

Harold Farruthers

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2016-34/2/3

Belleville Collegiate and Vocational School

The School is under the management of the Board of Education and the Advisory-Vocational Committee.

Instruction is offered in Day and Evening Classes in Academic and Vocational courses of study. All day courses provide a liberal education in English, Mathematics, Science, History and Geography. Additional subjects are offered to suit the requirements of the student. The following notes will be found helpful and should afford guidance to parents and pupils.

ACADEMIC COURSES—These prepare candidates for entrance to the Normal Schools, the Universities, and Professional Schools. Attendance for four years or more is required to complete these courses.

VOCATIONAL COURSES—These prepare boys and girls for commercial, business, industrial and home-making pursuits. The program of the Commercial Course requires two or three years for its completion. Special courses in Commercial subjects may be completed in one year by students who have the equivalent of two more years of work in other departments. Technical and Industrial Courses are offered in Drafting, Machine Shop Practice, Woodworking and Auto Mechanics. The Practical Arts Course for girls prepares for scientific home management and includes Dressmaking, Millinery, Home Nursing, Cooking and Applied Arts. Three or more years' attendance is recommended for all day pupils.

CONDITIONS OF ADMISSION

Evening classes from October until the end of March. During 1931-32 instruction was given in the following subjects:

Auto Mechanics, Bookkeeping, Cooking, Dietetics, Drafting Dress-making, Elementary English, Machine Shop Practice, Mathematics, Oxy-Acetylene Welding, Sewing, Show-Card Writing, Stenography, Typewriting, Woodworking, English Literature, English Composition, French, Latin, Algebra, Trigonometry, Geometry.

Other courses of vocational value may be opened upon application, provided there is a sufficient enrolment.

Enrolment takes place during the first week in October. Nominal fees are charged for the Night Classes.

All courses offered have the approval of the Provincial Department of Education.

A. R. SCHRYVER, Chairman Board of Education.

P. C. MacLAURIN, Principal.

G. A. C. WEIR, Chairman Vocational Committee.

J. B. FINDLAY, Secretary Board of Education and Vocational Committee.

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Special Classes for Girls and Women are provided on Thursday afternoon and evening of each week.

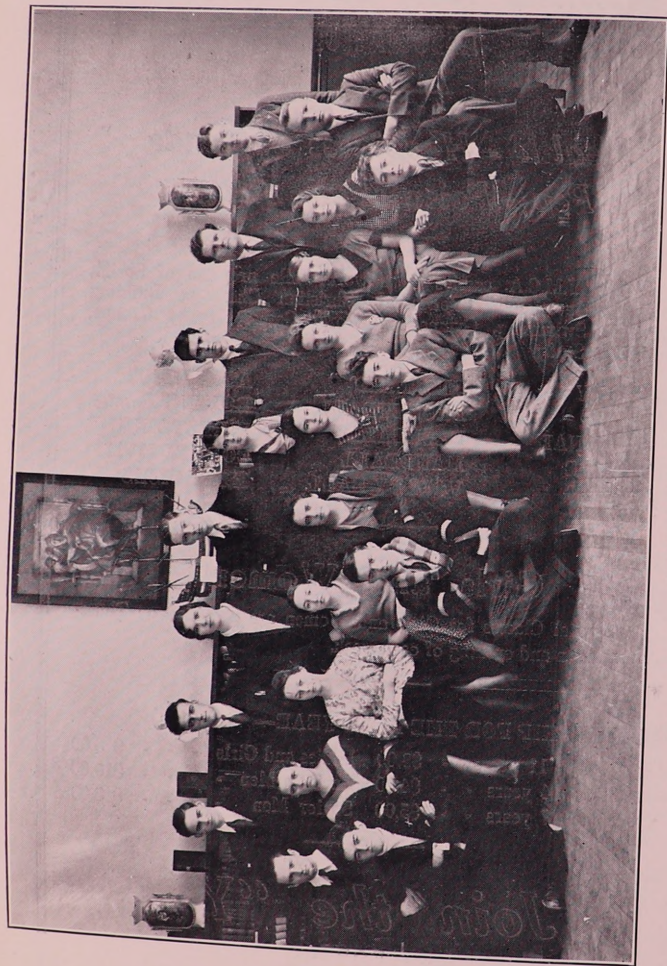
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Boys 12 to 14 years	- - \$4.00	Business Men	- - - \$10.00
Boys 15 to 17 years	- - \$5.00	Senior Men	- - - \$ 3.00

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Back Row—T. Day, J. White, Miss Priest, A. Cole, Miss Bunting, J. Carman, Mr. Frise, W. Ward.
 Middle Row—E. Mounce, R. Lazier, S. Burrowes, L. Martin, F. Evans, J. Bankier, M. Wardner, W. Elliot, A. Licence, T. Colden.
 Front Row—B. Liddle, B. Quinn, E. Reed, J. Mackenzie.
 Absent—J. Dickens, B. Sparling, G. Sinfield, B. Payne, Mr. Grafton.

Editorial Staff

CONSULTING EDITORS	{ Miss Jessie T. Priest, B.A. Miss M. H. Bunting, M.A.
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	Frances Evans
ASSISTANT EDITORS	{ Jean Bankier Lillian Martin Jim White
LOWER SCHOOL EDITOR	Walter Ward
LITERARY	Betty Sparling
POETRY	Ernest Reid
SOCIETY	Sheila Burrowes
LANGUAGES	Audrey Licence
MUSIC	Ted Day
GIRLS' SPORTS	Willa Elliot
BOYS' SPORTS	Arthur Co'e
ALUMNI	Jack Carman
EXCHANGE	Beauchamp Payne
HUMOUR	{ Rose Lazier Jim Mackenzie
ART COMMITTEE	{ Muriel Wardner Bob Little Jean Dickens
BUSINESS MANAGERS	{ Tom Colden Ernie Mouch
TYPISTS	{ Bill Quinn Garnet Sinfield
CIRCULATION MANAGER	Mr. Frise
TREASURER	Mr. Grafton



P. C. McLAURIN

Our Principal's Message

*"Give me a spirit that on life's rough sea
Loves to have his sail filled with a lusty wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crash,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air."*

Carefully read the above extract and see if you agree with me that such a spirit is required in the present year 1933, and without doubt will be needed for several years following the present one. One thing and one alone will see us through "the roughest day" and that is "courage". Business man, statesman, master, and pupil have at last found that one thing in common is needed by them and that is courage. "There is no danger to a man who knows" and "He goes before them and commands them all" if he has courage.

P. C. MacLaurin

Teaching Staff

Principal

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IVA G. EVERSON, B.S.	LESTER J. SHIELS, B.A.
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PEARL JOSE	AUDREY WILKINS



EDITORIAL

IN presenting "THE ELEVATOR" of 1933, we wish at the outset to express our sincere thanks to the teachers and students who have co-operated so nobly with the staff to make the magazine a success. The interest and support that we have received has been extremely gratifying. Unfortunately, for an obvious and much-mentioned reason, we have had to cut down on the number of pages this year, and many contributions worthy of publication have been regretfully rejected for lack of space. We hope that their omission will neither slight nor discourage their authors.

We regret that the Commercial and Technical departments are not more fully represented in our pages. The cohesion between the Collegiate and Vocational Schools is now so strong—their contact in school activities is now so vital—that we feel that more concurrence from the Vocational Department would make a more complete and representative "ELEVATOR".

IS Belleville behind the times? Don't be alarmed. I am not attempting to criticize the city of Belleville. I am coming closer to home. The question should really be "Is Belleville Collegiate and Vocational School behind the times?" I do not mean in the ordinary fundamentals of education. In that respect we measure up favourably, I believe, with other schools in America, but in one way we are slightly behind our neighbours to the south. We have a glee club, band, and orchestra to promote interest in music in the school. So have they. They also have, however, what is known as the "musical appreciation hour". Under this system the school is divided into four groups according to age. On Friday mornings each group takes half an hour in the auditorium and are taught to appreciate the value of good music by Mr. Walter Damrosch. This program is broadcast all over the U. S. and is heard in all schools possessing radios. Mr. Damrosch explains and plays the movements of the great musicians, pointing out as he goes along the parts taken by the different instruments. The time spent on this musical education by one group equals one of our spare periods and no time need be taken from studies.

The musical appreciation hour is a worth-while education and should, I think, be a part of the life of every school.

A COMMERCIAL Course has many advantages. It fits the student for the business side of life which is the best way to keep in touch with the events of the world.

The business world demands dependability and punctuality. Also, work must be done systematically and thoroughly, and yet quickly. The needs of the day are concentration and co-operation. Hatred and rivalry must be abolished if we are to emerge victorious in our struggle for happiness and peace.

Commercial work is continually changing with a changing world. It is fascinating to be studying something that is up-to-date. The operation of new office machinery opens up a wide field of study. The world is using vast quantities of this new machinery to-day because it produces better work. The student who is going out into the business world in the near future must become familiar with as many of these machines as possible as each new machine learned aids him in learning those not previously studied.

Each year five new typewriters with the new equipment characteristic of that year are added to the Commercial machinery. We have two adding machines, one with the visible keyboard and one without. The Commercial students are looking forward to further additions to this machinery such as a dictaphone, some form of duplicating machine and a gramophone for teaching rhythm.

This year's typewriting equipment has been augmented by the addition of thirty-eight stands for holding typewriting material. These were designed and made by the boys in the first year technical classes and are a great aid to the student in reading his notes quickly and easily.

The Commercial Course opens the way for those who are interested in becoming business executives. Shorthand, Typewriting and Bookkeeping are often steps to higher positions. Thus Commercial work prepares us for the part we have to play in the future prosperity of our country.

THIS year exceeds all other years for a big attendance of students in the Technical Department. Five rooms are necessary to accommodate the boys; the girls have two rooms. Three years are necessary for one to get a complete education and at the end of the three years you are rewarded with a diploma, if you pass. This enables you to get a job as an experienced workman. The first year attendance is larger than ever this year in both boys' and girls' departments.

The girls deserve much credit for their work during the term. There were many visitors in their departments during Exhibition Night. Here the girls are taught to sew and cook under Miss Everson and Miss Grout, who have had much experience in this work.

The Auto Mechanics shop is a very interesting shop to visit if anyone cares for this work. Here the students learn how to repair cars and all about them from Mr. Greenleaf, the good-natured teacher of Auto Mechanics. Mr. Greenleaf is known as the artist in the Technical Form because of his ability to draw the parts of cars and other objects so cannily.

The machine shop is well worth seeing as was shown by the attendance of the public on Exhibition Night. Here the students are taught by Mr. Ferguson, the very capable instructor. The lathes line the east wall in front of the windows and extend the entire length of the room. On the north side are the miller and shaper, machines that are used to cut gears, etc. Mr. Ferguson teaches welding and pattern making in the basement.

In the woodworking shop, the students are taught carpentry by Mr. Bear. In this shop they make many useful articles for the household. They are also taught how to plan in making houses. There was much comment by the public on Exhibition Night about the display of the woodworking shop, which was in the corridor outside.

On the third floor is the draughting room which also goes in as an important part of the technical education. This is taught by Mr. Mitton, a new teacher, who took the place of Mr. Bews. Here they are taught how to read plans and also to draw a mechanical drawing, etc.

All the shops are equipped with up-to-date tools needed for that particular shop. The woodworking shop has a crib that is filled with the latest tools for woodworking. The auto mechanics shop has good equipment but still some things are lacking to make it an up-to-date crib.

Technical education is increasing in importance as shown by the night school attendance in the shops.

Of course we must not forget the other teachers of the vocational forms as they work hard to give the student a better education. These are Mr. Frise (English), Mr. Burgess (Mathematics), Mr. Davidson (Mechanics) and Mr. Donevan (Chemistry). History is taught by Mr. Mitton.

Our Best Supporters

WE take this opportunity of thanking the merchants who have expressed their confidence in our magazine by advertising in it. It is only through their co-operation that, in spite of existing financial conditions, we have been able to produce an "ELEVATOR" which more than measures up to the standard of its predecessors.

The work of the "ELEVATOR" staff is now done, both in getting out the magazine and soliciting advertisements. The students alone can make the sale a success; and the students alone can justify the confidence of our advertisers by giving them their loyal support.

To me the same wind mocks its song
Where e'er I am;
But the booming sound of the waves along
The rocks is gone,
And the song is changed to the shrieking sneers
Of a fickle crowd.
It rattles the windows and hatefully jeers
At man-made things.
No more for me does it softly twist
The limbs of the pines
In tune, and waves zoom in the mist
Of my own dreams.

—Louise Schryver.

To a Lady

*After hearing her read Keat's
"Ode to a Nightingale"*

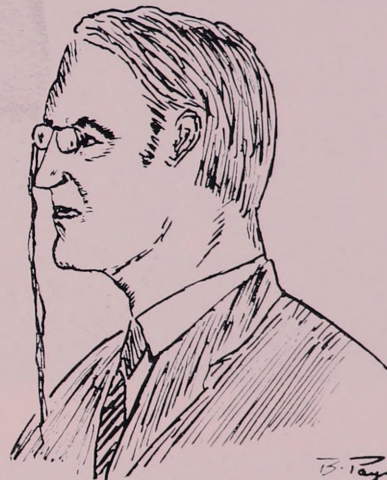
This supreme song of him who dreamed
All beauty, and whose heart foreknew
The anguish of vain longing, seemed
To breathe new mystery, breathed by you;

As if the rapture of the night,
Moon-tranced and passion-stilled, were
stirred

To some undreamed divine delight
By sudden singing of a bird.

Charles G. D. Roberts

(Copyrighted)



B. Payne '33

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

THROUGH the kindness of the Exchange Editor, Beauchamp Payne, we have this year the honour and privilege of reprinting Dr. Charles G. D. Roberts' "Ode to a Lady". This beautiful poem appeared some years ago in a collection of which Dr. Roberts owns the copyright, and we cannot sufficiently thank him for giving us his permission to use it. In 1930 this famous Canadian poet and author spoke at a banquet of the Sigma Phi High School Editors' Convention, and he left an imperishable feeling of respect and affection in the hearts of those who were fortunate enough to be present. Many of us have felt the charm of his personality through the medium of his books in our library; and it is to an exalted and beloved friend, rather than an awesome and condescending stranger that we acknowledge our sincere gratitude for the honour that he has conferred upon us.

LITERARY SOCIETY



LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE

Back Row—N. Fitzgerald, B. Sparling, B. Gerard, M. Thompson, B. Payne.
Front Row—Miss Merry, B. Scopis, B. Bell, E. Dawe, J. Dickens.
Absent—Georgina Skelcher.

Dramatic Festival Plays

THE prominent literary event of the year took place on Friday, February 17. In a short prologue the stage manager, Bill Gerard, told Dorothy Davison and Frances Evans (and the audience) that the entertainment consisted of three one-act plays—"The Rest Cure" by the Young Thespians, "The Stoker" by the Belleville Players, and "The Monkey's Paw" by the Young Thespians; that the latter two were to go to Kingston to compete in the Governor General's Dramatic Festival; and that the school orchestra was in attendance (with special reference to the clarinet section).

"The Rest Cure", a delightful comedy, was directed by Miss Wel-

ling home, who was getting very little rest and even less cure; Barbara Parker was Olive, his wife; Betty Morgan and Jean Bankier were Nurse Williams and Nurse Palmer; and Audrey Licence most successfully played the hard-working Muriel.

"The Stoker" provided a contrast to the cheerful atmosphere of the first play. A dramatic situation was built up very cleverly in the cabin of the captain of an English steamer. Sheila Pellant (Leona Riggs), Archibald Railton (Harvey Ross), Mr. Howard (Ralph Ashton) and Mrs. Leighton (Mildred Lloyd), made their various pleas to the captain (Gerald Graham) for the early arrival of the ship to port; and all their

banks. Doug Newby took the part of the unfortunate patient at a nursing home; and Miss Tuite's plans were threatened with destruction at the hands of an East Indian stoker (Court Miller), whose firm purpose it was to stop the ship in defiance of the issues at stake. The play was admirably acted, and reflected great credit on Miss Tuite's direction. Mitchell Gillen was the stage-manager, and designed the very effective setting.

Once again a contrast was presented; this time it was a weird, gripping and sombre theme that held the audience in its thrall. "The Monkey's Paw" was a play brimful of dramatic action, suspense and excitement, and every detail of the setting, lighting and acting combined to produce an effect worthy of professionals.

The players in "The Monkey's Paw" reached heights of acting which surpassed every expectation of the audience. The difficult leading parts of Mr. and Mrs. White were taken

by Bobs Bell and Sylvia Tett. Their son Herbert was played by Harold Carruthers; Jack Carman was the lawyer and Jack Carmichael the Sergeant-Major.

Infinite credit is due to the stage staff of the school, who are alone responsible for the scenery of "The Rest Cure", and the scenery and lighting effects of "The Monkey's Paw". The staff consists of Bill Gerard (stage manager), Beauchamp Payne (property man), Gordon Chalmers (electrician) and Albert Hillman and Earl Haye (stage hands).

We sometimes forget how much we owe to the orchestra, who with their ever-increasing repertoire of beautiful selections can always be depended upon to add to the enjoyment of any event.



CAST OF "THE REST CURE" AND PROLOGUE

Back Row—F. Evans, B. Gerard, D. Davison, H. Carruthers, Miss Welbanks.
Front Row—J. Bankier, B. Parker, D. Newby, A. Licence, B. Morgan.



CAST OF "THE MONKEY'S PAW" AND COSTUMERS
 Back Row—D. Davison, Miss Merry, G. Skelcher, S. Tett.
 Front Row—B. Bell, H. Carruthers, J. Carman, J. Carmichael.

"Young Thespians" in Kingston

On February 25, "The Monkey's Paw" competed in the Eastern Ontario Regional Drama Festival at Kingston. "The Young Thespians" were the only Collegiate group competing between Toronto and Ottawa. In criticising the play, the adjudicator said that it was one of the most difficult plays presented, and considering the inexperience of the actors, it was done very well. He said that although he was well acquainted with the play, he had never seen the part of Mrs. White better taken than by our leading lady, Sylvia Tett.

The difficulties in staging the play in the allotted time were very great, and the director wishes to give special credit to Beauchamp Payne and Bill Gerard in this respect.

Third Form Stunts

THE first open Lit. meeting was held one Friday afternoon in October and was enjoyed by all. The third forms, who were in charge of the programme, kept their audience's attention for the whole hour.

III-A acted "Lord Ullin's Daughter"; the audience sympathizing with the unhappy father of the flighty girl, when the energetic waves drowned her.

"The Derby Ram", whose immense proportions amused the audience, was given by III-B. This was followed by Bill Driver's tap dancing accompanied by a mouth organ duet.

III-B's final contribution was a piano duet by Doris Washburn and Marjorie Hall.

III-C then presented a burlesque, "The Fatal Cup", written by the actors themselves. This was a murder mystery and very thrilling.

Progress Backstage

WHEN programs are presented in the auditorium, so much attention is usually focussed on the actors that the audience does not realize the importance of the details of lighting, scenic effects, properties and costume to the success of the play.

This year has seen a transformation from an almost bare stage to a moderately well-equipped one. For this we must thank the Board of Education, who purchased for us the equipment of the old Griffin's Opera House. It included drops, wings, lights, sheaves, etc., and comprises our total equipment, with the exception of one drop purchased from Kingston with the proceeds of last year's play.

We have handled many shows, including the Rotary Minstrel Show,

Bill Gerard

"The Cameo Girl" Professor Hunt's concert, the O.S.D. concert, Open Night, and the Dramatic Festival Plays.

In November two of our stage crew took a trip to Hart House and were given the privilege of going backstage and watching the intricacies of really expert lighting and scene-shifting at first hand. Many of the ideas used in the school plays had their birth on this trip.

A Property Department is being arranged in the boys' dressing room, in the hands of Beauchamp Payne and Earl Haye, and a Costume Department in the girls' dressing room under Dorothy Davison and Georgina Skelcher. Both departments are in the embryo, and need much enlarging. There is as yet no Make-Up Department. The Electrical Department is



STAGE STAFF

Back Row—R. Weese, G. Chalmers, J. Parrott.
 Front Row—B. Payne, B. Gerard, A. Hillman, N. Fitzgerald.
 Absent—E. Haye, Mr. Youdale.

in charge of Gordon Chalmers, Albert Hillman is chief scene shifter, and Bill Gerard is stage manager.

There is still, of course, infinite room for improvement. The most urgent need is lights. Plans are un-

Senior Prize Story

COVERED WITHOUT INCIDENT

Donald McKinney

"THAT is all," concluded the voice over the wire, followed by a click. Corporal Cameron of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, slowly returned the receiver to its hook. The message which had just been conveyed to him was nothing less than a death summons.

Inspector MacDougall, telephoning from R.C.M.P. headquarters, two hundred miles away, had just informed him that an epidemic of fever had broken out in an Indian village, sixty miles north of Point Barrow, the town where the constable was stationed. Unless serum was rushed to the stricken Indians in a few days, the whole village would be wiped out.

A blizzard had been raging in the vicinity of Point Barrow for two days and nights, and as yet, showed no signs of abating. Added to this was an icy north wind, which caused the thermometer to drop to forty degrees below zero, and it was still dropping. In the face of all this, Corporal Cameron had been ordered to leave immediately. Seasoned northerners, and men who had lived in the north country all their life, would have said it was impossible to reach the Indian village, and to attempt it was courting death. But not Corporal Cameron. He was a member of "the Force", and a man through and through. Orders had been assigned, and he was to see they were carried out—and on time!

