



The
Elevator

BELLEVILLE
HIGH SCHOOL



CHRISTMAS
1 9 1 7

In Memoriam

LEO ROSS
JAMES CECIL BOWYER
HORACE E. YEOMANS
DOUGLAS WATERSTON,
B.A., M.D., C.M.
THOMAS H. FENNEL, B.A.
CLIFFORD BURROWS
MILTON VANDERVOORT
BERTRAM K. ALLEN
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HARRY WATKIN
HENRY J. PRICE
ERNEST D. WALLACE
MARSON DITCHON
W. F. FARROW
HORACE CARROLL
ARTHUR TEMPLETON
ARTHUR OSTROM

The Elevator



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The Elevator

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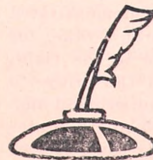
Sign your name to all articles you send for publication in "The Elevator." Write on one side of the paper only. If you do not wish your name to be published, write beneath your signature, "Name to be withheld."

The staff retains the privilege of moderate revision of accepted articles. Letters of suggestion and criticism are carefully considered.

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DECEMBER NUMBER, 1917



EDITORIAL



"Let us have faith to believe that right is might, and in that faith to the end, do our duty as we see it."

—Lincoln.

These immortal words, uttered by Abraham Lincoln, one of the grandest men the United States has ever produced, at one of the most critical periods in the history of the American people, apply today just as they did in

the stirring times of the abolition of slavery. Then, it was for the freedom of a people oppressed by cruelty and injustice that the Americans fought, father against son, brother against brother;—now, it is to free the world of the idea that 'might is right' that the father with son, brother with brother, indeed all the world, is fighting against Germany and her Allies.

In all times of crisis, such as today, men of genius come to the forefront and declare great truths. But no greater saying has ever been uttered than this of Lincoln's. Though few of us realize it, yet it lies back of all our actions—'faith to believe that right is might'—it is this faith that has sent our noble soldiers forward even unto Death, and it is this faith that upholds the dear ones, who, of necessity, must remain at home. Without this faith in the right of our cause, how awful would be the despair in the hearts of all.

In this belief that 'right is might', the statesmen of our country and all others engaged in this mighty conflict have courage to carry on the war to the only completion that will ever be possible,—to such a completion that the ideas and ideals of Germany can never again rise to disturb the peace of the world:

At the outbreak of the war Germany, with her hordes of soldiers and her stupendous resources, seemed almost impregnable; but the British and their Allies, clinging firmly to their belief that 'right is might', have held their positions at the different war fronts and have shown that Germany holding fast to her idea that might and militarism are the keynotes to success, can never win this war. The outcome must be against her, for we are fighting for the right—the rights of neutral countries, the rights of peaceful nations, and the rights of all peace-loving individuals. This outcome may be long-deferred, may even seem as if it would never come, but, in the end, right will prevail and there will be peace forever.

The truth of this phrase, 'right is might', upon which all the issues of past and present times are primarily based, is thoroughly demonstrated in all the forward movements since the beginning of the world. Take, for instance, the Magna Carta.—The nobles, knowing they were in the right, forced John, the king of England, the man who controlled the army, to sign the Charter, vowing to give up his ways of wickedness and wrong-doing. Again, take the abolition of slavery, when the men of the Northern States took up arms, some against their brothers, some against their sons, to free the slave. If the soldiers of the Federal army had not believed that they were in the right, could they possibly have fought against their brothers in the Confederate army? Now consider the temperance movement for a moment. Do you think that this would have become so widespread if it had not been right?—then, because it is right, the people who are urging on this movement receive the strength necessary to continue it.

"And in that faith to the end, do our duty as we see it." Believing then that our cause is the only right and just one, we will go on as we have

been doing to the end not only of the war, but of all time, doing what is, in our eyes as individuals and as nations, our duty both to ourselves and to all mankind.

Why has not the Belleville High School an Honor Roll, other than that which appears in "The Elevator"? Surely, if any body or organization is entitled to a framed Roll of Honor, we are that body; for there are over two hundred of our boys who have enlisted. While "The Elevator" does give the names of our boys in khaki, these names are not always on exhibition. To find out about our soldiers one goes (1) to the Principal who sends one to (2) the secretary, who in turn (3) unearths "The Elevator" from among the hundreds of other papers and magazines to be found in the office. We consider this neither right nor proper. We want our Honor Roll framed where we can see it and show it proudly to our visitors.

We want a framed Honor Roll!

We need a framed Honor Roll!

We must have a framed Honor Roll!

This number of "The Elevator" is essentially a student's paper. Nearly every article contained within these covers has been written by the students or ex-students of the Belleville High School. To those who have so ably and so willingly contributed to our paper, we are deeply indebted, and the Staff of "The Elevator" extend to them heartiest thanks.

We are greatly handicapped by the absence of our Principal, Mr. MacLaurin, who has always supplied us with the most interesting part of our paper,—'Our Soldiers.' No one has been able to take his place in this matter, and it may be that the facts gathered about the soldiers whose biographies have been written for this issue, are incorrect. Some names, too, many have been omitted, for it is almost impossible to keep a complete record of the boys who have enlisted. For all cases of omission or inaccuracy, we crave your pardon. If the friends of our soldiers would kindly send any information concerning them to the secretary or the editor, we would be indeed grateful.





Successful Candidates at the Departmental Examinations

Upper School Part I—Edith Tuttle (H), Roy Welsh, (H), Hilda Barlow, Marjorie Thompson, Alta Rose.

Upper School Part I under circular 27, Thomas Gault, Vern N. Ames

Upper School, Part II—Lorena Chute, Nina Embury, Mercedes McLellan, Wilbur Bateman, Evelyn Dempsey, Gladly Elliott, Myrtle Peck, Kathleen Sweetman.

Upper School Part II under Cir 27—Edward Lally, Karl VanAllen

Middle School Entrance to Normal Schools—Marguerite Hill.

Middle School Entrance to Normal Schools under circular 27—Florence Cook, Marjorie Huycke, Cecil Lent, Dora McDonald, Bertha Tummon, Norma Wedden.

Middle School Entrance to Normal Schools and Junior Matriculation—Rita Collip (H); Claire Coughlin, Harry Carleton (H); Florence Thompson, Helena MacDonnell, (H); Mary Yeomans, Bessie Hearst, Bessie

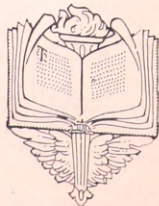
Ketcheson, Porte Marshall, Harriet McIntosh, Kate Sinclair.

Middle School Entrance to Normal and Junior Matriculation under circular 27—Carl Brownson, Gordon Chute, Stella Collins, Lorne Cook, Clarwin Cherry, Lorne Deeton, Helen Farnham, Douglas Redner, Bessie Sayers, Ernest Taylor.

Matriculation only—Harry Holland, Roy S. Welsh, Thomas Y. Wills

Lower School Entrance to Normal Schools—Donna Boulter, Mary Collins, Neva Deeton, Clarke Diamond, Teresa Donoghue, Emma M. Collins, Minnie Hamilton, Marjorie Kerr, Audrey McLeod, Greta Madden, Viola McDonnell, (H); Wylda Palmer, Wanda Reid, Gordon Reeves, Helena Stocker, Esther Wagner, Winston Wensley, Elda Ross (H).

Lower School Entrance to Normal School under circular 27—May Badgley, Annie Brownson, Hilda Boyle, Marguerite Coulter, Marjorie Davidson, Faye Ketcheson, Violet McPherson, Margaret Malvihill, Ada McElrath (Model); Eva Rose, Bruce Tower.



Carter Scholarship Students



Edith Tuttle

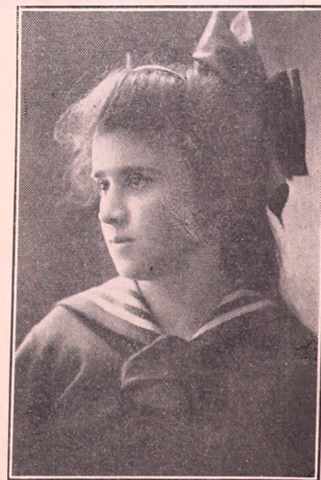
Miss Edith Tuttle of Tweed, passed her Junior High School Entrance at Tweed, June, 1911, at which High School she obtained also her Junior and Middle School examinations with honours, also her Junior Matriculation in June, 1914. Edith registered at B.H.S. for Upper School work in Sept., 1915, but owing to her father's death in November was forced to postpone her course until the following September, when she continued her work. She proved a clever and industrious student, passing her Upper School Entrance to Faculties of Education, Part I, June, 1917, with honours, at the same time capturing the First Carter Scholarship (\$100). Edith is continuing her good work this year and hopes to complete Part II.



Edith Tuttle
First Carter Scholarship

Mercedes McLellan

The Second Carter Scholarship was granted to Miss Mercedes McLellan. She entered Belleville High School in 1911, and after four successful years, passed her Normal Entrance and Matriculation. The following June she passed the Entrance to Faculty Part II, at the same time winning the Second Carter Scholarship. Mercedes left the school several weeks ago, and she is greatly missed by her classmates as she has a very bright and cheerful temperament.



Mercedes McLellan
Second Carter Scholarship



Roy Welsh
Third Carter Scholarship

Roy S. Welsh

Roy S. Welsh, of Moira, is the winner of the Third Carter Scholarship. He secured his Normal Entrance at Stirling High School, but then concluded that Belleville was a better place, and came to B. H. S. in September, 1916, to take Upper School work. At the following mid-summer, he was successful in passing his Entrance to Faculty examination with honours, and in carrying off the Third Carter Scholarship. Roy possesses qualities of thoroughness and perseverance which well fit him for the pursuit of knowledge.



Evelyn Dempsey

A Clever B. H. S. Student

We are very pleased to report that the first General Proficiency Scholarship of McMaster University, (value \$300) was won last year by a Belleville High School student, Miss Evelyn Dempsey, of Rossmore.

Evelyn has had throughout a very brilliant High School career. In June 1916, she passed the Upper School Entrance to Faculties, Part I, with honors, at the same time winning the Second Carter Scholarship. The next year she completed her faculty work and also competed for the general proficiency scholarship; which she was successful in winning.

Belleville High School Boys in Khaki



Percy Archibald

Percy Archibald is a son of Mr. J. A. Archibald of Cannifton. Percy passed his High School Entrance Examination and entered the High School in 1915. He remained at school until he enlisted in May in the Cobourg Heavy Battery.



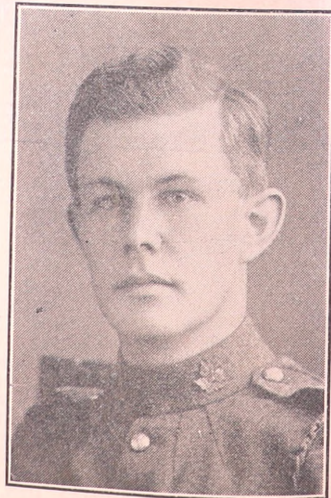
Lewis Bell

Lewis G. Bell is one of a group of boys who enlisted in May in the Cobourg Battery. "Lou", as he was known to his friends, entered High School in 1913. For a few years he attended these halls of learning and then left to go into business with his father, Mr. Wm. J. Bell, of this city.



Flight Sub-Lieut. Arthur Bell

Flight Sub-Lieut. Arthur Bell, familiarly known as 'Brutus', is a son of Mr. T. G. Bell of this city. He entered the High School in 1906 and attended here for several years, finally securing partial Matriculation. Leaving B.H.S. he took a course at Ontario Business College and then secured a position in Trenton. Later, he went to Toronto Parliament Buildings and worked there three years. In March, 1917, he entered the R.N.A. Service and is now in England.

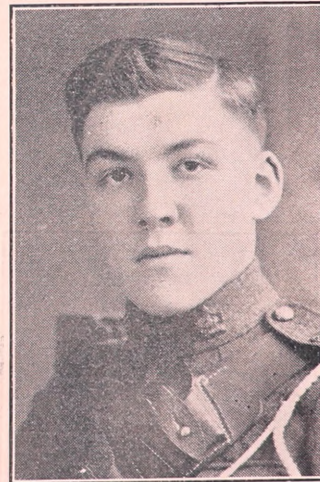


Montgomery Barlow

Montgomery Barlow, the eldest son of Mr. J. W. Barlow, attended High School for two years—1912-14. On leaving school he became one of the staff of McIntosh Bros. But, hearing the call of duty, he left his position there to become a signaller in the 155th Battalion. He transferred from this unit to operate the 'phones at the Eastern Ontario Regimental Depot, Seaford Camp, England.

Leigh Brintnell passed his High School Entrance Examination at Kingston in 1908. In 1913 he entered our school and remained here several years. After leaving school he went to Saskatoon, where he spent some time. Leaving this city, he went to Florida, but last spring returned to Belleville to enlist in the Aviation Corps. He is now in Texas but expects to go overseas in a few months. Leigh is a son of Mr. H. E. Brintnell of this city.

William Colling came to Belleville High School in 1912, while his father, Mr. James Colling, was the Principal of the school. Will was not long in the school as his father gave up his position to become Public School Inspector in North Hastings, and the family moved away from the city. Will is now on the Headquarters Staff at Camp Borden. There he is in charge of the travelling allowance claims.



Martin Diebert

Martin Diebert entered the High School in October, 1913, under Regulation 11. Martin stayed but a short time and after leaving entered Mr. Allan McFee's jewelry shop to learn that trade. In June, 1917, he enlisted with the Cobourg Heavy Battery and is now in England. For several years Martin sang in Holloway Street Church Methodist choir, and we are sure he will add much to the pleasure of the Battery boys with his singing.



Sergt. Ernest Hagerman

Sergt. Ernest F. Hagerman attended B.H.S. in 1908. He is a son of S. P. Hagerman of Belleville. After leaving school Ernest went to London where he engaged in the photography business for three years. He enlisted in May, 1917, in a Depot Battery and is now at Kingston.

George Flagler was a student at the High School in 1910. He is a son of Mr. Philip Flagler of this city.

Lyle MacLaren, son of the late A. J. MacLaren, entered High School in 1911. He remained here for five years, always passing his exams, well although not fond of studying. Leaving this school, he entered Medicine at Queen's University. He was in his second year there when he enlisted with the Cobourg Battery. He left with that unit in June of this year and is waiting in England ready to proceed to France.

Merle D. Locke attended High School in 1914, but left us before the completion of his course to attend Ontario Business College. Later he took a position on "The Ontario" staff and remained there until he enlisted. He is now a Private in the Cobourg Heavy Battery and is in England waiting to proceed to France.

John McIntosh is the eldest son of Mr. John McIntosh of this city. He entered the High School in 1912 but, on account of serious eye trouble, was forced to leave school after a short time. During his terms here however, he was a great favorite, adding by his fun-loving spirit much to the bright side of school life. After his withdrawal from school, John entered business with his father. Although his brother, George, is in France, John determined to enlist and did so in the Cobourg Battery. He is now in France after having made a record of a speedy trip across. It was exactly two months from the day he enlisted until the day he arrived in France.



John McIntosh



Flight Lieut. Will Murray

Flight Lieut. William Murray is a brother of Gordon Murray, who has been a prisoner in Germany for some time. Will entered the High School in 1913 and passed serenely on to the Senior Third Form. He was a wizard with Geometry, and was also one of our school's poets. He is one of the chief members of III C '17 and is greatly missed by the members of the Class. He enlisted in the Aviation Corps in June and after taking short preliminary instruction at Toronto, proceeded to Camp Borden. He is now in England finishing his training.

Gerald Roote entered this institution of learning in 1912. For four years he remained, doing good work both in his studies and as a Rugby enthusiast. Leaving school "Rootie", as he was known to his friends, worked in Bowmanville and Trenton but later was in attendance at O.B.C. In May, however, he enlisted with the Cobourg Heavy Battery and, after spending a few months in Canada, he went to England.

Cadet Arthur Quick, son of Mr. Frederick Quick of this city, is another of the High School boys who has entered the Flying Corps. Arthur became a student in the High School in 1914 and remained there until May, 1917. Under Circular 27 Arthur left to work on a farm at Wellington. At the end of the summer, instead of returning to school, Arthur enlisted as an aviator and went to Toronto. On Saturday, December 1, Arthur left for Texas where he expects to spend the winter with his unit.



Hugh Rogers

Hugh Rogers is another of the B.H.S. boys who has responded to the urgent call of the Cobourg Heavy Battery. In 1909 Hugh entered our school and here he remained until 1913, when he obtained his Matriculation. Hugh was a great favorite in the school and worked hard at everything he undertook. He was an enthusiastic Rugby and hockey player. After leaving school Hugh secured a position in the city Post Office. In May he enlisted and is now in England.

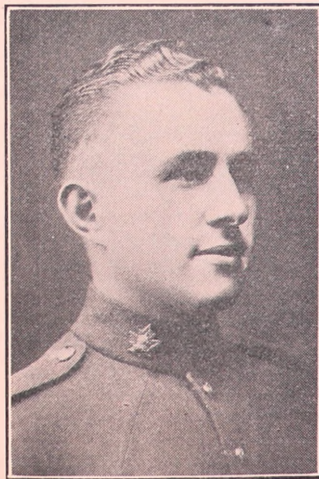


Arthur Rogers

Arthur Rogers, a brother of Hugh and a son of Wm. Rogers of Foster Ave., of this city, attended B.H.S. in 1914. For several years 'Art' remained in the school, where he was one of the mainstays of the Rugby and hockey teams. Art left the school in 1916 and took up work at Ontario Business College. He joined the colors in May, 1917, when he became a member of the Cobourg Battery. He is now in England but expects to go to France very soon.

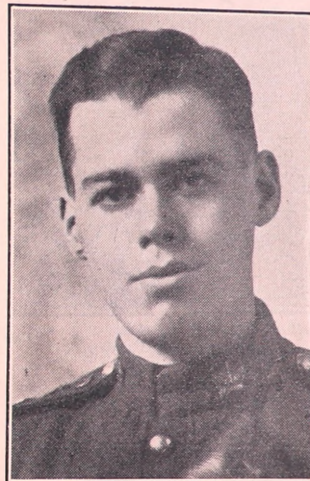
Lieut. Arthur Steele, M.C., son of Mr. Thomas T. Steele of Hastings, attended this institution in 1905-09. He spent these years very profitably here, being much interested in Science. While in Belleville he started the Anti-Cigarette League. Lieut. Steele is a graduate of the S.P.S., Toronto, and is a civil engineer. He was always interested in wireless and now holds a very responsible position, as he is in charge of the wireless department for Canada.

Russell Woodley is another of the B.H.S. boys to don the khaki. Russell attended High School in 1912-16 and was a great favorite. He was a good student and also a very successful athlete. Obtaining his Matriculation and Normal Entrance, Russell went to Peterboro Normal School. As soon as his course there was finished in June, 'Russ' enlisted with the Canadian Army Dental Corps.



Byron McCrodan

James Walmsley, better known as "Jim", is a son of Mr. J. E. Walmsley of Belleville. Jim entered the High School in 1915 and remained here until his enlistment with the Cobourg Battery. Jim was a good student and was a favorite with his Form each year.



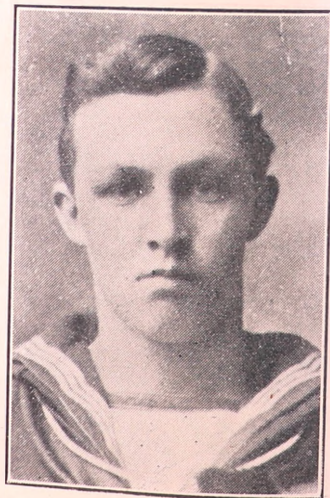
Tom Wims

Byron McCrodan spent four very successful years, 1907-11 at Belleville High School. Mathematics and Science were his strong subjects. After finishing his course here he went to S.P.S., Toronto. Again he put in four good years and graduated as an engineer. Byron went to the States, where as Testing Engineer for the International Smelting Co., Miami, Arizona, he held a very excellent position. Recently he returned to Canada to take out a commission in the C.O.T.C., Toronto.



Lieut. H. H. Ponton

Lieut. Gerald M. Ponton became a scholar at Belleville High School in 1901. After — years of good work, especially in Science and Mathematics, Gerald left the school and became a mining engineer. He went to British Columbia, Calgary and New Mexico. He returned from New Mexico to St. Johns, Que., where he became an officer of Engineers. He is now assigned to special duty as expert advisor to the Explosives Department of the Imperial Munitions Board. Lieut. Ponton is a son of Mr. W. N. Ponton of this city.



Herbert Hector

Lieut. Harry Hutton Ponton was born in 1884 and entered the Belleville High School at the age of twelve years. He spent three years, 1896-98 at the school and then attended the Ontario Business College. After leaving O.B.C. Harry went to Montreal to assume a position on the Grand Trunk Railway. He has seen much of the world, as he went to Denver and Colorado to do railroad work there. He has had varied experience as a soldier, being for some time a member of the Colorado Cavalry; serving at Petawawa for three years; becoming a qualified Hospital Sergeant in the Montreal Ambulance, working for some time under Col. Dr. Birkett. He is now in France with the Heavy Artillery. Lieut. Harry Ponton is the eldest son of Mr. W. N. Ponton, Belleville. Mr. Ponton is to be congratulated in having three sons in Khaki, Harry, Gerald, and Richard.



