyd of Madison Baptist Church. Both the Rev. Charlie Taylor and his brother displayed their talents very well, the former by singing and whistling a number of well-known songs to the accompaniment of the latter. Rev. Charlie Taylor first taught us a smile song, making the rather novel suggestion that we should "smile the smiles and sing the rest." Then he told a short story illustrating the necessity of obedience, and the pupils, having learned well the smiling song, returned to their classrooms, each with a cheery smile.

On Monday morning, April 18th, 1932, the pupils of all grades assembled in the Auditorium to hear a very fine lecture by the Rev. R. G. Burgoyne, president of The Prisoners' Aid and Welfare Association. The Rev. Mr. Burgoyne, who was introduced by Mr. H. D. Wells, Inspector of Schools, delivered a splendid address, in which he asked the students for their cooperation in preventing juvenile crime. Rev. Elton Scott of St. Columba Church led in the reading of the scripture.

Rev. Ira W. Pierce, representing the Quebec League against Alcoholism, was the guest speaker on April 25th. Following the singing of the Doxology and the Lord's Prayer, Rev. Mr. Pierce led the responsive readings and delivered an address on the temperance question, confirming his stand in many instances by reference to several very interesting interviews with well-known athletes, thus illustrating not only the mental and moral but also the physical benefits of temperate living.

MARGARET TAYLOR, X-2C.

GRADUATION EXERCISES

THE Graduation Exercises of the January and June classes, 1930-31, were held on the evening of February 6th, 1932, on which occasion the new West Hill auditorium was formally opened. Although this group of matriculants had waited longer than most for their certificates, the pleasure in being the first to conduct their graduation exercises in the beautiful new hall amply compensated for the delay.

Professor F. Clarke, head of the Department of Education at McGill University, addressed the graduates on the subject "An Intelligent Use of Education." Professor Clarke stressed the fact that education will only benefit us if we learn to think at the same time that we are amassing facts. Important as it is for an individual to be a good fellow, to be amiable and generous, the speaker felt that certain levels of society placed too great an emphasis on the question: "Is his heart in the right place?" Too often, Professor Clarke thought, a person's heart seemed to occupy the place Nature intended for his intellect; and as a result we have a very imperfect society in which far too little intelligence is in evidence. Professor Clarke urged the graduates to make a wise use of the knowledge which they had been so busy acquiring during eleven years of school.

On behalf of the School Commissioners Dr. Malcolm Campbell, Chairman of the Board, formally handed over the Auditorium to the High School, and in doing so he gave several interesting details regarding the new hall. He referred especially to the attention given in construction to the comfort of the audience both as regards hearing and seating.

Among the many distinguished visitors, who occupied places on the platform beside Mr. Atkinson and the High School Staff, were the Very Reverend Dean Arthur Carlisle, who was the chairman, Dr. W. P. Percival, Director of Protestant Education for the Province of Quebec, the Chairman and members of the Montreal School Commission, Dr. Paul Villard, Dr. Isaac Gammell, the Rev. Father P. A. Payton, of Loyola College, Professor H. E. Reilly, Miss C. I. MacKenzie, Mr. D. C. Logan, Superintendent of Schools, and many others.

Sixty-three pupils received Matriculation or School Leaving certificates, many of them being awarded special mention for success in various subjects of the curriculum.

The customary graduation papers read by the graduates drew much applause from the audience. Class histories were read by Violet Josepho, Jack Plumbley, and John McLeish, while Sybil Wilanski and Ralph Edson read the prophecies. The valedictory, which was delivered without the use of notes by John Shepherd, was very warmly received.

Several musical items were also a part of the evening's programme. Under the baton of Mr. Irvin Cooper the junior choir gave two pleasing selections, and later Adele Lortie sang Handel's "Oh Thou that tellest."

At the conclusion of the formal exercises a reception was held in the drawing room, while in the gymnasium downstairs inviting music urged many to the dance.

MAY RILLIE, X-2A.

WALTER POYNER, X-2B.

THE ELEVENTH YEAR DANCE

WHAT a scene of merry making and rejoicing there was at West Hill High School on Friday evening, April 22nd! Members of the eleventh year classes proudly escorted their partners into the new gymnasium. There they could not help but utter exclamations of surprise at the scene that met their eyes. Red and yellow streamers swaying in the breeze seemed to keep time to the rhythm of the orchestra. An imitation moon, hanging on one side of the room, winked down wisely at the dancing couples, just as if the "Old Man" himself, knew all about it. A huge Union Jack tied to the ceiling was filled to overflowing with balloons, and when these came floating down, red, yellow, blue and green, what wild dashes, what mad leaps there were. Never before had West Hill entertained such a host of guests.

Though the gym is larger than in preceding years, it was filled to capacity, and we were pleased to note that amid the smiling faces were many old graduates, who are always sure of a warm welcome from their Alma Mater. All too soon it was time for refreshments, although it is never too soon for some. Preceded by a grand march, we hastened upstairs to partake of a delicious buffet supper. A moon-light waltz, and later "Home Sweet Home" ended the evening. It is gone but not forgotten, for the memories of the West Hill Dance will linger in the hearts of those who participated, long after school days are a thing of the past.

MAITABEL HORWITZ, XI-2A.



VOCATIONAL ADVICE FOR GIRLS

DU E to the difficulty confronting many of the girls as to what to do after leaving school, Miss Murchison kindly made arrangements for a series of addresses for the girls of Grades X and XI on various courses which they might follow in future years.

The opening address was delivered by Mrs. Vaughan, the warden of Royal Victoria College, McGill. On Feb. 9, she spoke on college for girls, its requirements, and its benefits. A point which Mrs. Vaughan made clear was that for girls who are not fitted for college there are many worthy and desirable fields of work.

On Feb. 25, Miss Flanagan, an instructor at the Royal Victoria Hospital, addressed the girls on nursing. After briefly describing the history and development of this vocation, she outlined the training course. She stated that the prime requisites of those entering this field of service were a strong desire to nurse, good health, a good education, and a pleasing personality.