Inside half an hour, the policeman had made all preparations. He had packed his sledge with provisions for three days, hitched his team of six big-hearted dogs to the sleigh, carefully wrapped the precious serum, and with a farewell wave to the residents of Point Barrow, started on his errand of mercy.

The big huskies were off with a bound, and maintained a steady trot for the first ten or fifteen miles. The Corporal was compelled to pull his heavy, fur-lined parka well down over his face, as the storm was increasing in volume.

By the evening of the third day he had covered forty-five miles without incident and had fifteen miles to go. Then the storm broke with all its fury. There was no bearing up against its overwhelming anger. The snow grew so thick the constable could not see the dogs in front of him—much less the trail. Death was in the biting, lashing wind, and in the swirling blasts of blinding snow, tearing and shrieking from every direction at once. By this time the Corporal was dead tired, and his provisions were running alarmingly low, as it had taken longer than he had expected.

In the snow and darkness, he lost the trail, and it was not long before he discovered his mistake. Lost! in the wild and merciless blizzard, with the icy wind biting through his garments. He looked in vain for some rock or bank to afford him shelter, but everything was white and terrible; and as if to taunt him, the wind caught up the frozen snow and flung it into his face, cutting it like a knife. He dare not sleep, for if he lay down, he would freeze to death. The loyal-hearted dogs struggled on although faint from lack of food and rest-

der way to fix up a home-made flood-batten, thus saving the great expense of buying one.

In conclusion, we repeat our thanks to the Board of Education for their excellent and much-needed support.

Corporal Cameron covered another mile, but could go no further. The spirit was willing but the flesh was weak. An intense desire to sleep came over him, but the words kept hammering through his dazed brain, "to sleep means death". Grimly he fought on, but at length he stumbled and lay still. The dogs with no one to guide them stopped, and dropped in their traces, panting and tongues lolling.

How long the Corporal lay, he did not know; but vaguely and in a dazed, dreamy sort of way he realized that something was licking his face. Painfully opening his eyes, he saw his lead dog standing over him, watching him intently. Fighting the desire to remain in the warm, comfortable snow, he staggered to his feet, and drove on.

Men of the north country do not give up easily, without a fight, and the constable lurched on driven by an iron will. How long he travelled he did not know, for he had lost all track of time, when suddenly the barking of dogs penetrated his fagged senses. Was the blizzard and his own weakness beginning to affect his mind? He stopped, and punched himself to shake off his drowsiness and listened. There it was again! He stumbled in the direction of the sound and presently came to what looked like a succession of huts! Was he seeing a vision? Was the storm playing havoc with his senses? Perhaps it was the dreaded snow-blindness. But no! Men were running out of the huts toward him, and they must be real. The dogs could go no further and dropped in the snow.

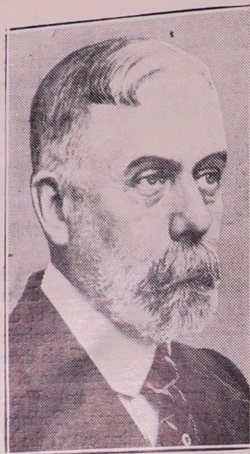
Now that he realized he was safe, Corporal Cameron had an overpowering desire to drop where he was. With a final, desperate effort he pulled out the precious serum and handed it to the first man that reached him, tried to mumble something, and dropped utterly exhausted.

He remembered nothing, until he awoke next day, to find himself in a warm bed, surrounded by men, all trying to congratulate him at once. He had won the race with death and upheld the R.C.M.P. But his first words were, "How are the dogs?" And in his report to the Inspector, his journey was described as being "covered without incident". Such is the calibre of men in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Long may they keep law and order in the wastes and barrens of the Dominion of Canada!

ON HIS EXPERIENCE

When I consider how my cash is spent,
Ere half my days in this fine school have sped,
Three hundred dollars are already fled,
But, though I am not broke, I'm badly bent,
And fear to face my father and present
My true account, lest he returning said,
"My boy, must be some girl has turned your head;
I thought you said you'd drop them when you went?"
"Oh, yes," my father thus I did contest,
"But Dad, oh gee, her lips, her hair, her eyes,
Well—I, I really can't resist. Her state
Is queenly. Thousands at her bidding rise,
And waltz o'er ballroom dance floors without rest;
And many more just have to stand and wait."

—Bruce May



SIR GILBERT PARKER

ON September 27, 1932, the late Sir Gilbert Parker, one of Canada's most distinguished sons, was laid to rest in the Belleville cemetery. Canada may well be proud of this outstanding character, who rose through his own efforts from a humble country schoolhouse to the Privy Council of the British Empire. A famous novelist, a loyal servant of the Empire, he will ever live in Belleville's memory and affection, as Belleville lived in his. At his funeral, which was conducted from St. Thomas' Church, a score of distinguished persons including the Prime Minister of Canada, joined the citizens of this district in an impressive tribute from his country and his home.

Sir Gilbert was born in Camden East, Ont. He taught school at Hal- loway, and was on the staff of the Ontario School for the Deaf. He studied for the Anglican ministry, and was a curate at Trenton. He attended Trinity College, Toronto. Later he went to England and became

a Member of Parliament, and in 1916 was made a Privy Councillor. Meanwhile his numerous novels had gained him a wide and well-merited reputation as a writer.

Belleville received many visits from Sir Gilbert, and he preserved a great interest in the district. It was here that the late Lady Parker was buried in 1925, and to this his home, from his far-famed conquests in literature and statesmanship, he has returned for the last time.

We are reprinting an article written especially by Sir Gilbert for the Memorial Number of *The Elevator*, 1919.

"CANADA AND THE WAR"

By SIR GILBERT PARKER

(Written especially for *The Elevator*)

The work done by Canada in this war, now happily at an end, we hope, has been prodigious. Near four hundred thousand of the finest blood of Canada, its youngest and its best, prepared to fight for the Empire, and for Canada. If the Empire were lost Canada would be lost too, for she would have to lose her place under the Union Jack and become independent or be a portion of the American Republic. (That no Canadian could be found to do who had one spark of manliness left.) The Bay of Quinte district was the home of U. E. Loyalists and right nobly have the men from our dear old home, as from the rest of Canada, maintained the ancient patriotism of our forefathers. Belleville has upheld its own high traditions, and men have been wounded and died for the Dominion and the Empire. The least we, who live, can do is to testify to the sacrifice which they have made, and prove ourselves worthy of their gifts of blood and life. In the words of Lt.-Col. John McCrae, a Canadian, who on hospital service gave his life for the cause:

*"To you from ja'ling hands we
threw
The Torch; be yours to hold it
high.
If ye break faith with us who
die
We shall not sleep, though pop-
pies grow
In Flanders Fields."*

I have just come from seeing Princess Patricia of Connaught married in Westminster Abbey, and then I saw the Princess Patricia Infantry which did so great honour to Canada in the darkest days of this war, and I thought of the praise that the world has given them and how they, with

all their gallant comrades, ennobled our dear Dominion's name; and my heart leapt up with pride. Thank God, Canada offered to fight and endure for the Empire's cause by cablegram three days before the British Government asked for help from the over-seas dominions; and every Canadian battalion sent proved itself worthy of the heroes of 1812, 1837 and 1885 and in the Boer War. We are on the way to closer, larger views and understanding. A true and sincere knowledge of Imperialism has possessed the people of Canada; may Belleville and its High School boys share largely in the effort to make it successful.

Hart House String Quartette

WED JAN 13 1933

(From *The Ontario Intelligencer*)

OVER a thousand students of the city were afforded the rare opportunity of hearing a recital in the Collegiate Auditorium by the celebrated Hart House String Quartette. The visit of the quartette was made possible through the generosity of the Massey Foundation Fund, twenty schools having already been visited in this manner by the artists, Mr. Geza de Kresz, Mr. Harry B. Adaskin, Mr. Milton Blackstone and Mr. Boris Hambourg.

Mr. Geza de Kresz explained to the audience the object of the recital. It was to bring to the young listeners a message from some of the greatest musicians of the world; a message which would come to them through music. Attention was called to the instruments used in a string quartette—the violins, viola and violoncello. For their opening number a string quartette by Joseph Haydn was chosen, Mr. de Kresz describing the roles played by each instrument in this composition.

The familiar English song, "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes", and the dancing "Molly On the Shore" by Percy Grainger made a sprightly interlude between the more serious compositions. A beautiful String Quartette by Mozart was then announced, and Mr. de Kresz talked for a few minutes on the form of such compositions. This particular Mozart composition was written when the musician was only fifteen years of age.

In masterly style the composition was presented by the quartette, and it was followed by "Minuet" by Beethoven, a gay, graceful little piece that recalled the stately dance of long ago. The interesting composition from the English folk-song "Come to the Fair" brought the recital to a close. Delighted laughter broke out as the audience recognized various animals at the fair.

The recital came as an unexpected treat. It is the hope of the quartette, Mr. de Kresz explained, to awaken and foster in the young a love of good music, so that when they grow up, they will not be afraid of the classics as many adults are to-day.

Junior Prize Story

DEATH IS ACQUITTED

Harold Bankier, 10

(From the Official Court Records
of 2033, A.D.)

ON April 21st, 2033, the court tried the most important, and certainly the most spectacular case in all its history. A police-car drove up to the door, and from it was lowered a case, made of some strong, transparent material and shaped like a coffin. It was carried into the building and down the aisle, and was placed in the dock. Inside the case was a figure in black, sitting gloomily with his head in his hands.

The judge entered, and took his place on the bench. He hammered with his gavel, and, speaking into the microphone before him, began: "People of the world, attention! We are about to begin a great trial. In the dock before us is that notorious criminal, Death! For years he has baffled all the attempts of our great scientists to destroy him. At last they have succeeded in capturing and concentrating him into a human form. He is imprisoned in a case before us, connected with the court-room by radio. Our object this morning is to try, and, I hope, condemn him. Let the case begin!"

The lawyer of the prosecution rose, and facing the microphone began: "Death has long been mankind's greatest enemy. Hearts have been broken and lives wrecked by his hand. Consider also the great literary works the world has lost through the death of great authors. Shakespeare, Scott, and Virgil would be alive today but for him.

Music, too, has suffered from his ravages. Beethoven, Handel, and Mozart would have written many

— T-H-E — E-L-E-V-A-T-O-R —

more great compositions, if they had lived. War, another great enemy of mankind, would be harmless without death. Gentlemen, I hardly need urge you to find this villain guilty, for no other decision could be possible."

He took his seat and the judge faced the dock. "Death," he said, "you have heard all the evidence brought against you. Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"Yes," said Death rising, "I have listened with interest to the speech of my honorable opponent, and while some of it is true, I have detected several flaws in his logic. He mentioned in the aforesaid speech that war should be harmless without death. I do not agree. Neither would those men whose bodies had been mutilated in war, if they were sentenced to live on forever in pain. To people who grow old and feeble, death is sometimes a welcome relief. Would you deprive them of it? But by far my greatest argument is that the earth would in a comparatively short time become greatly over-populated, and much misery would result. Gentlemen, I ask you to consider what I have said and make your decision accordingly."

He sat down and leaned back with a confident air to await the decision. It came! "We find Death necessary to the welfare of mankind, and that it would be inadvisable to destroy him!"

The judge rose, and said, "Death is acquitted by this court and shall be forthwith set free." The door of the case was unlocked, and the guards shrank back as the grim figure stepped forth, stood for a moment, and slowly vanished.

— T-H-E — E-L-E-V-A-T-O-R —

Prize Poem

THE DAWN DANCE

Around the silver crystal pond
The fairies danced with glee,
And weeping willows dropped their
heads—
To place enchanted me!
A fragrance as of honey-cups
Hovered around the scene;
The melancholy solitude
Was broken by the screen
Of mists that had begun to rise
Out of the purple dew,
When suddenly the sun broke forth
And hid it from my view.

—Clare Carter.

JIG-SAW PUZZLES

Wherever we go, in rain or snow,
In fair or stormy weather,
Jig-saw puzzles are the craze
Of everybody now-a-days
But I can't see how it ever pays
To be engrossed in a hopeful maze
Of reds and blues and greens and grays
Of men and horses and trees and frays,
They stare at me with a vacant gaze
And are always in a different phase
Of putting one together.

My Cousin Hugo is one of those
Who loves his jig-saw puzzle;
It's always been a mystery,
At least it seems that way to me,
How Cousin Hugo can ever be
Hunting the pieces so eagerly.
Now it's a piece of a purple tree—
Sometimes a part of a lady's knee,
Say, is it water or sky you see?
Now Hugo's waiting impatiently
For next week's jig-saw puzzle.

—Ernest Reid



CADET OFFICERS

Back Row—C. Carter, T. Day, D. Bradford, E. Gardiner, F. Sprague, B. Gerard, J. Barratt, R. Porter, D. Frink, H. Wallbridge, N. Adams.
Middle Row—K. Gulls, Front Row—T. Caldwell, L. Roseberry, E. Mowck, Mr. Howard, J. Murphy, J. Zutels, E. Dolan, D. Hatfield.
Brooks, J. Parsons, R. Smider.

Cadet Inspection

THE most successful cadet inspection in the history of the school was conducted by Brigadier Anderson on May 19th. Cadet Lt.-Col. Don Dalrymple, with Cadet Major Frank Hitchon, Second in Command, handled the battalion admirably, and the cadets to the last man were a credit to their instructor and their school. The school band, conducted by Bobs Bell, gave inspirational leadership.

For the second time the corps included a company of girls, with Cadet Captain Audrey Licence as O. C. Their neatness of appearance and steadiness of form were commended by the inspecting officer, who remarked that they were the first he had ever seen attached to a cadet corps.

General Anderson, who does not pay unearned compliments, expressed himself as being highly gratified with every aspect of the corps. He praised its size and proficiency, the spruceness and uniformity of dress, and the excellence, both in appearance and performance, of the band.

During the inspection an interesting and impressive event took place—the consecration of the new colours. These colours were the work of four III Technical girls under the supervision of Miss Everson, and were the



result of long hours of skilled labour. The ceremony of consecration is a very important one, and must be performed before the colours can properly belong to the corps. The battalion formed three sides of a square; the drums were piled in the centre and draped; the new colours were placed against the pile; and the consecration was performed by Major A. B. Payne, the Chaplain of the Argyll Light Infantry.



When Morning Comes

Arthur Thompson

WHEN I landed I found myself in a small clearing in what seemed to be a forest of palms. I got to my feet and looked about. There was no one in sight, and no way as far as I could see to get out of the wood. At last with some diligent searching I found a tiny foot-path, and followed it till I came to the banks of a river. It was a large and very muddy river, and I surmised from descriptions that I had read that it must be the Nile. The banks were deserted except for an alligator who grinned quite openly at me, and a huge hippo who yawned even more openly than the alligator. As for humans, there were none to be seen. The path led downstream, and I followed it for some five miles without seeing anything. Then as I rounded a sharp bend, I came upon a small walled city. This must be Sud, thought I; by the map that was the first town en route to Alexandria from the Wiz Oasis, which was the place where I dropped upon Egypt.

I walked to a gate and knocked loudly. It was immediately opened by a sentry, a dark, sun-tanned fellow in a queer, cape-like uniform, who stared at me in obvious surprise.

"Who be ye?" quoth he, in the archaic language of Ancient Egypt.

"I be the Big Cheese," I replied, still in the same tongue. "Take me to your lord." In a few minutes I was ushered into the Governor's quarters.

The room was luxuriously furnished. Divans covered with silks were scattered about the room, gorgeous tapestry hung from the walls, the ceiling was painted in beautiful scenes and incense burned from a little altar near the window, filling the room with aromatic clouds of smoke. The governor was seated at the foot of this altar, and as I entered he arose and waved me to a couch. "Tell me, O Unusual One, of your business," said he in a soft, well modulated voice.

"My lord," I began, "I am a man of the future. I have come to the past by the aid of a great master in my own country. He invented a machine in which a person could be projected into the past, and I was the honoured victim of the experiment."

This statement seemed to be too much for the governor's credulity, and his courtly manner left him as he cried, "Liar! You're a Greek spy, trying to make a fool of me." He reached for a bell cord to signal his guards but I stopped him with my cigarette lighter. I lit it under his nose and he jumped back so suddenly that one of the incense cups was thrown to the floor. "What did you do then?" he stammered. "It seemed as if fire sprang from your hand."

"Do Romans or Greeks have such things?" I asked him, and he admitted that, as far as he knew, they didn't. "Are you convinced yet?"

"No," said he, "show me it again," and I showed my lighter to the man. He was very much startled and drew away from the flame as if it were a snake. "What is it you want of me?" he said, completely subdued. This was what I had been waiting for.

"Take me personally to Alexandria and present me to the Pharaoh." He bowed low before me and whispered, "I will do as you command, O Wizard."

The trip to Alexandria was uneventful. The scenery was very much the same as that of Sud except that the wild creatures became less numerous as we drew near the mouth. The cities, similar to Sud, grew more frequent and the countryside appeared quite populous. The governor and I occupied a portion of the deck that was shaded by a large awning. I spent some very amusing

hours watching the fellow's expression as I shot wild fowl with my small rifle. He thought me a god.

On the third day we reached the delta of the Nile and turned down the stream that led to the city of my quest. We reached it at sundown. My guide took me at once to the palace of Pharaoh. He was anxious to get rid of me.

It took some time before I was admitted to the divine presence of Ptolemy the First, but at last the Lord High Something-or-other led me into his presence.

I casually lit my lighter, lit my cigarette, puffed airily about the room and said to the Prince, "Ptolemy, why don't you use printing in your Library?"

The Pharaoh looked shocked; he opened his mouth, gasped, and finally stuttered, "Explain yourself, sir!"

"Well, old man," I pertly replied, "from information I find that you are not using printing in your library but writing out all your books by hand—"

"Cease!" cried the king, "I don't know what you are talking about, I haven't got a library and I don't know what you mean by printing. Who are you and what is that flame you have in your mouth with the horrid odour?"

"What?" said I, "no library? I must be a bit ahead of myself. You say you haven't started your famous Library yet? Then how goes the museum?"

"Silence, dog, and answer my question else I feed you to the ants."

At this moment I thought it wise to show a little power. I blew out the candles and threw the beam of my flashlight on the king.

"Help!" screeched His Majesty, and started rushing out of the stream of light.

"Stand, King," said I, "or beware of my wrath." The king stood very still and his court even stiller.

"Have mercy on us," chanted the High Priest of Wuggle, and the lesser priests took up the theme until the place resounded with the unison chanting.

"Stop!" I howled above the din and it immediately died away. "Watch closely, and I shall relight the candles in a miraculous manner known only to the gods." Drawing some matches out of my pocket I set to work lighting them. At every burst of flame an awed whisper rose from the astonished assembly. I distinguished the words "Mighty Wizard" quite distinctly. "Yea, my people," quoth I, "I am the mightiest wizard in the world. Become obedient to me and you shall have all things. Be unfaithful and you shall die."

At these dread words the crowd prostrated themselves and cried in a loud voice, "We will obey, we will obey."

"Stand then, lo I shall be myself Pharaoh. Bring forth the Grand Mucky Muck and he shall anoint me to my true estate. I shall reign henceforth with wisdom and justice all the days of your lives. Come forth, High One, and appoint me in the name of the Great God Hairy Cat. I am the Big Shot, I'm It. What's that awful ringing noise? Stop it, stop it, you vile slaves, or else I shall kill the whole . . . Good Lord! that lousy clock!"

Miss McLaren: "What is ratio?"

Wilbur: "Ratio is proportion."

Miss McLaren: "What is proportion?"

Wilbur: "Proportion is ratio."

Miss McLaren: "But what are ratio and proportion?"

Wilbur: "I can only answer one question at a time."

Mr. Youdale: "Cecil, if you had twenty sheep in a field and five got out how many would there be in the field?"

C. Langstaff: "None."

Mr. Y.: "Cecil, you don't know your arithmetic."

Cecil: "You don't know your sheep."

Concert in Assembly

Thursday, December 22, 1932

The last day of the fall term marked the initial appearance of the Glee Club before the public. The organization consists of about sixty members, and they sang in both three and four-part harmony. The twenty-five piece orchestra were also present, and showed that the continual progress which they had been making since their inception has in no wise abated. As well as the students, many citizens attended the concert, and were without exception astonished at the proficiency of the performers.

After the Scripture reading and the Lord's Prayer, the hymn "O Come All Ye Faithful" was sung. The programme was then presented—"Teamwork Overture" by the Orchestra; "Love's Greeting" and "Sailing" by the Glee Club; "Melody in F" by the Orchestra; "Sweet and Low" and "Nobody Knows" by the Glee Club; "Golden Book Medley" by the Orchestra; "Nightfall" by the Glee Club; God Save The King.

THE END OF THE DEPRESSION

The tower clock strikes midnight,
The church is dark and still,
Save where the rain from the drain-pipe
Drips down the window sill.

But look! what's that? what's that?
That shadow that moves by the wall,
Ah! ha! 'tis a man in a hat,
That is sneaking his way to the hall.

Watch him closely! He reaches the door,
With his hand on the latch, he pauses
To look 'round about him once more
And see what the darkness discloses.