Poems by a Canadian Soldier



The following are from a little collection of poems written by Mr. Oliver E. Baillie, (who went overseas with the British Columbia section of Canadian Field Artillery in the First Contingent), and were written on the battlefields of Belgium and France.

JOHNNIE CANUCKS

Johnnie Canucks our time has come;
Enough we've had of life and drum;
Stern is the work where bullets hum,
That leads to victory.

Johnnie Canucks, we're now in
France,
(Gun and bayonet and shining
lance).

Marching on to the Devil's dance,
On Belgium's blood-soaked lea.

Johnnie Canucks, right from the
start
We've tried our best to play our
part;
Now, shoulder to shoulder, heart to
heart,
Till Belgium shall be free.

Johnnie Canucks, our country's fair;
May the thought of her be as a
prayer
To help us do our duty there.
Oh, Canada, for thee.

Bravely facing death we'll stand,
Doing our bit for the Motherland;
Oh, God, the issue is in Thy hand;
We place our trust in Thee.
In a box car, St. Nazarre, The
Front, France, February, 1915.

* *

TO THE CANADIANS WHO FELL AT YPRES

Mourn for your dead, Oh, Canada,
Yet not as the hopeless weep;
In a noble cause, for a country's love,
They passed to their quiet sleep.

Pray for your dead, Oh, Canada,
Yet not as the hopeless pray,
For theirs was a death for a living
hope;
They died for the coming day.

Remember your dead Oh, Canada,
Yet not as the hopeless mind,
For the God above saw how they died
And the ways of his judgment are
kind.

Think on the words, Oh, Canada,
Christ died Himself to send;
No man hath greater love than this,
That he giveth his life for his
friend.

Ypres, April 26th, 1915.

* *

"IN MY FATHER'S HOUSE ARE MANY MANSIONS"

Let not your heart be troubled,
Lift up your eyes to the hills,
Through the sorrows and blood of
the nation
Christ healeth the world of its ills.

Let not your heart be troubled,
For those who fall in the strife.
For Christ Himself hath spoken,
"I am the Truth and the Life."

Let not your heart be troubled,
They follow the path He trod
And Christ for them hath prepared
A place in the House of God.

Let not your heart be troubled,
Trust in his tender care,
Fear not the terrors of battle,
Jesus Himself is there.

Comforting, loving, and tending
Those who may fall in the fray;
"Peace, My Peace, I give to you,
Come to Me, I am the Way."

Dickebusch, Belgium, April 1916.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

(Dedicated to those who are making fortunes out of war contracts, and to a dear old lady who sent us a much-needed parcel of socks.)

I hate to think, in Canada, that grafters ply their trade,
That out of blood and suffering great fortunes can be made;
That we, who for her honor fight, should have to share the stain
Of those who smirch her honor, with their filthy love of gain.

I love to think, in Canada, a dear old lady sits,
And weaves a prayer in every pair of soldiers' socks she knits,
For we, out here in Flanders, know her thoughts and ours are one,
That each is glad to bear a share of work that must be done.

Oh, dear old lady, knitting, we fight
the same good fight,
Our youth we give our country, you
give the widow's mite,
And God, who seeth all things, and
judgeth from the heart,
Will place the loving knitter and the
Judas far apart.

The Salient, July 4th, 1916.

* * *
" 13 "

I'm writing with my fingers crossed,
I've a black cat on my knee,
A horseshoe hangs on the dugout
door,
And I'm touching wood, you see.
But even at that the rhythm is lost,
And the rhyme is terribly free;
I don't think I'll try to do any more,
Or "13" will do for me.

Ouderdom, Belgium, May, 1916.

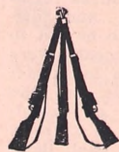
DRUMS

Tell me who shouts, "We come!
We come!"
When the German War Lord flogs
his drum?
Only the German conscripts drag
Unwilling feet to the German flag;
Only the German people flow
To the line of march where the
Eagles go.
Only the Germans say, "We come!"
When the German War Lord beats
his drum.

Tell me who shouts, "Our lives are
yours!"
When the drum is sounding on Brit-
ain's shores?
Canada springs to her feet; afar
The Austral legions muster for war,
Africa cries, "We are faithful sons!"
And India stands by her British guns,

Four hundred million hearts are
stirred
With love when the British drum is
heard.
Which of these drums shall sound
the last
When the thunders of war are over-
past?
The love which is Britain's just re-
ward
Shall break to powder the tyrant
horde;
The whole of the world shall rise and
say
"It were death if the German had
his way!"
Freedom and Justice shall overcome
And Life march on with the British
drum.

—Harold Begbie.



Canadian Camp in England

When one mentions a camp, there appears before our mind row after row of spotless white tents, but a camp in England generally means one made of huts. A hut also suggests to us a low building made of mud, sticks, and stones with a thatched roof and a mud floor, but such is not the case in England; huts there are well built wooden houses capable of holding from twenty to thirty men.

The interior of the hut contains only a stove, three tables with benches, and sufficient bed boards to accommodate the number of men the hut is supposed to hold. These bed boards are just three planks about eight inches wide and are placed on trestles which are about four inches from the floor, just sufficient to raise the men from the draught. Each man is supplied with a straw tick and three or four blankets, by putting two beds together the men are able to keep quite warm and comfortable.

During the day the bed boards of two men are piled together on the trestles along the wall; under the boards his clean boots are put, while on the boards his straw tick is neatly folded and on top of this are his blankets; all the blankets in the company being folded the same way. Above each bed there are three hooks on which to hang his equipment and his great coat. Above this again there is a shelf to hold his writing paper, mess tins and any other small articles that can be neatly piled upon it. In the evening the beds are taken down and placed with the head towards

the wall, leaving only a narrow aisle down the centre of the hut. As soon as it is time for the lights to be turned on, care must be taken to see that all the windows are closely covered with blankets. This is done so that a German Zepp passing over the camp would be unable to locate it. Just before the men turn in, every window on the lee side of the hut must be opened to insure good ventilation.

When Reveille sounds at 6 a. m. the Company Orderly Sergeant at once makes his rounds through the huts of the company to see that every man is getting up. They are supposed to be up, washed, dressed, shaved, and ready for breakfast at seven o'clock. About ten minutes before breakfast two men, in their turn, go over to the cook-house and bring back the food for the rest of the men in the hut. This is divided equally among the men under the supervision of the N. C. O. in charge of the hut, who is responsible that every man gets his share. From the time that breakfast is over until the first parade at eight everyone is busy cleaning his buttons, boots and equipment; if he appears dirty on parade it will mean being brought up before his commander and most likely being confined to camp for three or four days. During the day the men are trained in bayonet fighting, physical training, bombing trench warfare, trench digging etc. One night a company of men goes to the trenches about two miles from the camp where they have a sham fight using blank cartridges, powder bombs, and flares. This is to give

the men an idea of what trench warfare is like.

Sometimes even in England the Canadians receive their first taste of war. Until May 1917, the people of England were always glad for the moonlight nights, as then they felt confident that the Zepps would be unable to cross the Channel for fear of being destroyed. But one evening, during the latter part of May, the roar of many aeroplanes could be heard in the distance drawing nearer and nearer. Very soon one could hear the bombs dropping here and there, and suddenly a bomb was seen to explode on a hill about three quarters of a mile away. A few seconds later one of the huts of the camp was blown to atoms, fortunately no one was in it at the time as all had fled to the fields as soon as the air alarm was blown. On looking up one could see sixteen or seventeen machines which appeared about as large as dragon flies, and were said to be at a height of from twelve to fifteen thousand feet. They flitted here and there above the camps for about ten minutes and then passed south over the city, leaving a path of destruction of both life and property in their wake.

Early last spring the food question became very grave, and all precautions were taken to insure the saving of as much food as possible. In consequence the potatoes were always cooked without being peeled;

no scraps of bread or vegetables were allowed to be burned as formerly, but were collected and distributed to the farmers to be fed to their pigs; all bits of meat were gathered and boiled down to extract the fat which was sent to the arsenal for the making of munitions. There was such a scarcity of potatoes last year that each Battalion, this spring, rented from the farmers around a few acres of land for growing vegetables. One Battalion put in such a crop that they expect to raise from fifty to sixty tons of potatoes as well as other vegetables.

The spare time of our soldiers is not spent loafing around, but in good healthy games such as football, base-ball etc. In connection with these sports the Y. M. C. A. takes an important part, as they arrange leagues between the different Battalions. Also, in the evenings, the Y. M. C. A. arrange for concerts and music as well as a place where a man can go and buy a good meal at a reasonable price.

The happiest hours spent in camp are just after the Canadian mail has arrived. Letters and boxes are the strongest links in binding the people at home to our soldier boys, and we here in Canada should feel it our duty as well as a pleasure to keep them well supplied with news from home.

—W. S. Nurse

Cadet Donald McBeth

On the evening of November 10th, a musical treat was given at the High School when a large and appreciative audience assembled to hear the well-known violinist, Mr. Donald McBeth, a cadet from Mohawk Camp. Mr. McBeth, who for several years previous to his enlisting, appeared on the platform with John McCormack and others, rendered an exceedingly pleasing

programme. This was greatly added to by several solos by Mrs. Grant and her daughter, Miss Dorothy Grant. Mrs. Duff was the accompanist of the evening.

A vote of thanks was moved and seconded, and little Miss Mary Day then presented a beautiful bouquet of roses to Miss Grant.

The proceeds of this very enjoyable concert were devoted to the Red Cross.

HONOR ROLL

Nursing Sisters:

Ida Denmark
Celestina Geen
Mary H. Hambly
Ethel Ridley, R. R. C.
Hope Sewell

With English Regiments:

Lieut. H. O. Wilkins
Lieut. G. B. Johnson

First Contingent:

Major J. T. Clarke
Lt.-Col. E. D. O'Flynn
Major R. D. Ponton
Capt. D. Waterston
Lieut. E. D. Wallace
Lieut. G. Murray
Lieut. F. Yeomans, M. M.
Sergt. G. Buck
Sergt. Archie Cooke
Sergt. Horace Yeomans
Sergt. Albert Harris
Melville Clarke
Harold G. Fraser
Reginald Sewell
Carl Kiser
Murray Patterson
Charles R. Pearce
Charles J. Peppin
Floyd Plumpton
Leo Ross
Milton Vandervoort
Fred R. Wallace

Second Contingent:

Capt. A. H. Hunter
Lieut. David V. Ketcheson, M.C.
Sergt. Newton Alford
J. C. Bowyer
Ernest Geen
Jack Panter
Robert Pringle
Frank Rayfield
Laurence Sewell
Canadian Expeditionary Forces:
Lieut.-Col. R. A. Carman
Lieut.-Col. H. D. Hulme
Capt. W. H. Hudson
Lieut. T. H. Fennell
Lieut. Harry Alford

Lieut. B. K. Allen
Lieut. John Downey
Lieut. Reginald Elliot
Lieut. Geo. H. Hambly
Lieut. A. H. Ketcheson
Lieut. W. H. Wallace
Sergt. J. M. O'Rourke
Corp. H. J. Price
Arthur Barragar
Kenneth McMillan
Arthur Ostrom
Bruce J. Robb
Arthur Templeton
Harry Vanderwater
Charles M. Wallace
E. J. Waterston
Harry Watkins.

Major C. F. Wallbridge
Major W. J. Cook
Major A. C. McFee
Major P. Ketcheson
Capt. Percy Anderson
Capt. W. P. Allen
Capt. J. V. Doyle
Capt. P. W. Geen
Capt. G. H. Holton
Capt. H. Jarman
Capt. J. L. Tower
Capt. S. E. Vermilyea
Capt. P. H. Wills
Lieut. Clifford Burrows
Lieut. M. Denyes
Lieut. Douglas Graham
Lieut. Jack Johnson
Lieut. Eric O. Keeler
Lieut. A. G. McGie
Lieut. George Pearce
Lieut. G. M. Ponton
Lieut. H. H. Ponton
Lieut. Stanley Nurse
Lieut. Roger Porter
Lieut. Granville Sinclair
Lieut. W. O. Towers
Lieut. J. Wallbridge
Lieut. McDonald Waters
Sergt.-Major W. H. Reid
Q. M. Sergt. E. F. Farrow
Sergt. Charles Brooks
Sergt. W. F. Farrow
Sergt. Arthur Ferguson
Sergt. E. Finkla

Sergt. W. Finkle
 Sergt. Erastus Grant
 Sergt. Leroy Madden
 Sergt. Wilfrid Vandervoort
 Sergt. Laurence Wrightmeyer
 A. L. Alford
 Walter L. Alford
 Ross Armstrong
 Montgomery Barlow
 Garfield Arnott
 Harold Bateman
 Arthur T. Bell
 G. L. Berkely
 Howard Black
 James Booth
 Arthur Brown
 H. Buchanan
 Loy Buck
 Benjamin Bunton
 Will Bunton
 Arthur Bunton
 Ross Callery
 Harold Davis
 Alex Dawe
 Vernon Doolittle
 Harry Green
 Percy Follwell
 George Gulliver
 H. Handley
 Russell Harker
 Marson Hitchon
 Harold Holloway
 Clarence Horie
 E. Harold Ingram
 Earl Jackson
 George Ketcheson
 Harold Knight
 Tom Lazier
 Douglas MacCall
 Erza Mallory
 James Marshall
 Cyril McBride
 Harry McCullough
 W. Miles
 W. J. Mills
 Jack Milne
 Ralph Morden
 John D. O'Flynn
 Percy Palmer
 Ray Peppin
 Harry Ransom
 H. Rathbun
 Will Robinson
 Wilfrid Ross
 F. E. Slater
 Will Smith

William Sprague
 Charles Sprague
 Melburn Sprague
 DeForest Storey
 Ray Tuite
 W. Wannacott
 Blake Waterhouse
 H. Wilson

Lieut.-Col. A. P. Allen
 Capt. B. L. Hyman
 Capt. W. Lloyd
 Lieut. W. Boyce
 Lieut. R. Cooper
 Lieut. B. Gribble
 Lieut. H. Leavens
 Lieut. D. Reid
 Lieut. H. Reid
 Lieut. William Murray
 Lieut. Arthur Steele, M. C.
 Sergt. Malcolm French
 Sergt. Meller
 Lieut. Claremont Carroll
 Lieut. Horace Carroll
 H. Vernon Clarke
 J. E. Downey
 Earl Foster
 Herbert Hector
 George Howard
 Wilfrid McNab
 Joseph Roe
 Willis Tait
 Leland Wells
 Earl Wheeler
 Thomas Wims
 Guy White

Flight Sub. Lieut. A. Bell.
 Lieut. Will Murray
 Percy Archibald
 Louis Bell
 Arthur Bell
 Leigh Brintnell
 William Colling
 Martin Diebert
 George Flagler
 Merle Locke
 Lyle MacLaren
 Bryon McCrodon
 John McIntosh
 Arthur Quick
 Hugh Rogers
 Arthur Rogers
 Gerald Roote
 James Walmsley



Interesting Sketch by Sergt. Major Spafford

SNAPSHOTS FROM THE TRENCHES

B.S.M. Gerald Spafford, of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, son-in-law of Colonel and Mrs. Badgley of Devizes, has contributed to a Canadian newspaper the following graphic sketch, under the heading "A Day and Night in the Trenches." It is intended, he says, to give a glimpse of life behind the sandbags, earthworks and barbed wire entanglements, where Tommy Atkins spends four days out of every seven:—

"The day we have chosen is one of the unusually bright days in Flanders after a day or two of rain. We find the well trodden path and roadway through — woods. We wend our way toward the trenches through a slough of sticky, clinging, greasy clay, which makes progress slow. As we proceed we note the crude shelters and bivouacs the soldiers have constructed behind the trenches, hidden beneath the friendly shelter of the trees from the ever present menace—the enemy's aeroplanes—which, like birds of prey, steal over the lines behind the shelter of the clouds above. As we gaze with curiosity into the shady depths of the woods, we see the khaki-clad forms engaged at various tasks, some sitting around a brazier constructed from an old oil or biscuit can, in which they have inserted wire to form a grate. In this crude stove they burn coke, wood or charcoal. Others, availing themselves of the opportunity, are washing their clothes, or brushing their clothes and puttees, which have become a mass of mud while in the trenches.

Along the road we note the busy transport loaded with supplies, and busy fatigue parties unloading the day's rations from pack mules and G.S. wagons. We hear the incessant

boom of guns and crack of snipers' rifles just over the ridge. As we approach the road to our left, which leads to the communication trench, we hear the familiar strains of "It's a long way to Tipperary," as a platoon of the ever cheerful Tommies, with their packs and rifles, plod through mud and slush toward the trenches. We, too, intend to make our way to the fire trench, or first line trench, as it is termed. "Halt! Who goes there?" Instinctively we glance in the direction of the challenge and we face a sentry with fixed bayonet and held at the "ready" I present our passports and we proceed. We enter a narrow path leading close to the ridge and emerge into open country. We note the demolished houses; behind us are the last line of reserve trenches and the lines of barbed wire entanglements and earthworks. We now enter the second line reserve—and if the reader does not object (and if you enjoy a little sport as the boys say) suppose we chance it, and cut across country, in place of taking the zig-zag, muddy course of the reserve and communication trenches. Well, I am game, come on! We jump out of the trench and quickly take cover of the avenue of trees that border the field between the trenches. As we hasten along the ditch we look ahead and there we behold the town of — and in front of us, very plainly, the German trenches. Whizz! bang! bang! bang! All right; don't be alarmed! they fall on our left—a salvo of wee Willies. Hello! What's this? We note a ladder very cleverly concealed against a tree. We "flop" and peer up into the branches and behold a motionless figure with a rifle carefully laid and waiting.

A sniper! We will meet him later. We at last enter the rear communication trench, having succeeded in running the gauntlet. Here we must be cautious and keep our heads down or the ever watchful sniper will get us. As we enter the main trench we here see how Tommy spends his time. We pause a moment and take a peep behind the sandbag curtain over the burrow in the wall of the trench, and here we find a Tommy who has spent the night on sentry-go taking his much-needed rest. We peep into another place and here behold a full-fledged kitchen—stove and all—and a busy cook preparing a very savory dinner. As we pursue our way we are again halted by a sentry, and again my passport proves a "bon ami", and we proceed into the fire trench. This is much the same as the others. Here we find men so many yards apart, and note those off duty, although their rifles are ever-ready at hand. At a moment's notice these men we see playing cards, reading, chatting and smoking, would be transformed into a very different scene. As we pass along we notice a sentry, his back to the parapet, apparently gazing off into space. We glance in wonderment in the direction of his gaze, and here a panorama of the German trench, or a section of it, is presented to us on a mirror. We are about to proceed on our way when we hear the bang of a gun, and zingo! a shell bursts just on the parapet, throwing splinters and clods of dirt all around us. We get a laugh from those who have witnessed the hasty "flop" we executed, as we caught the whirr of the shell when it dropped on the parapet.

A little further on we watch one of the ever alert sentries. We see him cautiously step up on a narrow platform which is built along the parapet. In the scope of his periscope mirror he has detected some unwary German who is moving along the enemy's trench and showing his head above. Selecting a space between the sandbags he takes careful aim and his rifle cracks. The echo has

scarcely died away when, whizz! spat, spat!—two bullets bury themselves in the sandbags behind him. He quickly scampers and selects another point of view from which, if possible, to catch his aggressor. We note, owing to our interest, that this man is not an ordinary type of Canadian. His piercing black eyes, straight black hair, prominent high cheek bones and tawny hue of his skin tell us he is one of the original inhabitants of America—the Rerman. As we watch with renewed interest his agile movements as he manoeuvres to mislead his adversary, a rifle cracks behind our position in the direction of the avenue of trees which we passed. Immediately our friend—like a panther—crouches and wriggles along the parapet, and again his rifle speaks. We wait, breathlessly—there is a whirr of bullets—the enemy has replied with a machine gun, while we crouch under the friendly protection of the parapet. Our friend returns with a smile, displaying a fine set of even white teeth, and beckoning to us to come over to his periscope, with the aid of field glasses, he points out the object of interest. After a considerable study of his objective we note, as he expressed it, another "Sauerkraut" accounted for—Can you see him? He fell across the parapet. See that hump by the three sandbags? Well he was up on that when I got him." We discerned the motionless form. Calmly undoing his clasp knife and opening it, remarking as he places the butt of his rifle between his knees—"Thirty-four, and this makes thirty-five"—and with the care and precision that marked all his actions he cut the thirty-fifth notch, remarking the while, "I guess my pardner got another just now." Upon enquiry where his pardner was he pointed in the direction of the avenue of trees we passed on our way in. We listen to his many and varied descriptions of snipers' duels, and our curiosity impels us to ask his name. He tells us with quiet dignity

—Paddie Riel—and visions of the North-West Rebellion and its stories in which that famous Indian, Louis Riel, participated, come to mind.

