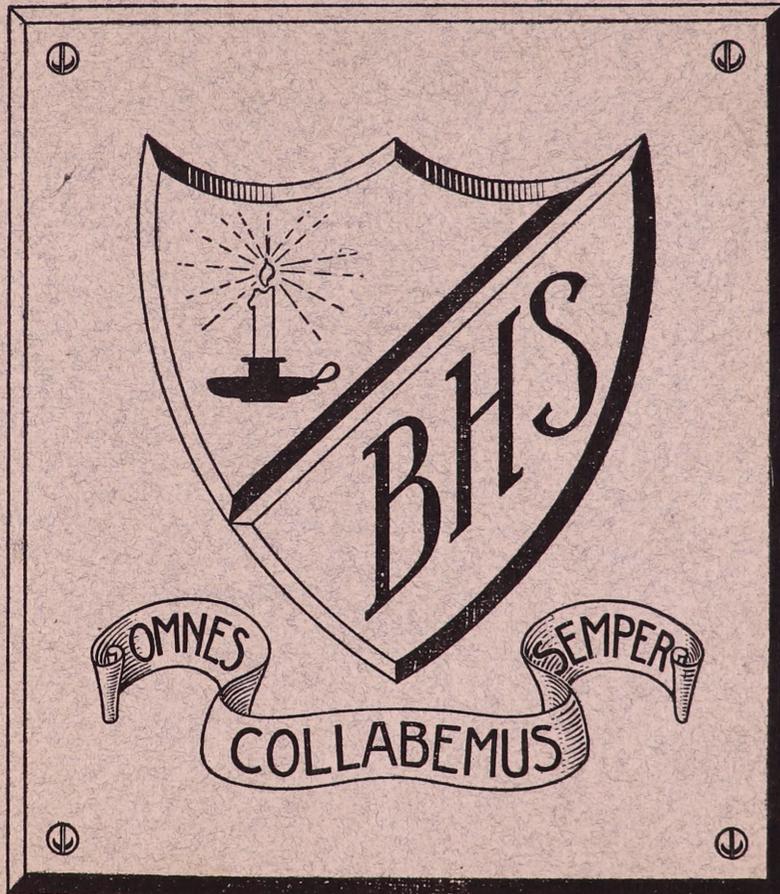




THE BELLEVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

# ELEVATOR.



June, 1913.



## OUR ADVERTISERS.

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 The Deacon Shirt Co.  
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# THE ELEVATOR.

PUBLISHED BY THE BELLEVILLE HIGH SCHOOL.

BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO, JUNE, 1913.

## Reminiscences of Pioneer Days.

Note:—This composition, written by Miss Ruth Howard, was the winner of the Deacon Prize last fall, it being the best essay on Quinte Pioneer Days.

About one hundred years ago my great grandmother, on my mother's side, left Southampton with her father and mother for the New World, which is now Canada. They were fourteen weeks on the ocean, due to a big storm, during which all on board thought that they would be lost. They landed at Boston and then came to Sackett's Harbour, which is situated on Lake Ontario. From there they came across the Bay of Quinte to the little village of Myers' Creek, which is now the city of Belleville. The village was called Myers' Creek after Captain Myers who had settled here in seventeen hundred and ninety. It retained this name until after eighteen hundred and twelve, when it was named Belleville, or Belleville, as it was then written, after a Mrs. Bella Gore. The village was first only on the east side of the river, a little distance below Dundas street. In eighteen hundred and nine there were only about sixteen people living here. In eighteen hundred and sixteen it was divided into town lots and a post office was built, and in eighteen hundred and thirty-six they built their first pavement out of stones taken from the Moira Creek. About this time there were a little over a thousand people living here. During this time and for quite a while after, Indians used to come down the river to trade their furs with the white people. The Bay of Quinte got its name from a Colonel Quinte who was commander of Fort Niagara. He and his men were driven out of the fort by Indians, and were pursued and harassed for several days. After following the lake shore to the west of the Bay, they took the south shore of the Bay as far as the reach. The snow was falling and the ice just forming on the Bay, but not strong enough to hold them. Half starved and nearly exhausted, they started back two or three miles to what is known as Stickney's Hill, where they nearly all perished, including Colonel Quinte himself, one extremely cold night. Only two of the party ever reached Frontenac.