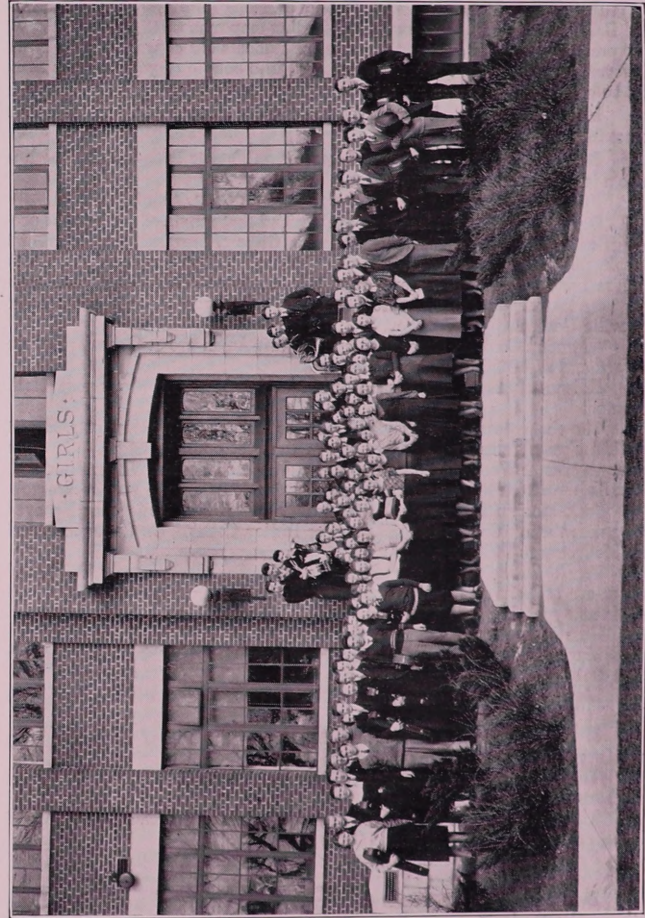
Reassured—with a squeaking of hinges
He enters and listens again,
Then the flare of a match shows the dingies
In the plaster caused by the rain.

Now shines a dust-covered candle,
And soft 'long the aisle he steals,
His features shaded by a mantle,
Then down in a pew he kneels.

With a grunt and a curse muttered low,
He searches under the seat,
And his face in the candle-light mellow,
Is dirty and streaked with sweat.

See now—with a sigh of delight,
He rises, his shadow grows taller,
In his hand, some silver gleams bright,
"I knew I'd find that half dollar!"

—Norman Adams



ALUMNI

IN the good old days when the stock-market was hitting the high spots, no B.C.I.V.S. grad had any trouble in finding employment if so inclined. At present there is an appalling number of students out of work and at home. However, conditions can't become worse, and in a couple of years or less there will be opportunities galore for all our ex-students.

May Hobson and Bob Austin set the long distance record by making their homes in Merrie England.

Barbara Ponton, a close second, resides on Pender Island, B.C., which is quite a jaunt from the old Alma Mater.

Raymond Harris now lives in Sweetwater Junction, Tennessee.

Quite a few of the fairer sex have decided that nursing is as good a profession as any. Patricia Chattenden, Bertha Gilbert, Margaret Lee, Margaret Murphy chose St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto. Betty Faulkner and Betty Davison are at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal. Betty Coe travelled a long way to train in the Edmonton General. Gertrude Holgate entered the Belleville General.

Raymond Conklin, Bruce May and Stewart Aman are at Queen's; Lenore Stafford and Bill McCreary at Varsity.

Helen Ackerman and Eleanor Bone are enrolled at Branksome Hall, Toronto.

The chain stores have provided jobs for a number of ex-students. Ernest Caddick, Fred Adams and Pat Lee are in the Metropolitan Store. Gertrude Cretney works at Woolworth's. Mary Juby, Marjorie Taylor, Verna Sharland, Helen Kaiser, Helen Reeves, will sell you anything from soup to nuts at Kresge's.

Jack Morgan has become a student (?) at Albert College and played rugby with them. George Graham went to Ridley College, St. Catharines, and Sam McCreery to Pickering.

Frank Callaghan, Frank Armitage, Florence Redner and Winnifred Redner are at Napanee High School. Frank Callaghan is playing basketball for his new school.

Russel Gardiner is a clerk in the Red Star Chain Stores, Toronto.

Marjorie Paterson is a freshman at Western U. Beatrice Wallbridge is at the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon.

Muriel Glenn is a stenographer in the North American Life Assurance office.

If any of you girls want a new dress go to the Ladies' Exclusive Shop and Mary Goldberg will give you service de luxe.

Thelma Green, Eileen Belair, Mary Mangold and Rhoda Hunt are at Peterborough Normal.

The following are at O.B.C.: June Wellbanks, Harvey Brown, Mabel Moore, Asa Lloyd, Nancy Hyman, Helen Clement.

Francis Hill is pounding a typewriter at Ketcheson's License Bureau.

Frank Hitchon works at the C.P.R. Telegraph Office.

Bud Haines and Reg. Scrivens play the saxophone and traps respectively with the Commodores.

The glamour and adventure of flying has attracted Fred Dobson and Don Vandervoort and they are working at the Trenton air-port.

Jim Tebworth is working for Green, the butcher. Other butchers in the making are Claude Tucker at Corfield's and Albert Hinton at White's.

Harold Langabeer is a clerk in the Walker Store.

Any time the old permanent runs out go to Louisa Judge or Evva Boulton and they will fix everything O. K.

Do you need a watch, a ring or what have you? All right, Lorne Andrews in Wonnacott's Jewellery Store will get you one.

Dave Binney is an assistant to Dr. Bean, manufacturer of dental supplies. Clarence Blackburn is employed at Stroud's.

Donald Dalrymple is giving away bargains at starvation prices for Mr. Lipson.

Sheldon Calver and Eva Stevenson got married and now live in North-bridge where Sheldon is teaching school.

Harry Edmondson is clerking at Jeffery's Grocery.

After graduating from dear old B.C.I.V.S. (not sarcasm) Edith Elliott became so home-sick that she is back teaching night-school.

Lyle Twiddy is at Doyle's Drug Store.

George Scopis has opened a restaurant in Madoc.

Borden Sherry is working at the Springer Lock Factory.

Helen Findlay and Clara Ostrom are attending MacDonald Hall.

Quite a number of former Belleville collegians have forsaken the quiet atmosphere of the old home town. Marguerite Parks, Harriet Gilbert and Elizabeth Laughlin are in Toronto, and Louis Yanover and Jim Matthews in Montreal. Kingston is the present home of Gordon Lane and Hubert Clarke. Marjorie Hutson lives in St. Catharines, and Lillian Connor in Madoc. Gwen Drew and Marion McCann are in Tweed, and Jack Rogers in Frankford. Pauline Rutherford can be found in Campbellford. Jean Reid is in Bancroft, and John McKillican in Ormsby.

Joe Munro is working in a hotel in Cobourg.

Jack McNabb is at St. Michael's Academy.

Grace McCreery went to a girls' private school near Barrie.

Charles McKenzie is managing his father's feed store.

Bruce Oliver sells magazines and what not at Ed. Thomas'.

Elsie Mossman is another Technical grad who was good enough to corner a job. Her's is in the office of the National Grocers.

Alma Mutton is going to Brighton High School.

Bill Sherry is in the office of the Cities Service Oil Company and playing a good game of hockey for the intermediates.

Elmer Leeman has gone into the hair-cutting business.

If you want to invest a nickel well, go down-town and buy some candied pop-corn from Nellie Maraskas. It's good.

Joe Miles and Jack Grills work at Clark and Miles.

Howard Kelleher is at the Dominion Bakery.

Muriel Johnston is going to Sydenham High School.

John Clarke attends Riverdale Collegiate, Toronto.

Lillie Cowan is at Carleton Place Collegiate.

Gerald Ethier has a job in Cobourg.

Ben Fair is working at Schryver's Drug Store.

Wilhelmina File lives in Newburg.

Art Groves makes glasses at the American Optical Co.

Jack Easton and Eileen Easton are at Mimico Collegiate.

Bert Huffman is driving a taxi.

Loblaw's in Trenton have claimed the services of Harold Smith.

Wedding bells have rung out for some former pupils. Helen Alexander and Reg. Scrivens were married in October. Marjorie Yarrow married Gordon Blue, manager of the Belleville branch of the Dominion Stores. Phyllis Turney,

Clayton Webb and a minister got together, and everybody lived happily ever after.

The following students are working for their parents: Ellen Gilmour, Allan Hales, Aleck Hillman, John Hogle, Tom Holmes, Charles Long, Bill Lynch, Louis Maraskas, Andrew Marner, Allan McCreary, George Pepper, Betty Sprung, John Stephenson and Don Lee.

At home: Henry Abbott, Gene Adams, Janet Adams, Art Angell, Ralph Bailey, Faye Bamber, Fern Bamber, Leah Baker, Cy Barriage, Reta Bellyou, Gordon Berry, Aileen Bradden, Mary Bradden, Ruth Brough, Dorothy Brown, Mary Brown, Helen Brown, Doris Bunnett, Gyneth Burke, Betty Burrows, Bruce Burt, Max Bush, Conrad Carey, Pearl Cole, Francis Collins, James Collins, Kathleen Collins, Bernice Corneal, Vivian Cornell, Blanche Coulter, Ruth Cranston, Dick Cretney, Bessie Dafeo, Marion Daniels, Helen Denike, Verna Dermott, Gordon Detlor, Goldwin Denyes, May Dickey, Ray Dickey, Doris Dimone, Ross Downey, Bill Ellis, Patricia Ethier, Ruby Fair, Bill Finkle, Freeland Fitzgerald, Gena Foster, Helen Fox, Edith Frizzone, Helen Frost, Ann Gauthier, Ruby Gazley, Marguerite Gazley, Alex Glover, Kathleen Good, Evelyn Gough, Gaylord Goyer, Phyllis Goyer, Dave Graham, Mildred Graham, Harry Green, Virginia Grills, Helen Hall, Tom Hallam, Jack Harvey, Jack Hill, Stirling Hill, Jean Holland, Harold Hollinger, Winnifred Hopkins, Phyllis Hubbs, Lorne Huffman, Mary Hurley, Ian Hyslop, Mildred Irish, Betty Jenkins, Eva Johnson, Don Jordan, Ruth Keene, Harry Keitch, Laurison Kelly, Mary Lalonde, Eva Lawrence, Art Liddle, Helen Lindstrom, Queenie Livesey, Evelyn Mallory, Clarence Mason, Phyllis May, Elsie Maynes, Catherine Meens, Roy Messerney, Doris Menaker, Jim Moores, Mike Murray, Bill McMurter, Vincent MacDonald, Jim MacDonald, Marion McDonell, Pat McGlynn, Jim McGuire, Jim Naylor, Dorothy Peck, George Pepper, Bernard Philp, Dick Philp, Herbert Pointer, Morley Purtell, Kathleen Quinn, Edith Reid, Ora Reeves, George Roblin, Eileen Reynolds, Marjorie Sculthorpe, Alex Sero, Jim Scrivens, June Scott, Ann Schuster, Annie Schrieder, Bernardine Shannon, Ken Sharpe, Wilmott Shortt, Ruth Sills, Wilma Simonds, Dorothy Simpson, Catherine Smith, Harold Smith, Ralph Smith, Rene St. Denis, Bessie Sweetman, Borden Thompson, Gerald Thompson, McGill Vandervoort, Louise Wallbridge, Audrey Walt, June Warren, James Way, Walter Watson, Annie Weymark, Gladys White, Pat White, Nora White, Gwen Wilkes, Leon Wilson, Dick Wilder.

Unable to locate: Francis Aikens, Pearl Asselstine, Mildred Bailey, Jack Baxter, Florence Buck, Reta Clarke, Edna Cook, Dorothy Cook, John Edmunds, Jack Everetts, Lois Foster, Ruby Howes, Marion Kingston, Alex Leitch, Jack Matthews, Marie Miller, Bill Milne, Bruce McNeil, Alvin McKenzie, Patrick McGlynn, Gladys MacDonald, Don Oster, Alphonse Perreault, Earl Phillips, Harold Phillips, Carleton Potts, Roy Potts, Nora Seames, Grace Stewart, Mary Underhay, Ethel Vanderwater, Isobel Watson.

Mr. Howard (*on inspection*): "Did you shave today before coming on parade, Peck?"

Cadet: "Yes, sir."

Mr. Howard: "Did you use a mirror?"

Cadet: "Yes, sir."

Mr. Howard: "Try a razor next time, it cuts better."

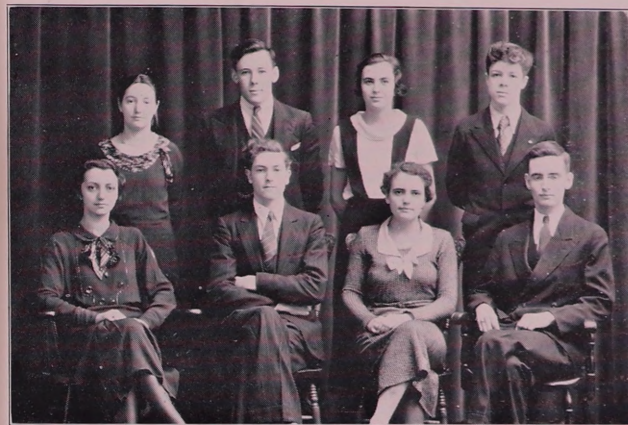
Mr. Howard: "What is ordinarily used as a conductor of electricity?"

Ted Doyle: "Why, er—"

Mr. Howard: "Correct. Now tell me, what is the unit of electric power?"

Ted: "The what, sir?"

Mr. Howard: "Right! That will do. Very good."



SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

Back Row—L. Martin, G. Weese, M. Leslie, J. Mackenzie.

Front Row—E. Artis, R. Cretney, F. Evans, D. Bankier.

Absent—M. Mangold, J. Reid, M. Donaldson, C. Brant.

Scholarships

Last year the B.C.I.V.S. captured all three Carter Scholarships. Douglas Bankier won the first, Mary Mangold the second, and Jean Reid the third. The First and Second Form Collegiate Scholarships and the Memorial Scholarship went to Margaret Leslie, James Mackenzie and Frances Evans respectively. The First, Second and Third Year Commercial Scholarships were won by Ethel Artis, Lillian Martin and Melvin Donaldson, and the Technical honours went to Clifford Brant, Gordon Weese and Richard Cretney.

We have received word that Margaret Hardy, an ex-student, has won a Scholarship in the Pass Course of the Second Year at Trinity College.

Fashion Revue

FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1932

THE girls of the Technical department presented a Fashion Revue in the auditorium, assisted by the School Orchestra. The opening number was the Golden Book Medley by the orchestra. The first Technical girls displayed their work to great advantage in a dance, accompanied by Miss Georgina Skelcher. The orchestra then played "Smiling Eyes", which was followed by a dress revue of the Second Tech. girls. Miss Catharine Smith gave a reading, and the Third Tech. girls and specials were seen in a skit called "A Midsummer Day" accompanied by Miss Doris Washburn. "Teamwork Overture" by the orchestra followed, and the programme concluded with a dress revue by the "A" and "B" Commercials with a chorus by all the Technical girls.

Flame

SUNDAY EVENING! Who doesn't like to spend a Sunday evening sitting around the fireplace? I think it would be quite safe to say that all humans and most animals like a warm cosy fire burning in the grate—I say most animals because I know of one dog who hates flame like his worst enemy, and that dog is mine. His name is Rex. He is a large collie, who has been in the family for over nine years.

Rex hates fire with a mortal hatred, which dates back to the time when he was a crazy six-months-old pup. One afternoon he was capering around the lawn, when he lost his balance and sat down hard in the middle of a smouldering heap of dead leaves. However, he seemed to get over it in a few months, and would lie happily on the hearthrug. Then one winter evening, when he was sound asleep there, a lump of blazing pine knot snapped out of the fireplace and landed just behind his ear. He was so sound asleep that it made a good burn before he woke up enough to shake it off.

Just after that an old shed on a farm near here caught fire, and his blundering led him over a pile of red-hot boards. That was the climax. Ever since that he has given fire as wide a berth as he could.

Last year about the middle of the summer holidays, Dad, who is a cripple of the war, Mr. Anderson, Rex and I went on a fishing trip. We used Mr. Anderson's cottage, which was on the shore of a small lake tucked away amid large forests. It had been planned that the next day Mr. Anderson and I would canoe to Lake Ernestte, about seven or eight miles away, leaving Dad home to prepare for the next day's fishing trip. Of course Rex came with Mr. Anderson and me.

We reached Lake Ernestte about four-thirty that afternoon. From there we went up a hill to a small cottage where Mr. Tacheau, a half-breed, lived. It was he who had looked after our canoe during the winter months.

On reaching the cabin we were surprised to notice him looking anxiously toward the west.

"Whatever is attracting your attention so?" asked Mr. Anderson.

"Look!" cried the Indian in a slightly alarmed voice, "Smoke".

"Sure enough," I cried.

As this was the first forest fire I had ever seen, it fascinated me extremely. However it did not seem to bother the men, as they noticed that the wind was blowing from the south and they would be safe from the fire. It was not until then that I noticed the strange behaviour of Rex. Then suddenly I realized. Smoke! Flame! Yonder was Rex's most mortal enemy. Evidently he had caught the smell of smoke, which I could not detect.

As it was agreed by all to spend the night with Tacheau, it was not long before snores were heard arising from the cabin. While outside the wind arose and changed to the west.

It was Mr. Anderson who awoke us next morning.

"Tacheau," he cried, "Look! The fire has crept between us and our camp. I think we had better get back."

"Yes," I said, "because Dad is still at our cottage, and may be in trouble now."

"Maybe so," replied Tacheau, "but I hesitate to advise you to try and cross the lake in the face of that storm."

"I know," I cried, "but Dad's a cripple, and won't be able to get to safety easily."

Doug. Newby, Ill-A.

By this time we had all realized the danger my father was in. Suppose the fire was at that moment approaching our cottage—and my father! Then an idea struck me.

"Rex," I said, in a voice not quite level, "it all depends on you now. Perhaps it's only to the death, old man, but it's the only hope there is. Your coat is wet enough to go through the thick of it without being burned too much. As soon as you get there, lead Dad to the secret cave we used to play in. It will be safe there. And—oh, it's the only chance. Do you suppose I'd risk your burning to death if it weren't?"

Then I stood up, pointed to the far-off cottage, and with a steady voice commanded, "Master, Rex. Find Master! Quick!"

With a shuddering sigh the great dog lowered his head and set off at a gallop. Straight for his master he headed, guided by that mystic sixth sense. For a time the going was easy. Then his eyes began to smart. The air became denser and increasingly hard to breathe, but this did not daunt him. He was to find his master. Nothing else mattered.

In another moment the air became hot. The roar of flames smote his brain. Straight into them he flew. Well was it for him that his coat was wet, and that he had the swiftness of a deer and the strength of a bull. But it was the flawless white heart that carried him through. Onward he shot over beds of hot glowing ashes. No longer could he see his way. The smoke was too thick for that. But his collie sense kept him from swerving an inch right or left.

Moving wholly by instinct now the dog tore on. A blazing pine branch whirled down from a tree, struck Rex a glancing blow on the side and almost crushed him. He reeled, lurched forward, a broken rib adding now to his mad torture.

The master, left alone, had tried not to worry over his son and friends, who should have been home long ago. Then bit by bit he became aware of the strong smell of smoke. He hobbled to the door and looked out. To the west and north the sky was hidden under a blanket of red, hot smoke.

There was certainly no time for a crippled man to escape. Grabbing his crutches he headed for the lake about three hundred yards from the cottage. After some time, he reached the rocky shore, his eyes already smarting from the smoke. If only he could reach the water, he might escape the flames and so—

As he leaned on one of his crutches it slipped. Down he went striking his head against a rock. Over and over he rolled until at last he came to rest about two yards from the water.

It was at that moment that a hairless and hideous animal came into sight. Dashing down to my unconscious father he set to work trying to drag him to the secret cave. About fifteen minutes later, Rex reached the cave and, having completed his task, he dropped down on the stony floor, half conscious. Rex's work was done. It was in that cave that Mr. Anderson, Tacheau and I found them.

On returning home we would often talk about Rex—the dog who had been through hell at my command.

"Do you notice," my father would say, "that Rex has lost all fear of fire since that incident at the lake?"

"And who wouldn't," I exclaimed, "If you had flown by plane around the world, do you think you would be afraid to fly the English Channel?"

Andy Sangster (seeing Doug Newby running down the street): "Look, Spring's here! The sap's running."

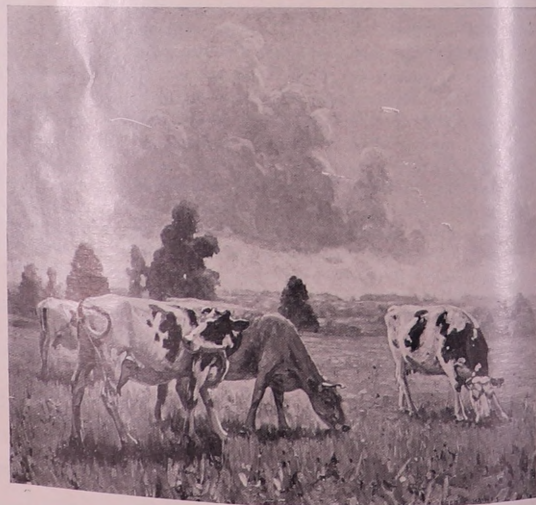
Mr. Davison: "What are the flowers of sulphur?"