Most all of the trenches are named after prominent streets at home, so at each turn familiar facsimiles of the signboards at home greet our view. We hasten on as it is getting dusk. We proceed down Quebec avenue to Anscroft. Here we overhear an interesting conversation, and meantime we hear the shriek of shells coming from our guns as they pass over and explode with seemingly never-ceasing steadiness. We gaze in the direction of —, and watch the white puffs of smoke from bursting shells. On our right, left and rear the Germans are retaliating.

We pause and peek into a dugout where we hear the interesting series of instructions going on over the telephone from the Forward Observation Officer who we discover standing on the running-board along the parapet watching the effects of the shooting. While we are thus occupied an officer of the staff comes up. "Are you the — Battery Headquarters F. O. Officer?"

F.O.O.—"Yes, sir!" as he comes to a smart salute and we stand to attention.

Staff Officer—"Take this message for G. O. C. Trench No. —. Forward observation officer is ready. Mine will be exploded between — a.m. and — a.m. I will observe same from No. — headquarters. Have batteries stand to. I will give word from here if fire is required. Sergt. — is here with Capt. — in the No. — trench and falling word from me, you will take instructions from him."

F.O.O.—"Sir, is it necessary for the batteries to stand to for — hours?"

Staff O.—"Yes; we will explain afterwards."

F.O.O.—"Very good, sir. Carry on."

Later: — a.m.—"Are you there, Battery F.O.O.? Good! Mine fired at — a.m. German sap entirely wrecked. Successful? Well, you

bet. Many of the Germans are evidently trapped from evidence of the crater formed."

We in the meantime had been silent witnesses of the startling scene which transpired while we with bated breath and a thousand indescribable emotions waited for what we had just heard described over the 'phone.

While we partake of a lunch, consisting of coffee and sandwiches, the infantry stand to with bayonets fixed, ready to spring over the parapet. A heavy, cold, damp mist enshrouds the intervening space between the trenches. Listening posts and patrols have long since been sent out and posted in "No man's land." The sky is overcast with heavy, dark, threatening clouds, the moon being up, seemingly struggling to throw her pale soft light through the clouds to the scene below, where objects discernible in the mist assume to our eyes ghostly forms. They seem to assume life as we centre our attention upon them. We know that something is going to happen. The uncanny atmosphere and silence almost causes one to want to shout or in some way relieve the tension. Silently we watch as the engineer, with his men, placed the mine. He quietly gives directions and final instructions to his men. At last, after warning the infantry and artillery to be ready, he presses the electric button which connects with the mine by wires. The sudden atmosphere is split with a terrific detonation. Through the mist we see the flash of the explosion illuminating the surroundings, the black smoke shooting towards the heavens. Huge clods of earth and sandbags and what appeared to be human forms, are hurled into space. The dull boom of guns is heard, and salvos of screeching, screaming shells break at the mine crater. The rattle of the rapid fire of infantry and the rat-a-tat of the machine guns tell us that the affair is over and we hastily seek cover in the friendly depths of the dugout.

Here we listen to the conversation of F.O.O. and the Major of Battery —

"Hello, Battery!"

"Hello, Major! All went fine—couldn't be better!"

We cannot hear the reply, but the F.O.O. says: "Fortunes of war, Major!"—a bit callous, but they use the same system."

F.O.O.—"Why the wait from —

a.m. to — a.m.?"

"Oh, yes. Well you see it was this way—the Engineer officer in charge was down in the burrow (gallery) for two solid hours listening to the Germans, and actually waited until he could hear them three feet away from him before he emerged and sprung the mine. Great bit of work, I call it."

"Coolness is the word, Major. Goodnight."

Exchange Department

Our exchange list contains the following magazines and papers:

"The Schoolman"—St. Jerome's College, Kitchener, Ont.

"The Cherry and White"—Williamsport H. S., Williamsport, Pa.

"The Trinity University Review"—Trinity University, Toronto, Ont.

"The Oracle"—Fulton H. S., Fulton, N. Y.

"The Brown and White"—Greensbury High School, Greensbury, Pa.

"The Shamokin H. S. Review"—Shamokin, Pa.

"The Vox Lycei"—Hamilton C. I., Hamilton, Ont.

"The Lake Lodge Record"—Grimsby, Ont.

"The Bernardian"—St. Bernard's High School, Bradford, Pa.

"The Mitre"—Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Quebec.

"The Canadian"—Ontario School for the Deaf, Belleville, Ont.

"The Canadian Boy's Magazine"—Quebec, Que.

"The Lens"—Washington High School, Portland, Oregon.

"The Vox Studentium"—Niagara Falls C. I., Niagara Falls, Ont.

"The Keramas"—East Liverpool H. S., East Liverpool, Ohio.

"The Red and Black"—Chaleroi H. S., Chaleroi, Pa.

"The Blue and White"—Rothsay College, Rothsay, N. B.

"The Albanian"—St. Alban's College,

Brockville, Ont.

"The Review"—Lowell High School, Lowell, Mass.

"S. P. H. S. Tiger"—South Pasadena, Cal.

"The Ashburnian"—Ashbury College, Ottawa, Ont.

"The Right Angle"—Rochester Shop School, Rochester, N. Y.

"St. Andrew's College Review"—St. Andrew's College, Toronto, Ont.

"The Quebec High School Magazine"—Quebec High School, Quebec, Que.

"The Clarion"—West Roxbury, H. S., Boston, Mass.

"The Almafiliian"—Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.

"The Collegiate"—Sarnia C. I., Sarnia, Ont.

"The Collegian"—St. Thomas C. I., St. Thomas, Ont.

The Exchange Editor regrets that he has been unable to comment on our exchanges, owing to the fact that the key to the locker in the library where they are on file is in the possession of one of the absent members of our staff and it has been impossible to gain access to them. This condition will be remedied after the holidays and the various numbers may be procured from the library. It is hoped that the students will avail themselves of this opportunity and will hand in their criticisms to the Exchange Editor.

Killed in Action

Horace Carroll

Horace Carroll was employed in the Bank of Montreal at Ottawa, when he joined the 77th Battalion, training at Ottawa. In June, 1916, he was sent to England and the following August, to France. There he was transferred to the 87th Grenadiers. He was in France only a short time before he was killed in action on October 21, 1916.

Lieut. Carroll was a former Belleville High School student. He entered the school in 1903 and remained four years.



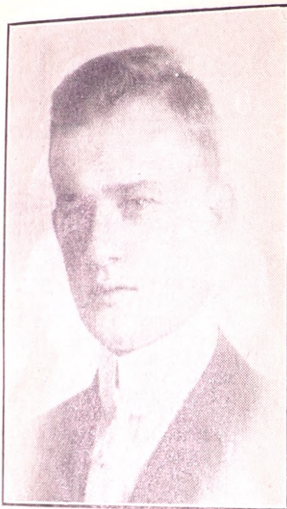
Lieut. Horace Carroll

Sergt. W. F. Farrow

The name of Sergt. W. F. Farrow has been added to our "In Memoriam" list. "Bud", as he was affectionately called, was a good student and a boy well-respected by his companions. Since leaving our institution, Bud had been employed with the Bell Telephone Co. until the time of his enlistment. His brother, Sergt. E. F. Farrow, is also overseas. To the parents of such noble sons the school extends deep sympathy.



Sergt. W. F. Farrow



Arthur Ostrom

The appearance on the casualty list of the name of Arthur Ostrom cast a gloom over the Belleville High School. Arthur is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Ostrom of 960 University Avenue, Vancouver, and a grandson of the late Capt. Simon Ostrom of Belleville. Arthur enlisted with the reinforcements of the famous Princess Patricia's. At the time of his enlistment he was a druggist in the service of the Owl Drug Company. He was wounded at the second battle of Ypres but was able to return to the trenches. Since going overseas he was recommended for a commission. Arthur attended B.H.S. for three years and left a splendid record behind him. He was interested in the Literary Society and became famous for his speeches delivered from the school platform. Arthur leaves behind many friends, for he was beloved by both teachers and students. He took great interest in the Cadet Corps.

His brother, Gordon R., is with the Flying Corps.



Marson Hitchon

The news of Marson Hitchon's name in the Canadian casualty list as "wounded" was a shock indeed to his school friends. The report of his death followed so quickly that it left the hearers breathless. Marson had the graceful manner of a true gentleman and ability along any line in which he cared to exert himself. In sports he excelled, capturing the school's junior championship in 1914 and the intermediate in 1915.

Marson was a member of the 155th Battalion and had been in France but a short time. His death removes one of the outstanding figures of the school, in which he was a prime favorite and known by all. He was the nephew of Miss C. Hitchon, M.A., of the B.H.S. Staff.

The school joins his parents in their bereavement.



Arthur Templeton

Arthur Templeton, youngest son of Robert and Mary Templeton, was

killed in action at Meetchelle, Flanders, on October 30th.

Pte. Arthur Templeton enlisted in the first McGill University reinforcements for the Princess Patricia's, in April, 1915. He went overseas a month later and crossed to France in July of the same year. In October he took trench fever and was sent to a hospital in Belfast where he later underwent an operation. When convalescent, he served in the Canadian Pay and Record Offices, London, till April, 1917, when he rejoined his regiment in France. He met his death at Meetchelle, Flanders, which was taken by the "Pats" on October 30. A letter from one of his officers says: "He went over splendidly in the assault and was among those who gained the objective, but later, while digging in, he was killed by a sniper. A memorial will be erected to all the heroes of the regiment who fell during the glorious action of Oct. 30. I have known Arthur personally for more than two years and cannot tell you how sorry I am to have lost so brave a comrade. No words of mine can assuage your grief, but it must be softened and ennobled by the knowledge that he died in freedom's cause."

—Extract for Ontario of Nov. 22.

Wounded Since Last Issue

Lieut. R. Cooper
Lieut. Arthur McGie
Benjamin Bunton
E. F. Finkle
Herbert Hector
Cyril McBride
John McIntosh
DeForest Storey
Blake Waterhouse

* * *

Prisoners of War

Lieut. Gordon Murray
Lieut. Harold Wilkins
Lieut. Ted Yeomans
Archie Cook



Literary Contributions

WHEN SCHOOL IS DISMISSED

A Teacher's Viewpoint

Sitting up on the flat roof of the bungalow, enjoying the beauties of an Indian moonlight night, were Miss Robinson, the missionary superintendent of the Abidu School, and her newly-arrived visitor, Miss Jackson, from America.

Miss Robinson had been explaining to her visitor the Indian school system, the method of teaching, and some of the funny incidents that often occurred.

"Would you mind telling me what they do with themselves after school?" asked Miss Jackson. "They don't seem as though they would do the same things as our boys and girls do in the homeland."

"Well," began Miss Robinson, "since school begins at seven in the morning it is dismissed at eleven. From eleven until two the children have a recess. During this time they cook their dinner, eat it, and then get ready for school. Before two I have to go over and unlock the girls' gate. They are in a separate yard by themselves, which has a high mud wall all the way around it with an entrance at the front. In the centre of the yard is a fairly large red stone building where the girls live.

"School is dismissed again at five. Both boys and girls go to their 'boardings', deposit their books,

and then set to work making preparations for their evening meal. The boys do not have to do their own cooking, as a woman is hired for that purpose, but they have to get the water and tidy up around the building. The younger boys are formed in companies and take turns sweeping around the school and bungalow.

"The girls draw their water from the well and carry it in large brass pots or 'bindies'. After the water has been brought, the unhusked rice is pounded for use the following day. This is done by pouring the 'paddy', or unhusked rice, into a rather shallow round hole on the top of a heavy, round, wooden block which stands about three feet high. Then the girls with long heavy wooden poles pound the rice alternately, keeping time to the music as they sing. The rice is pounded like this for some time and then is sifted and fanned to get rid of the husks. While the older girls are doing the heavier work, the younger ones sweep, trim the lamps, and help around the kitchen.

"There comes a pause after the work is done and while waiting for their curry and rice to cook they play games, crochet or do anything else they fancy. Sometimes they sing some of their songs for me or hold a simple conversation in English with me, which they greatly enjoy.

"When their meal or 'boginim'

is cooked each girl's dish, which is usually a shallow brass bowl or a white or blue aluminum bowl, is filled with rice and then the curry poured over it. The girls sit down on the floor tailor fashion and after saying grace begin to eat with their hands! Since they haven't many plates and have no knives, forks or spoons, the dish-washing performance is short and sweet.

"After supper until eight o'clock, the girls play and sing outside, if it is moonlight, but if not, they play indoors. At eight the study-hour bell rings and then both boys and girls have to settle down to their lessons. The boys study over in the school under the supervision of one of the men teachers, while the girls study in their own building under the supervision of their matron. Having no large lamp to study by, each girl is supplied with a cone-shaped tin vessel filled with oil and with a twisted piece of cloth, sticking out of the hole in the top, serving as a wick.

"At ten the bell rings again for bedtime. Their beds consist of small, woven, leaf mats laid on the bare floor. They do not get undressed as we do, but just slip off the outer garment, roll themselves in a heavy sheet covering the head as well as the rest of the body and then lay themselves down for the night. They are also sure to have every door and window in the place closed as they are afraid of unfriendly intruders, such as snakes.

"We are awakened at five next morning by musical strains from the girls' quarters, and realize that it will soon be time to get up. At six, from five to six boys and the same number of girls come around to the store house to get their day's supplies. Everything has to be measured or counted out, even to the number of sticks of wood. As the different articles are handed out each goes back to his or her 'boarding' to have breakfast and get ready for school. Their morning meal consists of the water the rice has been boiled in the night before, with

some of the rice left in it. This, too, they eat with their hands and what they cannot pick up with their hands they drink from the bowl. School is called at seven and once more they file out of their yard, two by two, to begin their day's work.

"There are many other little things they do but as it is getting rather late, and I have to be up with the birds in the morning, I think I'll leave the rest for you to see tomorrow if you would care to make a visit with me to the two 'boardings'."

"Oh! I'd be delighted," was Miss Jackson's reply. "And as for going to bed now, I can say that I'm quite agreeable to it myself."

—Lorena Chute.

THE ARMY DENTAL CORPS

The Dental Corps is a branch of the army which devotes all its time and energy to keeping the mouths and teeth of the soldiers in a healthy condition. By this means the efficiency of the army is increased considerably. How is a soldier to do his share of the work if his teeth are in a bad state of health? He cannot properly masticate his food, and this leads to stomach trouble and other disabilities which eventually force him to go to the hospital for treatment. So the care, of this special Corps, is to prevent this happening and avoid the expense of medical treatment and the loss of time.

Each day a certain number of "patients" are paraded to the Dental Clinic to have their teeth examined and whatever work that is necessary done. In this way every member of a unit is given attention. Of course, the more urgent cases are attended to first.

The simpler forms of dentistry are in use almost entirely, such as amalgam and cement fillings and vulcanite dentures. There is no time for crown and bridge work and no work of this kind is done except for returned convalescent soldiers,

The dentures are intended only as temporary but are as good, if not better, than those made by civilian practitioners.

In extractions, local anaesthetic is injected into the gum tissues to make the operation as painless as possible. The very best of instruments, drugs and materials are supplied by the Government. All work is carefully done but no time is wasted because of the large number of men to be handled.

The Corps is composed of officers, sergeants and privates or orderlies. The officers do all the work on the mouth, the sergeants make all the dentures and the batmen wait on the chairs during the day and clean up twice daily. When in camp they are also orderlies to the officers.

Needless to say the officers are dental college graduates, while the sergeants must have spent at least one or more years at a dental college or have taken a special course for the work they have to do.

The Dental Corps has practically no drills, marches or parades, and the members consider themselves very fortunate in this respect. However, I think it is due to the small personnel of the Corps that we are free from the above. Perhaps in a camp of from four to five thousand there would be only fifteen or twenty in the Corps and a third of it would be officers. Thus the authorities do not seem to consider it necessary to engage an instructor to drill ten or twelve men. The principal reason is that there is no time for it as the day is spent entirely in the Clinic. The work is tedious enough and requires so much care that everyone feels like resting when the time to "lay off," is come.

At Petewawa Camp, last summer, there were five each of officers, sergeants and batmen in the Dental Corps. From the first of June until the first of October, that particular unit had sixteen thousand operations to its credit. We were told that in number of operations per man, we had beaten the record of

every other branch in Canada. One operation is the preparation of a cavity and another is the filling and polishing. An extraction counts as one operation and in treating a couple of thousand men there are likely to be quite a few operations of that nature.

The Dental Corps is now considered an indispensable branch of the army although it is a comparatively new addition. It was practically brought into being at the beginning of the present war and is now one of the best organized branches of the Canadian Service.

In the Imperial army the Dental Corps is not separate from the Medical Corps, but its work is limited because of the lack of men who have therefore to be hoped that, in the near future, the higher authorities of both countries will arrive at some agreement by which the British soldier will enjoy the service of the very efficient Canadian Army Dental Corps.

Gerald Morton,
III. C., '17.

FROM THE WINDOW OF A RAILWAY TRAIN

Means of transportation in Northern Ontario are not, as yet, efficient. True, there are trains, but one would prefer trotting along the ties behind the back coach, or sitting cooped up in the filthy compartments, in which not only the atmosphere but also the passengers and surroundings, are of such a condition that one could hardly term them sanitary.

The conditions in such coaches are abnormal, and as the first phase of my journey was in one of these, I was given little opportunity of appreciating the charm and picturesqueness of the outward scenery, which, though of somewhat rough nature, brings vividly to mind the traditions and marvellous tales of the former days of pioneer life. Such are the thoughts that immediately become dominant in one's imagina-

tion, while viewing the country from the window of the train.

After half a day's journey under these aggravating conditions, it certainly seemed a relief to mount to the cabin of a mining engine, and proceed from L'Amable to the Besemere Iron mines. Riding in this engine, is the only means by which one can gain access to the mines which are remotely situated on a siding of the Central Ontario Railroad. Though the morning's journey had proved tedious, that in the cabin of the engine was indeed a novelty, and for the first time I was able to gaze upon the magnificent scenery with a sense of real interest and appreciation.

Leaving L'Amable we proceeded slowly down grade for a number of miles. The road was roughly constructed and the engine travelled very slowly, so that one could obtain an idea of the surrounding landscape. The country was marked with numerous wooded hillocks, rising in some places to mountains of considerable height, on whose lofty slopes giant trees towered high, the rich foliage giving them an appearance of grandeur. The farther north we penetrated, the rugged nature of the country became more and more apparent. The crude and primitive structure of the railroad made one feel somewhat unsafe, as the cars rumbled and swayed along the frequent precipitous embankments.

Certain sections of the country I now observed were not characterized by the stately trees which were so noticeable at first, but they were overgrown with small saplings. These sections had undoubtedly been devastated by forest fires, and were now springing up in second growth to assume, in time, their former beauty and attractive appearance.

Evidence of glacial action was indeed an outstanding feature of these northern wilds. The numerous small lakes, eskers, drumlins and other glacial formation made it evident that that portion of our country had been traversed during the Glacial

Epoch. As we passed rocky bluffs I frequently noticed glacial scratches deeply indented on their surfaces.

Habitation was very sparse, and only occasionally did I catch sight of a dwelling about which there was evidence of family life. Deserted huts were numerous, and in such a rough country one cannot wonder at the difficulty the migrated inhabitants must have had in extorting a tolerable existence from their meagre squattings.

Although I saw no animal life to speak of, other than a few porcupines there was marked evidence that the woods were thronged with wild animals. On one occasion while we passed along the border of a small lake I saw beaver cuttings along the shore. The engineer also pointed out rotted logs which had been ripped to atoms by bears in search of ants.

Before reaching our destination, we passed the shaft of an iron mine, which was filled with water. The enterprise of some mining company had proved futile in this instance, as the rusted machinery and dilapidated condition of the structures gave one the impression that it had long been out of commission.

As we were nearing our destination I dismounted from my seat at the window and climbed out on the coal car to get my suitcase, only to receive a cinder in my eye, which I had great difficulty in extracting. By the time I was able to see favorably the engine was pulling alongside a small platform, where I jumped out and made for the boarding house to do justice to a full course supper.

Gordon Robertson,
III. C.

SEVEN MODERN WONDERS OF THE WORLD

Look backward and consider the wonders of the ancient world, the pyramids of Egypt, the hanging gardens of Babylon, the tomb of Manso-las, the temple of Diana at Ephesus,

the Colossus of Rhodes, the statue of Zuis by Phydias, and the Pharos of Egypt. These were the great achievements in their time, accomplished only by great skill and labor, but they fade into significance before the wonders of the present day, the development of steam power, photography, the gasoline engine, electricity, the discovery of Radial activity, the phonograph, and wireless telegraphy.

Beginning with the development of steam power, behold the miles of railways stretched over the world, the thundering locomotives, passing from place to place. Think what the many steamships, liners and warships mean to humanity, and other developments too numerable to mention.

Now turn to photography and all it means. What an infinite variety of uses it is put to, and what talent must have been occupied to bring it to its present state of perfection. Motion pictures are entirely dependent on photography.