Mar. 1, held a treat in store in the form of an address on "The Woman Downtown" by Miss Monk, one of the few women lawyers in Quebec. After describing business life she advised those entering this field to acquire a solid foundation of grammar, spelling, arithmetic, and French, and to add to it the qualities of cleanliness, honesty, dependability, and courtesy.

On Mar. 9, the fourth address of the series was given by Miss Asplet, one of the foremost physiotherapists in Canada. While describing her work she pointed out that the field is not yet overcrowded and stated that she believed all strong, hard-working girls, with pleasant personalities can earn a comfortable living in this line of work.

On Mar. 18, Miss Odell, who is in charge of "Special Diets" at the Royal Victoria Hospital, contributed an address on Dietetics to our series. After a sketch of the development of Household Science, she discussed the various branches of work in this line.

On May 3, Miss MacKenzie, the principal of the Girls' High School, brought our series of addresses to a close with her talk on "Teaching." She spoke on the human and professional phases of her subject, pointing out its importance and the responsibility attached. She advised all the girls taking up teaching to follow all improvements in education and to take an active part in community life.

The girls who heard these talks must have been struck by the fact that a common thread ran through them all—quite inadvertently on the part of the speakers. Each one in turn expressed her belief in hard work, neatness and punctuality as secrets of success.

BETTY MARSHALL, XI-2A.

THE X-2 TEA-DANCE

IT WAS on Friday, December 17, 1931, that the memorable X-2 tea-dance, given by the girls of that class, was held in the gymnasium of the High School. Preparations for this event had been going

on for about a week, and it had been arranged that the girls supply the refreshments, while Bill Campbell's orchestra was secured by the promise of a lot of fudge and toffy for each of its members.

Thus it was, that on that afternoon, youthful maidens were seen on their way to school with packages of refreshments under their arms, and with long dresses trailing below their coats, while the boys were seen coming in their best Sunday suits. The periods that afternoon seemed long, but at last the three-thirty bell rang, and the girls rushed down to the gym followed by envious glances of girls from other classes.

The beginning of the dance was not very encouraging, since the boys stood in a group at one end of the gymnasium, while the girls began chatting at the other end. But at the first strains of music from Bill Campbell's orchestra, the boys gathered their courage, and asked some of the girls to dance. Gradually some spirit entered into the dance, and when the third number was played every boy and girl in the room were floating to the strains of the music. Even the teachers who were acting as chaperons, were behaving like real humans. There was a break in the dancing while refreshments were being passed around, during which time, one or two boys told jokes, and did some tricks by means of their handkerchiefs, after which dancing was resumed. At the close of the dance, the representative of the boys' class thanked the girls for the pleasant time, and hinted that they hoped to invite them to a sleigh drive later on. This gives us something to look forward to in the hot summer days.

PAULA GELBER, XI-1D.

THE SHORT WAVE SET IN THE PHYSICS LABORATORY

THE physics laboratory though late in opening, has been the centre of much interest since then. The students have taken a great interest in their work and particularly in the latest addition, the short-wave radio set.

This radio was built during the Easter holidays by several of the senior boys. It is a four-tube set, using the well-known pentode and screen-grid tubes. Great interest in set building has been aroused among the younger pupils, and it is hoped that they will continue this fascinating hobby. The set has worked satisfactorily though London or Paris have not yet been reported. However, airplanes, police stations, amateurs, and television stations have all been heard. In view of the fact that electricity is being added to the course next year, this radio will help greatly to prove just what can be done with a little knowledge of the subject, and it is believed that the students will take up this new work enthusiastically.

DUDLEY TAYLOR, XI-2C.

WEST HILL HI-Y

The West Hill Hi-Y Club has completed another very successful year, its second.

The first Hi-Y Club was organized at Ionia, Michigan, in 1870, but it existed for only two or three years. Later, in 1889, the present Hi-Y movement was started at Chapman, Kansas. This club started a movement which now stretches across the United States and Canada from coast to coast. It is hoped that some day there will be a Hi-Y Club in every High School in both countries.

The Hi-Y purpose is:—"To create, maintain, and extend throughout the school and community, high standards of Christian character."

Last year we had a very successful year under the able guidance of President Al. Kerr and his executive, assisted by helpful suggestions from Mr. Brash and Mr. Duckworth. At the last meeting of last year officers were elected as follows:—President, Oliver Retallack; Vice-President, Ronald Lee; Secretary, Muir Mitchell; Treasurer, Watson Langlands; Jack Iredale was elected Treasurer on the resignation of the latter. Mr. Atkinson is Honorary President, while Mr. Brash and Mr. Duckworth are advisors to the club.

The first meeting of the year was held on Sept. 25th, at which the officers were installed. At succeeding meetings the programme was varied: there were addresses, debates, social activities and discussions on various topics of the day. Among the speakers who addressed the club were Mr. Gibbs, a lecturer at McGill, who gave two very interesting illustrated talks on Botany. Mr. Max Ford, law student of McGill, gave us an instructive address on "Entertainment," mentioning some of the pitfalls met by amateurs. Mr. Hodgson, one of our teachers, addressed the club on "School problems and how they affect the Hi-Y Club." On one occasion Mr. W. Buckley, of Westmount Y.M.C.A., was our guest speaker; "Advertising and how it affects the Hi-Y Club" was his theme. We were also honoured in having the privilege of hearing the Rev. B. B. Brown, pastor of Wesley United Church. Everyone greatly enjoyed the social evening spent with the teachers and fathers of the members at which Mr. Allen spoke on the "Wonder of Chemistry." Mr. George Owen, one of West Hill's old boys, addressed the club on the work of McGill . . . its various interests, educational, recreational, and social. The debates between the club and the Literary and Debating Society of West Hill were well attended, and favorable comment was passed on the oratorical ability of the participants. The Teachers' meeting in the fall was well attended, many of our guests giving helpful suggestions for the betterment of the club. The Bridge Party, held at St. Columba Hall under the auspices of the Club, was a great success. A number of induction meetings for new members brought the enrollment to about thirty. The last meeting of the year will be held on the 3rd of June.