Bill Gerard: "Oxide daisies."

ART

THROUGH the courtesy of the Art Gallery of Toronto we obtained cuts of paintings of two Canadian artists. The one, "Pastures" is by Fred S. Haines, A.R.C.A., O.S.A., who until very recently has been Curator of the Art Gallery. He resigned from the Curatorship to become Principal of the Ontario College of Art. The other painting is Charles Goldhamer's "Wash Day Manitoulin Island". Mr. Goldhamer is also a Toronto artist.

It is always the aim of the Art Department to encourage originality on the part of the contributors. Sometimes there is doubt in the minds of the readers whether or not material



PASTURES

has that quality but we trust that our readers will be pleased with the efforts in that direction this year.

About the lino-cuts. Do you like them? These are the first attempts of some of the students in this line which has leapt into popularity within the last few years.

Our cover. We know that you will like it because it embodies the new trend in contemporary Art. Its treatment is simple, combining beauty with utility — and is the work of Sidney Samuels.

The artist of today has thrown off the tyranny of ornate curves and a confusion of detail and is striving for frankness and sincerity of expression.

This has resulted in the use of the straight line and introduction of geometric forms.

To quote from "Eagles Nest", page 91—

"Art is founded in truth and consists in imagination. Having learned to represent actual appearances faithfully, if you have a human faculty

of your own, visionary appearances will take place to you which will be nobler and more true than any actual or material appearances; and the realization of these is founded absolutely, therefore, in truth, and consists absolutely in imagination."

We wish to thank all contributors for their co-operation in submitting material.



WASH DAY, MANITOULIN ISLAND

Masquerade

(ONTARIO COLLEGE OF ART)

*There's a great little college,
called O.C.A.*

*Tucked right behind the Art Gal-
ler-ay,*

*From teaching therein the studes
hope some day*

*To earn rare fame, or a high
salar-ay.*

There is one week in the College Year—that of preparation for the

Annual Ball—which wholly gives itself up to the noble tradition of self-expression.

Then does one dare to be himself! "Under the Sea"—was the title chosen for the ball by the Student Club Executive, which, baffling at first, proved to be most interesting from a standpoint of originality. On one wall was painted the cross section of a sunken ship. Its loot of treasure

and chest of gold-flecked coins lay scattered among the sea-plants. Hanging green weed brushed the side of the ship relieved by bright scarlet devil fish peeping through. Behind the orchestra was hung a transparent screen, illuminated from behind, on which mermaids posed idly dangling over rocks, or swimming upward to the surface. An octopus clung tenaciously to a ceiling of blue green gauze which was stretched over the entire ceiling and lighting. In the outside corridor one found oneself in a dark subterranean cave. The walls were a background of black from which a great variety of bright orange and jade fish seemed to be swimming directly toward one. The ceiling of the cave was likewise covered with black gauze. Downstairs First Year excelled themselves in their huge poster effects and coral lighting fixtures.

And the costumes! Clever—intriguing and original. One enterprising Toronto youth of our year came as "A Worm-On-A-Hook". During the evening the head-dress bearing the hook became very warm so for the remainder of the affair the worm was without his hook. Then hopping through the door emerged a very life-like green frog. This costume did involve difficulty since the student who wore it was compelled to fold himself up in a crouching position. Then the brain-child of another of our year although cumbersome was certainly the only one of its kind. It was necessary to haul the contraption through the janitor's

Note of Appreciation

It is through the kindness of Mr. Bear and the Woodworking Department that we have been able this year to try the experiment of using home-made linoleum cuts. We wish to thank Mr. Bear very sincerely for the work he has done in mounting the cuts. This is the first time these have been used, and even if they should not turn out as well as we expect, future artists might profit by our experience.

—:—T-H-E — E-L-E-V-A-T-O-R —:—

entrance but once within there was no doubt that he was actually wearing a submarine! Because of its bulk and length he came no farther than inside the door when he lightly stepped out clad in a gob's trousers.

All in all, it is just one glorious event of the year, anticipated with great enthusiasm. What if one's arms do ache from swabbing colour high above the head? Suppose you crackle in every joint from stiff positions on a ladder. You remember—you have created! A dream has become a reality and—life is very sweet.

—Ex-Art Student.



—:—T-H-E — E-L-E-V-A-T-O-R —:—



LIBRARY STAFF

Back Row—E. Roblin, H. Hart, M. Treverton.

Front Row—M. Roblin, D. Hawley, Miss Welbanks, K. Goldberg.

AT DUSK

(Reprinted from The McMaster University Monthly, March 1929)

There in the dusk by that old garden-wall,
Deep-hidden from the farthest light that beams,
I found the gateway of Forgotten Things
I trod the path of Unremembered Dreams.

A vague sunset or two; and many nights
Powdered with stars; and little wandering winds
That might have been the ghosts of ancient sighs:
The silver crystals of salt tears; old griefs
That once had looked me in the face; old joys
With wistful upturned lips that had forgot
Their smilings; and afar the dim mirage
Of dreams that might have been and still were not—

Blindly I sought the gate again, and stood
There in the shadow by the garden-wall.
The dusk had deepened into dark a tree
Shook in the wind an owl began to call

—J. T. P.



Chimpanzee

DELIA MURPHY

(As Told By My Young Brother)

HE was a very funny man and he always laughed at everything I said, just as if it were funny. But he showed me the "chimpanzee" way to count seconds. One chimpanzee, two chimpanzee, three chimpanzee—that's the way, and every count makes a second.

His name was Mr. Tyrrell, and I saw him first the morning he stopped to look when I was taking a picture. Father had given me the camera, and Mr. Tyrrell seemed to know that I didn't know how to "time the exposure", as he calls it. He was a photographer himself, and worked in a place where they make engravings, so he knew all about it.

The very first time we talked, we got to be friends. There wasn't anything queer about it, because he passed our house every morning, and nobody would ever have thought it was queer if nothing else had happened.

It was on the very morning of the big fire at Sterling's Mills, where my father was manager, that I took the picture of Mr. Tyrrell. He was right on the edge of the hill, so that all the houses and churches of the town below were back of him. We had so much trouble getting everything right—because a man was trimming trees in our yard that day, and got in the way—that he was almost late leaving for work. He said he would have to "run like a white-head" to be on time, and he did, and I watched him all the way down the hill; and just for fun, I counted, to see how long he had before the whistle blew. It was ten minutes.

The day of the fire was Saturday and no school, so I developed the picture right away and made a print that afternoon, and I was so busy that I didn't hear about the big fire till it was out.

Well, on Monday night, when I came home, I found father there. That surprised me, but I soon found out why he was there so early, for he called me into the library.

"Kent, did you see your friend Tyrrell Saturday morning?" he asked. That surprised me too but I answered, "Yes, sir."

"Are you sure?" he said, and I said I was sure, because I remembered. He looked worried about something.

"Tyrrell's been accused of setting the Sterling Mills afire, Kent," he said. It didn't seem as if it could be true, when he first said it. But then father went on and told me all about it and this was the way it was.

A man named Hawksly had said that Mr. Tyrrell had burned the mill. Father said there was trouble between Hawksly and Mr. Tyrrell, on account of politics, and that Hawksly hated Mr. Tyrrell specially because Mr. Tyrrell had

helped to keep him from getting some place he wanted, and which father said he was not fit to have. Hawksly might have set the mills afire himself, and tried to put the blame on Mr. Tyrrell, but that would be hard to prove. The mills were set afire some time between half past six and seven o'clock that morning.

Mr. Hawksly and another man said they saw Mr. Tyrrell near the mills just before seven and that they had heard him talk about Mr. Bennington, the biggest shareholder, and father said they made a very bad case against him.

That made me good and mad. I knew that Mr. Tyrrell was in front of our house just before seven that morning, and that he had left only about ten minutes before the whistle blew, so he wouldn't have had time to get anywhere near the mills before seven o'clock. I said so, and then father asked me if I thought I could tell the lawyers all about it and maybe tell the people in court, if Mr. Tyrrell was tried and I said of course, and then he got quite excited and told me that it would help prove an alibi for Mr. Tyrrell and might save him.

Of course, it was quite a while before the trial, but the day came at last. I don't believe I can tell all that happened, but I'll tell what they did with me.

When you go on the stand in court, they put you in a chair up before all the people, and almost beside the judge, who sits in front, like the teacher in school.

Mr. Ardmore was our lawyer—I mean he was the one who took Mr. Tyrrell's part and was trying to get him free, and when I got into the chair, he spoke to me right away. I guess he thought I'd be scared, and I certainly was. I saw Mr. Tyrrell, and he smiled and winked at me, and I saw Mr. Hawksly, too, and he looked at me in a mean kind of way. And then, all at once, I thought such a lot seemed to depend on me, and everybody looked at me as if they expected me to say something, that I don't know what I'd have done if it hadn't been for father. He just smiled at me, as if he wasn't afraid that I would say anything wrong, and it helped.

I told them all just what I'd told father and Mr. Ardmore before. It wasn't so very hard, that first part. There was one new question, and that was how I could be sure it was Saturday morning. I didn't know how to answer that till I remembered that that was the morning the man was trimming the trees at our yard. Then the lawyer asked me how long we talked and why it was so long and all about it, and then—I don't know why, for I hadn't thought to say anything about it before—I told about taking Mr. Tyrrell's picture. People stirred and whispered all over the courtroom. Mr. Ardmore jumped up, excited, and father's face lighted up. But the other lawyer seemed to get more angry at me.

"You say you took his picture? Why haven't we heard of that before?" he asked.

I started to say I'd forgotten to tell about it, but I only got as far as "I forgot", when he interrupted.

"Forgot, eh?" he said. "Humph! Where's that picture? Is it in court? Has anybody seen it? Do you mean to say the prisoner stood up for you to take a picture of him that morning before he went to the mills?"

"He didn't go to the mills," I said.

"What? How do you know?" he asked.

"I watched him go down the hill to town. The mills are over the other way from our house."

"And you took the picture of him as he was going, did you?"

"No, sir. I took it before he went."

"Where is that picture?"

"In my top bureau drawer at home." Everybody laughed for some reason, but father and Mr. Ardmore whispered together. Then Mr. Ardmore said something to the judge and then father nodded to me, and went out.

That sort of frightened me, for I liked to have him there, but the lawyer did not stop.

"How do you know he didn't go to the mills after he got out of your sight?" he asked.

"There wasn't time before the whistle blew."

"How do you know?"

"He couldn't go to the mills and back in ten minutes."

Then the lawyer almost hollered again. "Ten minutes!" he said. "What do you know about ten minutes?"

"It was only ten minutes," I said, "between the time when he started and the time when the whistle blew."

"How do you know?"

I looked at Mr. Tyrrell. I didn't want to tell about the chimpanzee counting, because I thought it would sound queer in such a place. So I just said: "I can tell."

They all laughed again and Mr. Ardmore looked surprised but the judge wouldn't let him interrupt. And the other lawyer just hooted, making fun of the idea that I could tell minutes without a clock or a watch, and it made me so mad I just hollered back at him that I could tell minutes anywhere, without a watch. And then all the people began to clap their hands and laugh, till the judge pounded on his desk, though even he himself was smiling.

"So you are a wonderful human clock, are you?" asked the lawyer.

"No, sir, I'm not," I said, "but I can tell minutes."

Then the lawyer stepped up to the judge and said, "With your permission we'll test what he says. It has a bearing on the case."

Mr. Ardmore said that such a test was not fair, but the other lawyer insisted. I knew what it meant and I was pretty scared again, but I felt as if I wouldn't be sorry to show that lawyer I could count ten minutes; and I understood, too, that it was very important. Mr. Ardmore looked at me as if he were half ready to let me try but afraid to; but Mr. Tyrrell winked at me and then spoke to Mr. Ardmore a minute; and right away Mr. Ardmore stopped objecting.

The judge said that I might try telling five minutes and everybody began to take out their watches and whisper while the lawyers talked. But when I looked at Mr. Tyrrell again, he winked once more and smiled as if he knew I could do it and then I wasn't afraid.

I thought the best way was to put my head down on my hands, for I might forget and count wrong if I looked at everybody, so when they were all ready, I just said, "Now," like that, and put my hands over my eyes and began to count.

"One chimpanzee, two chimpanzee, three chimpanzee, four chimpanzee." I counted right along, just as I always did, and pretty soon I almost forgot everybody around me, and just counted and counted and bent one finger under at the end of every minute, and it wasn't nearly so bad as I was afraid it would be.

But five minutes is a long time. It's not so hard out of doors when you're alone, but counting even five minutes in a court-room, when you know everybody is just waiting to see if you do it right, is hard enough. Once I was

almost afraid I couldn't do it after all, but I kept on because I remembered Mr. Tyrrell, and when the last minute was done, I took my hands away from my face and looked up at Mr. Ardmore and just said, "Now!"

And then, all at once—why, you would hardly believe it—the people all around just got up out of their seats, and such a noise you never heard in a house. They just yelled and clapped their hands and stamped on the floor; and the judge didn't even try to stop them, for he just laughed and rubbed his handkerchief over his face. So I knew I had counted almost right anyway. I looked over at Mr. Tyrrell and there were tears in his eyes. But he put his hands together and shook them at me and I knew he was glad. Then the clerk called out that I was within ten seconds of the correct time.

But right in the middle of it, in came father, and he had the picture I'd taken. He'd been clear home to get it. Then when Mr. Ardmore had looked at it, he showed it to the judge and to the rest, and this is what he said to the jury:

"Gentlemen, my case is before you. The boy's testimony is perfect. He's proven that he knows what he's talking about; and now this photograph supports his testimony absolutely. There is the man—the prisoner—in the centre of the picture, and it's a good likeness; and you will notice two other things also. The tree-trimmer's work shows in the branches lying on the lawn, and the hands of the clock in the Methodist Church spire point to fourteen minutes to seven. I think that proves this alibi."

Then everybody hollered again, and when Mr. Ardmore asked the other lawyer if he wanted to question me any further, he just waved his hand. But the judge said he wanted to know what was my way of counting, and I had to stand up before them all and count another minute out loud, just to show them all how. At the end, father came right across and picked me up and carried me out, while people stood up and clapped and stamped till you couldn't hear anything. I think they were glad for Mr. Tyrrell.

Father didn't say much at first even when it turned out that the jury made them let Mr. Tyrrell go, and then Mr. Tyrrell himself came up to see me that night and thank me, just as if he hadn't taught me himself to count the chimpanzee way. Father seemed more pleased than I'd ever seen him, and kept looking at me all the time Mr. Tyrrell was there, but he was just quiet and hardly spoke. But when I went to bed, pretty nearly tired out, too, he came and put his head in my door and smiled at me, and said, "You're a brick, son."



GIRLS' SPORTS



GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Back Row—R. Symons, A. Cruji, D. Davison, E. May.
Middle Row—M. Maclean, Miss Soule, E. Moncrieff (Pres.), M. Wallbridge.
Front Row—E. MacCreary, D. Croft.

Basketball

Senior Games

Belleville 33 — Picton 21

The opening game of the Bay of Quinte League was played in Belleville on October 23. The fast B.C.I. team secured the lead at the beginning and kept it throughout the game.

Belleville 61 — Napanee 16

The next game was in Napanee. The B.C.I. team proved to be superior to their opponents, and won by a large score.

Belleville 93 — Trenton 2

On November 13, Belleville entertained the T.H.S. team. B.C.I. ran

up an amazingly large score, and at the same time allowed only one basket to be scored against them in the whole game.

Belleville 62 — Napanee 17

In the return game with Napanee, B.C.I. experienced little difficulty in defeating N.C.I., the score being almost the same as that of the first game between these teams.

Belleville 44 — Picton 14

The team went to Picton on Dec. 9. The excellent shooting and combination work shown by B.C.I. resulted in a victory in their favour.

Junior Games

Belleville 22 — Picton 14

In their first game of the season the B.C.I. juniors were victorious over Picton. Until half-time the two teams were even, but Picton faltered badly in the second half.

Belleville 43 — Napanee 30

The next game, played in Napanee, was a victory for B.C.I. The Napanee team fought hard, but could not overcome the lead held by our team.

Trenton 22 — Belleville 21

The juniors suffered their first defeat at the hands of the Trenton juniors, losing by a single point.

Napanee 20 — Belleville 10

In the second game with Napanee, our juniors could not keep up with their opponents, and although they fought to the last, they lost.

Picton 33 — Belleville 35

All hopes of winning the league championship were lost when B.C.I. was defeated again in Picton. The teams were very evenly matched. But the Picton Collegiate team managed to win by the small margin of three points.

Exhibition Games

Belleville 17 — Queen's 16

On January 25, the B.C.I. senior girls' basketball team won from Queen's in an exhibition game played on the Queen's floor.

During the first period, the B.C.I. team had most of the play, and at

half time were leading 13-10. Close checking by both teams was featured in the second half, with the result that there was little scoring by either side. At one time in this period Queen's was leading, but a basket scored by E. Moncrieff in the last minute gave victory to B.C.I.



C.O.S.S.A. CHAMPIONS—GIRLS' SENIOR TEAM

A. Gartley (Fd.), E. May (S.C.), M. Wallbridge (Gd.), M. MacLean (J.C.), E. Blaker (Gd.), Miss Soule, M. Merrick (Gd.), S. Stillman (Gd.), A. Cruji (S.C.), E. Moncrieff (Fd.).



GIRLS' JUNIOR TEAM

Back Row—B. Bell (Gd.), P. Burrows (Fd.), R. Symons (Gd.).
Middle Row—S. Reddick (Fd.), Miss Soule, S. Carman (J.C.), M. Scott (Gd.).
Front Row—F. Tufts (Fd.), M. Hodges (S.C.).

Belleville 31 — Queen's 27

The B.C.I. senior team played another game with Queen's in Kingston on February 4th, and were again victorious.

The Collegiate team was leading by twelve points at half time. In the second half, Queen's garnered several baskets in succession which cut down our lead. The B.C.I. team rallied towards the last and won by four points.

Belleville 17 — Kingston 17

The seniors made a third trip to Kingston, this time to play K.C.V.I. Our team could not seem to get started, with the result that their opponents were leading by nine points when the whistle blew for half time. The second half was more exciting. B.C.I. determined not to lose, overcame the lead and the game ended 17-all.

Belleville 56 — Trenton 13

A practice game between the Belleville seniors and Trenton juniors was played in Belleville on February 24. The more experienced B.C.I. team won by a large margin.

THE B.C.I.V.S. teams have had a very successful season. The juniors, although they did not win the title, always put up a good fight. The members of this team were all new with the exception of their captain, Sheila Carman. The seniors won all their league games, annexing the championship, and also won their three exhibition games. They are now practising faithfully for the tournament in Toronto. The excellent showing by both teams reflects much credit on their coach, Miss Soule, to whom the gratitude of both teams is extended.

Field Day

THE annual field day was held on Thursday, May 19. It was one of the most keenly contested athletic meets held in Belleville in some time. Rain, which usually interrupts our field day was conspicuous by its absence, much to the relief of those who had planned the program. Marion MacLean easily won the girls' senior championship, coming

first in all the senior events. Eugenia May was second, and Annie Cruji third. In the intermediate division, Sheila Carman won the honours with nineteen points out of a possible twenty. The junior championship was won by Rosie Summers.

The events were broad-jumping, high-jumping, baseball throw, dashes, and a relay race.

Sheila B.: "Isn't she conceited? She always stands in front of a mirror while she dresses."

Elizabeth K.: "No, she's inquisitive. She wants to see what's going on."

Chaperon (to college youth who has stepped on her toes): "Young man, where is your chivalry?"

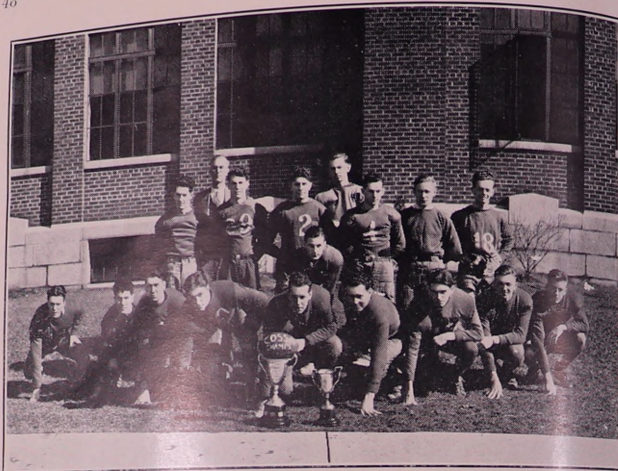
College Youth: "Oh, that old thing! I traded it in for a Cadillac."

BOYS' SPORTS



BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Back Row—L. Flagler, G. Scott, Mr. Shiels, S. White.
Front Row—J. Andrews, G. Ostrom, W. Hilton, J. Follwell.



C.O.S.S.A. CHAMPIONS—SENIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row—F. Bowler, Mr. Shiels, W. Hilton, J. Follwell, A. Cole, J. Graves, D. Cook, J. Murphy.

Front Row—H. Burley, L. Watson, S. White, R. Weese, K. Grills, G. Ostrom, G. Holgate, G. Miller, L. Flagler, F. Temple.

Absent—M. Rigby.

Rugby

THE first game of the season brought together Oshawa Collegiate and the B.C.I.V.S. team. The game was an exhibition encounter, and served to show many of our team's weak points. The results of the game were very unsatisfactory, as B.C.I.V.S. lost the game 17-0, and had several of the regular players injured.