It is hardly possible to comprehend what electricity means now, nor what it will mean in future to mankind. It furnishes us with heat, light, and power, and each of these may be sub-divided into many different classes. There are so many remarkable inventions that would be impossible without it. Wireless telegraphy, Gasoline engine, Electric motor, Incandescent and arc lamps, Electric furnaces, Telephones, Electro-magnet, Induction, X-rays or Roentgen rays, Electric chemical analysis, and many others are entirely or partially dependent on the use of electricity.

It is not difficult to realize the significance of the gasoline engine, for without it, it would be impossible to fly any distance. Aviation was at a standstill for want of a suitable motive power. This being realized, in the gasoline engine, it progressed with leaps and bounds, until now, no one ventures to limit its possibilities. This being true of the aero-

plane, it was also true of the submarine, which was confined and limited in its use, until suitable power was obtained in the form of the gas engine. With the invention of this engine came automobiles, gasoline launches and other machines driven by this motive power.

The study of radial activity is still in its infancy, yet many wonderful discoveries have been made and many different kinds of rays produced as Cathode rays, Roentgen rays and Violet rays. Associated with this is radium, an element of remarkable properties from which peculiar rays are emitted. It is used to combat certain diseases, and its compounds, which contain the minutest quantities, are wonderful fertilizers. Chemists declare that its possibilities are unlimited.

The phonograph and telephone might be classed together, inasmuch that both recreate sound waves by means of a diaphragm, but the latter is dependent upon electricity to cause the diaphragm to vibrate. The dictaphone is a development of the phonograph.

Perhaps the most striking of the modern wonders is the wireless telegraph. The realization that messages can be sent thousands of miles, with no visible means of transmission, is truly marvellous. Yet even more wonderful is the wireless telephone, by which it is possible for one to actually talk to a person, thousand of miles off, with no wires to transmit the sound.

Look into the future! What wonders will each succeeding generation disclose? Will the modern wonders wane before future achievements, as ancient wonders fade before the present?

E. G. Wallbridge.

Some Reflections on the Rapid Growth of Canadian Cities.

Three little curly heads were bobbing excitedly up and down before the front window of a large

house as a car drew up before the entrance, and a white-haired gentleman alighted.

"Oh, mother! he's here! he's here!" they cried in chorus, and they rushed pell-mell to open wide the door as Mrs. Jackson hurried in from the kitchen with a broad smile of welcome lighting up her motherly face.

An hour or so later, when the wanderer had been fed, and when all had settled down comfortably before the crackling fire in the library, the inevitable story was demanded.

"Well father," said Mrs. Jackson as she began her knitting, "so you had a good time, did you? You most certainly are looking well. What all did you do out there?"

"Yeth Grandpa, tell uth all about it," lisped little Dot, with a great hope in her blue, blue eyes.

"Huh!" laughed 'Grandpa,' "I suppose you think you are going to hear all about bears, and Indians, and the like, just because your old Grandpa has been out West. But no siree! I didn't see one all the time I was there," and forgetful of his disappointed youthful audience, he gazed at the fire in silence for a moment.

"Well, it does beat all, he mused, "how things change in a few years! Do you know, daughter, when I went out West I expected to see the country a little as it was in the old days. Thirty years. . . . hum.

"I can well remember when we marched day after day across that lone prairie in eighty-five—nothing to eat much of the time but "hard tack. . . and "bully beef," caps made out of potato sacks and not a village in sight. Why, do you know, one night that year, we camped for the night around a huge rock, not a shack to be seen in any direction, nothing but the red sun-set and then the deep, black night. And that rock is where Calgary now stands! Calgary, a growing, thriving city, throbbing with the lives of thousands of men, women, and children,

who go about their everyday occupations with never a thought of the weary soldiers who rested there not so very many years ago.

"Then Winnipeg, beautiful Edmonton, and the cities still farther west in "Columbia"! Really, I almost thought my good old eyes were playing tricks on me when I arrived at those places. Edmonton, with its colleges, its beautiful homes, and its railroads—all the railroads in that great west! My my! my! I think I must be getting old.

"And now when I come to think of it, look at ourselves. I can well remember the days when my Grandfather used to tell me of his young days hereabouts. Those people lived amid hardships, leaving good homes to come out to this strange land, settling down in the midst of dense forests previously peopled by only the birds and the wild beasts. How changed they would find it, should they come back now! Here we have our comfortable home with every convenience—then they had the open forest with, later, but a tiny, log hut. No pleasure entered into their lives, as we have it now. Day after day they struggled along, fearing everything from the bears to they knew not what else.

"You remember the story I've told you of Gattie and the bear, don't you children?" and the old man looked down with a reminiscent smile at the children on the floor who were—nodding drowsily! Then he glanced, at their mother. She too had 'snuggled' down in her chair and was peacefully sleeping, unaware that the children's bedtime had long ago passed. So, gently and quietly Grandpa carried each child upstairs, wondering as he looked into their flushed faces, just what changes they would be spared to see in the years to come, what great cities they should see spring up, and what little children they should see grow up to be great leaders and nation-builders.

—Mary H. Yeomans

From the Oak Tree to the Library Table

I sat one winter's evening, before the fireplace, in my library. Tired and weary, I closed my eyes for a moment's rest, gently drifting into dreamland.

Suddenly I awoke, startled by a small, quiet voice, which seemed to come from the table beside me. I listened—the little table was surely talking to me. This is the story it told:

"You admire me, also think me useful, but did you ever stop to think whence I originally came? I was once as tall and majestic as the oak I view from yonder window. My home was in the cold northern region of Ontario. There with my brothers and mother, I lived a free, happy life.

"I made my first appearance above the soil in the spring of the year. What a glorious sight I did behold! My grand old mother, who had withstood the weathering of Nature's elements many, many years, stood near me, budding out in the fragrant green foliage of the new season. How I loved her, and longed to grow up like her, stately and strong! She told me that some day I might, which filled me with delight. Day by day, I grew, but felt very small beside my brothers, who now shaded the woods with their thickly-leaved branches.

"Year after year passed, until I stood as tall as any. White men began to penetrate into the heart of our forest, where human feet had never before trod. They cleared away large tracts, leaving only the larger trees. I now grew broader, and taller, until at last, my brothers had to look up to me. The height of my ambition was reached. The man, who owned me was very proud of me. I heard him say, I would bring him a fortune some day.

"One beautiful autumn day I was surprised to see coming towards me a number of strange men with my owner. They congratulated him on his possession of me. Then the grandeur of the scene forced itself

upon them. The forest vied with all the glories of the sky, a very fairyland of crimson hues, and gold. The squirrels were flitting from tree to tree, filling their winter store-houses. The men stood, awed before the mysteries of Nature. Truly a more enchanting scene was never beheld by man. Before these men left they offered my owner an immense sum of money for me, my mother and brothers.

"Some time passed, when, one day, we were astonished to see a number of men entering the woods, with saws and axes. I knew our end had come. My mother and brothers were soon lying around me, with leaves dying, limbs crushed and broken. A loud crash! I too lay beside them. The happiest days of our lives were ended. Our limbs were cut from us, then we were carried to a great river and there put in piles. In the spring all were put in the river. How cold and wet it was! I managed to live till our destination was reached. Then men sorted us out and I was separated from my mother which made me very sad. After that I passed into a very large mill.

"Several days passed, before we were dry enough to be cut into planks. In a few more weeks, I was taken to a different mill, where after much sawing and planing, I was made into a table. More planing followed, also sandpapering which made me very smooth. I heard a number of men say what a perfect grain I had. After being stained and varnished, I became a completed library table.

"With others I was selected to be shipped. I then experienced my first ride on a train. On arriving, I was taken to a large furniture store, and put on sale. You come in, took a fancy to men, and finally bought me. I have found this a pleasant home. I hope you will never cease to be proud of me. And now I have finished my story and I bid you goodnight."

As the voice stopped, I awoke as from a dream, but the table's story had been written indelibly upon my memory never to be forgotten.

—Marie Herity



Y.M.C.A. National Convention

The second National Convention for Canada was held at Ottawa on November 2nd to 5th, 1917. One hundred and seventy-seven delegates attended, some coming from Prince Edward Island, and British Columbia. As this was the first meeting of the kind held since the Winnipeg Convention in 1912, considerable business had accumulated and in view of the recent extension of the work due to war conditions, this was a very important gathering. The work for soldiers in Canada, England, and France, and the necessity for plans for returned men, and for the period following the declaration of peace, were the important themes of the gathering.

Prominent speakers were present in the persons of R. P. Wilder, head of the religious work department for North America, Dr. John R. Mott, Secretary of the International Committee for North America, J. J. Virgo, Associate General Secretary of the British National Council, Dr. Tory, of the University of Alberta, and many other prominent Canadian Secretaries and Laymen.

In bringing in a report on the National Council Report as rendered to the Convention, a special committee on business considerations recommended among other things, that a commission of five Laymen be appointed to assist the National Council in giving special attention to the work of the local Associations, which, on account of the recent great stress on war work have been somewhat neglected.

The theme of this Convention was, "The New Significance of the Young Men's Christian Association," and the key-word, "Service." "The New Significance of the Canadian Boy" was taken up by Mr. R. G. Dingman, chairman of the Boys' Work for Canada, Taylor Statten, National Boys'

Secretary, and also Rev. J. C. Robertson, of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Dr. Robertson spoke at some length commending the co-operative effort for Boys' Work which the Boys' Department have brought about during the past few years. He said that he could unqualifiedly back this program and that he felt that representatives from all the great churches in Canada would second his words along this line. In view of the immense demands that would be made on the boys now growing up to take the place of those who have gone Overseas, we cannot do too much to help them become that type of citizens that will be required for the immense tasks before them.

The most important meeting of the Convention was held at the Chateau Laurier, Saturday, at six o'clock for supper. The Convention President, Mr. J. A. Machado, presided. Regrets were read from Sir Robert Borden, other Ministers of the Cabinet and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who were unable to be present.

Mr. G. H. Wood, President of the National Council, spoke of the coming Victory Loan and what it meant to the Empire. Dr. H. M. Tory, of the University of Alberta, addressed the Convention on the Educational Needs of our soldiers and outlined a program for work in England during the period of demobilization. He had been overseas this summer at the request of the National Council studying this problem, and it was suggested that an extension University Course be arranged in England for all Canadian soldiers who wish to avail themselves of this privilege. Dr. Tory found a ready response from the men to take up this work and a plan has been outlined, whereby 30,000 could be handled at one time. Under these arrange-

ments, the Canadian Universities have agreed to loan any men who might be needed for this task. This work would also be extended in the prison camps of the world through the efforts of the International Committee under Dr. Mott's direction.

Messrs. A. Price, Assistant General Manager of the C.P.R., and W.D. Robb, Vice President of the G.T.R., spoke at some length on the benefits received by their men through the untiring efforts of the Railroad Young Men's Christian Association of Canada.

The chief speaker of the Convention, Dr. John R. Mott, who was the founder of the World's Student Movement and who recently was one of the United States Commission, headed by Senator Root, visiting Russia, spoke of the World's opportunity of the Young Men's Christian Association as seen in recent visits to the warring countries. He also covered the prisoner-of-war work in Germany. He emphasized the wonderful work the Association is doing and how their efforts are being more and more appreciated by all the Allied nations.

Dr. Mott in thrilling detail told of his experiences during four visits to Russia and the impressions and convictions he had gained. "I believe firmly in Russia to-day," was his pronouncement. "I believe in Russia as firmly as I ever did." He left no doubt in the minds of the great audience that his firm expectation was that Russia would arise mightier and greater than ever. Meanwhile Russia, however, was worn out. She had fought splendidly. Her magnificent beginning of the war, her tremendous invasion of Teutonic territory has been of incalculable help to the Allies, but at the same time it had been costly. Russia had suffered sorely and needed recuperation.

No less interesting than the expression of his faith in Russia, was his reason for the present war attitude in that country "Masterly German intrigues and propaganda at the revolution," he said. Dealing with the revolution itself, Dr. Mott

showed something of the greatness of that event, the greatest of its kind the world had yet seen. There was the overthrow of a mighty dynasty, of course, but that was far from being the great thing accomplished. There was the rise of democracy in its truest sense, not only to power and politics, but to power in the social sense, and in religion. Only a short while ago the great Greek church had been governed as Rasputin governed; to-day the chief ecclesiastics of that organization were voted to office.

The most spectacular of all was the admission to equality of the Jewish race in Russia. In that country, he said, there were more Jews than in all the rest of the world put together. And then democracy, carrying out its proposals to a logical conclusion had given the women of Russia all rights. "Women there have everything that men have," said Dr. Mott. The change had a personal side to him, at one time his entry into Russian territory had been bitterly opposed by the Greek church, now he was welcomed by that church and the Young Men's Christian Association with which he was so closely identified, was also welcomed.

This entry of the Y. M. C. A., Dr. Mott emphasized as an event of far reaching importance, exemplifying the progress of thought and tolerance in Russia. On his first visit to Russia twenty years before, he and those he visited were objects of the deepest suspicion, and their meetings had to be held in secret, but today interviews with him as a Y.M.C.A. representative were sought, and honor was freely accorded the Association. Several important matters which Dr. Mott touched upon he asked that his words be not reported in the press, but he dealt with the question of prisoners of war, in enemy countries. He refused to comment in any way upon the treatment accorded prisoners but he strongly commended the fine work, educational and religious, being done

amongst them all by the Y. M. C. A. He mentioned that the Germans had allowed one American Secretary to remain at each camp, but the assistants and other workers were Teutons.

He pointed out as an extraordinary circumstance the youth of the leaders of the new Russia. All of the five great leaders were under forty years of age, he said, and Kerensky himself was thirty-two. It had been a notable thing to him years before that the young men of the country, the students, were so determined to gain education. Poor and ill-fed, living on but a bowl of soup a day, this zeal never flagged, and to that element in the population, Russia owed much of the success of the revolution. Dr. Mott told also of the work of the Y. M. C. A. in the other Allied countries and the welcome that now replaced the old antagonism. While in Russia, Dr. Mott was asked to supply three hundred American Secretaries doing Y. M. C. A. work in the Russian army similar to that now carried out with the British and Colonial Troops Overseas. He had also been asked to send five hundred Secretaries to France among the French troops. Immediately upon his return to America he received a request from the Commanding Officer of the Italian army asking for two hundred men to take up this work on the Italian front. In addition to this, American troops will be provided with three hundred Secretaries Overseas besides all those who are working in the home camps. To provide for this work until July 1st, 1918, it will require thirty-five million dollars, and he was just in the midst of the Organization for this campaign when he left to attend the Convention. It is significant that since this date the money has been raised throughout every state of the Union in a period of a few days. This amount which seemed enormous, Dr. Mott said, was only equal to the giving to date, of the Canadian people for this work, in proportion to our

population.

The Convention sermon on Sunday morning by Rev. Dr. J. W. Graham, of the Methodist church, was worthy of note. His topic was, "Qualities of Leadership". He spoke of John the Baptist as a great leader of his time, and as he cried out to the people to "Prepare the way of the Lord" so must the workers of today have the ring of sincerity with them and give their best for the great cause. On Sunday afternoon, Mr. J. J. Virgo, Associate General Secretary of the British National Council spoke of the activities of the Young Men's Christian Association. He had been recently in India, Mesopotamia, Egypt, France, Australia, New Zealand, and had visited camps in Canada. Mr. Virgo said that the work of the Red Triangle was one of the best efforts of the war. He said the two greatest efforts were, "The Red Triangle" and "The Red Cross". Over forty thousand dollars had been expended in this work, and over twenty thousand dollars had been spent in furnishing the boys with stationery alone, whilst the assisting of the soldier boys when on leave in London was an immense task. The Huts which have been provided do a great work to keep the boys from evil associations. In one week twenty-eight thousand of them were taken care of by The Red Triangle, which furnished them with beds, showers, writing paper, and many other comforts. In conclusion Mr. Virgo said, "There is nothing too good for the men who are prepared to go through Hell to save our civilization". While addressing the meeting Mr. Virgo received the following cablegram: "The Prime Minister authorizes me to express his great appreciation for the work that has been done by the Young Men's Christian Association. Lloyd George sends his best wishes for the success of your Y. M. C. A. mission in America."

At the Convention meeting on Monday evening, Hon. N. W. Rowell and Rev. Geo. Adam of Montreal,

spoke on "The New Day of Service." Mr. Rowell said that this was the most critical season of the war, and he spoke of the fact that General Haig had recently congratulated the Canadian troops on the part they were taking in the great offensive. In the past we had thought Provincially, and then in terms of a nation, but today we were thinking as an Empire, and Canada had come out in the world's life. He said that the men who were new Overseas, upon their return, would demand a reward for protecting our land and our homes. All women have served, and helped, but not all men. He said we cannot legislate against the inevitable change of the future. "I see no hope for our problems," said Mr. Rowell, "except through the teaching of Christ in the world." Rev. Geo. Adam who, until recently, lived in England, spoke of the worthy work of the Army and Navy. He said there were never such men as are on the Western front to-day. France said he, is the hero nation of the earth. If we need any proof, look at Verdun. One-sixth of the English men are under arms and four and three quarter millions were in the service of the King previous to conscription in Britain. Mr. Adam said

that, while Scotland had the highest casualties according to population, it was recognized that, to date, England had borne the brunt in men, money, and sacrifice. The English women are the best in the world. In June last after an Air Raid, someone in the House of Commons suggested that Aeroplanes be brought from the front to protect London. The women of the East of London held an indignation meeting and sent delegates to the House of Commons and said, "No machines must be brought from the front to protect us. We are British, and we are not afraid to die." Mr. Adam said that forty million dollars a day had been expended in the war; every man's income was taxed. In the end, he said, right must triumph and we cannot legislate for the troubles that will come to us after the war; we must work them out on a basis of Christian Socialism. The Young Men's Christian Association must have a great part in helping out during the reconstruction period. He said, "In the midst of all this carnage the one thing that stands supreme is 'faith'. This is what will keep us true and firm to the end, standing by the church as every loyal Canadian should."

WHAT B. H. S. DID FOR THE RED CROSS

On Wednesday, November 17, the students' executive met in the Assembly Hall of the School at nine o'clock and, after a half hour of deliberation, drew up the plans for a campaign to raise money for the British Red Cross Fund. The standard was set at one hundred dollars, twenty-five of which was to be raised by the collection of papers, and seventy-five by voluntary contribution. This decision was ratified by a meeting of the student

body, held on the afternoon of the same day. Thursday afternoon was set aside to collect paper, and paper to the value of thirty-five dollars was received from the patriotic people of the city. The money contributions also far surpassed the standard set, and the sum of one hundred and thirty dollars was handed over to the city canvassers for the Red Cross fund.

Much credit is due to Mr. MacLaurin and Mr. Irwin for their whole-hearted and loyal support.



Our Social Column



Armstrong Andrews is working in the Grand Trunk office.

Harry Ashley is employed by the Marsh and Henthorn Co., Ltd.

Ashley Boyd is in Toronto.

Alson Buchanan is in the Canadian Steel Company

Marjorie, Helen and Bruce Currie have moved to Hawkesbury, Ont.

Harry Holland is a law student in the office of O'Flynn, Diamond & O'Flynn.

Marguerite Hill is now learning the art of house-keeping at her home in Shannonville.

Thyra Ketcheson is working in the Exemption Tribunal office.

Marjorie Huycke is attending the Peterborough Normal School.

Bessie Ketcheson is attending Normal School in Toronto.

Cecil Kaiser is working in the Springer Lock Works.

Cecil Lent is in Toronto.

Stella Lee is working in McCrodan and Sills' millinery store.

Lillian Carman is teaching at Arden.

Florence Cooke is attending Peterborough Normal School.

Evelyn Dempsey is in Toronto, attending McMaster University.

Stella Collins is attending Peterborough Normal School.

Kenneth and Helen Denyes are attending Albert College, Belleville.

Murch Fleming is travelling.

Helen Farnham is attending Peterborough Normal School.

Willie Hart is in the Grand Trunk office.

Edward Lally is attending University in Toronto.

Helena McDonnell has been added to the Standard Bank staff.

Helen Foltz is on the Merchants' Bank staff.

Aileen Thomas is on the Union Bank staff.

Effie Miller is training as a nurse at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal.

Nellie Milne is on the Dominion Bank staff.

Bill Murray has gone overseas with the Flying Corps.

Lawrence Murphy is employed by the Belleville Hardware Company

Dorothy Ormond is in the millinery department in Ritchie's.

Arthur Quick has joined the Aviation Corps.

Evelyn Ryan is in McCrodan and Sills' millinery store.

Volena Reavie is attending Madoc High School.

Fred Ross is on the Union Bank staff.

Clement Sneyd moved with his parents to Preston.

Charles Skelcher is on the Standard Bank staff.

Grant Steele is attending Ottawa Collegiate Institute.

Kathleen Swetman is attending Faculty at Kingston.

Ernest Taylor is now attending Toronto University.

Alex. Wims is employed in his father's store.

Karl VanAllen is attending University in Toronto.

Thomas Wills is attending Upper Canada College.

Margaret Collins is book-keeping in Thomas' meat store

Mae Holland and Helen Coughlin are now on the Dominion Bank staff.

Jean Nicholson is teaching in Grier Street School.

Ruth Sinclair is attending Macdonald College, at Guelph.