During the past year the Club rendered valuable assistance to the West Hill Athletic Association and to Mr. Duckworth in his work at the local Y.M.C.A. In sports the Hi-Y entered a team in the Y Baseball League and won the Championship. In the Y House League in Hockey, the Hi-Y placed third.

Two members of the Club, Al. Kerr and Stewart Robertson, have been of especial assistance to Mr.

Duckworth, and the community in general, through their assistance at the local Y.M.C.A. The Hi-Y also helped by taking upon themselves the responsibility of looking after the boys' clubs at the Y and giving them leadership. A Leaders' Club was also formed, the executive comprising President, Al. Kerr; Vice-President, Frank Wilson; Secretary, Stewart Robertson; Treasurer, Ronald Lee. Most valuable assistance was rendered by the Club in taking part in the show at the Monkland Theatre on April 2nd where the Hi-Y Club, with the assistance of the West Hill Gym Team, gave an exhibition of pyramid formations under the direction of Mr. Brasford.

During the past year the Club has endeavoured to be of benefit to the school and to the community in even more ways than have been mentioned. The members try to live up to the Club's ideals which include clean speech, clean sports, clean scholarship, and clean living.

RONALD LEE, XI-1E.

THE MENORAH CLUB

THE West Hill High School Menorah Club is the second organization of its kind in Montreal. The Menorah Club was organized at Westmount High School seven years ago, and its success has led to the formation of a similar chapter at West Hill.

The term "Menorah" signifies the seven-branched candelabrum of Hebrew ritual. The Club's purpose is to shed the light of tolerance and of knowledge among our fellow pupils; to strive for better understanding between Jewish and Christian pupils, and for increased interest in school life among our own members. The Club also hopes to be an influence in securing a Y.M.H.A. building in the West end of the city.

The inaugural meeting held in the Library of the School was attended by all the Jewish students of the tenth and eleventh years. Herschel Albert, president of the Westmount Menorah Club, acted as chairman. After the purpose and the ideals of the Club had been explained, and the constitution read, the following officers were elected:

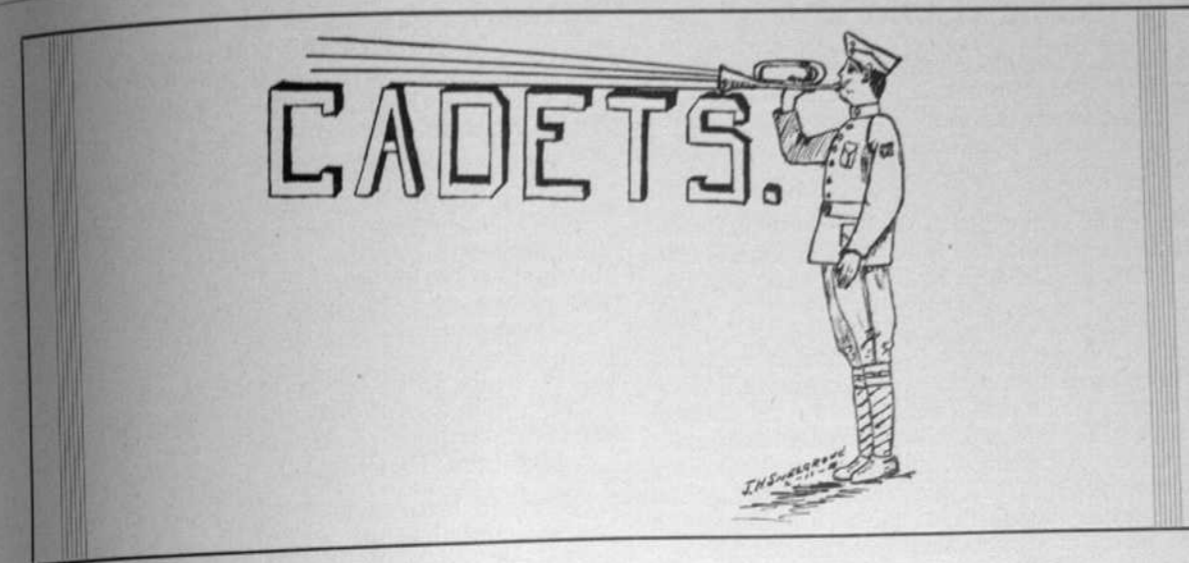
President: Abe Gruber; Vice-President and Treasurer: Clarence R. Gross; Secretary: Morris M. Stattner. Twenty-eight members were enrolled.

At a later meeting Mr. L. Unsworth, one of the senior masters of the School, spoke to the club on general school topics, his informal talk meeting with much favour from the members. Mr. J. C. Hodgson also spoke at a subsequent meeting on the subject of racial differences. His speech, like Mr. Unsworth's, was most instructive and entertaining.

An informal dance, held on March 26th, proved to be a great success, and a similar fate is predicted for the closing banquet which will have been held by the time this magazine goes to press.

All in all, the Menorah Club has had a very successful year, and its members look forward to next term with the hope of consolidating its position as one of the worthy organizations of West Hill High School.

ABE GRUBER, XI-2B-



WESTHILL HIGH SCHOOL CADET CORPS

THE W. H. H. S. Cadet Corps is nearing the end of another successful season. This year, in addition to the usual curriculum, a series of Inter-Platoon competitions have been held in Marksmanship and Basket-Ball. A Base-Ball League is also being projected, but has not as yet materialised.

The first parade of the season was at the Armistice Service held in Notre Dame des Graces Park, where the Captain, accompanied by the officers and a few cadets, placed the West Hill wreath at the foot of the Memorial.

Shooting has been carried on throughout the year at the range in the Armoury of the Royal Montreal Regiment. There has been a decided improvement in the Marksmanship of the cadets this year, several averaging 90% or over. To date quite a number of the cadets have gained pins from the Dominion Marksmanship Association: 12 Bronze, 7 Silver, 3 Gold pins having been won. We may well expect to win more as there are still several weeks to go before the holidays.