In the first scheduled games, both our teams won. The juniors scored a 21-3 triumph in convincing style, but the seniors were harder pressed

to cke out a 9 to 6 win. Schreider, Andrews and Newby shone for the Belleville team. The junior line, while not nearly as strong as in former years, performed surprisingly well. In the senior engagement, Follwell made a long dash for a converted touchdown after kicking for the first point. A serious injury occurred later to Follwell's chin, and Graves also had to be removed through injuries. Reynolds booted the other two points.

Both teams appeared in fine shape for the games with Albert College



and Picton juniors. The junior line looked considerably better, Blaker plunging for the locals' only major score, which was converted. Newby counted another point on a long hoist, and the game ended 7-5 for B.C.I.V.S. The seniors had a comparatively easy tilt with Albert College, winning by 30-5. Rigby, Hilton, Weese and Follwell performed extremely well, and the line appeared much stronger than heretofore.

In the next game with Trenton, the juniors lost their first game in three years, by a 9-5 score. The senior game was a victory for Belleville, the team winning in convincing fashion by 15-6.

Against Napanee the following week, both our teams won. The seniors showed considerable improvement over the last game, while the juniors also showed the results of steady training and coaching.

In Picton, B.C.I.V.S. juniors had little difficulty, winning 8-3. In this game Blaker kicked two placements

for the team. The deciding game for the juniors with Trenton was not played, due to a disagreement as to the date, and the championship for the junior series was not decided.

After a wait of three weeks, the senior team met Oshawa Collegiate in a sudden-death game for the championship of the C.O.S.S.A., and surprised their most ardent supporters by upsetting Oshawa 26-9. The entire team looked greatly improved and Rigby, Follwell, Hilton and Graves outdid Oshawa in bucking, kicking and running respectively. The field-generalship of Ostrom, and the strong defensive playing of Holgate, Weese, Miller, Cole and Rigby paved the way for the B.C.I.V.S. victory.

Due to a misunderstanding, the entry of the B.C.I.V.S. team was received too late in Toronto, and St. Michael's College, winners of the W.O.S.S.A., refused to play off for the championship of Ontario. Despite this fact the rugby team enjoyed its most successful season.



JUNIOR RUGBY TEAM

Back Row—Mr. Shiels, E. Schreider, J. Kokesb, D. Newby, J. Andrews, W. Countryman, J. Reynolds, J. Empson, D. Carr, D. Hall, D. McKinney.
Front Row—D. Bradford, H. Yeomans, A. Tobe, O. Smith, E. Gold, P. Blaker, G. Jeffery, A. Skelcher, B. Liddle, E. Bruce, S. McElrath.

Basketball

BOTH junior and senior teams had very successful seasons this year, winning the Bay of Quinte group with little difficulty. Both teams showed a marked improvement as the season progressed, due entirely to their hard practices, and the fine coaching offered by Mr. Partridge and Farley Faulkner.

In the opening game with Albert College, the seniors emerged victors by the comfortable margin of 46-15. In an exhibition game with Napanee seniors, the junior team won a hard-fought game 18-13.

Against Picton the following week both teams won, the juniors by 44-8, and the seniors 49-35. Both teams appeared much improved, and were too strong defensively for the Picton forwards, who were unable to work the ball in near the baskets.

In the fixture at Trenton the juniors won by a count of 27-14. In



BAY OF QUINTE CHAMPIONS—BOYS' SENIOR TEAM
Back Row—A. Lazier, D. Maclean, G. Scott, L. Roseberry, S. White, W. Hilton.
Front Row—H. Burley, T. Saunders, G. Ostrom, Mr. Partridge, C. Carter, F. Temple, E. McMurray.

this game the substitutes were used extensively, and showed much promise. The seniors easily won their game by 29-17. Excellent work by Burley, Scott and Ostrom featured the game.

Due to illness, Picton juniors defaulted their game, but the seniors journeyed to Picton where they won 35-15. The defensive system of the B.C.I.V.S. team once again proved valuable, while the forwards did excellent work.

Against Albert College the seniors had their hardest game of the season, finally winning out 26-17. Burley, Scott and Hilton looked best in this game, and the win gave B.C.I.V.S. the senior championship of the Bay of Quinte group.

In the final games against Trenton at Belleville, both teams again won, the juniors by 51-20 and the seniors by 24-15. The senior game was close



BAY OF QUINTE CHAMPIONS—BOYS' JUNIOR TEAM

Back Row—D. Beare, W. Countryman, F. Henry, F. Faulkner, A. Cole, A. Faulkner, W. Cook.
Front Row—E. Grey, E. Schrieder, H. Yeomans, Mr. Partridge, H. Cowain, F. Martin, A. Tobe.

throughout, but the B.C.I.V.S. team forged ahead near the finish. The junior team after a slow start steadily piled up the score in the final period. Neither game affected the standing, as both local teams had already won their groups. In preparation for the

play-offs at Toronto both teams had two exhibition games with the R.C.A.F., Albert College Aces, and teams from the Y.M.C.A., and these helped greatly in rounding the teams into shape for the play-offs.

Field Day

THE annual field day was held last spring with almost perfect weather conditions prevailing. The field events were practically all completed by noon, while the afternoon was devoted to the track events.

Dick Philp captured first place in the boys' senior group, but he was closely followed by Jack Morgan who ended in second place one point behind the winner. Jack Graves won third place.

Walter Hilton had little difficulty in winning first place in the intermediate series, winning the majority of both the track and field events.

Jimmie Follwell was second, and Harry Burley ended in third place.

In the junior series, Earl Hays pulled away from other contestants in the races, winning by a substantial margin. Arthur Cole was second, and Jack Carman third.

Not informed of the date of the annual district meet at Kingston, the B.C.I.V.S. track and field team did not compete at Kingston as in former years, but at the Ottawa meet two weeks later. The team made a very favourable showing at the Ottawa meet, despite the fact that they were up against much stiffer opposition.

Woman

Henry Liddle

BEFORE trying to write anything on so difficult a subject, I must make some apologies. By this I do not mean apologizing to the women. Anything I could say to them would make little difference, but I am apologizing to the world in general for having the nerve to offer comments on such a baffling subject.

I can easily see that any remarks, wise or otherwise, must be impersonal and unemotional. To illustrate I will use a time-honoured method, the question and answer system:

Question: How old are you?

Answer: Nineteen.

Question: What do you know about women?

Answer: Nothing.

Question: Then what are you talking about?

Answer: I don't know.

Question: How do you expect to write about them?

Answer: I'm human and I do receive impressions.

In case you don't already know it, it was I who was doing the answering. Can you now see my viewpoint? Impersonal, unemotional, that's my working policy.

Here we have woman in general and we see a human being, generally smaller than a man, not quite so heavy and having a tendency to knock-knees rather than the rugged bow-legs of the male. We know this from examining their respective skeletons in museums. Being human, she has human emotions related to instinct which is mental. Here I can say that woman's big drawing-card is her mentality, although she has the male believing that it is physical beauty. She calls her attracting power personality, when it is, in reality, mentality, and she has the male believing it. Woman's personality awakens a mental condition in the male whereby he thinks himself mentally as well as physically superior to the female. From whence comes the expression, "beautiful but dumb". This must run true to life because Mr. Kipling refers to it in one of his works: "The Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under the skin". Beauty only lies skin-deep and Kipling should know as much as anyone, what he is talking about.

Man prides himself on his strength, and strength is ruled by the mind, although not always his own mind. When I read world history I find no great leader whether in military or civil life who is a woman-hater. There is always a woman's mind behind the throne, whether the throne happens to be in a shack or in a palace.

Man is supposed to be physically superior to woman but we have exceptions. In the local court the other day a man was accused of beating his wife when it was she who had beaten him and in his defence "a lady friend" of his joined in and together they did considerable damage to the plaintiff. This should fairly well emphasize that scientific statement that "the female of the species is more deadly than the male".

Every once in a while, I read of a breach of promise suit in the newspapers when some lady is awarded several thousand dollars as a heart balm. From reading the articles I find the man broke her heart when he should have broken her head, but she trained her "personality" on the judge and won the suit. I said personality because of two reasons: First, she wasn't so very dumb, and second, from her pictures she certainly wasn't very beautiful. This again illustrates woman's mentality.

Another matter associated in our minds with woman is clothes. Men live and die in order to clothe woman in all the finery her vanity desires. It is quite apparent that someone pays and it isn't always the woman. The man who said that "woman is like a ship in that her rigging costs more than her hull", should certainly be considered a wise man.

Man suffers both financially and physically to satisfy woman's desire for clothes. This appears to make man look pretty sick, but wait! A secret follows.

I had you believing woman's mentality was superior to man's. Men let them think so because it makes them happy. The women are happy so the men are happy and we have one big happy family. In the wife-beating case the man was smart enough to let another woman finish what he started after he had satisfied his anger. In the breach of promise suit the man got off lightly, because look what he would have been up against if he had married the woman! Women are persuaded to wear what men design because it is highly profitable to man. Now who's smart? Yet still some people will answer "woman".

HIAWATHA COMES TO HIGH SCHOOL

You shall hear how Hiawatha,
 Hiawatha, last descendant
 Of the far famed Hiawatha
 Of the long dead Hiawatha
 Last of many Hiawathas
 Came to Belleville to Collegiate
 Came to learn of all the classics
 Came to learn of mathematics
 And of all the things we must learn
 When we enter the Collegiate.
 He had come to join the fifth form
 Come to join the mighty fifth form
 Come to join the rugby heroes
 Come to join the learned scholars
 Of Collegiate's mighty fifth form.
 Hiawatha to the portals
 Of that dreaded place "the office"
 Came for his first interview with
 Belleville's Principal MacLaurin
 Mighty Principal MacLaurin
 Much feared Principal MacLaurin
 He of many lines MacLaurin
 Who in future would rule o'er him
 To teach him all he could.
 In a short space Hiawatha
 Was adopted by the fifth form
 Taken to its mighty bosom.
 He at once became one of them
 Quickly learned their jests and customs
 Quickly learned their games and pastimes
 Quickly learned to study little.
 All they knew the fifth form taught him.
 Many friends he had among them
 Mighty Weese taught him of rugby
 Learned Mary taught him classics
 Helped him with the lengthy homework

Daily with which he was burdened.
 All the fifth he loved right dearly
 But of all whom he loved dearly
 One he loved more dear than all.
 William Gerard was no athlete
 William Gerard was no scholar
 Bill Gerard was no fifth former
 But he was the best beloved
 Of the mighty Hiawatha
 Of the peerless Hiawatha
 Mightiest of mighty Fifth.
 For young William shifted scenery
 Often William shifted scenery
 Daily William shifted scenery
 To the wonderment of all.
 Friendly they were as twin brothers
 Though they took not the same classes
 They would meet to talk between them
 Entering late these self same classes
 To the wrath of many teachers
 Who taught in these self same classes
 Tried to give a little knowledge
 Tried to shout a little knowledge
 Tried to pound a little knowledge
 Into all these self same classes.
 In these classes was a maiden
 Giggle-giggle, Talking water
 Much admired by Hiawatha.
 Her books he would carry daily
 As they traversed all the hallways
 Or upon the window ledges
 Sat in blissful ecstasy.
 Till her father much complaining
 Wrote unto the news and said
 My Giggle-giggle stays out dancing
 When she should be in her bed.
 It is all the fault of High School
 Where they learn of naught but dancing
 Take great pride in naught but dancing
 Joyful are in naught but dancing
 So I must withdraw my daughter
 Giggle-giggle, Talking water
 And must send her boarding-schoolwards
 From the bosom of my family.
 Now must send her broken-hearted
 To a boarding-school far distant.
 Hiawatha, too, with sorrow
 Left the school he'd learned to love,
 Went to be a sun-tanned life guard
 Hoping he might in his life work
 Some day perish in his duties
 And forget his long lost sweetheart
 Giggle-giggle, Talking water.

—Jean Bankier, IV-A.

Writing An Exposition

Douglas Frink

WRITING an exposition! The very thought of it immediately strangles any literary effort stirring in my soul.

In my mind's eye I visualize a long journey over arid desert to be covered before my task is done. The journey, no matter how I travel, will be dull, difficult, and hopelessly devoid of interest, but while my vehicle for the journey might be a bicycle of poetry, a fast little roadster of narrative, an aeroplane of adventurous fiction, or even a ponderous airship of autobiography, our teacher sends me forth in an ox-cart of exposition.

What the deuce is an exposition? My own experience tells me that it is the author's presentation of a few obvious truths in the largest possible number of words. I pause. Can I, a man of Direct Mind, of Go-Getter Temperament, of Business Ability, force myself to adopt such a style? No!

With a look of high resolve, I summon to mind all the available facts to be conveyed in my exposition, clothe them in strong, simple words and phrases, and write my essay as follows:

"I hate writing expositions; that is my pet aversion."

WHAT WE HAVE YET TO SEE

Lois and Sonny having a fight,
 Dorothy T. when Pauline's not in
 sight,

Dishie acting quiet and meek,
 Harvey Hall with nothing to eat,
 Douglas Bankier not going to pass,
 Jack Carman without a question to
 ask,

And sister Sheila with nothing to
 say,

Barbara Parker missing a day.

Dorothy Croft: "Do you know why twin beds were invented?"

J. A.: "No, why?"

D. C.: "Onions."

Pauline Schryver (as she tried on the ring): "I'm afraid it won't fit."
 Joe Reynolds: "That's funny, I never had any trouble before."

The City Banker (visiting farm): "I suppose that's the hired man."
 Farmer: "No, that's the first vice-president in charge of the cows."



LANGUAGES

Cette année nous avons ajouté le latin à notre section des langues. Nous avons eu la coopération sincère de tous les deux les professeurs et les élèves en préparant ce coin et nous présentons donc les contributions suivantes. Ne vous riez pas de nos efforts faibles, je vous en prie.

Cordialement votre,
Audrey Licence.

* * *

A Prayer for Sleep

Deus creator omnium,
Polique rector, vestiens
Diem decoro lumine,
Noctem soporis gratia:
Artus solutos ut quies
Reddat laboris usui
Mentesque fessas allevet,
Luctusque solvat anxios.

(From Confessiones Augustini)

* * *

Je me demande combien de nos étudiants français profitent du département des langues de notre bibliothèque?

Il y a de petites histoires, essais et poèmes, très divertissants et amusants. On trouvera aussi des revues françaises, qui sont très intéressantes.

Vous connaissez le proverbe, "L'exercice rend l'accompli."

Lisez plus de français; vous ferez des progrès à votre savoir de la langue, et je vous promets aussi, que vous vous amuserez.

Nous avons attendu avec plaisir à recevoir un article d'Emile Pelletier de Montréal. Malheureusement, nous ne l'avons pas reçu jusqu'à la date de mettre sous presse.

* * *

Camilla Infans

Metabus, rex populi urbis Priverni ex regno pulsus, filiam, Camillam, secum comitem exilio sustulit. Cum hostes subsequerentur, in fuga ad flumen transeundum pervenit. Subito haec sententia secum sedit: infantem magnae hastae quam ferebat implicuit. Tum Dianae pollicitus est se Camillam famulam daturum esse, si conservata esset. Hastam trans flumen cuius undae sonuerunt conjecit. Cum hostes adessent, Metabus se aquae dedit, hastam de caespite vellit, Camilla conservata erat!

* * *

Cette année nous sommes allés le long du chemin au succès en apprenant à parler français. Le trente et un octobre, nous avons eu un concert en français, composé d'une pièce très amusante. Tous ceux qui ont joué un rôle en ce divertissement se sont conduits très bien et ont étonné leurs amis par leur facilité bien pratiquée.



H. MAY, B. SPARLING



A. LICENCE, J. BANKIER

French Plays

The second open literary meeting was held on Friday, October 28, 1932.

Programme:

1. O Canada (en français)
2. M. Swift et le Domestique
(Clare Carter and George Jeffrey)
3. Le Mari Distrain
(Billie Newby and Meda Mullin)
4. Les Chants de France
(Pupils of First and Second Forms)
5. La Cigale et la Fourmi
(Audrey Licence, Helen May, and Betty Sparling)
6. Tap Dancing
(Mattie Browning)
7. La Leçon de Français
(Audrey Licence and Jean Bankier)
8. Un Duo de Piano
(Athol Crozier and Helen Cook)
9. Avec du Calme et de la Méthode
(Betty Illsey, Jocelyn Jones, Philippa Burrows, Sheila Carman and Jack Carmichael)
10. Une Consultation
(Jack Carmichael and Jim Mackenzie)
11. Un Quartuor Barcarolle
(Leona Shepard, Sylvia Tett, Rose Wilkinson and Frances Evans)
12. Dieu Sauve le Roi.



J. JONES, J. CARMICHAEL, S. CARMAN, B. ILLSEY

Detentus

In campo comites ludunt et sole fruuntur.
 Non mihi sunt ludi; non ego sole fruor.
 In tenebris sedeo, jussus describere poenam.
 Non didici quidquid discere jussus eram.
 Curabo melius studiis incumbere posthac,
 Ut socios inter sole pilaque fruam.
 Praeterea dixit certa mihi voce magister
 "Qui peccant iterum, virga docere solet."

(From *Ros Rosarum*)

Judicium Paridis

Olim in sedibus divum epulae habebantur. Dea Discordia non invitata ad epulas irata divis erat. Ad conventum perturbandum eis pomum aureum inscriptum "Pulcherrimae" iniecit. Statim exstiti acerrima controversia quae cui venustate anteferenda videretur. Paris, filius Priami, regis Troiae, iudex dictus est. Erat summa rivalitas imprimis inter tres puchrissimas deas—Inunem, Minervam, Venerem. Quaeque cupida praemii reportandi, Paridem splendidis donis corrumpere conata est. Juno ei promisit potestatem; Minerva—sapientiam; at Venus uxorem amantissimam et puchrissimam totius Graeciae. Quo adductus Paris aureum pomum Veneri adjudicat.

Proverbia—

1. Quicumque ridet nonissime ridet optime.
2. Silentium est aureum.
3. Honestum est optimum consilium.

Edra McCreary
 Rita Crichton.

Un Mot Bref

J'ai peur qu'on trouvera que mon mots de sagesse sont comme les raisons de Gratiano—"comme deux grains de blé, dans deux boisseaux de paille de blé: on les cherchera toute la journée avant qu'on les trouvera, et quand on les aura trouvés ils ne valent pas la recherche." Aussi, je n'écrirai plus.

—Margaret Donaldson.

Tithonus

Tithonus était un fils de Laomedon, roi de Troy. Il est tombé à l'amour avec Aurora la déesse de l'aube. Elle lui a obtenu le cadeau de la vie immortelle. Mais hélas! Il a oublié demander la jeunesse éternelle. De jour en jour Tithonus devenait de plus en plus âgé jusqu'à ce qu'il ne fût plus qu'un ombre qui se promenait autour du beau palais d'Aurora. Il saupira après la mort mais Aurora comme toutes les autres déesses ne pouvait pas retirer son cadeau. Enfin Jupiter par pitié de Tithonus lui faisait tourner à un cigale. Voilà comment les cigales se faisaient naître premièrement.

—Freda Hinchcliffe.



TOMORROW

There was a man lived on our street
Whose one thought was to-morrow,
The things he should have done to-day
He put off for to-morrow.
The businesses he should have done
Were those that he would always shun,
He put them all off one by one—
For to-morrow.

The friends he should have filled with joy
He forgot them till to-morrow,
Where happiness was his to make
He turned it into sorrow.
His little tasks of our to-day
To himself he would always say
I'll just let them go astray—
Till to-morrow.

So all the work was left undone
For he never saw to-morrow;
He died when he was putting one
Of them off for to-morrow,
And so this was his luckless lot
And no doubt he'll be soon forgot
When they lay him in his six foot plot
To-morrow.

—C. Carter.