Olive Tilley is employed in the C. N. R. office in Trenton.

Harriet McIntosh has a lucrative position as cashier in her father's store.

Seymour Finkle is attending Queen's University, Kingston.

Harry Carleton is attending Peterborough Normal School.

Norma Fairman is employed in

the "Beehive."

Oliver Owen has left our school to get along as best it can without him while he is taking up architecture at Toronto Technical School.

Mary Wilkins is attending Haver-gal College in Toronto.

Grace Armstrong and "all the other Armstrongs" will be much missed by the school since their departure for Ottawa.

We are very glad to welcome home Lieut. Stanley Nurse, who since his return has rendered such invaluable service to the Girls' Basket Ball Team. Lieutenant Nurse is now at the Armouries.

George Howard, B.A., (B.H.S. 1908-13), who has been doing such splendid service in the R.N.A. S., is expected home shortly.

It is a novelty—and a very pleasant one—to have a teacher in our midst who greatly enhances the pleasure of drill and our very occasional dances by playing the piano for us so willingly and so well—Miss Kilpatrick by name.

Hilda Barlowe is teaching the young hopefuls in the North Country

Wilbur Bateman, Greta Archibald, Perry Brown, Frank Ackerman, Clarence Hall, Maude Lee, Bob Lazier, Irene Lane, Mary Collins, John Cook, Erma Cooper, Teresa Donoghue, Maude Hammett, Helen Rogers, May Reid and Mercedes McLellan.—Not to keep you in horrible suspense and agony about these students, we will tell you at once, openly and in a clear manner, that they are not, as one might possibly suppose, knowing many of these erstwhile students, we repeat, they are not rushing madly hither and yon, but are staying quietly and sedately at home.

Fearing that competition as school

teachers and the like would be too great the following students have unselfishly withdrawn their names from the lists and have decided to become stenographers or book-keepers—in short, they are attending the Ontario Business College—Isabel Adams, Donna Boulter, Pearl Homan, Harvey Chisholm, Bessie Hearst, Lillian Manley, Irene Homan and Bessie Sayers.

Marion Chapman is attending Toronto Technical School.

The Editorial staff of the "Elevator" extends to our teacher Miss Hotson the deepest sympathies of the pupils of the Belleville High School in her recent sad affliction. We all look forward to Miss Hotson resuming her position with us.

Illness has made unusual inroads upon the health of our staff and their families this year. Miss Delmage and Mr. Milburn have both been forced to spend a number of days away from school on account of this very unwelcome visitor. Then too, Mr. Haines was called to Toronto for a few days as his wife was ill, but we are very glad to hear that she is rapidly recovering.

How delighted we all are to hear that Mrs. MacLaurin is on the way to recovery! Some time ago, when the news came that she was so

dangerously ill, all the students anxiously awaited from day to day for any news of her. When the good news finally came everyone was overjoyed. Both Mrs. MacLaurin and Mr. MacLaurin have become greatly endeared to the hearts of all by their personal interest in the students of the school. While Mr. MacLaurin has found it necessary, as a result of family affliction, to be relieved from the care of the school for a month, everyone hope that this will be only temporary. We all look forward to the time when he will return to take charge of the school and the studies, and when Mrs. MacLaurin will return to brighten the social life of our school.

As the close of the term draws near we begin to realize and regret that it will necessitate changes in our staff. Those teachers who are leaving us may feel assured that they will ever be followed by the fondest recollections of their pupils here, and hearty wishes that even greater successes and joys will attend them in new fields.

In the absence of Miss Hotson, Miss Kilpatrick of Brockville, is taking her classes. Also during Mr. MacLaurin's month of leave we have with us Dr. Forest of Toronto to instruct us in the Sciences. Mr. Knight is ably officiating as principal during the month of December.

OBITUARY NOTICES

On November 2, 1917, Mr. W. Williamson, of Montreal, departed this life after a brief illness at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal. Mr. Williamson was the father of Mrs. P. C. MacLaurin of Belleville.

The staff and students extend their sympathy to Mrs. MacLaurin in her bereavement.

* *

On Wednesday morning, August 29th, 1917, a very sad event occur-

red, when Miss Maud Hotson of Parkhill, was accidentally drowned. The tragedy took place near Ipperwash Beach on Lake Huron, where Miss Hotson was spending the summer vacation.

On the following Monday, the body was recovered at Point Huron and burial took place at London, Tuesday, September 4th.

Miss Maud Hotson was a sister of Miss Aletha Hotson, a teacher on the Belleville High School staff.

WEDDINGS

IRWIN—VANDERVOORT—On June 21st, 1917, at Belleville, Marion (B.H.S., '17) daughter of Mr. Addison Vandervoort, of Belleville, was married to Mr. Norman Irwin of the Belleville High School staff. Mr. Irwin has for the past two years been Editor-in-Chief of the High School Elevator. The great success of this paper is rightfully due him. Beside teaching, he has splendidly trained our Cadet Corp. Mr. and Mrs. Irwin are now residing on the corner of Bridge St. West, and Isabel St.

Stewart—James—On July 23rd, 1917, at Napanee, Laura (B.H.S., '14), daughter of Mrs. L. James of Belleville, was married to Mr. Harry Stewart of Paris, Ont. Mr. Stewart is Assistant Government Inspector of Munitions at Marsh and Henthorn's. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart are residing in the city.

Turvey—Lazier—On June 25, 1917, at Belleville, Eva (B.H.S., '16), daughter of Mr. William Lazier of Belleville, was married to Mr.

Reginald Turvey. Mr. Turvey is machinist at Marsh and Henthorn's Munition Plant. Mr. and Mrs. Turvey are residing in the city.

Ketcheson—Mayo—On Nov. 29th, 1917, at Belleville, Gladys Helen Mayo, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Mayo of Belleville, was united in marriage with Lieut. David Ketcheson, second son of Mayor and Mrs. H. F. Ketcheson. Lieut. Ketcheson went overseas with the 21st Battalion. In July he was invalided home. "Dave", as he was more familiarly known, attended B.H.S. and took a keen interest in everything that went on there. Mr. and Mrs. Ketcheson will reside in the city after their honeymoon.

Haynes—Black—On June 2nd, another of our teachers was married. Mr. Haynes our Classics professor, was united in marriage with Miss Marie Black of Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Haynes resided in Belleville until the close of the school year.



Letters from Ex-Students



The First Night at School.

Scene—Macdonald Hall.
Time—September 22nd, the night after registration.

There is a gentle knock at the door; a senior enters. No one has told us that she is a senior, no one comes with such assurance. We try to find a chair for her—almost an impossibility, amid the piles of books, pictures, cushions and banners, for we have just unpacked our trunks and are busy getting settled. Then follows a conversation something like this:

Senior: "What a nice room! It will be great when you get it fixed up. The Baker girls roomed here last year. Is your home near here?"

Freshie—"In B—."

Sr.—"Oh in B! Do you know S.B., she was here last year, awfully nice girl, very popular. I hope you will like the school. What course are you taking?"

Fr.—"The one year course."

Sr.—"Isn't that fine. We will have good times when we all know each other. Well I must run along now. Drop in at a quarter to ten, room 236, top floor, and be sure to bring

your cup. We're having a little feast tonight for the Freshies. Don't forget—see you later—good-bye for now."

"Don't forget"—What Freshette could forget, for who is not thrilled at the prospect of her first party with the seniors.

At a quarter to ten, with cup in hand, we make our way to Room 236 where we are welcomed by K—, H—, who is presiding over a steaming saucepan. We see before us a whole roomful of faces—girls from the east and girls from the west; girls from the city and girls from the village; girls fair and girls dark; girls with all sorts of ambitions and all kinds of possibilities; in fact every type seems to be represented for there are one hundred and thirty students living in residence and to hear all the voices one would say that a large majority of that one hundred and thirty are gathered in this room to enjoy a cup of chocolate, toast, and "a cake from home." At ten-thirty the lights go off, our toaster, toasts no more and we wander back to our rooms feeling that although acquaintances of but one day we have met girls whose friendship we shall value for life.

It is such occasions as these together with the interest in the general routine of class work, the Daughters of the Empire and their work for our boys at the front; the Philharmonic Society; the Literary; which make life at Macdonald Hall a privilege, for any girl who has an opportunity of being a student here, and a time in her life never to be forgotten.

Ruth Sinclair

LETTERS FROM STUDENTS

"Welcome Freshmen", "Let the Y. M. C. A. Help you", cards were tacked up around the University Y. M. C. A., which is a small brick building facing College street, within the University grounds. I entered and was not long getting ac-

quainted with a group of fellows whose motto was "Be a Big Brother to the 'Fresh'".

During the second week of the term, the men of the first year were given a reception. We sat around in a circle and each in turn gave his name, faculty and a brief account of his home town. Such remarks as "Say Corby!" "Poor Belleville!" "Do you know Miss —?" were thrown my way before many seconds. This may seem a crude way of getting acquainted but it served the purpose in a very interesting manner. It brushed up our Public school geography to hear of such places as Hamilton and Trenton. Faculty receptions are held so that the Freshies may meet the students of other years and get their views on the different courses.

Every week the Y. M. C. A. holds a big "T" Mixer (Banquet for U of T men, limited to 200,) at Central Y. It is here that we learned "Toronto," "The Blue and the White", and the "U of T Yells". Such men as Justice Craig, Sergt. Edwards (Princess Pats), Dr. Hastings, M. O. H. and Sir R. A. Falconer, have already given addresses to the University students. After each address, we assemble for small group discussions on university and life problems or Bible study. These "T" Mixers" make a boy forget his studies for a short time and give him an idea of some previously unthought of subjects.

The Y. M. C. A. is also responsible for the University Sermons which are held in Convocation Hall every Sunday morning. The best speakers to students in Canada and United States are secured for these services. The police have to handle the crowds on Sunday mornings when speakers such as John R. Mott, Dr. R. E. Speer or H. E. Fosdick are here.

The Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A. cooperate in the big Student Conferences which are held every year and also in some of the social activities.

The Book Exchange, lists of accredited boarding houses and study

room meet a real need, and the Victrola and piano in the rest and reading room are very popular with the students between lectures. A handbook, containing much university information in the form of a diary is given to each student of the university at the commencement of the term.

The aim of the Association is to develop and conserve in all our men a complete Christian manhood. This it does in a modern and attractive manner. The Y.M.C.A. is supported by voluntary contributions from the students and friends.

The expansion and growth of the Association made the need of a new building increasingly urgent. In 1909, the Massey estate generously offered to provide the University Association with a building. This gift was enlarged by the presentation to the University of Hart House, comprising Gymnasium, Dining Hall, Students' Union and Christian Association. This building is now in course of erection and will be one of the best equipped of its kind on the continent.

E. I. Taylor,
III. C. '17.

III. C. '17.

On Friday the second of November some of the former students of B. H. S. '17, met at the home of Miss B. Hearst, a member of III. C. '17, and reorganized the class. This was done because the class thought as a whole, that it would be a splendid plan to keep up the good fellowship of our year. The idea is not just to have a good time at parties and dances but to keep the class of 1917 together as much as possible.

It will be impossible for all the members of III. C. '17, to be present at our meeting as we are quite widely scattered—some attending schools in Toronto and Peterboro, some live out of town, and two, of our year, have enlisted. Our two soldiers, of whom we are exceedingly proud, will be notified of each event as soon as possible after it occurs.

As Miss Hotson took such an interest in III. C. '17, it was unanimously

decided to offer her the honorary Presidency. We trust that she will accept this position for we know that she will fill it with great honor to III. C. '17.

During the evening between the intervals of dancing, officers for the reorganized class were elected. They are:—

President—Porte Marshall.
Vice. Pres.—Claire Coughlin.
Sec.-Treas.—Harriet McIntosh.
Social Committee—Mary Yeomans
Claire Hughes, Kate Sinclair,
Carl Bronson.

After some discussion the colors decided on were old rose and silver. We are now trying to obtain pins in these colors but are having some difficulty. It may be necessary to change the colors, but, in any case, the members are requested to wear the colors finally decided on, on all occasions.

Coming Attractions at B.H.S.

It was decided that the students of the school should give a concert before Christmas, and plans were made accordingly. But it has been found advisable to postpone the event indefinitely as the programme committee finds it impossible to pre-

pare a sufficiently high-grade entertainment in such a short time. We advise all who can, to attend as we feel sure that it will be a very enjoyable affair. Rumor has it that the boys will present a Minstrel Show and that the girls will exhibit their dramatic talent in a play.

SCHOOL RHYMES

"Follow Up!"

I can still hear those words ringing,
As I dream of basket-ball;
For I heard him ever singing—
"Follow up! and get that ball."

"Now shoot! Good! Pretty playing"
Were the words of the refrain.
"Follow up! pshaw, keep on playing,
What do you care now for rain?"

So we just kept right on shooting,
Playing "com" and getting hot,
And always and ever hearing—
"Follow up! Now take a shoot."

* *

Form Spirit

I trust my form and I boast my
form,

And I want to do my part,
To make it a form that all may
praise,

From the depths of every heart.
I like my form and I love my
form,

And I want my form to grow,
If I knocked my form or blocked my
form

That wouldn't be fair, you know.
—G. E. P. I D.

* *

Our Boys and Girls

Three cheers for the boys of B.H.S.!
For a loyal lot are they.
They hear the call, they fight and
fall,
God keep them every day.

Students all with prospects bright,
They leave it all behind,
They down the Hun with sword and
gun,
For safety of mankind.

Our girls we surely can't forget,
All are doing their bit.
They cannot fight, but with their
might,
It's always, knit! knit! knit.
—Max Herity III C.

* *

Thy Hosiery

The hours I spent on these gray
socks,

Are as a thousand years to me;
Dear lad, how do they look to thee?
Thy hosiery, thy hosiery.

Oh, maddening stitches, plain and
purl,
How they do make my poor head
whirl;
The men can fight, but I'm a girl.
And so I'm knitting these for thee,
Thy hosiery, thy hosiery.

My mother taught me how to knit,
I hope with all my heart they fit,
If not as socks—then as a mitt,
Or pass them on—thy hosiery.
—J. E. III B.

* *

An Ode to Form II A

Form II A, the chastising room,
Is wrapt in sorrow and in gloom;
No merry faces are seen about,
And smiles are few and full of doubt.
First comes a maid with a heavy
head,

Next comes a boy with a heart like
lead,

Who sighs and curses inwardly
The persons who made Geometry
While at the desk the jailer sits
Forced by duty to do his bit;
Looking stern and grave and wise,
Glaring at students, whose heavy
eyes,

Look blankly at pages stretched be-
fore,

Or cast wistful glances toward the
door,

But who with a smile turn back to
their books,

Scared by the teacher's wrathful
looks;

Waiting with anxious, beating heart,
For the bell that will tear them and
II A apart.

And when it comes, its welcome ring
To all the pupils does happiness
bring.

Who vow to that prison ne'er more
to go

But get up their lessons and pleas-
ures forego.

Reports from Our Public Schools

Queen Victoria School

To the Staff and Students of the Belleville High School, Queen Victoria School sends Greetings.

At Queen Victoria School last Christmas, 1916, it was decided to have an "Art Exhibit" to raise money to buy pictures for our class rooms. This lasted three afternoons from 4 to 6 o'clock and three evenings. We showed many beautiful pictures as well as the famous Raemacker's war cartoons. This Exhibit proved very successful and as a result we have many beautiful pictures for our class rooms.

The Penny Bank is one of the very important things at Queen Victoria School. The pupils deposit from \$40 to \$60 a week. This money is the same as a loan to our Government at 3 per cent, and is now used for war purposes. Then we have the Cadet Corps and this year the girls have started to take wand drill with dumb bell drill coming later. Miss Roberts takes charge. We also have a lively circle knitting socks for the soldiers.

A pleasing event during the year was the presentation to our assistant principal, Mr. Clarke, of a silver wrist watch, shaving outfit and military brushes before his departure to do his bit for King and country. We had a letter from Mr. Clarke recently and are proud of his interest in us. He is in good health and working hard.

We have sent off many well filled boxes to the boys at the front for Christmas. Queen Victoria School feels it cannot do too much for the boys over there.

The medal offered by St. Julien Chapter, Daughters of the Empire, for the highest marks taken in Belleville at the Entrance Examination, was this year won by Helen Sinclair, who has graduated from Queen Victoria School.

Wishing the Elevator every success,

Grace Holland,
Scribe.

* *

Queen Alexandra School

This school opened in September with the largest attendance in its history viz., 408 enrolled, which is an average of nearly 46 in each room.

The Staff here has made arrangements to have an address given in the Assembly Room, on the last Friday of each month from 3.30 to 4 p.m. Addresses have been given already by Rev. Dr. Scott, Judge Derroche, and Mr. J. L. Hughes, L.L.D., of Toronto. All of these have been most excellent and instructive and very much enjoyed by the pupils and staff.

Our Knitting Circle is again at work showing even keener interest than last winter, forty of our girls from 10 to 14 years of age spending part of their spare time in this way for the good of others.

Someone suggested in October that we should send boxes of comforts to Mr. Bullock, who is very much missed by everyone, especially the boys, and the boys from this school who are now in France.

The result was that twelve well-filled boxes were sent to France and five to our lads in England, the pupils and staff providing the contents. In all, we have contributed for the benefit of our soldier boys since September 1, either in comforts or in cash, the sum of \$135. More to follow.

The Cadet Corps is again doing its work, nearly 100 strong under the able Capt. Master Jas. Ketcheson. They are showing great interest in the platoon drill.

Master Ritchie Arnott has been. He has already received a Gold Medal credit to us this year in many ways. al from the Strathcona Fund for

making the highest score in the city in the Shooting Competition. He will also receive at our annual concert, December 14, the Governor-General's Medal for his most excellent work at High School Entrance Examination in June, 1917.

* *

Entertainment at St. Michael's

On Friday evening, November 23, the O.U.R. Club gave a sparkling little entertainment in St. Michael's Assembly Hall.

As an introductory number to the program, the song "Liberty" was rendered by the twenty-one girls who, with eight boys, comprised the entertainers. A mixed program consisting of dialogues, drills, recitations, violin selections, etc., provided the audience with a few "good laughs." A special feature was a typical Irish dance which the "Club" as well as the audience seemed to enjoy.

The musical accompaniments which were rendered by Miss Lena O'Rourke, added much to the various numbers.

The proceeds amounted to the neat sum of one hundred and twenty dollars, which, minus expenses, will be devoted to an extension of St. Michael's Library.

* *

Queen Mary School

To the Staff and Students of the Belleville High School, Queen Mary School sends "Greetings."

We wish the Elevator every success and appreciate the privilege of

being allowed to contribute to its columns.

In October, Lt.-Col. Barragar, after two years' absence, returned and resumed his duties as Principal.

With the Cadet Corps, rifle practice is now being carried on. Every member is ambitious to be the winner of the "Best Shot" badge.

While the Grand jury were in session, we were favored with a visit from the members. They considered it a privilege to be allowed to inspect the building, and were well pleased with all they saw. An exhibition of Fire Drill and Physicist Drill were given, which were very favorably commented upon.

A young ladies "War Workers' Club" has been organized and is called the "Victory Club". It meets every Tuesday evening from seven to nine in the assembly room of the School. Our older girls are very busy making scrap books, hospital supplies and knitting. By their efforts they hope to add some comfort and cheer to our boys in the trenches. They are trying to do their "bit" to win the war.

The lady teachers of the Staff are taking a great interest in the Rifle Club that has been formed. They hope the war may end before Canada is invaded, but—well a German is larger than the bulls-eye on a target.

As winter has arrived, skating has become the popular pastime. A skating rink has been proposed and we are living in anticipation of the good times on the school rink during the winter.

A GOOD B.H.S. MARKSMAN

Richard Arnott, now of Form I D., formerly of Queen Alexandria School, was last year's winner in the Strathcona Competition, capturing the Gold Medal as the best shot in the public schools of Belleville. Each competitor was given two trial shots and five counting shots. Richard's score was 43 out of a possible 50.

Richard is thirteen years of age and a brother of Signaller Garfield Arnott who, when last heard from, was taking his last leave before crossing to France.

This Strathcona Medal has been presented for about three years. The winner in 1916 was George Powell from Queen Mary School, who became a member of Form I C.

there many Irishmen; the Irish are great fighters on land but are not seamen at all. In the central part of England are the great coal mines. Here the people are engaged in manufacturing and very few have joined the navy. But eighty-four per cent. of the men in the navy come from the maritime parts of England.

Dr. Anderson had lived on one of the Scilly Islands and he gave some very amusing and interesting incidents of his life there. Only five of these islands are inhabited and the people are descended from the original Britishers and have never been conquered. Of course they are very proud of this fact.

Dr. Anderson expressed great admiration for England's monarchial

form of government, for her king and for her nobles. He said it was not the nobles who are oppressing England but the merchants and the tradesmen. The same condition prevails in Canada when some firms are making eighty per cent. profits out of the war, while our boys are dying for a dollar a day.

In closing the speaker asked all who could, to contribute something to buy comforts for our sailors. Mr. MacLaurin then came forward and asked all who would, within the next few days, bring some contribution for this fund, to rise. Every student stood up.