The Inter-Platoon contests in shooting were won by the "A" team of No. 2 Platoon, and by the "B" team of No. 3.

The Basket-Ball was won by the "A" team of No. 1 platoon, while the "B" team of No. 2 Platoon won its section.

The rifle and manoeuvre drills, which are held every Tuesday afternoon, are progressing well under the capable direction of Mr. Brasford. Under his tuition the cadets are rapidly molding into a very creditable unit, doing their best, in every way possible, to aid their instructor in his task. They have already attained a high degree of efficiency and it is possible that the cadets will obtain a higher standing this year than ever before.

The cadets will participate in the Annual Garrison Parade when it takes place, while they will be inspected by Colonel Keefer towards the end of May.

Mr. Brasford has been giving a great deal of his time to the training of the Corps, and the whole School joins with the cadets in seizing this opportunity to express its appreciation of his efforts.

OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR 1931-32

	CAPTAIN	
	R. Greenleaf	
	LIEUTENANTS	
S. Seligman	G. Storey	G. Jotcham
	SEARGEANTS	
A. Moreland	A. Doig	J. Madden
	CORPORALS	
G. Guy	K. Cleaver	A. Kidney
	QUARTER-MASTER-SERGEANT	
D. Taylor	SERGEANT-MAJOR	
	A. Greenidge	
	LIEUT. G. C. JOTCHAM, XI-2C.	

MICHAEL MAHONEY AND THE TRAIL OF '98

OF THE many lecturers who visited the school during the past year, perhaps the most interesting was Michael Mahoney. He delivered his lecture to the assembled school on Friday, April 15, and his many humorous interludes and interesting accounts made a great hit with the pupils.

He chose as his subject, "The Trail of '98," a topic of which he has had first-hand information. He told of the great Yukon gold rush, which took place between the years 1898 and 1906.

Mr. Mahoney began his lecture with an account of his boyhood in Ottawa, and of his hearing the story of how gold was to be found in the Yukon, and his working his way out to Seattle, where he shipped for the Yukon. He graphically outlined the numerous incidents and the scenes along that trail up into the land of gold, "The Trail of '98."

The account of his bringing the body of Judge Hume from the Yukon to Seattle, across country and mountains never before traversed by a white man, a journey which took six weeks, concluded the afternoon's lecture.

The speech was illustrated by a great many interesting lantern slides, which pictured scenes that Mr. Mahoney saw along the trail up into the Yukon. He had previously delivered the same address before the University of Toronto.

GORDON STEWART, XI-2B.

MUSIC AT WEST HILL

DURING the past year we have been quite active in our music department, and in addition to the usual class routine various extra curricular activities have been attempted successfully.

The ninth year girls gave the first public performance of the term, representing the High School in the "Music Section" at the Teachers' Convention.

Even the late opening of the new auditorium did not delay the presentation of the delightful Christmas music which has lately become an annual feature at the school; and shortly before Christmas, a broadcast of carols and other seasonable music was accomplished. Eighth year boys and girls taking part in the selections gained for themselves a high place, and made the broadcast undeniably successful.

This same group of choristers reached for even higher honors when they sang for the Graduation Exercises and formal opening of the new auditorium. On this occasion, opinion has it, the boys acquitted themselves in a remarkable way,—boys not being supposed to have good voices at this age—; as for the girls, great things are always expected of them.

Thoughts then turned to the school concert. The choirs worked earnestly on such numbers as "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," and "Trial by Jury," while other classes strove to bring forward something worth public notice to offer as their contribution.

Word came through that there was a possibility of "Hiawatha" being given in Toronto at the Canadian National Exhibition, and the enthusiasm in this group reached a high pitch, although at the present moment plans regarding such a trip remain indefinite.

The school concert came quickly, and out of a total enrolment of one thousand pupils at West Hill, more than five hundred and fifty were present as performers on the night of the great event.

The two main features were "Hiawatha" and "Trial by Jury," both of which were well performed. As a visitor was heard to exclaim: "The songs were lovely; 'Hiawatha' was wonderful; but 'Trial by Jury' was magnificent!"

The principal characters in the latter, namely, Miriam Higgins, Mary Rayside, Ruth Naylor, Margaret Drake, Rae Guess and John Rayside, sang their parts admirably. The costuming was very effective and Miriam Higgins, the bride, and her bridesmaids, looked very dainty.

Mary Rayside deserves honorable mention for her brilliant portrayal of the "Judge," and Rae Guess, another noteworthy, showed decided talent as an actor.

Special mention must be given the ninth year boys who did extremely well in two lusty songs, and also the ninth year girls, whose tone and shading were the finest on the programme.

Miss Bell demonstrated her versatility still further by coaching the tenth and eleventh year girls in two charming character dances which, included in the programme, added in no small measure to the shining success of the evening.

Two popular soloists, Adèle Lortie and Ivan McNiff, whose voices have been heard at previous school functions, attained even greater renown in further selections, and later combined with Margaret Drake and Isadore Sandler to sing two humorous quartets which met with a warm reception from the large audience.

In addition to her part in the eleventh year dance, Ida Curtis gave, in a competent manner, a most credible rendering of Listz's pianoforte composition "La Chasse."

Further broadcasts are planned for the near future, and they are sure to meet with the same unflinching success that has always greeted the choirs of West Hill.

KATHLEEN HODGSON, XI-1D.

THE SHAKESPEAREAN RECITAL

MR. WILKIE and Miss Hunter-Watts have had many enthusiastic audiences in many parts of the world, but I believe that I am quite safe in saying that they could never have so many pupils gathered together, who came more willingly and with such cheerful minds.

When the curtain rose and Mr. Wilkie stepped forward, and in such a charming way outlined briefly their performance, I settled down quietly in my seat and gave myself up to the forthcoming pleasures.