EXCHANGE

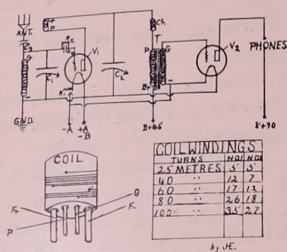
Copies of "THE ELEVATOR" have been sent to the following School Magazines:

- "Acta Victoriana" — Victoria College, Toronto, Ontario.
- "Acta Studentium" — Vaughan Road Collegiate Institute, Toronto, Ont.
- "Alibi" — Albert College, Belleville, Ontario.
- "All About Us" — Stamford Collegiate Institute, Niagara Falls, Ontario.
- "Almafilian" — St. Thomas Collegiate Institute, St. Thomas, Ontario.
- "Cantuarian" — King's School, Canterbury, England.
- "Eastern Echo" — Eastern High School of Commerce, Toronto, Ontario.
- "Hermes" — Humberstone, Toronto, Ontario.
- "High School News" — Chapleau Collegiate Institute, Chapleau, Ontario.
- "Kelvin Year Book" — Kelvin Technical School, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
- "Maroon and White" — Bay Ridge High School, Brooklyn, New York.
- "Oakwood Oracle" — Oakwood Collegiate Institute, Toronto, Ontario.
- "Oracle" — Collegiate and Technical Institute, Fort William, Ontario.
- "P. C. I. Nexus" — Pembroke Collegiate Institute, Pembroke, Ontario.
- "St. Peter's Magazine" — St. Peter's College, Adelaide, Australia.
- "Specula Galtonia" — Collegiate Institute, Galt, Ontario.
- "School News" — Royal Belfast Academical Institute, Belfast, Ireland.
- "Tecalogue" — London Technical School, London, Ontario.
- "The Auditorium" — Owen Sound Collegiate Institute, Owen Sound, Ont.
- "The Addeyan" — Addey and Stanhope School, London, England.
- "The Bugle" — Crescent Heights High School, Calgary, Alberta.
- "The Carillon" — Ottawa Technical School, Ottawa, Ontario.
- "The Canadian" — Ontario School For the Deaf, Belleville, Ontario.
- "The Harbord Review" — Harbord Collegiate Institute, Toronto, Ont.
- "The Lantern" — Sir Adam Beck Collegiate, London, Ontario.
- "The Magnet" — Jarvis Collegiate Institute, Toronto, Ontario.
- "The Oracle" — Woodstock Collegiate Institute, Woodstock, Ontario.
- "The Pretorian" — Boys' High School, Pretoria, Transvaal, South Africa.
- "The Purple Quill" — Ball High School, Galveston, Texas, U.S.A.
- "The School Magazine" — Girls' High School, Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa.
- "The Scarboro Bluff" — Scarboro Collegiate Institute, Toronto, Ontario.
- "The Tatler" — Lindsay Collegiate Institute, Lindsay, Ontario.
- "The Times" — Kingston Collegiate Institute, Kingston, Ontario.
- "The Torch" — Collegiate Institute, Napanee, Ontario.
- "The Twig" — University of Toronto Schools, Toronto, Ontario.
- "The Vulcan" — Central Technical School, Toronto, Ontario.
- "The Watsonian" — George Watson's College, Edinburgh, Scotland.
- "Westward Ho" — Western Technical Commercial School, Toronto, Ont.
- "Year Book" — Shelburne High School, Shelburne, Ontario.

Ernie: "I wish the ink didn't
come off these Elevator proofs."
Tom: "Why?"
Ernie: "We've had six Scotchmen
in here trying to fill their pens."

Little Boy: "What does it mean
here by 'seasoned troops', Dad?"
Dad (*immediately*): "Mustered
by the generals and peppered by the
enemy."

SCHEMATIC DIAGRAM



COIL WINDINGS	
FEET METRES	WINDINGS
2.5	12
4.0	22
6.0	32
8.0	42
10.0	52

Part List for Short Wave Receiver

- C1—7 Plate Variable Condenser.
- C2—15 Plate Variable Condenser.
- C3—11 Plate Midget Condenser.
- C4—.00025 Mica Fixed Condenser.
- R1—30 Ohm Rheostat.
- R2—3 to 8 Megohm Grid Leak.
- Ch—Radio Frequency Choke.
- T—Audio Transformer.
- V1 and V2—201A Tubes.
- 31—Binding Posts.
- 3—Flat Tube Sockets.
- Several Old 4 Prong Tube Bases for Coils.
- Necessary Material for Panel and Baseboard.
- Wire for Wiring Receiver.

Short Wave Club

THE interest in short wave reception which has been shown by several of the boys in the school has resulted in the organization of a "Short Wave" Club. The object of the club is to promote knowledge of short wave reception and to provide theoretical and practical information.

Due to the fact that the club has just been organized the present membership is small, but real interest has been shown by the members in learning the theory of short wave reception and applying it. The meetings are held Thursday afternoons from 4:00 until 5:30 p.m. At the meetings instructions are given in building short

J. Embury

wave receivers and several receivers are under construction which may be inspected, by any who are interested, on meeting days.

The officers of the club would warmly welcome a few more active members. Boys interested in joining the club consult one of the officers listed below for particulars regarding membership.

Officers.

Hon. President, Mr. J. Howard; President, Walter Ward; Vice President, Henry Liddle; Secretary, Andrew Sangster; Treasurer, Harold Carruthers; Technical Advisor, Jack Embury.



—:— T-H-E — E-L-E-V-A-T-O-R —:—

SOCIETY

Weddings

THE Belleville Collegiate and Vocational School extend to the following congratulations and wish them every happiness:

WEBB — TURNEY

The wedding of Maudie Phyllis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Turney, to Mr. Clayton T. Webb of Cannifton was performed at the home of Rev. Dr. MacTavish. Maudie is an ex-student of the Belleville Collegiate and Vocational School. The couple are now residing in Cannifton.

* * *

PURDY — WEYMARK

The wedding of Audrey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Weymark, to Mr. Francis Lee Purdy, son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Purdy, took place in the chapel of St. Thomas' Church, the Rev. G. E. Graham officiating. The bride and groom are now residing on the Trent Road.

* * *

SAFE — SAMUELS

On September 4 the marriage was solemnized of Doris, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Samuels and Mr. Ben Safe, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Safe. This brilliant autumn wedding took place at the Belleville Synagogue. The couple are both ex-students of our school.

Dances

Basketball Dances

This year the dances after the basketball games have been very popular. Helen Darrow, "Ab" Adams or some of the members of the school orchestra under the direction of Arthur Thompson have provided the music. Let us hope that these enjoyable social hours after the games will continue.

DOIG — VANDERVOORT

Marguerite, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Vandervoort, became the bride of Mr. James Doig, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Doig of Edinburgh, Scotland. The ceremony was held in September at the Holloway Street United Church, the pastor, Rev. Harold B. Neal, officiating. The bride and groom are now living on the Trent Road.

* * *

BLUE — YERROW

On October 17, Margery, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Yarrow and Mr. Gordon Blue of North Bay entered into the holy bonds of matrimony. The wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Yarrow with the Rev. Robt. Hall officiating. Margery is an ex-student of the Belleville Collegiate and Vocational School.

* * *

HALL — CARLEY

On February 4, Eleanor, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Carley of Otterville, Ontario, was united in marriage with William Harvey, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Hall. Rev. E. N. Farnsworth was the officiating minister.

Dance After the School Plays

After the school plays on the evening of February 14, the members of the cast, orchestra and their friends spent a very enjoyable hour, dancing in the library. Miss Helen Darrow was the pianist. This informal dance was a perfect ending to the excellent school plays.

The Cadet Dance

On May 19th, after a banquet of the cadet officers at the Queen's Hotel, a dance was held in the girls' gymnasium. Ab Adams and his orchestra played to perfection. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone present.

* * *

Rugby Dance

On the evening of December 21st a very enjoyable dance was held to celebrate the outstanding success of our rugby teams. Without a doubt this dance has been the greatest social event of our school year.

One could scarcely recognize the commonplace girls' gymnasium. Streamers of the school colours were draped across the ceiling; the lights were dimmed and comfortable seats were provided at the ends of the room. The dance floor, with goal posts at each end, resembled a small rugby field. A rugby dummy hung from the ceiling and rugby balls were

suspended from the baskets. A great deal of credit and praise for the success of the dance must be given to the originality of the decorating committee. Arthur Turney and the Commodores rendered their smart music to the occasion. The spotlight dance was won by Esther Moncrieff and George Asselstine. Delicious refreshments were served in the cafeteria.

The home waltz came all too soon and after the last strains had died away, the guests departed with much praise for an exceptionally fine dance.

* * *

Dance After the Open Night

On February 8 after the B.C.I.V.S. Open Night, the members of the school orchestra, band and glee club entertained at a dance in the girls' gymnasium. "Ab" Adams provided the music. Mr. Tilley had a very difficult time tearing the students away, which showed to what extent the dance was enjoyed.

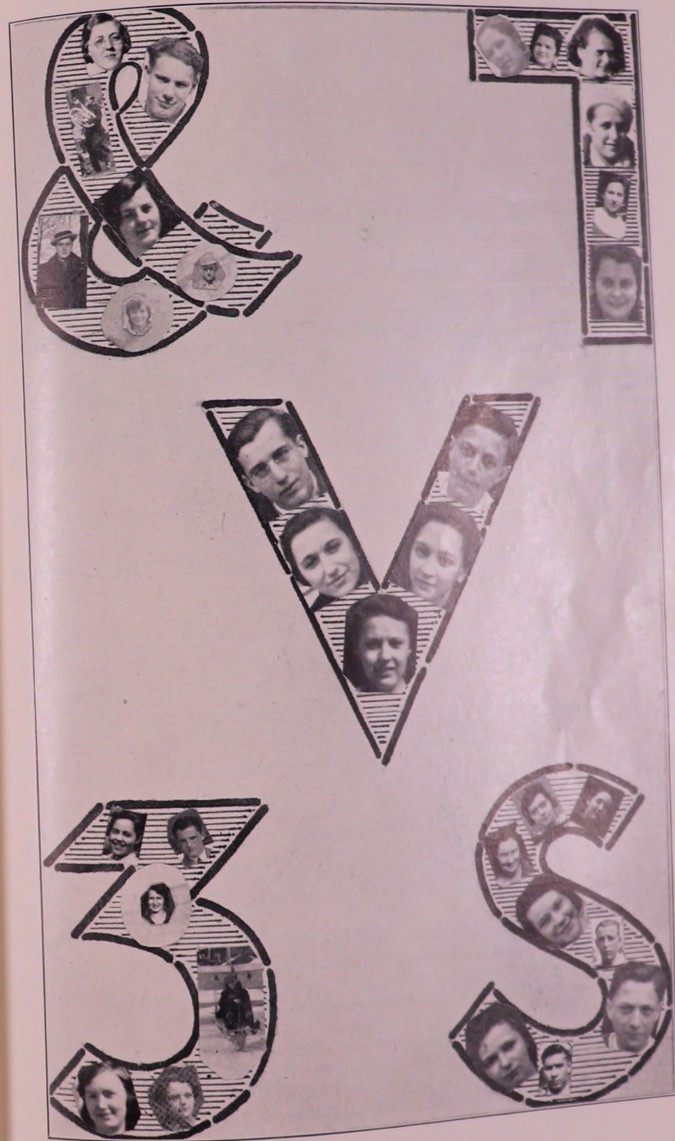
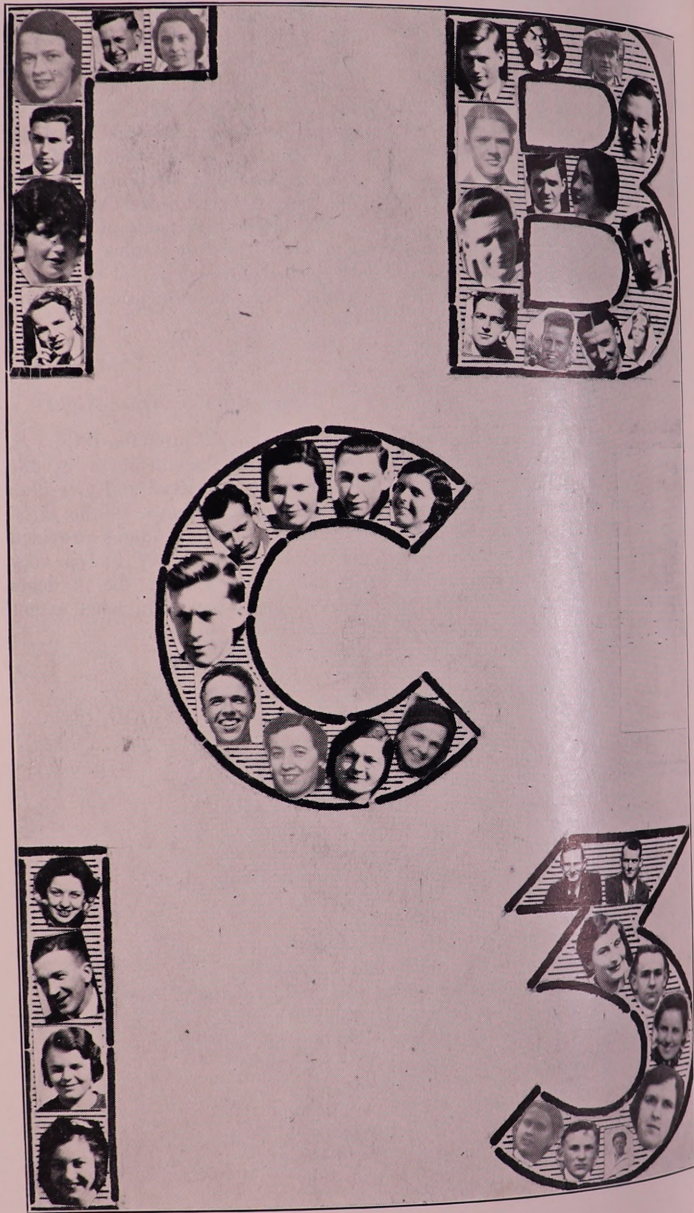
WHY DID THEY DO IT?

Virgil, O, Virgil, why did you do it?
Why write such a poem for us to construe it?
Could you have seen us down through the ages,
Worrying our brains over pages and pages,
Would you not tell us some simpler story
Than Troy's tragic downfall and Rome's rising glory?

Euclid, O, Euclid, why did you do it?
If you were living now, would you not rue it?
Had you no vision by which you could see us?
Was there no method by which you could free us?
Because you decided to measure the earth
Why take from our studies all laughter and mirth?

Caesar, O, Caesar, why did you do it?
Why expect us to wade all the way through it?
Of armies you drew up in battle array—
Of ships setting sail at the break of the day—
Were there no heroes in battle who fell,
Were there no easier stories to tell?

—Elinor Roblin, V.



*News and Views*By *Charlie Chat*

1. Why does our property man whistle lonesome songs while at work backstage?
2. Do you know why one of our noted football stars (eh Wally!) hangs around Bleecker Avenue so much? Is it the scenery or is it love?
3. Do you know how many hearts our handsome blond of III-C has broken in the last year?
4. We have caught wind of a romance between two of the members of Miss Merry's form (how about it, Eddie?).
5. What makes the principal's son look so gloomy? Is he lonesome too?
6. We were thinking of sending Doris Vandervoort a stamp album, from what we hear.
7. Why did a lanky boy in 4B once get enraged when one of Tennyson's quotations was quoted to him?
8. We would like to know who the blond woman is that our Trenton sheiks brought to Open Night.
9. Why is it that a certain curly-headed lad in 3T has a couple of girls eating out of his hand?
10. We would like to know what goes on when "Herb" has his regular noon-hour visits from Commercial?

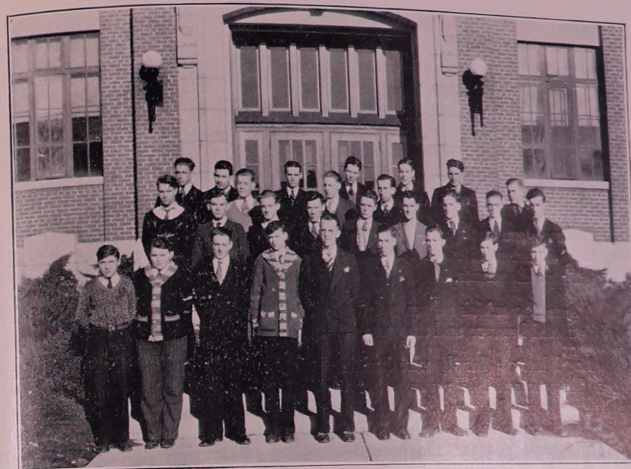
OUR ENGLISH TEACHER

Our English teacher's name is Frise;
 He's short and fat and mighty wise.
 If you chew gum in 101,
 With writing lines you're never done.

He's very fond of cracking a joke,
 This cheery, fussy, funny bloke.
 Each day he brings out a brand new word
 With a pronunciation you've never heard.

His cousin Jim draws Bird's-eye Centre;
 He makes no noise—like an old Ford's fender.
 He's got a pretty wave in his hair,
 And he's always insisting on more fresh air.

He sends us home for books from school,
 And he doesn't think much of the game called pool.
 As I said before, he's a funny bloke,
 And this is the end of our little joke.

—*Jack Moon, 2TB.*

BOYS TECHNICAL GRADUATES

RUGBY

The centre quite a jolly chap,
 Made team-mates jump at every snap,
 The quarter like a happy lark
 Made half-backs leap at every bark.

One end, a wily little lad
 Often gets so "mad" and "mad",
 The other who is tall and slim
 Pulls down those passes with a grin.

The flying wing's fight for a name
 Has given him undying fame,
 The half-backs, Jack and Chick their names,
 Through rugby snared two luscious dames.

The right inside with might and main
 Drove the opponents almost insane,
 The left inside who has no fear
 Smacked his opponent right on the ear.

The big right middle with golden hair
 Scored three touch-downs on a dare.
 The left middle who is so very neat
 Proved himself to be extremely fleet.

So thus our rugby team you know
 Although we played three times in snow,
 So now all clubs await in fear
 Till we meet them again next year.

—*Harold Cowain and George Ostrom.*

Funnies

FUNNIES" are supposed to be written for people of a mental age of twelve and under (though why they are called "funnies" I have yet to understand, as they are usually read with extreme seriousness), yet I know lawyers, clergymen, business men, and other leading people of our own community who follow the adventures of "Mutt and Jeff" and "Maggie and Jiggs", with the greatest zeal. Notice the average man open the paper and, ten-to-one, if he does not turn to the sporting page, he turns to the comics.

Women are not quite so frank about liking to read the "funnies", but if the subject arises in a conversation, they do not appear ignorant of Tillie the Toiler's predicaments.

Those who criticize them say there is very much slang in them, the jokes are of doubtful humour and they give wrong ideas of life.

But I knew a family who had high ideals for their children, read them Milton, Chaucer and Shakespeare, but would not allow a paper with "funnies" in it in the house for fear that their children would pick up slang. But, unknown to their parents, the children would go to a neighbour's house every night and read them there and the parents did not notice any difference in their children's vocabulary.

As for me, I read them from force of habit as one eats one's meals sometimes, because they are there, not because one is hungry; or perhaps, being a confirmed optimist, I hope to find in them, some day, a really funny joke.



Bill Logie, III.A.

A SKIPPING ROPE

I meant to go to school to-day,
And started merrily on my way,
When what should I see before my eyes
But a show the Belle wished to advertise!

I stood and gazed at the pretty scene,
And on seeing that show became quite keen;
Among so many at B.C.I.,
The absence of one they would hardly spy.

I turned away from the usual direction,
And found myself in the down-town section,
The hats were pretty, the bargains great,
But an hour for a show seemed long to wait.

I wandered aimlessly down the street,
Fearing that some of my friends I'd meet,
When suddenly my heart thumped fast,
For there was P. C. going past.

I rushed into the nearest store,
And hid myself behind the door;
I sadly began to repent my sin
When behold! P. C. was coming in!

After asking the clerk to tell no tales,
I quietly crept behind the scales,
I tried to look quite fierce and bold
But suffered agonies untold.

P. C. walked leisurely to and fro,
And after an hour decided to go,
Then I came out from my hiding-place,
With a guilty conscience and clouded face.

That P. C. had seen me I felt quite sure,
And for me the Belle had lost its lure,
I traced my footsteps back to school,
Sorry I had broken the golden rule.

From experience we all must learn;
But if to play hookey again you yearn,
Remember the time I came to school late—
Take heed and be saved from a similar fate.

—Norma Ketcheson.

First Flea: "Where will we send
little Hoppy when he grows up?"
Second Flea: "Oh, I suppose he'll
go to the dogs like his father."

Mr. Burgess: "If you subtract 14
from 116 what's the difference?"

Georgina S.: "Yeah, I think it's a
lot of foolishness too."

MY YOUNG KID BROTHER

Of all my worries in this world,
That have been such a bother,
I think there's really only one,
And that's my young kid brother.

He may be nice to other folks
When he goes out to tea,
But when we're home with no one else
He takes it out on me.

There is no peace at our house,
When he and I are in,
And when he starts an argument
There's one terrific din.

For, being mother's youngest
He's inclined to take me up,
'Cause he knows by experience
That he'll have good backing up.

He comes in handy now and then,
But it's very safe to say
If work's to be done at our house
You'll find him miles away.

He's not exactly lazy
But he doesn't harmonize
'Cause when he's asked to do some
work
He seems a bit surprised.

Of all the things in this wide world,
That could be such a bother,
I don't think there is any worse
Than my own kid brother.

—Doug. Newby, 3A.

On Losing One's Hat

Gerald Morris

SCENE: A windy day on a promenade in South-East England. **ENTER:** One hat, blown along by the wind, followed by an irate gentleman with a bald head. He is trying to catch the hat, which obviously is his, but collides with an actor who has apparently come on the stage, from the opposite wing, to tell the gentleman politely but firmly that he must not interrupt the rehearsal.

This was a little humorous interlude that I witnessed when watching, through the kindness of a friend of mine, a rather dull and morbid play which, its author claimed, would revolutionize the theatre world.

It is funny (I suppose I should say "sad") how much trouble comes through the loss of a hat. From time to time I have heard how father, on such and such a day, had a violent quarrel because he could *not* find his hat and was consequently late for the office. Or how Mr. So and So broke his leg in trying to retrieve his bowler from a duck pond. On the other hand it forms a diversion from everyday life to see someone chasing a hat which, in all probability will never be seen again—by its owner, at least.

Another striking thing which is connected with the losing of hats is that we very seldom hear of a lady losing her hat; it's always the man.

As for me, however, I have never yet lost a hat—why should I? I never wear one! And that's my advice to all hat wearers—don't wear one; you can't lose it then, because you haven't got it to lose. But, to those who must wear a hat (as must the gentleman who interrupted the rehearsal) I suggest that they form a club—an "Inventors' Society for the Making of Hats" which will produce a headgear guaranteed to stay on the head in all weathers and never to leave one's side when at home.