The meeting was closed with the singing of the National Anthem and the pronouncing of the benediction.

WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

At the May meeting the High School and East Belleville Women's Institutes amalgamated under the name of the East Belleville Women's Institute, Mrs. W. E. Deacon, Pres.

A successful summer's work was carried on in connection with the East Belleville Playgrounds. Some important pieces of equipment have been installed, such as the giant stride and baby swings. Quite a number of additional seats have been secured and the pavilion has been enclosed by swing shutters. It was interesting to note that during the

summer many mothers came, bringing lunch and staying all day with the children.

Two garden parties were held at the playground, one to open and one to close the season.

The latest move of the Institute is in the direction of medical school inspection. A representative deputation of mothers waited on the school board asking that august body to provide a school nurse. The Institute confidently expects the hearty co-operation of the Board in this matter. —H.M.S.

Belleville Boys' Work Conference.

The High School boys are expecting to have a great time at the annual Boys' Conference, to be held here January 17, 18, 19, 20.

Taylor Statten, "Bill" Cook and all the other favorites will be here. It is expected that Captain Forgie, just lately returned from the trenches, will also be present.

Saturday afternoon will be devoted altogether to Standard Efficiency

Tests in the Armouries, and certificates will be given to those making Standard. Large delegations from Port Hope, Cobourg, Trenton, Peterboro, Napanee, Kingston, and Cornwall will be here.

B. H. S. boys will require to get their school yells and colors early.

There will be seats for ladies at the Armouries and in the gallery at the banquet.

OUR PAPER

Did you think even for one moment that this, our school magazine was a new organization? If you did, you were indeed sadly mistaken, for you were not a young paper, but one quite old, the first edition appearing in the year 1885. Dr. Wright was the Principal of the school at that time, but all record as to who was the first editor has been lost.

As there was only a small number of students in attendance at the school, the paper was not large; it was truly a case of quality, not quantity in those days. The articles were splendidly written and the poems, which frequently appeared, were gems of beauty. The leading papers of the day published extracts from the magazine.

These first school chronicles were not printed and illustrated as are ours of the present day, but were written by hand, at the cost of infinite labour. On this account they appeared only about once a year.

A "Giggles" or "Smiles" column was unheard of, and as for "sports" we believe such things did not exist. "Pro Bono Publico" was the title of this very excellent paper and it did indeed justify its name. Unfortunately no complete record of this magazine was kept and therefore only a very incomplete article can be written concerning it.

Until 1902 this journal was kept up, but then, for some unknown reason, it was discontinued. From that year until 1912, the school did not edit a paper and no record of school happenings was kept.

However in 1912, the school spirit refused to be suppressed and consequently it was voiced, very admirably we believe, in the first issue of "The Elevator." Under this name the pa-

per has since continued. The first edition of "The Elevator" was given to the public in rather an odd fashion—a meeting was held in the High School and the magazine was read by one of the students. Miss Josephine Tickell, who is now winning honours for herself and the school in scholarly circles in Toronto, was the first editor.

In the year 1913 the paper was first printed and since then it has been issued about twice a year. In the Easter number 1913, the first cuts made their appearance. About this time the source of the students' delight, the joke department, was established. Since then this column has increased in popularity, but it will never eclipse the Literary department or the other equally good articles, which are printed in these pages semi-annually.

This journal has now become, and most fittingly too, a record of the Belleville High School boys who have heard their country's call. In 1914 the first pictures of our soldier appeared, and since then they have been published in ever-increasing numbers. Here, too, our record of our glorious "Fallen Heroes" is kept. It has been, and still is, the aim of the school to keep a complete roll of all the boys who have enlisted, who once attended the school, of those who have been wounded, and of those who have been killed.

But we hope that soon, instead of being the record of the boys who are going to fight our battles, it will be the joyous privilege of the "Elevator" staff to tell of the cessation of warfare and the triumphal return of our heroes.

—K.M.S.

SCHOOL DIRECTORY

Students' Council

Pres.—Tom Gault.
 Vice Pres.—Claire Coughlin
 Sec.—Treas.—Vern. Ames
 Committee
 Neva Deeton
 Clara Yeomans
 Max Herity
 Gordon Robertson

Form Executives

Form I A.
 Pres.—Helen Reid
 Vice Pres.—Lorne Doolittle
 Sec.—Treas.—Eva Davis

Form I B.

Pres.—James Beal.
 Vice Pres.—Marion Woodley
 Sec.—Treas.—Helen Hurley

Form I C.

Pres.—Grace Coughlin
 Vice Pres.—Robert Miles
 Sec.—Treas.—Lena Melchoir

Form I D.

Pres.—Helen Sinclair
 Vice Pres.—Lindsay Thomas
 Sec.—Treas.—Edleen Rose

Form II A.

Pres.—John McGie
 Vice Pres.—Clayton MacWilliams
 Sec.—Treas.—Clarence Ketcheson

Form II B.

Pres.—Helen Springer
 Vice Pres.—Valiere Wrightmyer
 Sec.—Treas.—Harry Woodley

Form II C.

Pres.—Pearl North
 Vice Pres.—Albert Armstrong
 Sec.—Treas.—Mabel Clarke

Form III A.

Pres.—Clara Yeomans
 Vice Pres.—Marie Herity.
 Sec.—Treas.—Norman Welsh.

Form III B.

Pres.—Neva Deeton.
 Vice Pres.—Jean Evans
 Sec.—Treas.—Mabel Bailey

Form III C.

Pres.—Max Herity
 Vice Pres.—Irene Rankin
 Sec.—Treas.—Gordon Robertson

Form IV

Pres.—Thomas Gault
 Vice Pres.—Claire Coughlin
 Sec.—Treas.—Lorne Deeton.

Girls' Athletic Society

Hon. Pres.—Mrs. MacLaurin.
 Pres.—Miss Hotson
 First Vice Pres.—Miss Libby
 Second Vice Pres.—Mrs. Ritchie
 Field Manager—Miss Hitchon
 Sec.—Treas.—Claire Coughlin

Councillors—

Form IV—Anita Ward
 Form III C—Mary McLellan
 Form III B—Esther Wagner
 Form III A—Marie Herity
 Form II A—Vera Ferguson
 Form II B—Valiere Wrightmyer
 Form II C—Mabel Clarke
 Form I A—Mabel Shorey
 Form I B—Helen Sinclair
 Form I C—Grace Coughlin

Boys' Athletic Society

Hon. Pres.—Mr. Milburn
 Pres.—Mr. J. J. Wilson
 First Vice Pres.—Max. Herity
 Second Vice Pres.—"Dabby" Duesberry.

Treasurer—Mr. MacLaurin.
 Secretary—Lorne Deeton

Councillors—

Form IV—S. Finkle
 Form III C—C. G. Robertson
 Form III B—M. Brant
 Form III A—H. Hurley
 Form II A—J. McGie
 Form II B—K. Colling
 Form II C—A. Armstrong
 Form I A—L. Doolittle
 Form I B—G. Vermilyea
 Form I C—J. Marshall



Our annual Belleville High School Field Day was held on Friday, October 5th. On account of wet grounds it was hardly as successful as it might have been had the day been warm and sunny. The morning events were held on our own grounds and were run off very successfully.

In the afternoon the events were held at the Agricultural Grounds. Here we intended to make use of the race track to run off our races, but it was wet and heavy, and altogether too slippery, so the races were run on the grass.

A number of outsiders competed, chief among these being Eddie Payne of the O.S.D. and "Buss" Whittier of Trenton.

Morning Events

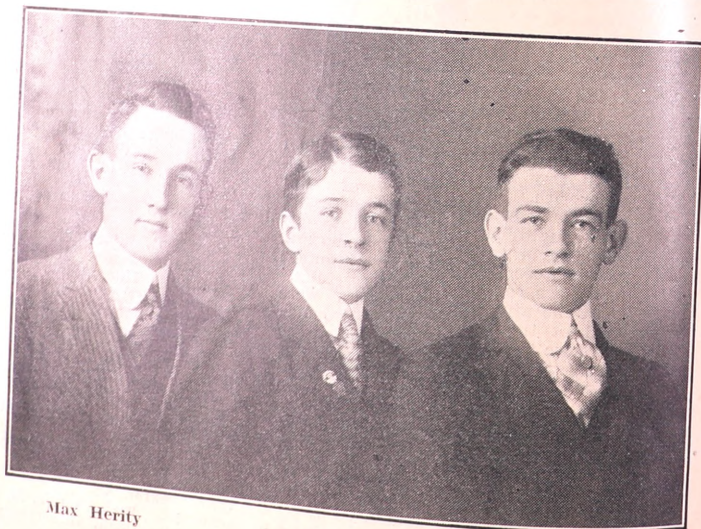
- 1 Standing Broad Jump, Senior, 9 ft 1½ in., M. Herity.
- 2 Standing Broad Jump, Intermediate, F. Woodley.
- 3 Standing Broad Jump, Junior, J. Marshall.
- 4 Running Broad Jump, Senior, 16 ft 4 in., R. Cooper.

- 5 Running Broad Jump, Intermediate, F. Woodley.
- 6 Running Broad Jump, Junior, J. Marshall.
- 7 Shot Put, Senior 40 ft. 9 in. M. Herity.
- 8 Shot Put, Intermediate, V. Wier.
- 9 Shot Put, Junior, J. McCullough.
- 10 Running, Hop, Step and Jump, Senior, 35 ft 5 in., M. Herity.
- 11 Running, Hop, Step and Jump, Intermediate, F. Woodley
- 12 Running Hop, Step and Jump, Junior, J. Marshall.
- 13 Pole Vault, Senior, 8 ft 1 in., M. Herity.
- 14 Pole Vault, Intermediate, M. Brant.
- 15 Pole Vault, Junior, A. Yeomans.

Afternoon Events

- 1 100 yds. Dash, Senior, M. Herity.
- 2 100 yds Dash, Intermediate, F. Woodley.
- 3 100 yds Dash, Junior, A. Yeomans.
- 4 220 yds Dash, Senior, M. Herity.
- 5 220 yds Dash, Intermediate, F. Woodley.

6 220 yds Dash, Junior, A. Yeomans.	Junior—Asa Yeomans.
7 Running High Jump, Senior, 5 ft 2 in., M. Herity.	Classes Junior, under 106 lbs.; Intermediate, under 126 lbs.; Senior 126 lbs. and over.
8 Running High Jump, Intermediate, F. Woodley.	Starter Mr. P. F. Brockel, Y. M. C. A.
9 Running High Jump, Junior, A. Yeomans.	Judges Rev. C. G. Smith, Rev. C. T. Scott, Rev. J. N. Clarry, Mr. G. Anderson
10 ½ Mile Race, R. Cooper.	Clerks V. N. Ames, G. Robertson, E. Wallbridge.
The Athletic Champions for the year are: Senior—"Max" Herity. Intermediate—Fred Woodley.	



Max Herity

Asa Yeomans

Fred Woodley

Girls' Athletics

Field Day

Bad weather tried but did not succeed in marring the success of our Field Day, held on Friday, October the fifth.

The girls' events were much the same as those of other years, throwing the basket ball, candle race, peanut race, 100 yards dash and thread and needle race. Several of the events were run off in the morning in the assembly room and on the school grounds.

At half past one the remainder took place at the Agricultural Grounds. In every race there was keen competition. The winner of the senior championship this year is Miss Anna Callery, of the intermediate, Miss Gertrude Lloyd of the Junior, Miss Mabel Clarke.

We wish to congratulate the winners and we hope they will be as successful in every undertaking in life as they were in the sports of the Belleville High School in 1917.

St. A. S. vs. B.H.S. Seniors

Oct. 11—A practice game of basket ball was played on October the 11th between St Agnes and the High School senior teams. The game was played on St. Agnes' grounds and was quite interesting but St. Agnes team proved the stronger in this game.

Score: St. Agnes 16, B.H.S. 5.

Referee Miss Kilpatrick.

T. H. S. vs. B. H. S.

Oct. 13—October the 12th was the day chosen for Trenton High School Field Day. But on account of the rain, it was postponed until Saturday, October the 13th. The B. H. S. took up a senior and a junior basket ball team.

The senior game was played first. Trenton's guards were very strong and threw their balls from our basket to their own. The game was a victory for Trenton.

Score T.H.S. 17, B. H. S. 6.

The Juniors made a better showing for the B.H.S. They played a splendid game from start to finish.

Score T. H. S. 5, B. H. S. 7.

Referee, Miss Kilpatrick.

Umpire, Mr. Foster.

After the games the teams were served a supper at Sutcliffe's apartments and then enjoyed a short dance at the Quinte Hall. The representatives of our school left a little after nine, having thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

St. Agnes' School vs. B. H. S.

October 18.—On October the 18th a basket ball match was played between St. Agnes and the senior team of the B.H.S. The first half was very interesting. Our forwards knew the baskets better than in the previous game and scored better. At half time the High School team was ahead. During the interval between the periods it began to rain. Both teams, however decided to finish the game. It was not as fast as the first half for the girls did a great deal of slipping, but the game came out in favor of the High School

Score St. Agnes 11, B.H.S. 18.

Lieut. Stanley Nurse very ably refereed the game.

After the game the girls were served a hot cup of tea which was enjoyed very much, as both teams were cold and wet.

T.H.S. vs. B.H.S.

Oct. 20.—Trenton played the return games here on October 20th. At three o'clock the Junior game began. The teams were well-matched so the game was very close. At half time Trenton was ahead with the score 5-4. When the whistle blew at the end of the second half the score was a tie. It was decided that the team which scored the first two points would win the game. Our centres got the ball to our forwards almost as soon as it was sent up and as quickly, our forwards scored a

field shot, so the game was won by the B.H.S.

Then the Senior game was played. Our girls were determined not to be beaten but Trenton's team was very strong. At half time the score was 5-4 in favor of Trenton. Our girls worked very hard the second half and kept gaining from the first. It was the fastest game played this term and the Belleville High School came out ahead with a score of 15-11. Mr. Foster acted as Referee and Lieut. Nurse as Umpire.

After the games a banquet was given for the staff and teams of both schools. The room was beautifully decorated with autumn leaves and the Trenton and Belleville High School colors. After the banquet the pupils of both schools enjoyed a dance in the assembly hall. Miss Kilpatrick very kindly played for many of the dances. About ten o'clock the Trenton girls left, all

agreeing that they had spent a most enjoyable day.

The Girls Athletic Association is very much indebted to the Field Manager, Miss Hitchon and also to Lieut. Nurse who very kindly helped to coach the teams. These, we wish to thank through the columns of our "Elevator."

Lineup of the Senior Team—
Forwards, Kate Sinclair, Edith Tuttle.

Centres, Mary Yeomans (Captain) and Claire Coughlin.

Guards, Anita Ward, Mary McLellan.

Spare, Jean Hitchon

Lineup of Junior Team:

Forwards, Anna Lafferty (Captain), Helen Springer.

Centres, Audrey Mikel, Neva Deenton.

Guards, Clara Yeomans, Helen Hurley.

Spare, Stella O'Rourke.

HIGH SCHOOL KNITTING CIRCLE

The Knitting Circle of the school, under the capable direction of Miss Libby, has been doing very efficient work in knitting socks. Although the work goes on quietly, yet it is being done well and already 89 pairs of socks have been turned in, all beautifully knitted. By Christmas it is hoped that one hundred pairs

will have been completed. Then from Christmas to June another hundred pairs or even more will be knitted.

After Christmas, too, the Circle is to be reorganized and in this way we hope to draw in more girls to the Circle. The girls will meet once a week and report on their progress.



Our Funnybone



FORM IV., PART I.

Teacher—"How far does it take a train to go an hour at the rate of ten miles a minute?"

* *

Mr. MacL.—"Where did you go wrong?"

C. E.—"I said six times one was twelve.

(Great mathematics for a fourth for pupil.)

* *

Found on C. C.'s history paper:
"In olden times the feudal lords sometimes "fried" (freed) their serfs."

We thought the Dark Ages bad enough but not as bad as that.

* *

If there should be another flood,
For refuge hither fly,
Though all the world should be submerged,
Geometry would still be dry.

* *

According to our Latin teacher, G. C. has been too smart all through. Who doesn't envy Gordon?

* *

Mr. K.—"Oh! mathematics what atrocities are perpetrated in thy name."

* *

"How many pounds of wheat in a bushel of oats?"
Bright Pupil—"Thirty-four."

* *

The basket-ball matches at the Y.M.C.A. on Friday nights are very interesting. At least G. C. of Form IV and A. L. of Form III A. think so.

Twenty Years Hence.

The supper dishes washed and dried,
Nina starts in darnin' socks,
Gerald's in his rockin' chair, an' reads

An' studies Geometry an' rocks
But pretty soon his rockin' stops
An' then we hear a roar
Gee whiz! it's simply 'terribul'
When Gerald starts to snore.

* *

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,
If History don't kill us, Latin must.

* *

Lorne Deeton has a girl,
She goes by with a flutter,
Lorne calls her Margarine
'Cause he hasn't any 'but her'

* *

"I've failed in Algebra, flunked in Trig.

They heard Lorena softly hiss
'I'd like to find the man, who said
That ignorance is bliss.'

* *

Helen sneezed, she coughed, she heaved a sigh,
Her chattering teeth she grit
She said she wished she had some time
For the Latin she couldn't 'git'.

* *

Soldier (who had lost a leg in war)
—"Well, there is one advantage in having a wooden leg."
Young man: "What is it?"
Soldier: "You can hold your socks up with thumb tacks."

* *

There's a happy boy in our class,
When we go to Form II B.
But what he finds so interesting,
We really cannot see.

FORM IV., PART II.

PORTE MARSHALL
ALTA ROSE
ROY WELSH
THOMAS GAULT

EDITH TUTTLE
ANITA WARD
CLINTON OSBORNE ELLIS

Who in Part II thinks that girls look prettier in sunbonnets?

Alta says she'd like to be a cook. We wouldn't mind if she'd pass a sample of her culinary art around quite often.

Mr. H. thinks Tommy favour himself too much, according to his Latin marks. Too many shows.

Miss H.—(history class) "The Revolutionary Tribunal executed men wholesale."

C. E.—"What does 'wholesale' mean?"

Miss H.—"In great numbers."

C. E.—"Then what does 'retail' mean?"

Porte Marshall, a child in IV Pt. II., seemingly has nothing much to do, but talk to the girls and admire their curls; it's sad to relate but it's all too true.

R. W. encouraged by Dr. F., has great aspirations of being a learned scholar some day. I'm sure that none of us are in the least doubtful of the result.

Pity us when we have to digest such things as hemoglobin, schneiderian, rimaglottidis, and Reichsdeputationshauptschluss.

Some Favourite Expressions
Tom's—"Say, I wish the rest of you would shut up so I can get some work done."

Porte's—"Isn't it remarkable?"
Ame's—"Say, if I could only get this Latin into my head"
Clinton's—"Aw what's the joke?"
Roy's—"I really thought I made a mess of that exam."

Anita's sense of humour is ill-developed. It can be compared to the gametophyte of the club-moss, very degenerate and indistinct.

Hr. H. angrily, when the bell rang before he had finished correcting the Latin sentences, "What's the matter with that bell anyway?"

Clinton in I D—"What's that thing over the doo?"
A swordfish!

We wonder what Miss H. would do if Alta had her History learned! It sure would be some reaction.

Our Ambitions

Anita—Hasn't any.
Alta—To be a cook.
Edith—To cut down Miss H's lesson in History.

Roy—To learn Robinson's "History of Western Europe" off by heart
Clinton—To ask the teacher a question he can't answer.

Mr. Ames—To conquer Caesar.
Tom—To be Premier of Canada.
Porte—To be a lady charmer as well as a snake charmer.

The Pt. II girls have been trying lately to appear young again by wearing their hair down. It evidently had the desired effect.

Our Girls

Anita Ward, a maiden mild,
Is just as meek as a little child;
But when she once gets mad at you
You sure may fear the toe of her shoe.

The next, a maid, not quite so meek,
Who likes to go to all the shows;
But when our little Alta smiles
She blushes like a full-blown Rose

The third, Miss Tuttle, short and slight,
Would rather lose her very sight
Than let Roy Welsh get more than she
In Botany or History.

But on the whole our girls are good,

Although they're far from angels yet,
The class without them would be dull
Their sunny smiles we'll ne'er forget.

"Why has Roy such an affinity for chemistry?" Take it from an ecological standpoint.

FORM III C.

Mr. H.—"Remember that now. You'll probably never see it again."

G. R.—"There is a collection being made for Miss Libby's socks."
Why we always thought —

Miss L.—"Now if you each gave even five cents you would have—let me see; there are thirty-seven in the class—"

D. E.—"Dozen and a half roses."
Does Douglas speak from frequent experience?

Mr. H. (translating French).—"A woman, very stale, very airy."

Mr. C.—"The "Elevator" is non-political and non-religious."

K. E.—"What is the drawing on the board?"

M. M.—"He is constructing a broken line."

Mr. K.—"Where is Dies?"
D. E.—"Dead."

Mr. MacL. (in Chemistry room).—"I have a nice row of bottles here."