The Epilogue to "Henry the Eighth," with which Miss Watts opened the concert, did not impress me greatly, but when the two actors went through the murder scene from "Macbeth" there was not an unenthusiastic person in the auditorium. It seems hardly possible that two people, without any appropriate stage settings, could enact anything so dramatic with such wonderful realism. Next came an entertaining scene from Oliver Goldsmith's famous play "She Stoops to Conquer," and for the next hour these remarkable artists carried us with them into the land of fiction. One moment we were watching Bassanio and Antonio bargain with the crafty Shylock, then over to France we flew and the comical English lesson from "Henry the Fifth" brought forth much laughter. Next the well-known words "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears," told us that we were to hear the dramatic oration of Mark Antony. Finally, the climax was reached when Mr. Wilkie and Miss Watts gave a spirited performance depicting the first meeting between Catherine the Shrew and her diplomatic wooer. This was followed by several extracts from "As You Like It," and the program closed with the Epilogue by Rosalind. So ended one of the most interesting sessions of our High School career.

LORNA I. LEE, X-2A.



"Trial by Jury"

Gilbert & Sullivan



The Bell Boy and the Maid
Eleventh Yr Girls

Minuet
Tenth Yr Girls





BADMINTON

This year the girls of West Hill took a very keen interest in the popular indoor winter sport, Badminton. There was a great increase in the playing space and we can now enjoy games on four double courts and one single court.

Many more girls have played than in previous years, and we now have a membership of over sixty girls.

We were unable to have a doubles tournament this year. However, the prize money, so kindly given by the West Hill Badminton Club, has been used to buy new racquets. We, indeed, appreciate this club's continued interest in our Badminton.

Twenty girls contested in the Singles Tournament. Keen interest and good sportsmanship were displayed throughout. The finals were played between Sue Norgot, IX-2, and Phyllis Payne, XI-2. This game was very lively and was a struggle from beginning to end. By a score of 14-10, 5-11, 11-4, the honour of being the Singles Champion was won by Phyllis Payne for the second consecutive year.

PHYLLIS PAYNE, XI-2A.

INTER-SCHOOL BASKETBALL

A NEW system was tried out this year, in which each team played one game against the other seven teams in the School League. In former years the League was composed of an Eastern and a Western section, and the winning teams of these divisions met for city honours. It has not yet been decided which system will be followed next year.

The Senior team was defeated only once, and that was in its second game when it visited Westmount High. Due to the skill of their opponents and the size of the gym, our girls lost and bravely accepted defeat from the better team.

The Juniors met some strong opposition during the season, however in each game they sailed through to the last whistle ahead of their rivals, and so won the City Championship without losing a single game.

No other exhibition games were played this season except the annual "Old Girls" match, which is always enjoyed by all, and which was particularly interesting this year because enough old West Hillians turned out to make up two teams. The visiting Seniors proved too much for the home girls and they pulled far ahead in the second half. The Junior team lived up to its reputation and defeated the visitors.

May Miss Bell and the teams have much success in the games next year.

LAURA GARDINER, XI-2A.

THE GIRLS' A.A.A. TREASURE HUNT

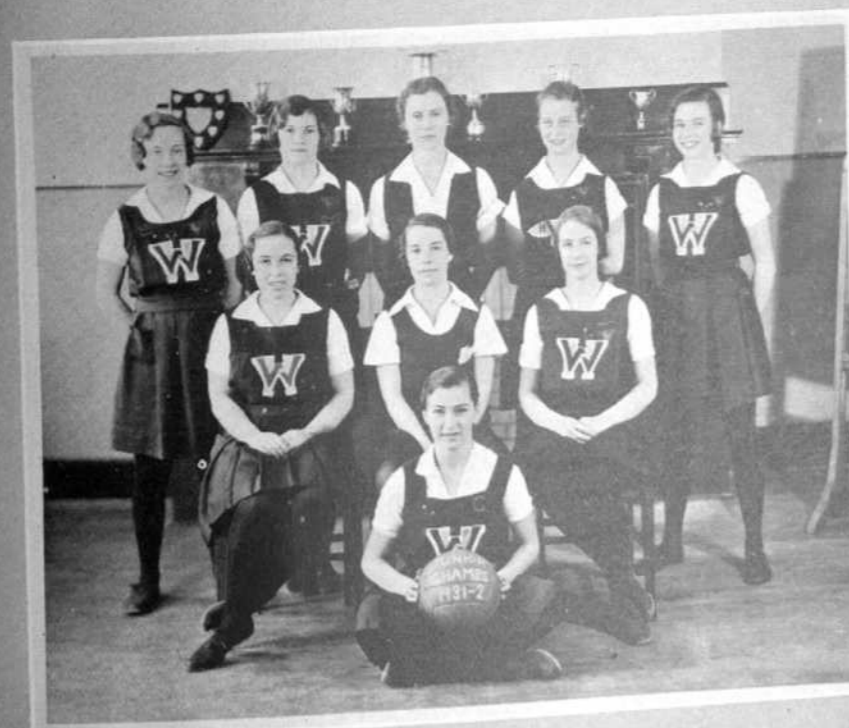
Last fall, owing to the building operations which were then going on in the new wing of the school, it was decided that instead of holding the customary A. A. A. party, with program and dance, it would be necessary to arrange some sort of treasure hunt where the girls could tramp streets all afternoon.

Accordingly on Monday, 26th October, many girls, attracted by the novelty of the occasion, divided into teams of ten, and, with the help of clues, started off in search of the treasure. A team of girls from what were then X-1A and X-1C was finally successful. When the last despairing straggler had arrived, hot dogs were served, after which the girls proceeded to the third floor to dance.

Those who took part in this treasure hunt enjoyed the afternoon to the full, and they are very grateful to Miss Bell and the officers of the Association who made it possible.



Senior Basket Ball Team
1931-32



Junior Basket Ball Team
Champions - High School League 1931-32



GIRLS' SKIING

The Ski Club did not have a very successful season this year owing to the mild winter. Although the club had a larger membership than the previous year it did not meet as often. One or two meetings were arranged, but as the weather was very mild on those days, very few girls turned up. We are hoping to have a much better season next year.

MARJORIE GARDINER, Skiing Representative.