Anyway, what is the use of the hat? Some say to keep us warm; and yet if I ask them why they are worn in summer, they say to keep us cool. It can't be both, and I'm inclined to think, although the weather idea makes a fine excuse, that hats are nothing but ornaments thought fit, by civilized man, to adorn his head for much the same reason as a savage places rings in his ears.

Thus to lose a hat is absolutely unnecessary, causes a lot of harm, teaches nothing, and wastes time, money, and energy.

Excuse My English

The Hunter who is Grout looking for Partridge, and Stagg, loses his Cameron and Mitton as he climbs the Wallen Saunders down the Hill. In the Youdale he comes upon the Smith who has been to see the Priest. Good Davidson, my Merry man, Howard you? I am Everson glad to see you. By the way, I am going Hitchon hiking along the Brown Welbanks of the Ferguson river near Grafton where I will be Shiels by the Greenleaf of the trees, full of Burgess. Well, bless my Soule, I Donevon I have ever seen such good Bunting and besides Bear steak Frise easily.

Judge: "Have you reached your decision?"

Foreman: "Yes, we are all of the same mind, your Honor—temporarily insane."

Escape

Three figures peer anxiously around the corner. The corridor is deserted. "The time has come," says the leader, and they slink along, keeping close to the wall till they come to a steel door in the wall. Is it a safe-deposit box? The leader takes out a key and opens the door. He reaches in and removes something. What nefarious crime is this? A door opens far down the hall. All is discovered! Bang! There is a scurrying of feet and they are gone. "Stop!" cries a feminine voice. Mr. Shiels opens his door and steps into the hall. "Anything wrong?" he says. "Those dratted boys have been visiting their lockers between periods again!" replies Miss Saunders. "If I catch the ring-leaders!"

Mrs. Hen: "Where did you get the fashionable hat Mrs. Duck?"
Mrs. Duck: "Don't tell anybody, but it's a last year's bird's nest that fell out of the apple tree."



I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I remember, I remember,
The hours I have spent,
The many weary hours
That swiftly came and went.
While I sat, lonely, desolate,
Poring o'er books till day,
And how I often wished the night
Would bear my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
The place I used to play,
And thought of nothing more than dolls
And toys, the live-long day.
My heart was light as feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember,
The happy, carefree nights
Spent in games and reading
Of princes and of knights,
That now are spent in worry,
In toil and useless strife,
Trying to get my homework done,
Before the end of life.

—Audrey Licence

The Ten Commandments

1. Thou shalt not dirty the floor nor chew thy neighbours' pencils.
2. Thou shalt not eat, drink or smoke in class.
3. Thou shalt not talk or pitch curves.
4. Thou shalt confine thyself to thy own desk.
5. Thou shalt not do thy neighbour's homework.
6. Thou shalt not push, shove or hit thy neighbour (except when necessary).
7. Thou shalt not go home at noon without saying good-bye to dear teacher.
8. Thou shalt not give any chin-music to the teacher.
9. Thou shalt not carry fire-arms or use gun-powder (unless by special permission).
10. Thou shalt not patronize the matinees.

—E. G., II-D.

John Sparling: "I've waited a whole hour for you."

Marg. Clarke: "I was detained in a beauty shop."

J. S.: "Too bad you didn't get waited on."

Miss Merry (to Art. Cole): "Your essay is excellent, but it is the same as Franklin Martin's. What shall I conclude from that?"

Art (generously): "That it is excellent too."

HUMOUR

Favourite Sayings

Miss Hitchon—I seem to hear voices asking me to let the owners work at the board.

Mr. Howard—It all depends on how I feel.

Mr. Shiels—What questions for to-day Jarrel?

Miss Dwyer—Cast your optics at the centre board, please.

Mr. Youdale—When I was over-seas . . .

Mr. Bear—Confound you!

Miss Wallen—Lisez en français, s'il vous plait.

Mr. Burgess—I am not going to stand for it.

Mr. Donevan—Well, now, yes, yes, well, let's see, I guess so, maybe.

Audrey—Have you a note?

Mr. MacLaurin—Just as I thought.

Mr. Greenleaf—Get the idea?

Miss Jose—You'll have to see Mr. MacLaurin.

Mr. Hill—Get out of here, MacDonald.

Miss Sweeney—Try again, Albert.

Miss Merry—Way back in the days of my youth, when I was going to Queen's, etc.

Miss Everson—Pick up that paper.

Mr. Ferguson—Come on, get busy.

Mr. Frise—Oh, yeah?

Miss Saunders—Y'see?

Miss MacLaren—The outside row to the board, please.

Miss Bunting—Another word out of you and a detention at four.

Miss Priest—As a matter of fact.

Jack Argue (*entering the Walker Hardware*): "What do you ask for a small bath-tub for a child?"

Clerk: "\$2.25."

Jack Argue: "W-h-e-w! We'll have to go on washing the baby in the coal-scuttle until prices come down."

Godfrey Scott: "There aren't many men of my type walking around."

Marion M.: "Of course not, that's what the police are for."

* * *

Mr. Partridge: "Did you ever hear the joke about the Egyptian guide who showed a group of tourists two skulls of Tutankhamen, one when he was a boy and one when he was a man?"

Mr. Youdale: "No, let's hear it."

* * *

Jim MacKenzie: "I wonder how the jokes in the Elevator went over?"

R. Lazier: "Probably on the May-flower."

* * *

Lady: "Boy, call me a taxi."

E. Reid: "O.K. lady, you're a taxi, but you look more like a truck to me."

* * *

Fifth Form French Class: N. A. "But 'cow' is masculine, Miss Wal-len."

* * *

Kikes: "Do you serve shrimps here?"

Waitress (*coldly*): "Yes, sir, we serve anyone."

* * *

Ken: "Ted has decided not to take a medical course."

N. Adams: "Brave boy! Think of the lives he's saved."

* * *

Miss Sweeney: "Don't you know 'missus erat'?"

E. K.: "No, who's she?"

* * *

Friend: "What's your son taking up in the Collegiate?"

Mr. Holgate: "Space — nothing but space."

MODERN FICTION

"Let Bygones Be"—By Gones.

"Yes"—By George.

"Rocka"—By Baby.

"The Fly"—By Knight.

"Missed"—By A. Mile.

"Benjamin Franklin's Auto"—By Ography.

* * *

Miss Priest: "Where is your English Book?"

Dorland Bell: "I ain't got no English Book."

Miss Priest: "Such a t r o c i o u s grammar!"

D. B.: "I ain't got no grammar neither."

* * *

Form V is looking forward to a History paper like this:

1. When was the war of 1812?

2. Who fought in the French Revolution?

3. In what season of the year did Washington spend his first winter in Valley Forge?

4. Tell about the Swiss navy?

5. How many members belonged to the Company of One Hundred Associates?

6. What town was plundered in the massacre of Lachine?

7. When Napoleon returned from Elba where had he been?

* * *

Mr. Frise: "Give me a sentence with the word 'avaunt' in it."

Zeke: "Avaunt vot avault ven avault it."

* * *

Mr. Archibald (*in spelling lesson*): "The next word is 'bullion', which means gold or silver in bars."

Ana G.: "Doesn't it also mean 'soup'?"

* * *

"No," said Dutch, "it's not the cost of cork-tips I mind, but it's the smell of burnt cork."

"How is it, sir, I find you kissing my daughter, how is it?"
"Great, simply great," answered Ernie Mouck.

* * *

Mr. Davison: "Ken, why didn't you filter this?"

Ken Grills: "I didn't think it would stand the strain."

* * *

Teacher: "A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer."

Dutch: "No wonder I failed in my exam."

* * *

Sid: "Did you take a shave this morning?"

Jack: "No, is there one missing?"

* * *

"What is a hamlet?"

"It is a little pig."

* * *

Launcelot arrived at the castle and asked if he could be put up with for the night.

* * *

Abe: "Do you play golf vit knickers?"

Levi: "No, vit white people."

* * *

Fred Lee (*translating French Authors*): "She was in the habit of breakfasting, on a couple of eggs and two chickens."

* * *

Miss Merry (*in English Class*): "What is meant in this stanza by 'The shades of night were falling fast'?"

J. Langabeer: "The people were pulling down the blinds."

* * *

Ross Weese: "Don't forget it takes push to get anywhere."

Jack Parrot: "So you've got one of those second hand cars too."

CRAZY PEOPLE

The Scotchman who had a pantry on wheels to make the food go farther.

The fat lady who said she was just a sweet young thing gone to waist.

The sad gardener who laid himself down in his onion bed and cried himself to sleep.

The fisherman who always speaks with a catch in his voice.

The flirt who hugs the shore when he goes out yachting.

The auctioneer who refused to do as he was bid.

* * *

Nit: "When was electricity first mentioned in the Bible?"

Wit: "When Noah saw the arc light on the mountain."

* * *

Dear Old Lady (*in a curiosity shop*): "I suppose this is another of those horrible futuristic paintings you call art."

Timid shopkeeper: "Excuse me, madam, but that is a mirror."

* * *

The Scots have a superstition that it is unlucky to be thirteenth on a lighted match.

* * *

"I shouldn't have eaten that missionary."

Said the cannibal with a frown, "I'm about to prove the old proverb, 'You can't keep a good man down.'"

* * *

Indian: "Let's sit down and hold a pow-wow."

White: "I'll sit down but I'll be darned if I'll hold one of those mangy curs."

* * *

Eddie Gardiner: "Sweets to the sweet."

Eugenia May: "Oh, thank you, will you have some nuts?"

Ted D.: "I've got a railroad radio."

Art T.: "A railroad radio?"

T. D.: "Yeah, it whistles at every station."

* * *

Mr. Bradden (*shaking hands with Mr. Shiels*): "I'm delighted to meet you. My son took algebra from you last year."

Mr. Shiels: "Pardon me, he was exposed to it but he did not take it."

* * *

Lady: "Young man, can I get into the park through the gate?"

George Ostrom: "Guess so, I just saw a load of hay go through it."

* * *

Waiter: "How did you find your steak, sir?"

Chankin: "I lifted a pea, and sure enough, there it was."

* * *

Miss Bunting: "What's a phenomenon?"

Lillian Martin: "Dunno."

Miss Bunting: "If you see a cow, that's not a phenomenon. If you see a thistle, that's not a phenomenon. If you see a lark sing, that's not a phenomenon. But if you see a cow, sitting on a thistle, singing like a lark, that is a phenomenon."

* * *

"Will you give ten cents to help the Old Ladies Home?"

"W-H-A-T, are they out again?"

* * *

B. Liddle: "What shall I name this picture?"

B. Payne: "Home."

B. Liddle: "Why?"

B. Payne: "Because there's no place like it."

* * *

Ross Weese: "Miss Hitchon, what are the qualifications for a Rhodes Scholarship?"

Joe Reynolds: "Look at that young fellow, Jim Folwell! He'll be our best man before the rugby season's over."

Pauline Schryver: "Oh, Joe, this is so sudden!"

* * *

Rose Lazier: "Did you write these jokes?"

Jim Mackenzie: "I did."

Rose Lazier: "Well, you must be a lot older than you look."

* * *

Mr. Hunter: "That note was D flat."

Slew Chalmers: "That's what I thought but I didn't like to say anything."

* * *

Miss Saunders: "Did you do your French last night?"

Bill Campbell: "Well, I sort of looked over it."

Sarcastic Miss S.: "Don't you mean you overlooked it?"

* * *

Mr. Shiels: "Have you proved this problem?"

Harvey Hall: "I haven't exactly proved it but I've made it highly probable."

* * *

Mr. Hill: "Does the moon affect the tide?"

Barbara Parker: "No, only the untied."

* * *

Even a tombstone will say good things about a fellow when he is down.

* * *

Mr. Hill (*explaining experiment*): "Now tip the two until the mouths meet."

* * *

ARCHERY

A girl's tongue is the arrow; there's a quiver in her voice and she soon finds a beau.

J. P.: "You must spend a lot on lipstick."

A. C.: "That's right, rub it in."

* * *

Bill C.: "Do you like simple things?"

Barbara P.: "Are you proposing?"

* * *

Ping: "Was that much of a fire in the library?"

Pong: "You bet it was, the smoke came out in volumes."

* * *

Frances E.: "Audrey says she likes the tone of Jack's voice."

Jean B.: "Yes, she thinks there is a ring in it."

* * *

Bill C.: "May I marry your daughter, sir?"

Mr. Davison: "What do you do for a living?"

B. G.: "Oh, stage work."

Mr. Davison: "Then get out before the foot lights."

* * *

G. Scott: "You hardly speak to me any more, and you used to call me your heart's delight."

Athol C.: "Yeah, delight that failed."

* * *

E. Jones: "What's the matter with Fred Temple?"

B. Dolan: "Too conceited. The other day he bought a book called 'What All Women Want' just to see if they spelled his name correctly."

* * *

A moose is a large animal with antennae.

* * *

Bernard Dolan: "Dancing's in my blood, y'know."

Jean Fleming: "Then you must have poor circulation—it hasn't got to your feet."

B.C.I.V.S. ON THE AIR

THIS is Station BCIVS broadcasting from Belleville, Canada. We now present a program of short speeches from each form in the school. The program is sponsored by the teachers, who claim that the more talking the forms do now, the less they will do when—well, you get what we mean. It reaches you through the courtesy of the Rotavele Broadcasting Company:

I-A—Betty Marsh Announcing—

OUR COLLEGIATE

How fortunate are we, the students of the B.C.I.V.S., to have such a beautiful school to attend! Its situation in the centre of the city makes it convenient to all. And again, we have such capable teachers to help us through our studies! Whichever course we may choose, Matriculation, Commercial or Technical, each teacher is efficient in his or her subject. And to our principal highest praise is due for the way the Collegiate has progressed under his management.

I-B—Bryce Jones Announcing—

A TRIP THROUGH THE AIR

Flying in aircraft has a fascination for many people, and I am no exception. I remember very clearly the day—April 17, 2000—when I ventured on my first trip in the flying wonder of the day, a rocket.

I reached a field on the outskirts of New York, where Gordon Rocket Transport Co. employees were winding up a giant spring which was to help send me across the ocean. The rocket was pulled out of the hangar and placed on the spring with cranes. Besides the spring, the rocket used liquid oxygen and hydrogen for power.

All was ready for the flight when the other passengers and I got into the cabin. With a terrific blast we made our way skyward at the rate of seven miles a second. I was so stunned and frightened that I did not know what would happen next.

When I asked the pilot the time we would take in reaching our destination, he surprised me by saying that we were almost half way there. I was returning to my seat when all of a sudden a gale of wind struck the rocket. I rolled on the floor, upsetting a table, and the chinaware came crashing down upon me. The machine dived and shot forward again, landing safely and steadily on the steel rails of the landing-field. I was in France at the appointed time, which was ten minutes past three. We had started at three o'clock sharp.

I-C—Kermiu Duff Announcing—

A TRIP THROUGH THE AIR

One sunny day in June, I took a stroll out to the airport, and went over to the hangar, where an aviator friend of mine was working on the engine of his plane. When he had finished the job, he said he was going to try it out, and asked me if I would like to go up with him. He told me that for safety's sake we would wear parachutes.

I helped him pull the plane out of the hangar and put it in position for leaving the ground. He then helped me into the harness of the parachute, and told me to get into the front cockpit. He reached into the rear cockpit, turned on the switch, swung the propeller, and soon had the engine roaring. He got

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into the cockpit and accelerated the engine. We started to move slowly over the field. As we gathered speed, the plane was trembling all over, but suddenly the trembling ceased. This was a sign that the wheels were clear of the ground. We were off!

We rapidly gained altitude till we were five thousand feet in the air. We soared around for nearly half an hour. Then my friend tilted the nose of the plane earthward, and we glided down like an eagle swooping on its prey. The wheels touched the ground again, and we taxied up to the front of the hangar and stopped. I got out feeling dizzy, but I had had my thrill.

I-D—Announcer Anonymous—

I-D

When the Belleville Collegiate sees the play from I-D, it will certainly be a disgrace to the Young Thespians. A certain blond boy in I-D plays the part of Oberon, the King of the Fairies. The flirt of the Belleville Collegiate is a I-D shiek. Not being very obedient he didn't have his Latin done one day and his teacher threatened to phone his father, Dr. Clarke, the dentist!

I-E—Jean Shorey Announcing—

FORM I-E

I-E is a changeful form
I know you'll all agree
Because of our original bunch,
Now there are only three.
For our fine team of basketball
A battle is in store
And if we do not win to-night
Our team will be no more.

I-TA—Harry Moncrieff Announcing—

HOW TO ESCAPE DETENTIONS

Monday morning is the favorite day for detentions. I was once the possessor of five detentions by four o'clock that day.

I went to Mr. Greenleaf and related to him how important it was for me to be present in Mr. Mitton's room. He agreed and up the stairs I toddled to Mr. Mitton's room on third floor. I told Mr. Mitton the same thing about being present in some other room and so on down the line until I came to Mr. Burgess who was last on the list. Mr. Burgess was not so easy to fool, for he politely agreed to saunter around to Mr. Greenleaf's room to see if I was wanted there as I said. "This is terrible," thought I, "how am I going to get out of this?"

As a final attempt, I said Mr. Greenleaf was busy. Mr. Burgess considered this and announced that he would wait till to-morrow. He forgot all about it the next day and I escaped.

I-TB—Bill McDonald Announcing—

ONE DAY IN THE GYM

One day our form had eight periods in the gym as the teachers were away for the day. In the first period we had the bars. On these Earl Keene fell and was given a lot of boos as applause. Cecil Day fell on his neck and said the floor had made a mistake and should have waited for Mr. Partridge.

Meanwhile James Gray was strutting around the gym with his chest out, (he thinks he's Tarzan of the Apes). For the rest of the periods we played basketball.

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I-T-C General Announcement—

This program is sent to you through the courtesy of I-T-C, repairers of extraordinary automobiles. Is your car behaving in an indescribable manner? If so send it to us. We will throw in a coat of paint (or paints) if desired for no good reason. When you hear the musical motor horn it will be exactly three minutes to twelve. Gangway for lunch! This is I-T-C signing off.

*I-T-G—D. W. Taylor Announcing—***THE FIRST FORM TEA**

It was Tuesday, the day set for our tea had arrived. Everything was planned, the invitations sent out and acknowledged—all we had to do was wait for the last-minute instructions.

"Dorothy, you pass sandwiches; Myrtle, cream and sugar; Phyllis, pass cake; Fearn, pass tea; Lois, you pass sandwiches too, and Neta, you may pour tea in the kitchen. It's all on the board so don't say you don't know what to do. And don't forget your manners and all you have learned about introductions."

At four-thirty the guests began to arrive, and then the fun started. Everyone remembered their manners (children should be seen and not heard) except for a stifled giggle or two from different corners of the room. Introductions, however, were forgotten by the whole stage-struck class, but Miss Grout made good guesses at the relationships, and introduced herself and then the other teachers as they arrived.

The tea was passed, and a low murmur of voices issued from the living room of the practice apartment. In the kitchen, on the contrary, there ran a quick gust of conversation, punctuated at intervals by a shrill, nervous laugh. Miss Grout hurried in.

"Will you girls keep quiet? We can hear every word you say, and it sounds terrible!"

A few girls stuck to their posts and saved the rest of us from utter disgrace, but the others stood around in the kitchen and talked (with their mouths full of sandwiches and cake whenever Miss Grout was not looking).

When at last it was over, the few remaining sandwiches and cakes were eaten, and the dishes washed and put away. From the standpoint of the class, the tea was a disgrace, but our mothers and friends were kind enough to call it a success.

*I-A Commercial—Irene Holmes Announcing—***READY! PRESENT! BEGIN!**

Lindbergh may have been the first to fly from New York to Paris alone, but Donald Matthews was the first boy to type to music. He was not alone by any means for six young maidens accompanied him. The perfect rhythm was a great credit to Mr. Hunter's and to Miss Smith's training. Even yet I hear the echo of the words "Ready! Present! Begin!"

Much interest seemed to centre around the machine shops, on open night, at any rate some ladies were looking for a "Green leaf", perhaps due to the spring-like condition of the atmosphere. There were some gentlemen who got lost and were constantly "Bunting" into the history room.

When it comes to hobbies Bookkeeping Tests seem to be a favourite of Mr. Archibald's. If only Mr. Hunter could teach us Bookkeeping to music we might learn to enjoy that too. Ready! Present! Begin!

Mention has already been made of a green leaf, so how about turning over a new leaf and trying to keep that smile on Mr. MacLaurin's face that he wore the night of our "Big Moments".

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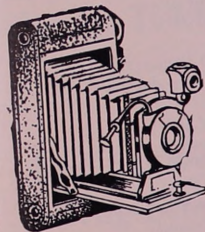
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I-B Commercial—Helen McGinnes Announcing—

LEARNING TO TYPE

The first time our class went into the typing room we all looked at each other and hardly knew whether to sit down or stand up.

I had never typed before and was amazed to see that there were no letters on the keys. I wondered how anyone could ever learn to type without them.

We were shown how to put the paper in the typewriter, and the parts of the machine were described to us.

Some older students came in and sat down at the machines and started to type. They did it just as though it was nothing at all and I thought to myself, "if I could only do that!" It was fascinating to watch their fingers move so rapidly, and they never once looked at their keyboard.

We started out on the "home" row as it is called, and bit by bit we learned the whole keyboard and just which keys each finger should touch.

I wonder now how funny I must have looked that first day I came into that room, and then I think how simple it is to learn to type if you persevere.