We wonder how he spends his spare moments. That looks rather?

Why can't the boys in III C satisfy their passion for brown shoes without getting such brilliant shades?

While not naturally suspicious, it is rather alarming to us to see a hand and arm make their appearance through the partly-opened door and ring the bell.

Ed.'s Note: We wonder what is

wrong with III C's English, when they write 'suspicious' for 'superstitious.'

A student there was in III C
Who got a new pair of boots, "tres petits;"

And he said: "Though they're tight
Their colour is bright,
And that's all that matters to me."

Mr. K., to Blackburn.—"Eyes Front."
Why such peals of laughter. . . ?

A. B. (reading composition).—"Our ears and nose become biting."
Beware! We must need watching in the cold weather.

Mr. Haynes pops his head into science room and yells:
"Tower, take that gum out of your mouth; you're disturbing the class next door."

Ask C. M. if curly hair makes a girl. Dr. F. seems to think so.

H. S. (introducing herself).—"I am Mrs. S.'s daughter."
Mr. ——"Well, Mrs. S. is your mother, then."

III C feels certain that if 'Doug' was on the City Council, Belleville would have first-class roads.

In Latin class the teacher was spending much time on the verb 'volo.'

"Now, can anyone tell me an English word which comes from volo—vo-?"

"-cabulary," shouted one of the pupils,

THE ELEVATOR

Teacher (instructing a class how to draw an apparatus for the preparation of oxygen).—"It does not matter what you draw, but always draw the cork first."

B. T. rather dull in Latin.
"What's the matter with you today, anyway?"
(Pause.)
"I could tell you,—but I would not like to before the class."

Mr. H.—"If it wasn't ended, it wasn't ended."
This must be some new logic.

There is a boy,
A prospective beau-to-be—
His name is J. V. B.
Of form III C.

Sweet sixteen and J. V. B. realize that, for he makes the best of his time, resting across the aisle "fair speechless messages."

III C's steeple-jack, B. T., nearly succeeded in a pugilistic encounter in climbing clear over our fair Latin sage.

Why has E. G. W. gone up in the air?
He has bought a "winged" collar.

"The Corn Laws."

We hereby decree that Mott, from III C, can't have any corn and not even the "Cobb."

(Signed) Pop Corn.

Mr. Jones.—"What's the matter with our Sammy?"

"I don't know. He's the biggest dunce I ever saw. I have taught him all I know and yet he don't know nothin'."

R. B. (III C) and R. W. (III B) are going in for Mountaineering.

One night while the "Elevator" staff was meeting in I B, Mr. Wilson was nominated for Editor-in-Chief. Mr. Irwin brought the house down

by telling them that Mr. W. had something outside the school that would occupy his time.

Mr. H. is still batching it.
Oh cruel, cruel world!

Heard in a local barber shop:
"If that man B. T. of III C, B.H.S. comes here again, I'm going out of business. It's just six months since he was here before."

Is J. R. B. goin to O. B. C.?
We'd like to know.

What could subdue D. E.'s spirit?
M. D. in III C.

We wonder why Ted moved his seat back; what's the attraction?

Hurrah for the girls of the B.H.S.:
A dear little lot are they;
No better are found the whole world round—
Hurrah, hurie, hurray.

Brother Abraham Dies should be appointed school chaplain.

McArthur Hill with woolly bean—
A crazier nut was never seen.
He does his work and doesn't play,
But still he likes dear old II A.

Wallbridge, III C, in writing the conjugation of the verb "nolo" kept writing "Nelly" for the present infinitive "nolle."

Mr. H.—"Wallbridge must be thinking of Nellie."
Whissheee!!!

Miss L. has a number of little pests (pets) in III C.

There is a boy whose name is Mac,
His hair goes half-way down his back;

He never does his work at all,
Because his writing's a perfect scrawl.

Is M. McL. a weakling or is she too lazy to carry her books to school?

THE ELEVATOR

Mr. H. has turned the hall into a bowling alley and as the balls have not arrived yet, he is practising on B. T. of III C.

III C has been favored with a new pupil in the form of Miss Mott. (Don't blush, Clare.)

A Mystery!

"Abe Dies and yet he lives."
Solve and send answer to III C before Xmas.

A. B.'s seat in III C should be turned around to avoid his being deformed due to turning around to see "The girl that sits behind him."

Dr. F.—"Now don't talk to your neighbor. If you want to talk, I'd love to be your neighbor."
We're not a bit friendly now.

Mr. H.—"If a man doesn't know anything, he says he's on the way to learn something."
It must be the way with the pupils of III C.

Latest in Literature.

"How to Make Love", by Mac Hill. In which the author relates his perils.

"Ten Nights in a Bath Tub", by Rev. A. B. Dies, D.D. Illustrating the remarkable qualities of "Baby's Own Soap."

FORM III. B.

Heard from a III B pupil:—
"There's a book here, missing."

Mr. H.—"Isagoras put the nobles and the commons on the same foot."

Mr. H., after putting A. Cherry in a seat among the girls, told him he was "in his natural element now."

A. C., in describing the Battle of Hastings:

"Harold's right side went in pursuit of —"
Miss H.—"You'd better say he had wings."

Mr. H. to F. W.—"Come! you mustn't read anything. This is no improvising parlour."

E. R. came into class late one day and all the pupils gazed at her. Miss L., teaching French.—"Any little thing will attract your attention."

We have a retired reporter in our form in the person of 'Phil' Wheeler.

R. W.—"Mr. Haynes, what's the Latin for tomorrow?" (meaning homework).
Mr. H.—"Cras." (Laughter.)

Mr. H.—"Oh! oh! what did you say?"

A boy informed Mr. H. that he had dropped Latin.

Mr. H.—"Where did you drop it?"
"Out of my studies."

In a note written on "Le tableau noir": "And Charles got mad and ordered parliament to be resolved."
—Famous writings of T. A. W.

After A. D. had been translating Latin, Mr. H. said, "Go on next girl."

Mr. Irwin in Chemistry.—"Now, when I went to school a year or so back, I remember—"

Mr. H. to W. R. who was longingly looking out the window at the "First Form Basket Ball Tads":
"There's no more use of you looking out that window than a swimming master teaching a duck to swim."

Ques.—Name an important place in France.
Ans.—"Somewhere."

An old negro lady, standing by her husband's grave: "Pore ol' Ras-



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 Wallbridge, Francis—Barrister.
 Watkin, D.—Grocer.
 Wheatley Studios.—Music.
 Woodley, G. T.—Furs.

tus! I hope he's gone where I 'spec' he ain't."

* *

My mother taught me how to knit, I hope with all my heart they fit, If not as socks—then as a mitt, Or pass them on—thy hosiery.

—J.E.

* *

Mr. H.—"The Athenians used to teach boxing. They'd waken a boy up with a good swift biff in the eye."

* *

In a III B composition—"One day just another such a one as this."

* *

A few of Mr. H.'s remarks in Latin class—

(a) "Now whom is him."

(b) "Now that would be another him."

(c) "Now if there's anything you don't understand, ask about 'em. 'At's 'a way to learn 'em."

* *

W. R., in oral composition—"There was the most awfulest noise right beside of me."

* *

Dr. Forest, in Physics—"Now let me see what you say."

* *

Miss K., complimenting Reeves on his good oral composition, said she always did like treats.

Miss K., explaining about Thesebe and Pyramus—"The only way they could communicate was through a 'chink.'" (In the wall.)

* *

Coppin—"May we have this period for writing jokes for the "Elevator"?"

Mr. Haynes—"I guess the biggest joke was just speaking."

Coppin—"Oh! I don't think so; it must have been ———."

Mr. H.—"Take your book and get out."

* *

Miss H. (correcting a date which had been printed incorrectly).—"Since Monmouth died in 1685, he could not have been concerned in a rising in 1689, unless it were a resurrection."

* *

Mr. K. in Algebra—"Now Miss Rose, you tell me what to do."

* *

Now we in III B Great trouble have taken, And often ourselves In great trouble have gotten These few jokes to make— And all for your sake. Now if you find them Too dry or not much amusement, Consider it your own lack of humor; Don't let on us rest the abusement.

FORM III. A.

III A
 Won't pay,
 And never will 'till Judgment Day,
 That ten cents for the Red Cross fees
 Though Norman Welsh gets on his knees,
 And prays for that ten cents so full of pain,
 He finds his pleadings are all in vain
 For III A
 Won't pay
 And I guess never will 'till Judgment Day,
 And so:—
 On Judgment Day,
 The Lord will say
 Oh III A.
 You would not pay
 That ten cents for the Red Cross fees

Though Norman Welsh got on his knees,
 Besought both ugly, fair and wise,
 Told all kinds of truths, and all kinds of lies,
 The girls simply had to be dressed for their beaux,
 And wouldn't give up their bon-bons and shows,
 And so of course you couldn't pay,
 And here it is the Judgment Day,
 And that ten cents you'll have to pay
 So go below, all you III A,
 For debts in heaven are not allowed
 So you'll have to join the other crowd.
 And so III A wake up and pay
 Or look out!



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THE ELEVATOR

67

You know what will happen on Judgment Day."

* *

In III A

Mr. Milburn with his silver hair
Every morning takes the chair

In III A

He pulls up his trousers and fixes his tie

Gets a verse from the Bible and then with a sigh

In III A

Calls the roll "Miss Keelen," he says in a voice so sweet

But Miss Keeler is busy way down in her seat

In III A

"Miss Keeler" he says in a voice still more clear

Miss Keeler! Miss Keeler! Is Miss Keeler here?"

In III A

"If Miss Keeler is here," says he with more heat,

"Will she, just to oblige me, please rise in her seat?"

In III A

Miss Keeler arises and then there's you know

Just what reminds you of "Oh Johnnie, Oh"

In III A

But now we miss him with his silver hair

Who every morning took the chair Pulled up his trousers, fixed his tie

And then with a sigh Called the roll.

In III A

* *

David Bachelor with a roar,
Spurts out French from every pore,
Upside down and wrong side out,
That he knows French there is no doubt,

But on the last exam 'tis true,
Bright Davie made, oh dear! just two,

But French is not his only joy,
Sure he's a clever, clever boy,

An artist on our list
With every little turn and twist

Can make the grandest picture for--
That is young David Bachelor

That he can draw I give my word,
For on the board he drew Miss Bird,

Though lost in French he sure can draw

You agree with me n'est-ce pas?"

* *

Mr. I. in II A, a science review of the house fly. "In a year one fly would lay 1,200,000 times, 1,000,000 times 1,000,000 times 1,000,000 eggs—oh, well that would be a few, enough to keep us swatting flies all winter anyway.

* *

Anna C. thinks that J. C. must be as old as Mr. H. His voice will be even more perfect—if that is possible.

* *

Mr. H.—to two girls talking — "Don't talk so much! Sit with her and then you won't have to talk so far."

Very considerate Ahem!

* *

Miss Delmage in III A Art describing a picture. "Where is the centre of interest?"

M. Herity, "All over."

* *

In a recent III A physics class Dr. Forrest informed the pupils that he wished them to go to the board taking only their fingers and brains. We were a little at loss to where we would leave our feet.

* *

III A thinks, if a certain lady teacher wishes to make dates with one of the boys in our form, she might do it in lass public way.

* *

Farmer Brown—"Look here Mister this war map you sold me ain't correct."

Shopkeeper—"Really! how do you know that?"

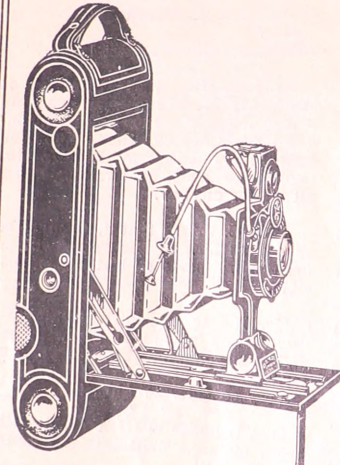
Farmer Brown—"My boy has written home and says he's going to Reconnoitre, but I'm hanged if I can find that on the map."

* *

Fifty, Fifty

An Irishman, who had walked a long distance, feeling very thirsty and seeing a milkman, asked the price of a quart of milk.

"Ten cents," replied the milkman,



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"Then give me a quart in pints," said Pat. Pat on drinking one pint asked, "How do we stand now?" The milkman replied "I owe ye a pint." "And I owe ye one" said Pat, "so we are quits."

A New Proposal

I love you for your own dear sake
Oh! marry me my kindred soul,
I love you more than sirloin steak
My precious little ton of coal,
A frantic suitor humbly begs
That you should share his daily
dough
You are dearer than a dozen eggs,
And they're the dearest things I
know.

Mr. I.—in science class—"It is too bad A. L. is in her third stage."

Mr. H. (suspicious of closing bell at 11.55) "Keep your seats till you hear the patter of little feet."

A. C. (in oral composition) —
"Next she took us into the kitchen where the maid was cooking on an electric stove."
We wonder was she tender.

My name is Henry
But they call me Hen
'Cause I lay around the house all day

Mr. H.—"You take that sentence, Claude."

C. H.—"I've dropped Latin."

Mr. H.—"Where did you drop it?"

C. H.—"I never had any to drop"
Yet he had been a Latin pupil of Mr. Haynes for two years.

Mr. I.—"What is a good thing to save cabbages from the cabbage butterfly?"

Pupil—"You put salt in the cabbages and the larvae die from thirst"

Mr. I.—"Now pay attention class! This is a lamp used to go down in mines with. We won't go down for quite a while, so we'll put it over here."

A consoling verse for some people:
As for looks, I know that I'm no star
There are people better looking by far,
But my face, I don't mind it for I am behind
It's the folks out in front that I jar.

FORM II. C.

Although II C wanders all over the school, they never get lost, because they have one point of the compass (North) with them.

Little boy.—"Did Noah do any fishing from his ark?"

Teacher.—"Yes, of course."

Little boy.—"Well, he couldn't have caught very many with two worms."

Form II C's motto:—
"Do not overwork yourself."

Who is the girl in II C who went on a week-end visit and then asked on Monday to be excused from her work?

Little Johnny was saying his bedtime prayers and in conclusion asked:

"Please, dear God, make San Francisco the capital of Texas."

"Why did you ask that, Johnny?" asked his mother.

"Because I wrote it on the examination," replied Johnny.

If the girls in II C could typewrite as fast as their tongues waggle they would soon rival the champion typist of the world.

"I am connected with Royalty."
"Is that so?"

"Yes, my mother was stung by a Queen."

Who is the boy in II C who takes off his coat to show the colour of his shirt?

Son.—"What are Gentlemen Farmers?"

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Father.—“They are farmers who never raise anything but their hats.”

Who is the wonderful student in II-C who can do two things at once in History Class?

Who is the girl in II C who will be responsible for the form winning the “gold medal” for having the largest number of lates?

Who is the girl in II C who, after spending an hour in II A writing History, admitted that it was better to write it out when studying it?

We came to school one day
And found the room so hot,
The windows shut up all the way,
But the boys were sweating not.

The girls came in from the hall,
Pulled the windows down from the top;
Then the boys jumped up with a bawl,
Aand shouted, “Now you stop.”

Pray tell us the reason why
The boys do love the heat;
Is it because the world's so dry,
Or have they all cold feet?

Why do the boys in II C seem so cold?
Is it because there is a “Frost”
among them?

The Editor of a farmers' paper who had been keeping a record of big beets announced at last that:—
The beet that beat the beet that beat the other beet is now beaten by a beet that beats all the beets. Whether the original beet is the beet that beat the beet, or the beet that beat the beet that beat the beet, we do not know.

Who are the girls in IIC who made such a disturbance in the hall and have such a splendid reputation in the eyes of one of the teachers?

Here is a description of a duel between two men, whose names are Shot and Not:

Shot shot the first shot, and the shot Shot shot, shot not Not, and the shot Not shot, shot not Shot, and Shot shot again, and again the shot Shot shot, shot not Not, but the shot Not shot, shot Shot so Not won notwithstanding.

Bill had a little bill board. Bill also had a board bill. The board bill bored Bill, so Bill sold the bill board to pay his board bill. So after Bill sold his bill board to pay his board bill, the board bill no longer bored Bill.

II C wonder what attraction the radiator at the back of the room holds for M. C. She seems very fond of looking that way. Is it because R. K. sits near there?

A detective asked an office boy if it was Mr. Jones or his partner who reached the office first as a rule.

“Well,” said the boy, “Mr. Jones at first was always last, but of late he began to get earlier, till at last he was first, though before he had always been behind. He soon got later again, though of late, he has been sooner, and at last he got behind as before but I expect he'll be earlier sooner or later.”

Pat's wife.—“Me sister writes me that every bottle in that box we sent her was broken; are you sure yez printed ‘this side up with care’ on it?”

Pat.—“O! am; an' fer fear they shouldn't see it on the top, oi printed it on the bottom as well.”

There's a little girl in our room,

As little as can be,
Who claims she does her homework
Just ten times after tea.

But when the time, as ever, comes

For work to be defined,
We find that our little girl is—
Oh very far behind.

A German officer came upon a Belgian boy and his donkey. The German stopped him and the following conversation took place:—

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"Do you call your donkey Albert?"
"No sir; I think too much of my King."

"Well, then, would you call it William?"

"No sir; I think too much of my donkey."

* *

New pupil.—"Mother, teacher says I have to start double entry book-keeping. What is it?"

Mother.—"Ah, Johnnie, I expect that means charging it all over twice."

* *

Mother (to battered son).—"Tommy, how often have I told you to stop before fighting and count up to a hundred."

Battered son.—"That's what I did, but Charley's mother only told him to count to ten."

* *

Bright pupil.—"Did you hear about the accident in Toronto where the colonel got hurt?"

"No."

"You didn't? Well, a peanut got run over by a taxi and the kernel got crushed."

FORM II. B.

Who was the pupil who said that the clam moved by giving himself a 'boost'?

Mr. H. in 2 B Latin everyday
"Wake up!" "Wake up!"

Mr. Newlywed.—"Now you've achieved something. They taste exactly like those mother used to make. How'd you make 'em?"

Mrs. Ditto.—"I'll give you the recipe: margarine instead of butter, eggs two weeks' old, alum in the flour and milk nine-tenths water."

The glory of Belleville is the B.H. S. The glory of B.H. S. is II B—History Class.

If Jean saw a train would she Hitch-on?

If Kenneth saw a nice girl would he start "Calling."

Who is the girl in II C who seems to enjoy the everlasting compliments from one of our teachers?

A teacher was reading to her class when she came across the word "unaware." She asked if anyone knew the meaning. One little girl timidly raised her hand and gave the following answer:—

"Unaware is what you put on first and take off last."

Who is the boy in II C who likes sneezing in writing periods?

When an American tourist was visiting Naples he was present at an eruption of Vesuvius.

"You haven't anything like that in America?" said an Italian with pride.

"No, we haven't," replied the tourist, "but we have the Niagara Falls that would put the darn thing out in five minutes."

"I am some boxer."

"How's that?"

"I used to box cigars for a tobacco company."

We wonder why Mr. M. is continually scolding M. S.

Mr. Haynes is growing hoarse from yelling "Can't you keep still?" It would be a good investment to buy him a phonograph with that as a record.

Who is the best-liked teacher?
Ans.—The one that is in charge of II A at 3.30.

Mr. H. introduced a phrase into our Latin lesson recently which made us suspicious. He said "In the verb 'amo' think of the passive as the suffering tense (if in this verb it can be called suffering). Sounds quite experienced."

With (Kerrs) curs that Hitch-on and 'Doctors' to make us 'Well' also "White" (Cole) coal to burn we are

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quite a distinguished form.

Johnny had learned the text —
 "Whatever a man soweth, that also
 shall he reap." When asked to re-
 peat it he replied "Whatever a man
 sows that will he also rip."

If we had a race would Mr. Ir-
 win?

If there was a fire would Mr. Mil-
 burn?

Why do all the B. H. S. boys wish
 they were in II B for science and
 Arithmetic periods? We wonder.

In geography class. Mr. M.—Some
 rocks are—Woodley?—of a softer
 degree of hardness than others.

With the increased cost of lumber,
 it is difficult to provide enough floor
 space in II B especially when most
 of the front is taken up by feet.

Fat Cur shows an undeveloped tal-
 ent for aeroplane building. Say we
 envy him one—just one.

Murray Denike somewhat resem-
 bles a ventriloquist, because he
 changes his voice when asked a
 question.

R. C. is constantly bombarding all
 neutrals about him. We think he
 must be a pro-German.

In Form 2 B we are often told,
 By our teachers of gravest mein,
 That our nonsensical tricks are never
 controlled—

Such dull pupils never were seen.
 One day we're 'muddleheads," don't
 know beans,"

The next one, nothing but fools
 And then we're asleep and dreaming
 of scenes,
 That should never be thought of in
 schools.

Our fate next June we know woff by
 heart

'Tis sad, but our doom it must be,
 Since the teachers say "if you don't
 make a start.

Don't expect a "rec" from me."
 But to us it seems it cannot be so,
 Our fate next June we know off by
 When we write next June with spirits
 low
 The "fortunes" attend II B.

Found in science notes: The frog
 stands up in front and sits down be-
 hind.