SWIMMING

As last year, the girls have been fortunate in having swimming during October, November, April, and May.

Although an Inter-School swimming meet was held, not enough entries were made from the school to make it worth while for West Hill to enter.

All the girls who took part in the swimming enjoyed it thoroughly and hope it will be continued next year.

TENNIS

The West Hill Girls' Tennis Season for 1931 was a most successful one. The courts were opened early in the summer, and many enthusiasts crowded the courts after school.

At the beginning of October the annual tennis tournament was held, and it attracted an entry list of twenty-six girls. Excitement ran high, and the need for more courts was urgent. The finals saw Claire Walsh bracketed with Adèle Lortie and were run off one day at noon. Claire won the first set 6-0, then fought back the stubborn resistance of her opponent to win the set and match 6-0, 6-1, thus capturing the coveted tennis trophy for the second successive year, and bringing to an end one of the most enjoyable tournaments ever held by the girls of West Hill.

Tennis activities for 1931, however, were not solely confined to practice and the championship event, for near the end of October, a friendly game was arranged with the Westmount High School Team. A team composed of Isobel Wilson, Bessie Norgeot, Sue Norgeot and Claire Walsh journeyed down to the Westmount courts to uphold the honour of West Hill. The only win recorded was by Claire Walsh, who defeated her opponent 6-1, 6-4. A great time was had by all, and although Westmount defeated us by two matches to one, we enjoyed our games to the fullest extent.

CLAIRE WALSH, IX-2A.

GIRLS' INTER-CLASS BASKETBALL

This year inter-class basketball was enthusiastically supported by a large number of girls from all the grades. Owing to the large number of teams, twenty-two in all, it was necessary to divide them into two sections.

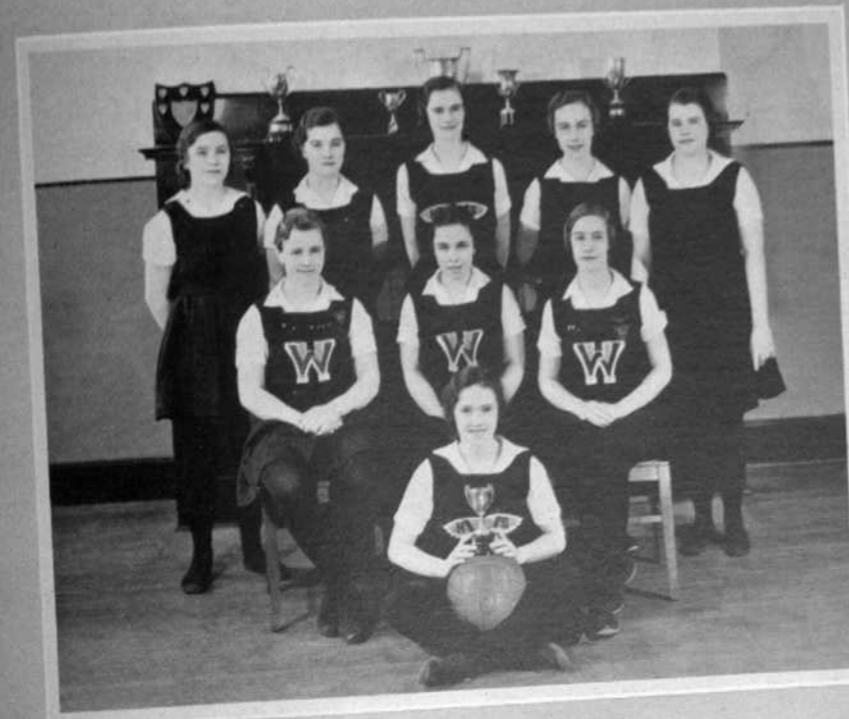
The junior section consisted of teams from eighth year of which there were twelve teams. Grade VIII-2K were the champions, defeating the other teams of their section.

The senior section consisted of teams from ninth, tenth and eleventh years, of which there were ten teams. The team of the combined XI-2A and C grades were champions, winning all their games.

THELMA JOHNSON, XI-2A.

BASEBALL

With the spring came the usual urge for baseball and a large number of girls signed up. Eight teams in all have been formed and an interesting schedule is planned. Although there is to be no Inter-School Baseball League, friendly games between different schools will take place.



Grade XI-2 A and C
Champions Senior Inter Class
Basket Ball



Grade VIII-2 K
Champions Junior Inter Class
Basket Ball

SPORTS

THE school year of 1931-32 was one of great teams but few championships in sport at West Hill. Several of the teams reached a higher level in their respective sports than the School has ever before attained, and in two instances during the session hope of a championship ran very high. As on several occasions in the past, however, the teams were unsuccessful in the final struggle, and some mightier group in each case won the laurel.

Yet during the past year West Hill teams achieved something greater than they have ever done in the past: they gained the following of the entire School. Enthusiastic throngs of pupils—larger than ever before—urged on both the rugby and the hockey teams in their noble efforts to gain the city championships.

A strong spirit and good teamwork were to be found in all branches of our sport during 1931-32. They were seen especially in the fine playing of the senior rugby squad, the best rugby team that ever represented West Hill; they were seen, too, in the basketball and the hockey. Our teacher-coaches are in a large measure responsible for this state of affairs, but some credit must also be given to the tradition for fair play and clean sport that West Hill has been steadily developing during the past decade.

When one surveys the wide range of our sporting activities, which comprise at least a dozen branches of sport, and when one perceives that West Hill is "—not least, but honored of them all," one can not but be proud to wear the colors red and grey.

GORDON STEWART, XI-2B.

CLASS RUGBY

To keep up interest in the sport, this year a Class Rugby League was inaugurated under the able leadership of Mr. Wilson. The classes were divided into Junior and Senior sections.

In the Senior section XI-1B defeated X-2 while VIII-1B was defeated by VIII-1F in the Junior section.

Frequently the playing conditions were very bad, but this did not deter the players in the least from playing their best. It is expected and hoped by the Rugbyists that Class Rugby is to be continued next season.