* * *

Special Commercial—Edna Aziz Announcing—

A SHORTHAND SOLILOQUY

Light lines, dark lines, running through my mind;
Straight lines, curved lines, all kinds I find;
Hooks and circles sticking here and there;
Oh, how my heart flies into the air!

By all rules in daytime, the n hook is heck,
But in my dreams, it always seems, it's hanging round my neck;
Ye olde shun hook with many a twist and twirl,
Has what I call my mind, into a whirl!

Short forms, to some, are like manna to beggars,
But in my humble grey matter, they're little daggers.
Contractions are very nice, I'll admit,
But to learn them, you must have lots of grit!

When I think of dots and dashes in 1, 2 and 3,
A thousand Morse Codes spring to life at me.
But there's one consolation about this old shorthand,
Yours is the only one that you can understand!

* * *

II-A—Phyllis Wright Announcing—

II-A VALENTINE PARTY

It seemed to many II-A students that noon on February fourteenth would never come. It was the day when the whole form was staying at the school for lunch. French, grammar, physiography, and Latin classes dragged endlessly but at last it was twelve o'clock. No sooner had the bell rung, than there was a wild scramble to lockers to get lunches. Each student brought part of his or her lunch and Miss Dwyer, our form teacher, supplied cakes of many kinds, hot chocolate with whipped cream and candy. After lunch the cups and saucers were carried up to the cooking room where they were quickly washed and dried by some of the girls. Half-past one came altogether too quickly bringing to an end a most enjoyable party.

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II-B—Spencer Evans Announcing—

THE LATE MR. ———

We have a very peculiar boy in II-B. When it is about one minute to nine, he comes rushing into the classroom with hat and coat on, his face all flushed from running, and panting like a whippet dog that has finished its last lap in a race, shouts to our form teacher, "I'm here", and rushes off again. As the bell is ringing, and we are nearly all out of the classroom, he returns, running like "Mercury" himself. He misses the teacher by a hairsbreadth, but in so doing bowls a few boys over; throwing his few books on the desk he chases after the end of the line and just before reaching the door of the auditorium makes an abrupt stop. After pushing his hair back with his hand and trying to part it with his forefinger, mopping his forehead which is covered with perspiration, he walks slowly into "Assembly" thanking his lucky stars that he was not late.

* * *

II Commercial—Betty Blake Announcing—

TALKING

It's the same thing in every room or form. Every time the teacher leaves the room—even if it is only for two minutes—the room is like a bee-hive; you cannot hear a thing—even if you did try—for noise. Some of the pupils take a delight in throwing things around the room; others are buzzing about the movies, the latest boy-friend or something that happened last night. Suddenly someone says "Sh!" There's quietness for a second or two, then someone laughs and they resume their talking again, till the teacher appears, and then work goes on as usual.

* * *

II-D—Earl Gray Announcing—

Our form may not take many scholarships or rank first in our studies, but what are a few examinations in one's life? I think we have students represented in nearly all the school's activities. We have a quartette of boys in the school band and the same number in the orchestra. As for dramatics, our form was represented in the school play in the person of "Harold". We also contribute to the Glee Club. In the sports of the school we send players for both senior and junior rugby and basketball teams. So you see we have a very good time even if we do not study for two or three hours every night.

* * *

II-T—Ted Butcher Announcing—

IN THE MACHINE SHOP

On one side of the room you see a long row of lathes, and boys working at them—turning, threading, or doing some other operation to their stock. Some four or five feet away from the lathes is a long line of benches equipped with four vices each. The boys there are filing or sawing.

At the far end of the room is a blast furnace and a forge. Here boys are hardening, bending, and tempering steel. At the other end of the room are a melting machine, a shaper and a drill.

Behind these machines is a tool crib which contains any tools you need for the day. On the west wall are large cupboards in which are little boxes containing the boys' work. The instructor, Mr. Ferguson, is always walking around the room, and instructing the boys about the work.



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II-TG—Lillian Kennedy Announcing—
OUR APARTMENT LUNCHEON

Late one afternoon, Miss Grout told two second form girls to prepare a luncheon for the teachers the following morning. Hasty arrangements were then made about menu, supplies and table linen. Both girls left school that night talking of nothing but cooking and serving lunches. One girl was to be cook and the other waitress.

All morning both girls worked stirring rice, setting tables, filling glasses, checking up on menu supplies and table service, until at last 12.05 arrived, and lunch was announced.

The first course consisting of Spanish rice and muffins was immensely enjoyed by all. While serving this the waitress, in a semi-daze, forgot even to notice how many mistakes she made. The second course was equally enjoyed. Coffee was served, and the waitress, blushing greatly at a mistake she made while passing the coffee, was dismissed to the kitchen to eat her lunch.

By 1.30 all the dishes were done. Later the living room was tidied and dusted and everything looked the same as at nine o'clock. Practice makes perfect in Technical.

* * *

III-A—Dorothy Croft Announcing—

MY ISLE OF DREAMS

It lies, a jewel in setting gold,
Tranquil and calm the warm sun beams,
Eden on earth—the clouds enfold
My Isle of Dreams.

No tumult there, gay breezes blow,
Over this realm, Peace reigns supreme,
The billows roll, and loud, now low—
A place to dream.

A mellow moon peeps down at night,
With bright and cheery gleams
Through swaying palms it sheds its light
On my Isle of Dreams.

* * *

III-B—Jim Mackenzie Announcing—

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

I saw him before me, carrying himself with an air of assurance which I should have given worlds to possess. I followed as best I could, but turning a corner which I thought he must have turned, and bumping into a wall, I almost fell down a huge hole which gaped suddenly at my feet. I wondered if he had fallen, meanwhile congratulating myself on my exceedingly lucky escape. However, by my elbow I heard a harsh laugh and, turning quickly, hurled myself at the scoundrel who side-stepped me. I tripped over a chain and, falling about three feet below where I judged the floor should be, I lit in an immense canvas tube through which I slid with increasing speed. Above me I heard a sinister, mocking laugh which sounded sickening to me. Then with a blinding flash I had left the tube and was sitting on a canvas mat on the ground in front of a side-show bearing the flagrant sign, "THE HAUNTED HOUSE", and in full view of all the crowds on the midway. However, my friend's laughter got him nowhere as he fell in the very next hole and came down the tube making a worse spectacle than I did.



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Dr. G. A. Stewart

III-C—Roy Ridley Announcing—

(Editor's Note:—This contribution was evidently intended for a mind-reading hour).

* * *

III-Commercial—Robert Crawford Announcing—

PROSPERITY

This word's meaning is the object that the population of most of the world is looking for. Some people say it is around the corner but the next thing is to find that corner.

Prosperity has not been very well-known by all of our students but quite a few of our staff know what it is all about.

Let us all put our shoulders to the wheel and give our co-operation and see if we can have children on the street with bright ruddy faces, with good clothes, men going happily to work and women singing merrily in the kitchen.

Come on, fellow students, come on with your best and when prosperity does come let's not forget about the trying time that we are encountering now.

* * *

III-TB—Ross Brown Announcing—

THE MUSICAL RADS

We hear a lot about our Glee Club, Band and Orchestra and about the wonderful music that oozes out of them, but little fame do the good old Radiators of our school get. I tell you we are overlooking a great thing when we overlook the music of the Rads.

We'll all be sitting in a room as quiet as mice (?) when all of a sudden one of the Rads breaks into a solo; this turns into a duet when another Rad opens up with machine-gun fire. There is a high pitched screech similar to that caused when one gets to the bottom of a bottle of Whistle, a groan and then silence.

Soon the middle Rad goes to sleep and its snores can be heard all over the room. Another Rad touches it on the shoulder and the middle Rad wakes up with a grunt. There are a few yawns then they all settle down to one noisy chatter.

And so, hour after hour, day after day, week after week and year after year the music of the Rads continues. Something ought to be done about this.

* * *

III-TG—Ethel Dack Announcing—

CAMPUS CATASTROPHE

When Mother Nature condescends to send us some snow, it is a great temptation to cut across the campus. One morning a gang of students could not resist; but just as they got to the opposite sidewalk, the principal's head popped out of the office window, and glared at the offenders. In the auditorium came the announcement: "Those who cut across the campus this morning will remain after assembly."

He took their names, and gave them the choice of a fine or a week of detentions.

They took the detentions.

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IV-A—James Moon Announcing—

PERCY PLAYS THE SAXOPHONE

A change has come over our neighbourhood. Cat fights are welcome whenever anyone is home to hear them. At our house there is no one home eight nights of the week. Stray dogs shun our block as they do the city pound. Even the crickets have disappeared.

And the reason?

A small, pale-faced, thin, and pimply youth with large thick-rimmed glasses who hides behind the name of Percival Reginald Algernon Dashwoode. Normally Percy is a mild-mannered, retiring fellow who would never be suspected of having a secret desire, but the worm will surprise us. The other day over the back fence Percy called me.

"I say there, old chap."

"Say away, Percy, say away."

"You know, the mater is getting me a saxophone."

"What?"

"A saxophone."

"You don't mean a saxophone?"

"Why certainly, what's wrong with a saxophone? I've wanted one all my life."

"Well, personally I prefer anything to a sax. Why don't you get a trumpet or a horn? Even a tin plate and a stick would be better than a saxophone."

Then I launched into a discourse on the disadvantages of a saxophone. It would have made a statue weep, but Percy never blinked and after my most eloquent arguments had failed, I retreated.

A few days later the instrument of torture arrived. Since then I have regretted more and more that I did not kill Percy when I had the chance. He plays from the first streak of dawn throughout the whole day until his hideous discord has driven every star from the sky. I really believe that he never sleeps any more; I know that nobody within three blocks does.

This morning I went over to see him. He looked well and happy but I longed to choke him. He at once rushed me up to his room to show me his precious possession. There it lay on the bed in a bright green case and to me it seemed like a prehistoric beast with a silver coat leering up at me. Just then Percy's mother called him. As he disappeared I seized a baseball bat standing in the corner and started on the fiendish thing. I pounded it with all my might. I hit it with everything that I could lay my hands on. I put it on the floor and jumped on it and still it mocked me, its bright shining surface unmarred. I fled from the house shrieking and tearing my hair. After a few hours' reflection I have decided to commit suicide and escape from this unceasing torture.

IV-B—Jean Bankier Announcing—

B.C.I.V.S. AT HOME

On February 1 the Collegiate and Vocational School held its annual Open Night. For days the pupils in all three sections of the school worked their hardest. And their labors were rewarded by the enthusiasm of the visitors. On the ground floor the shops were open to everyone and students as well as outsiders availed themselves of the privilege of finding out just what went on there. In both "gyms" exhibitions of athletics were given the un-

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divided attentions of many enthusiasts. The program presented in the auditorium rivalled the "gym" displays as feature attractions. The glee club, band and orchestra performed and were a credit to their leader. The pupils of the O.S.D. danced with their usual grace, and interesting displays of typewriting were given by the commercial students. In the library the latest books were on display both by the Public Library and Sills' Book Store. The Household Science rooms were the centre of interest with the feminine visitors as well as the dressmaking displays. Many and fearful were the experiments carried on in the labs, by the much admired experts. The Art room was a source of surprise and delight to many parents who would never have suspected their children of being able to produce such masterpieces of art and design. The cafeteria offered refreshment to the sightseers before they turned their footsteps wearily towards home.

* * *

V-A—Gerald Morris Announcing—

The boys: Signor MacLaurin, many a time and oft
 In the auditorium you have rated us
 About our commutation fees:
 Still we have born it with a patient shrug;
 For impromptitude is the badge of all our tribe:
 What should we say to you? Should we not say,
 "What of depressions? Is it possible
 A boy can give you one whole dollar?" Or
 Shall we bend low, and in a trembling voice,
 With feelings of emptiness and dread,
 Say this,—
 "Why sir, it was but yesterday you caned me last;
 You detained me such a day; another time
 You called my name, and for these kindnesses
 I'll give you thus much monies?"
 Mr. MacLaurin (*in a deep and stern voice*):
 "I am as like to do this all again."

* * *

V-B—Leo Flagler Announcing—

THE V-B THEATRE PARTY

On a bright, sunshiny day in December the V-B boys walked out in mass to attend the theatre. The party started when one of our wise members said we were afraid to skip for the afternoon and go to the show. This brainy young gentleman was playing safe, since that was his last day in school, as he was taking his holidays early to go to work. At 1:30 part of the form walked out and at 2:10 the remainder joined them at the entrance to the theatre. The show was fine and the afternoon left nothing to be desired then. But on returning to school next day we learned much to our sorrow, that we either had to have a note or pay 40 cents to get back to school again.

So ended the great and magnificent V-B theatre party.

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 But the referee shook his head—
 "My boy, you were off-side".

Ken Grills: "I always laugh when I see anything funny."

Reg. P.: "You must enjoy yourself when you shave."

* * *

Mr. Frise: "I see that tips are forbidden here."

Waitress: "Lord bless ye, so were the apples in the garden of Eden."

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B. Payne: "Say, what do you think I am, a squirrel?"

Miss Merry (*in the midst of a reminiscence*): "Have I told you this one before?"

Class (*together*): "Yes."

Miss M.: "Oh, well, you'll probably understand it this time."

Man is the only animal that can be skinned more than once.

Why Latin teachers go mad: "It's not in indirect discourse, it's in direct discourse."

Fred Sprague: "Don't you ever use toothpaste?"

J. Argue: "Why should I when I haven't any teeth loose?"

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G. Chalmers: "Watchagotinapack-age?"

O. Smith: "Sabook."

G. C.: "Wassanaimuvit?"

O. S.: "Sadickshunary — Fullin-aims. Gonnagittapoodledog anag-ottagetanaimform."

Miss Sweeney: "What did Caesar feed his army?"

Bright pupil: "Roman meal."

From one of Miss Dwyer's speeches we gather that she is an acrobat as well as a Latin teacher.

Latest speech: "We were advancing along the side board."

Mr. Howard (*after having spent a very discouraging period with III-C, due to a well-known lack of intelligence*): "Line up, and don't flap your ears when you go out."

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Ted Moncrief: "Is Mr. MacLaurin in?"

Audrey: "No, he stepped out for lunch."

T. M.: "Will he be in after lunch?"

A. W.: "Why, no, that's what he went out after."

Mr. Hill: "What is a primeval forest?"

Elmo M.: "A place where the hand of man has never set foot."

A loud laugh in III-A French Class. Miss Saunders (*to Ken Bray*): "Ken, was that your bray?"

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scissors-grinder.

"Looking up," declared the astron-
omer.

"Dead," mused the undertaker.

"Looking better," said the beauty
doctor.

"Fare," cried the street-car con-
ductor.

"Rotten," announced the egg-man.

"Pretty soft," said the mattress-
maker.

"Fine," said the judge.

"Light," said the gas-man.

"Hard to beat," said the bass-
drummer.

"Just sew, sew," said the seam-
stress.

"Bum," said the hobo.

"Looking brighter," said the boot-
black.

Richard Potter (*after talking a half
hour with Rita Anderson*): "You
should be in the talkies; you certainly
are wired for sound."

Art Thompson (*hotly*): "Come
on now. Cut that out. I heard you.
Don't ever pull that harmony stuff
again—this is a jazz orchestra."

It is announced that a large new
auditorium can be cleared in less than
two minutes. We have seen plays
like that, haven't we, III-A?

Freshman to B.C.I.: "Here, hold
these books a minute, Mister."

Ernie Mouck: "Don't you know
that I am the business manager of
The Elevator?"

Freshie: "That's all right, Mister,
you look honest."

There was a young girl from Clyde
Who ate some green apples and died.
The apples fermented inside the lam-
ented,

And made cider inside her inside.
—(Borrowed Bits)

Miss Sweeney: The alternate ones
in Betty's and Helen's rows, beginning
at the first from the back in Betty's
and at the second from the back in
Helen's, and leaving out Arthur as he
came in late, please go to the board.

Class (in unison): Who?

Jack Carman: "What would you
do if I were dying for a kiss?"

Peggy LaRoche: "Why, I'd ren-
der First Aid, of course."

Ted Doyle: "Why do you call
your alarm clock 'MacBeth'?"

Floyd Henry: "Because MacBeth
doth murder sleep."

—:—T-H-E—E-L-E-V-A-T-O-R—:—

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Mr. Howard was resting his recruits on the bridge and when it came time to march he said, "Fall in" and Laughlin promptly fell into the water.

Mr. Howard (*not missing him*): "Two deep".

Voice from water: "Why in ---- didn't you tell me it was too deep?"

Miss Merry: "They say there is something the matter with a person's mind who doesn't cross the t's."
(*A hand appears.*) "Miss Merry, is that second word on the board 'male'?"

Miss Merry: "No, that was meant to be 'mate'."

OBITUARY NOTICE

Mule in a barnyard, lazy and sick;
Boy with a pin on the end of a stick;
Boy jabbed the mule—mule gave a lurch—
(Services Monday at the parish church.)

J. Bankier: "Mr. Howard, the radiator is leaking."

Mr. Howard (*gruffly*): "Is there any danger of you drowning?"

H. Wells: "She has a very magnetic personality."

H. Cook: "She ought to have, everything she has on is charged."

Sally: "What do you say to a tramp in the park?"

Ana: "Oh, I never speak to them."

Miss Priest (*in grammar class*): "Tell me what it is when I say: I love, you love, he loves."

H. B.: "Somebody gets shot."

Mr. Youdale (*relating his war experiences*): "Once I cut off the arm of a German at one stroke."

J. Embury: "But why didn't you cut off his head, since it was in battle?"

Mr. Youdale: "Oh, someone had done that already!"

J. Carman (*writing the Alumni*): "How does that sound, Doug?"

D. Bankier: "Not bad, Jack. But your whole idea is based on a fallacy. You seem to think that someone is going to read your column."

Mary W.: "How are you succeeding in your reducing exercises?"
Sally S.: "Oh, I guess I'm just a poor loser."

C. Osborne: "Does it take long to get bald?"

Mr. Hunter: "No, hair today, gone tomorrow."

Bessie S.: "You certainly have love-making down to a science."

Art T.: "Yes, I know the secret of perpetual emotion."

Tom C. (*outside Elevator room*): "If people go on locking this door while my coat's still in there, I'm going to raise the roof."Bob Liddle (*lying in bed, 8.45*): "If mother doesn't call me soon I'll be late for school."Sheik: "What does B.A. stand for after Pop Shiels' name?"
Wally: "Battle-axe."

George t. Shroyer
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Ross P W case
Susan McElroy
Duke Watson

Autographs

Rebal Crozier
Walter Wall
Dorothy Zupka
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Elms MacDonald
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Donald Mackenzie
Andy Langster
Bill Argue
Marionne Adams
Gordon
Bessie Salisbury
Kenneth Bray
Lloyd Perry

STOP-THE-PRESS NEWS

C.O.S.S.A. Semi-Finals

Three of our basketball teams succeeded in winning the Bay of Quinte championship—the boys' senior and junior teams and the girls' senior team. These competed in the C.O.S.S.A. play-offs in Toronto on March 10 and 11. The boys' senior and junior teams were eliminated by Niagara Falls and St. Catharines respectively, but the senior girls won both semi-final and final games, becoming the champions of Central Ontario.

In the senior boys' game, Niagara Falls flashed through for two quick baskets, after which the locals were never in the lead. Belleville put up a good fight near the end of the first period, but Niagara Falls had a lead of ten points at half-time. Fighting with determination, the seniors cut the lead down to six points, but the Niagara forwards again broke through to put the game on ice as the final period ended, with Niagara Falls leading 44-32. As Niagara Falls later won the championship, the B.C.I.V.S. showing against them was very commendable.

The junior boys were defeated in a fast game with St. Catharines. At half-time St. Catharines had a lead of 7-4, and the B.C.I.V.S. team seemed unable to get their usual fast breaking attacks under way. Shortly after the half-time mark St. Catharines again scored, but midway through the period our team again rallied to bring the score to 13-10. Penalties proved fatal to Belleville at this stage, St. Catharines counting four points. Later, Cole was taken off with four fouls. At the end of the game, the score was 21-12 for St. Catharines.

Playing against Owen Sound, our senior girls tallied three baskets in the first 60 seconds, scored by Annie Cruji. At half-time the score was 21-1 for Belleville. The lead increased during the second half, the opponents losing several chances to score through over-anxiousness. The game ended at 54-12 in favour of B.C.I.V.S. The three forwards, Ana Gartley, Esther Moncrieff and Annie Cruji, scored 18 points each.

C.O.S.S.A. Finals

On March 11 the victorious senior girls defeated Burlington in a fast game on the Harbord Collegiate floor. The whole team acquitted themselves bravely, Esther Moncrieff and Annie Cruji being the high scorers. Although Burlington had an edge in height on every player, the Belleville team was faster, and displayed much better shooting than their opponents. The final score was 48-26, and this game gave our girls, for the second year in succession, the championship of Central Ontario.

The play-offs for the Ontario championship are to take place on March 31, and we venture to hope that the team will provide a climax to the spectacular success they have had so far.

Hockey League

On March 1 the junior hockey team journeyed to Tweed and defeated their hosts 5-2. The following day the seniors went to Marmora, but were beaten to the tune of 4-1. On March 11 both return games were held at local rink. The seniors tied with Marmora, the score being 1-1; while the juniors took a defeat of 2-1 from Tweed. The juniors, being ahead two points in the two games with Tweed, are Bay of Quinte Champions.

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