"Mama, can God see everything?"
 asked Tommie.

"Yes, everything," answered his
 mother. Tommy was silent a few mo-
 ments, then asked "Can He see the
 back of His neck?"

Mr. M.—"Who made clam shells?"
 F. W.—"Well, the Lorde made the
 earth and everything in it."
 Mr. M.—"But he didn't make
 clam shells."

"What are the most unsociable
 things in the World?"
 "Milestones, for you never see two
 of them together."

Married at Trashington, Feb., 1814,
 Mr. Isaac Hill to Miss Susan
 Ayer.

As I walked out the other day,
 Thro' Concord St. I took my way,
 I saw a sight I thought quite rare
 I Hill walked out to take the Ayer
 Anr now since earth and air have
 met together,
 I thing there'll be a change of wea-
 ther.

Miss Libby says G. C. looks like
 a big bump. We agree with her.

Once a II B pupil went into a res-
 taurant to get diner—he told us later
 that he ordered fish. The waiter
 brought in some smelt. He told us
 that of all the smelt he ever smelt,
 he never smelt smelt, that smelt like
 those smelt smelt.

Notice
 Always look in your seat before
 you sit down, although you may not
 see the point.

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THE ELEVATOR

77

How many teeth has an elephant got? Ans.—A trunk full.

Do you know that married men live longer than single ones? No it only seems longer.

Who owns the private gaselier hat rack on the ceiling of the upstairs boys' cloak room?

Q.—Where is Mr. M. when he endeavors to permanently shut II B door.

Ans.—On one foot.

Miss L.—after repeatedly finding books strewed on the floor in her different classes in II B, "You are the most untidy form I know. How-

ever let us be thankful that we are geniuses.

One of the class—"You'll have spontaneous combustion thinking so hard for the "Elevator."

In our school of learning it should be Knight,

Now with our good motto of die Irwin,

If n one fails there's always a "Thrasher."

An dif all don't give "Service" 'tis surely a sin.

Mr. I. in Science class.—The fish is not a very sensible animal, you know that Murray.

Murray—Er, why, er yes sir.

FORM II. A.

Miss H.—To girl who has vacated her seat at the bac kof the room for one nearer the front "Please take your seat." V. F. "Oh but I can't see back there."

Miss H.—"Well then feel your way back there."

Say "fellers" who started this sweater craze anyhow? S'bout time we howled for a change. Pink and purple ones, green and orange ones! We wonder where the sense of color comes.

Johnnie's specialty: "Has any one an arrowroot for me?"

Moved seconded and carried unanimously "that highly colored sweaters be absolutely abolished in II A." How about it 'fellers'?

Rufus W. of II C. needs something to keep his wife in.

We suggest a bird cage, Rufus.

Why is our major so taken with red especially during II B science periods? To say nothing of Johnnie in the arithmetic periods. Know our noted Major? Well his external fea-

tures are "yellar" hands, large feet and a head like a tack.

Ever hear our Stanley sing? Oh! he's a ladie's man all right. Why does he whistle for her instead of ringing the bell? We wonder.

The latest expression among the girls: "Naebody luffs me, I'm goin' out inter der gawdin and eat woims."

Mr. I.—in science "Before the age of matches, people went sparking with tinder boxes."

Mr. I. to the science class "If there is no earth in it, it cannot be very good soil."

2 A's habits: "Being spoon fed," in Geometry," "Talking loudly between periods," "Sleeping," in Algebra "Parlez vousing" in French period; "Occupying your seat after 3.30; "Hunting for news by reporter."

Something that destroys a pupil's patience is waiting for the "Elevator" to be printed.

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THE ELEVATOR

79

Concerns II. A. Boys Characteristics

Name and Age	Pet Expression	Ambition
P. Hart, 2 years	"Come on now"	To grow big
A. Lent, about 40 yrs	Has none.	To study.
W. Baker, 15 years	"You will eh!"	To make his brush cut grow
C Ketcheson, 21	"What's the matter with you?"	To become a General
P. Wims, about 15	"Leave me alone"	To grow.
D. McCarthy, about 14	"Gosh hang you."	To tease people
C. McWilliams, 18	"What the Sam Hill?"	To do algebra.
S. Hagerman about 25	"Now Listen!"	To ask questions
F. Deacon, about 18	"You're Dippy"	To become great.
G. Maidens, 16	"How are you?"	To get high marks
M. Kelly, 1-3 years	"What's the matter now?"	To act foolish
J. LaRue, unknown	(Censored)	To be good
R. Cooper, 17	"Get out of here."	To shirk work
V. Weir, about 18	"I don't care"	To flirt
E. Hart, acts about 3	"Stop that I say"	To be a man
J. McCullough, 10	"I know that"	To become big
H. Buck, 5	"Consarn it"	To be a lady's man
J. McGie, oh very old	"Hellow Dearest"	Eating arrowroots
G. Roberts, talkative.	(Censored)	Rush St. Agnes

In II A, who is the—
Craziest?—M. K.
Laziest?—R. C.
Quietest?—J. LaR.
Most talkative?—V. F.
Worst giggler?—V. M.
Cleverest?—(Our mascot John-
nie)

Her cheeks are red as any rose,
Her eyes are green as grass,
Between we find a slanting nose,
In all—A Bonnie Lass.

There is a boy named Freddie,
A very promising youth
He does not like to tell a lie,
But he never tells the truth.
His Sunday name is "Shreddie,"
And stuck up he can be,
For when I meet him on the street
He hardly speaks to me.

His favorite girls is H—n,
And he does not like to see,
Another fellow in his place,
Or a rumpus there will be.

Mr. Brown—"My friend was elec-
trocuted yesterday, tough luch eh!"
Mr. White—"How?"

Mr. Brown—"He sat on a Christ-
mas pudding and the currant ran up
his back."

Talking about Wims in II A—Did
Jessie; Kil; Patrick?

AN ODE II A.

Oh, C. K. was a general,
A general grand was he,
He drilled our famed Cadet Corps,
And drilled them well did he.

There is a school in Belleville,
Whose fame for women fair,
Did reach our little general,
And now his heart is there.
One night beneath their windows,
He peared with notes and things,
And talked with the fair damsels
By means of notes and strings,
Next day when on his way to school
Their line he chanced to meet,
And sweetly smiled the damsels
But his eyes ne'er left his feet.
Some teachers in this famed school,
"Got wise" to C. K's tricks
And sat up nearly all the night,
Collecting threats and stinging
pricks
To hurl at our poor hero,

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THE ELEVATOR

81

When C. K.'s form at last emerged
And climbed up on the fence,
A Window went up with a crash—
'Twas then that C. K. ripped his
pants

For in his haste he made a dash
* *

The schoolmarm still was undismay-
ed,

And to our shaking general
Did 'spout' at length of 'cheek' and
'nerve'

While from the rooms above we
heard

Cat-calls and subdued whispers.

So now our noble general
Is down and out it seems
The 'spout' was far too windy
For C. K.'s poor, shaky knees.

* *

Ode to the Boys of II A.

In the front seat is John McGie,
Better known to us as little John-nee
Across the aisle sits Henry Buck
Who always seems to have bad luck.
Grier Roberts our Elevator reporter,
Is always putting things in he hadn't
oughter

Jack McCullough has many knacks,
One is to daily distribute thumb
tacks.

Edward and Percy brothers are,
The teachers' life they try to mar,
Then comes Reggie Cooper and Ver-
non Weir

Both wonderful basket ball players
we hear

Willie Baker next in line
Talks to Ketchey all the time
Dalton McCarthy in the next seat
In all our form he can't be beat
Stanley Hagerman a dear little boy
But we think the teachr should buy
him a toy

Grant Maidens is the boy to think,
But he's always spilling his bottles
of ink,

Our encyclopaedia is Mike
Of him we never saw the like
Abbot Lent from the country came,
To make for himself a name,
Ketchey's always at the door

I wonder whom he's looking for?
Pat Wims, a little boy,

Is anything but the teacher's joy,

Clayton's a master of history they
say
No wonder, he sees the Stuarts each
day.

Freddie, another at the door,
I wonder whom he is looking for?
Now to finish with silent Joe,
More about him we do not know.

* *
Miss L. in French class to student
who has left his grammar at home:
"Why don't you leave your head at
home? But I suppose you do as far
as any practical use goes."

* *
Mary, Mary, quite contrary
Oh! how the needles go.
She's knitting socks as hard as rocks
With lumps down in the toe.

* *
"Change here," said a new porter
at an Irish railway depot as a train
came in, "Change for Limerickgal-
wayanmayo." The station master,
who was standing near, reproved his
subordinate "Haven't I told you be-
fore to sing out the names of the
stations clearly and distinctly. Bear
it in mind. Sing it out d'ye hear?"
As the passengers of the next train
that arrived were considerably as-
tonished to hear the new official say
"Sweet dreamland faces,
Passing to and fro,
Change here for Limerick,
Galway and Mayo!"

* *
If a Canadian and German were
locked in a car, who would get out
first? The Canadian, because he
has the car key (khaki).

* *
Your brains were put on the top
of your anatomy; see that they get
top consideration.

* *
Debt is like riding on a toboggan-
slide; it's a cinch going down, but
the coming back gets your wind.

* *
Ladies, skip this paragraph! It is
really unfit for publication. It got in
by mistake, and I ask the printer to
destroy it or set it up, wrong side
up:

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We'll wager ten cents to a farthing, This poem she's already read— We knew she'd get at it somehow, If she had to stand on her head, It's something she ought not to know But you bet she'll find it out anyhow If she gets the least kind of a show, We'll wager ten cents to a farthing.

FORM I. D.

L.P.T.—"What's the feminine of cow-boy?"
P.S.—"Milk-maid."

Teacher to bright First Former—"What kind of people were buried in the ancient cemetery of Gizeh?"
Bright First Former—"Dead people."

Hudson Leavens won't let any of the girls around him study because he likes to talk to them.

Latin pupil—"Let's can the Latin—Mr. Wilson."
Mr. Wilson—"I've been trying to can it, but it seems impossible to do it in ivory cans."

This book is for the homework. The teachers love to give, We really have to do so much, It's a wonder how we live, I used to forget about it, And never get it done, And going into II A, Isn't any fun. I do not like any homework, I do not like to do it, But I have to, oh dear me, And if they did not give it, How happy would I be.

Leslie is a bright boy, As bright as he can be, He has a funny hair-cut, Which everyone can see.

Leslie was a studious youth, He used to care for books, But since he got his hair cut, His time is spent on looks.

A few Resolutions
Reporter's resolution—To make the following reports for "The Elevator" more interesting than this one.

Class Resolution—To help our re-

porter by making more jokes in class and also by handing humorous sayings.

Misses V. C. and M. A., their resolution—To make less noise doing nothing for fear to get caught doing something.

It is to be hoped these resolutions will be carried out fully.

Wanted—Sugar plums for reporter George Post. Price to suit the seller.

French teacher—"Say Marshall will make a good actioneer. He started early by trying to sell Leavens as a 'firefly'."

Miss K—in Lit. class—
"Allen you may read next."
Allen—"Yes, Sir."

Following quoted from the Winchester Press is quite applicable to our teachers—"Out of every 109 school teachers 7 marry every year." How often do the remaining 102 get married?

J. M. is very fond of dealing with Kewpies, Kuties and other such algebraical forms. (q.p) (q.t.)

J. K. to L. T.—(Who has been sneezing)
"Whom are you sneezing at?"
Atchoo! (at you).

Preacher—"Oh Sonny, have you been fishing on the Sabbath Day?"
Tommy (holding out a bundle of fish) "Yes, and see Sir, what the naughty fish got for chasing worms!"

The pupils of I D. have come to the conclusion that French, not Latin is the parent language, as there are so many ma (s) and pa (s) in it.

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to
Face

In the Shop

Mr. C. to H. L.—“Don't write with the finger movement. Use your arm”
H.L.—“But it makes a rotten letter.”

Mr. C.—“I didn't know letter de-composed.”

Wanted—Misses F. O. and E. R. of I. D. require stenographers—must be able to write quickly and pass notes from the back of the room to the front with great speed and slyness.

The brightness and heat of form

I D is due to two red lights on the heads of a couple of the pupils.

For Rent—G. P's seat in I D; girls plentiful but inclined to be talkative. Rents low. This is a snap! Don't miss it.

Teacher—“What graze on the plains of Western Canada?”

Pupil—“Indians, Sir.”

Dora Dies so we have to keep a doctor close at hand although nothing very serious has happened yet.

FORM I. C.

Keitha Booth was a typical girl and full of excuses for any wrongdoing. One day she whistled aloud in school and her teacher asked her how she happened to do it. She said:

“I didn't mean to. I had some air in my mouth and wanted to push it out. I didn't know it was going to make a noise.”

What would B. S. do without E. C. to stick pins into?

Leo said he was going to get a hat that suited his head.
(A soft one would do, eh?)

Two Irishmen were digging a sewer. One was singing “Hello, Central, Give Me Heaven.”

The other said: “Pat, yer diggin' the wrong way.”

Who was the girl who told the teacher that she thought perhaps he didn't know what he was talking about?

Why do I. B. and E. C. want to see all that goes to the form reporter?

A keen-eyed mountaineer led his overgrown son into a country schoolhouse.

“This here boy's arter larnin',” he announced. “What's yer bill o' fare?”

“Our curriculum, sir,” corrected the schoolmaster, “embraces geography, arithmetic, trigonometry, —”

“That'll do,” interrupted the father. “Load him up with trigonometry! He's the poorest shot in the family.”

If L. St. L. would stop his chattering to girls in the type-writing room and elsewhere, he would not succeed in having 57 mistakes in shorthand.

Mr. M.'s favorite expression in I C: “I'll give you an hour in II A for that.”

A Funny Story

Bessie of I C told such a funny story! How I wish you could have heard it! For it set us all a laughin' from the little to the big.

I'd really like to tell it but I don't know how to word it.

Though it travels to the music of a very lively jig.

If Bessie just began it, then Amelia Kate would giggle.

And Hazel Hall and Keitha give their broadest grin.

And the infant Elmore on Henry's desk would wriggle

And add a lusty chorus to the very merry din.

It was such a funny story With its very snap and crackle.

And Bessie always told it with such dramatic art,

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That the pupils in form I C would
cackle, cackle, cackle,
As if in such a frolic they were will-
ing to take part.
But Bessie she could tell it, looking
so demurely,

With a woe-begone expression that
no actress could devise;
And if Elsie had ne'er heard it, why
she would imagine surely
That she'd need her kerchief there
to wipe her weeping eyes.

FORM I. B.

Mr. M., in I B spelling period, to
girls looking inquiringly at him.—
"Don't admire me, girls; it makes
me embarrassed."

And he gave to us a very good scare.
He said he'd send someone to make
us mind,
She'd make us obey if she wasn't too
kind.

Who brought the Ford into I B?
Who is the floor-walker of I B?
Ask G. V.

We were throwing our books up
against the wall.
When in walked Miss H., not too
kind at all.

Esther Jones has an old-fashioned
way,
And never seems to have much to
say;

She would not let us talk all the
time,
And I can tell you that was not sub-
lime;

Jack Herity is one of our boys,
I think for Xmas we'll buy him some
toys;

It was after a hard exam too,
And all were feeling—oh, so blue!
We needed a spare to have some fun
And chase all the gloom away un-
der the sun.

Marion Woodley, a girl so fair,
Has a lot of neat, fair hair;
Louisa Hinds, so thin and tall,
Is very good at basket ball;
Helen Hurley, who has hair so dark,
Is always ready for any lark;
Isidore Wims is very coy
Except when talking to a boy;
And Gladys, behind her, is just as
bad.

When in walked Miss K., although
not to blame,
We'd rather've not had her just the
same.

For if Lionel left she would feel
quite sad;
Next comes H. Bone with his sweat-
er so bright—

No noise was heard after that in the
room,
As we went back to lessons with all
their gloom.

According to Mr. W., his taste is not
right;
Joseph Blackburn is smart as can be
And a smaller boy you could not see;
Gerald in the latest style,
Wears a brush-cut all the while;

They smile at the teachers,
Whatever they say,
Whether it's homework
Or an hour in II A.

Gerald Bass is from the countree,
And a funnier fish you never did see;
Lionel Ives likes all the girls,
Especially the one with the yellow
curls;

There's silent Joe, the little man,
Who never says a word;
But little Joe he thinks a lot,
Though he is never heard.

James Beal of our form is the head,
But by him not very much is said;
I'll not write about myself for, while
I've time,

Well, au revoir, I guess I'll close,
The teacher's coming in;
I have worked my brain so hard,
I'm surely getting thin.

I'd better finish this little rhyme.
Mr. MacLaurin came in one spare

Who was the boy who was chas-
ing the mouse around the radiator?
Ask M. Hill, III C.

Mr. M. (to J., I B, at five minutes
after twelve).—"The table was
groaning with good cheer" means

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that there were puddings, cakes,
pies, etc."

Mr. M.—"Do you like pies?"

J.—"Oh, sometimes."

* *

Lost, stolen, strayed, swiped,
hooked, taken or copped, between
my desk and the door, 'a pen-nib.'

* *

Good luck to the boys of form I B,
For happy-go-lucky are they;
They work with a will, they shirk
with a will,

And they laugh all the livelong day.

One of our boys was riding down-
town on his bicycle, when he collided
with a waggon.

"Why weren't you on the right
side of the road?" asked the driver
angrily.

"Oh! I'm left-handed," answered
the boy.

* *

Miss H. in French class to G. B.—

"What is your trouble?"

G. B.—"Where are thou?"

FORM I. A.

Did Miss D. mean it when she said
"You need not take everything we
teachers say for the gospel truth"?

* *

After writing u's for a consider-
able length of time Mr. C. said:
"Let's try that u and i together."

* *

First comes Miss Shorey, a damsel
so gay,

Who stays out of school almost ev-
ery day;

Then comes Miss Barlow, a maiden
so fair,

With clear eyes of blue and bright
yellow hair;

Then comes Miss Reid with ribbons
of blue—

You could wink at her all day and
she at you—

Behind her sits Miss Sharp,
Our form pupil so smart;

Then our friend, Miss McCurdy,
Big, strong and sturdy;

There sits wee Dorothy by the warm
radiator,

Who looks at the teachers like a
young aviator;

Then there is Miss Thrasher,
A regular dasher;

Then Eva and Jean,
Our two form queens;

Then our big Miss McFerson,
Who answers with exertion;

Then there's Gussy Hill,
Who looks decidedly ill;

Then there's Helen Scantlebury,
Who never will tarry;

Then comes little Miss Carman
Who's too small to harm 'em;

Then comes Lillian dear,

Whom all the boys fear;
Next, Miss Fleming so sweet,
With wee, tiny feet;
Then across the aisle is Helen A.,
Who used to dwell across the bay;
Next comes little Miss Pringle,
Whom we all think won't be long
single.

* *

Before some of the girls moved
from our midst to I D we had Lil-
lies, Violets, and Roses. Now we
just have one Lily left.

* *

Mrs. B.—"They took Mrs. Green's
husband for the army,"

Mrs. R.—"Took 'im? Why, 'e's
got one leg shorter than the h'other"

Mrs. B.—"So he says, but that
don't matter. You see the ground's
so uneven in France."

* *

Jones.—"How do you like the
weather these days?"

Brown.—"Exceedingly disagree-
able."

Jones.—"And how is your wife?"

Brown.—"The same, thank you."

* *

New teacher.—"Who can tell me
a thing of importance that did not
exist a hundred years ago?"

Small boy.—"Me."

* *

In Domestic Science, Bessie was
asked to tell briefly the surest way
to keep milk from souring. Bessie,
exceedingly practical child, gave this
recipe: "Leave it in the cow."

* *

Bill.—"What happened to that lit-

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the girl I saw you making love to in the hammock?"

Will.—"Oh, we fell out."

"I kept my head when I fell into the water," observed the young man. "How fortunate," replied the caustic maid. "It must have helped you so nicely to float."

"Do you know the nature of an oath, madam?"

"Well, I ought to sir. We've just moved and my husband has been laying the carpets."

Johnny and his mother were dining with a friend. The first course was chicken soup with macaroni in it. The hostess watched Johnny as he sat quietly gazing into his plate. Finally she asked: "Why don't you eat your soup, Johnny?"

"I don't care for it, please m'am." "But your mamma said you liked

chicken soup."

"I do like mamma's chicken soup, but she don't put any wind-pipes in it."

I A in French period:

Miss H.—"What is this—I am pretty?"

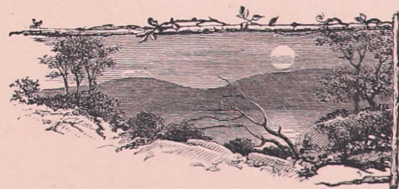
K. W.—"Conceit."

A Victory Loan is a loan to make the Kaiser lonely.

D. D. won't be able to wear his hat if he keeps on thinking too much about his commands.

Shorey's jitney leaves at 3.30 every afternoon, Cannifton queens in attendance.

Before the price of hair-cuts went up to thirty-five cents a cut, it was noticed that mostly all of the boys had a hair-cut, C. D. included.



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