WALLACE DERRY, X-2B.

CLASS BASEBALL

The Inter-Class Baseball last year was carried out very successfully. Although the playing field was not in the best of condition, the games were contested very keenly.

Class X-2B won the Championship by defeating XI-1C in a very close game, the final score being 8-7.

We are indebted to Messrs. Brown, Oxley and Brasford for their untiring work in the interests of the league, and we hope that this spring they will conduct it as successfully.

JOHN RAYSIDE, IX-2B.

SENIOR RUGBY

The Senior Rugby team of 1931 is one that will not soon be forgotten in West Hill history. Not that it won a championship, for that honour was denied it, Westmount having proved itself to be the better team in the final hard-fought struggle. But the team possessed more stellar players, worked more smoothly together, and, when necessary, was able to call forth from some hidden storehouse a greater amount of enduring energy than any team West Hill has ever sent out. The Seniors may have felt that, being the only rugby team from the School this year, they had to make up for the honors which a junior and an intermediate team might have won. Or it may have been that the careful coaching of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Oxley, and Mr. Brasford, during several previous years, was at last having the desired effect. At any rate the team was one worthy of our pride and one which future teams will strive to emulate.

Westman and Edwards were undoubtedly outstanding in the group but every man on the team deserves high praise. With many of the same players next year, a real field on which to practice, and just a fraction more training, what may we not hope for in the Fall of 1932?

O. RETALLACK, XI-2C.

TENNIS

Tennis held unusual interest last fall and there was a large entry in both Junior and Senior sections. Once again the tournament was organized and played under the able direction of Mr. Brash.

In the early rounds some of the seeded players had much difficulty in winning, and in some cases they lost. Clifford Robinson, seeded third, was beaten by Bill Moffat. The semi-final had Bill Moffat and Eric Ogilvy in one bracket and Graham Stanyon and Frank Wilson in the other. Bill Moffat provided another upset when he eliminated Eric Ogilvy. The final was an interesting game in which Frank Wilson won by the scores 6-1, 6-0.

The Junior Tournament was also full of hard fought games. There were many fine young players who showed promise of doing well in the bigger tournaments. The final match between Collier and Ritz demonstrated the superiority of the former.

FRANK WILSON, XI-1E.

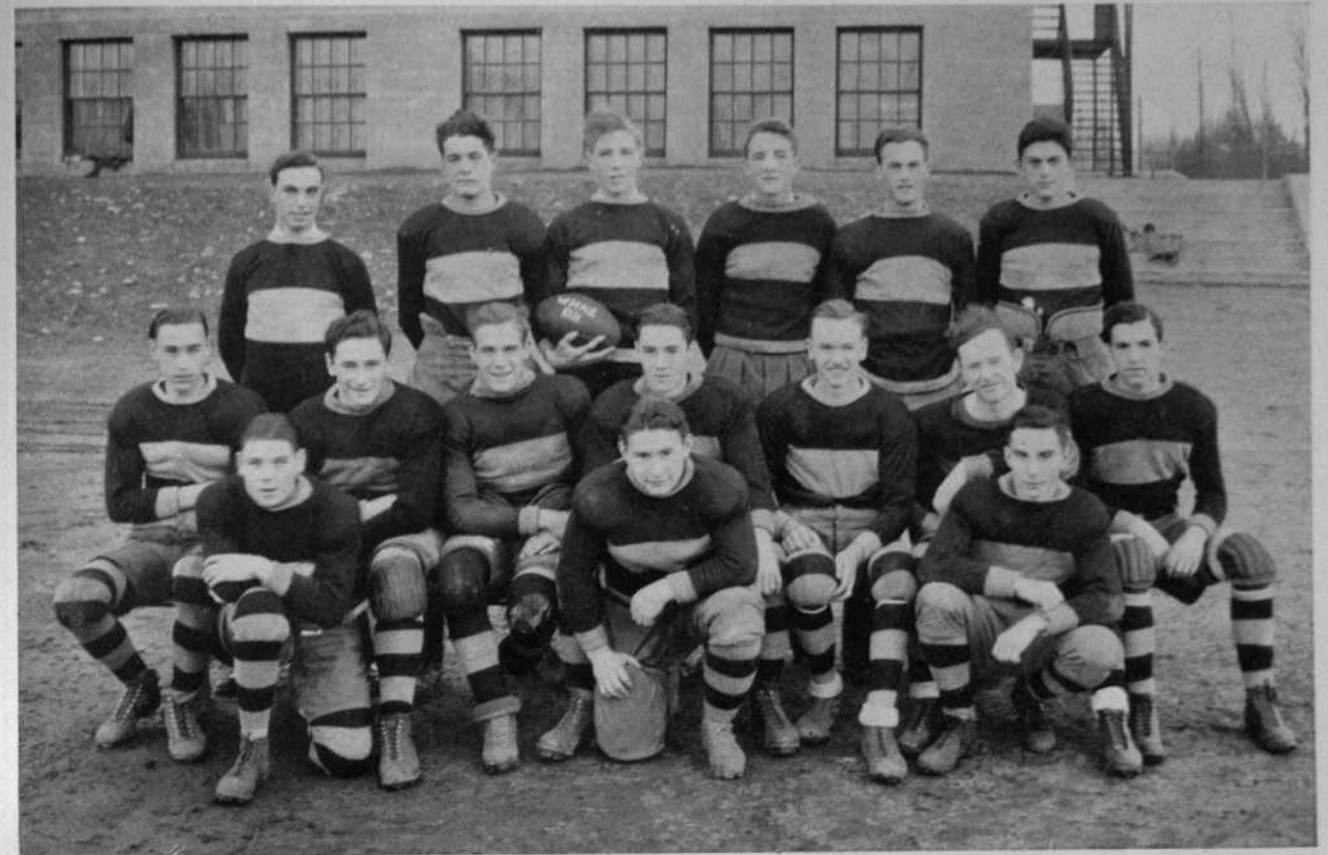
SOCCER

Although at the end of the season the Senior Soccer team was not among the leaders it gave a good account of itself against much heavier teams. Most of the players were last year's Juniors, but what they were lacking in experience they made up for in determination.

Matier was the mainstay of the team and gave many fine exhibitions of goal-keeping. Blake was the leading scorer, closely followed by Shepherd.

Next year, having gained in both weight and experience, the team will undoubtedly secure a higher place in the final ranking.


WALLACE ROBINSON, X-2B.



Senior Rugby Team - 1931



Senior Soccer Team - 1931




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BASKETBALL

This year's Junior Basketball team did very well; the only other team in the league able to defeat it being Westmount. Twice the team suffered defeat by Westmount, once by one point, and again by only a small margin, but the Juniors amply rectified their defeats by winning all other games with extremely one-sided scores.

Buster MacNab was the outstanding forward; he obtained most of the baskets. Nemiroff and Briskin were also threats to all opponents.

CECIL COLLIER, IX-2B.

The Intermediates were more fortunate than either the Seniors or the Juniors for they reached the City finals with Strathcona. In the divisional finals against Verdun, West Hill won the series in three strongly contested games. They failed to gain the City Championship, however, being considerably outplayed by Strathcona.

Robinson and Shepherd were a great pair on the forward line and gained almost an equal number of points. Frank Wilson, on the defence, stoutly resisted all would-be scorers.

JOHN WORTHINGTON, X-2D.

The Seniors maintained West Hill's basketball play at its customary high level, raised there by a fine succession of sportsmen. They played most of the schedule with the Championship in view, but finally they too were defeated by Strathcona. West Hill lost, but the playing of Capt. Bob Edwards and Herb Westman gave Strathcona a great deal to worry about.

This year's team came close to the top, and our hope now is that next year's team will go one better and win the much coveted championship.

O. RETALLACK, XI-2C.

SWIMMING

The Swimming activities of West Hill were more numerous this year than ever before. For the first time a team was entered in the Water Polo League, and West Hill again competed in the Inter-School Aquatic Meet.

The Water Polo occupied the first part of the season. After this a West Hill Swimming Club was formed and it was well supported. A relay team was entered in various competitions throughout the term and met with reasonable success. West Hill placed second in the Aquatic meet but was unfortunately last in the Water Polo. The club and team wish to thank Mr. Ford for the time and effort he spent in making them a success, and it is hoped that West Hill will continue with the Swimming Club and that it will be even more successful next year.

KEITH BOWEN, X-1F.

HOCKEY

The Junior Hockey team this year fared the best of all the hockey entries, although it very unfortunately lost to Westmount in the semi-finals.

Next year, with the wealth of material on hand, it is hoped that the juniors will go even farther in their division than previously. Hutchison, in goals, was the principal reason for the Juniors' fine record. Mordell, on the defence, and McKechnie, on the forward line, also starred.

IAN CRAIG, X-2D.

The Intermediates, while not very successful, managed to provide the leading teams with some tough opposition. They held each of the three leading teams to a draw, including the City Champions, Westmount.

George Shepherd was the star of the team, playing a strong defensive game and scoring frequently. John Hopper led the high scorers; Robinson, Wilson and Stanyon played strongly during the whole season.

BILL MOFFAT, XI-2B.

The Seniors closed the season with success. While that success was not glorified by winning the championship, nevertheless we should be proud of them; and perhaps, if we had had the facilities of an indoor rink, with artificial ice, enabling us to have more practice during the period of continued mild weather which prevailed during the best part of the season, the Championship game might have terminated differently. Be that as it may, the team made a good showing.

Stewart Macey is not only the fastest skater in the league, but also a most efficient and persistent back-checker. Norman Farquhar was well known for his bullet-like shot and he was one of the greatest threats on the forward line. Robbie and Herb Westman were able to fill any position effectively. Bobbie Edwards, in the nets, was the outstanding goalie in the league, gaining more shut-outs than any other goalie.

VAL FREW, XI-2B.

THE GYM TEAM

Voluntary apparatus work was carried out as usual in the late winter and early spring of this year. The team got an early start and many new recruits turned out for this year's team. Only five of last year's team still remained, which left a great opening for newcomers.

They practised hard but unfortunately the team was unable to place at the Annual Inter-School Gymnastic Meet at Montreal High. The team scored fourth place largely due to the efforts of Muir Mitchell, Donald Reid and Dudley Taylor, who were placed third on the parallel bars, side horse, and flying rings, respectively. Muir Mitchell was chosen Captain.

DUDLEY TAYLOR, XI-2C.

THE END



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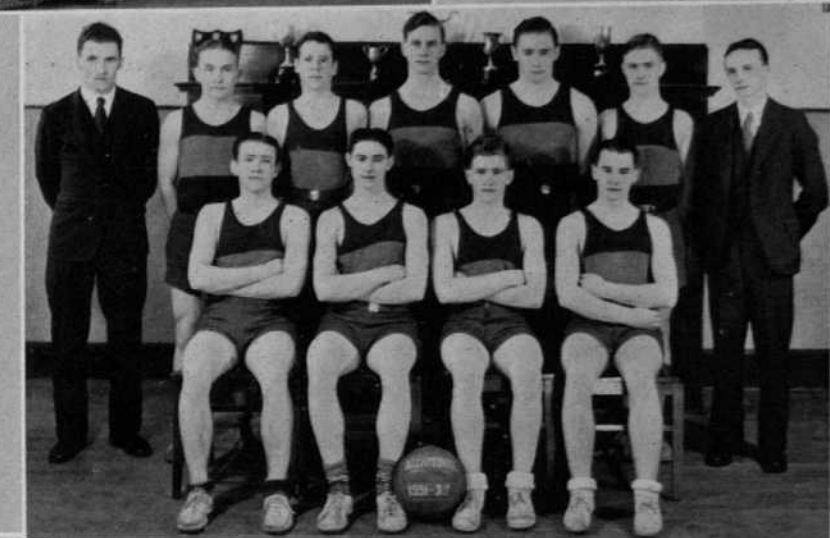
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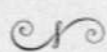
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