My great grandmother and her people lived on Front street near what is now the wharf. Then

this was the best part of the village. The house is still standing in which they lived. In eighteen hundred and thirty-two my great grandmother was married. She and my great grandfather lived twelve miles north of Belleville. Great grandfather bought one hundred acres of his land for an overcoat and a team of oxen. They had to partly clear their land before they settled upon it as it was all covered with trees. They cut down some of the trees and burned what they did not need. Out of these logs they built their house and barn. The house was not large, just one big room at first with a huge fire-place on one side, in which they burned big logs and used this fire for heating and cooking purposes. Outside by itself was a big oven made of bricks; underneath was the place for the fire and in the oven grandmother baked her bread and pies. When this oven was discarded for baking purposes, the children used to hide in it when playing hide and seek. As soon as they cleared the land they sowed it with grain, using oxen to do a great deal of the work. It was not unusual to hear wolves howling at night and there were also bears and deer. Even twenty years later there were deer. One time when my grandfather was a young man, he and his brother went hunting deer for the first time. They each carried a gun, and when they saw a deer bounding out of the woods, grandfather cried, "There he goes, there he goes, shoot him, shoot him!" and forgot all about the gun in his own hand.

Great grandfather and grandmother made and raised everything which they used. They made their sugar from the sap of the maple trees. This sugar they used for all sweetening purposes except in tea, for which they used white loaf sugar. Great grandmother often used to say that the only things they bought were, a very little loaf sugar, tea and occasionally some cotton. She made their candles from mutton fat and their soap from lye and fat. The starch was made from potatoes. She also made all her own clothes and those of the whole family. They washed the sheep, sheared them, carded the wool, which is really combing it. Then they made it into rolls and spun it into yarn. This yarn she took to somebody who knew how to weave. Then the wool was dyed and woven into flannel and a heavy material called full-cloth. The men's clothes were made of this fullcloth,

which was at least a quarter of an inch thick. Great grandfather mended their shoes and shod his horses, and mended his harness. They had to go to Kingston for their flour. In summer they drove a lumber wagon and in winter a sleigh. It was not very smooth riding, as the roads were corduroy, that is, made of logs.

All the men in the neighborhood would help each other with their work, sowing the grain and harvesting it. Everything had to be done by hand as they had very little machinery. The grain was sowed by hand and cut by hand with a scythe or cradle. They built barns and houses, cutting the trees down and drawing them out of the woods with oxen or horses. The latter was called a logging bee. Then in the winter they would have husking bees and apple-paring bees, to which men, women and children would all go. These formed their chief social pleasures. At the husking bees, the corn was husked in the barn and the young person finding a red ear was supposed to be married within a year. At the apple-paring bees they peeled the apples, quartered, cored and strung them on strings and then hung them up to dry for use in the summer. They always had grand feeds at these bees. Of course in the early days there was no church so they used to meet at a house for service or to meeting as some used to call it. Great grandmother used to go on horseback carrying her baby in front of her. The Methodists were not allowed to wear jewelry or flowers, and some of them used to take them off just before they went into service. They also had to present their membership card before they were allowed to take the sacrament.

In eighteen hundred and thirty-seven there was a war scare and everybody was pretty well frightened. All the women were afraid that their husbands would have to go to war. People said that the sky was all red and that they saw horses and soldiers in the sky. Some of the men hid and the story is told that one man hid in a bake-oven. This scare proved to be nothing serious.

There is a great difference between this part of the country now than the way it was in the early times of which I am writing. The land is all cleared, with beautiful farms with lovely homes, and barns and machinery to do everything with. Good hard, smooth roads, compared with the corduroy roads, and automobiles to ride in instead of lumber wagons.

### HURRAH!

Hurrah for the boys of this old High School!  
For a jolly lot are they;  
They play, they work, they study, they shirk.  
Hurrah! hurrah! hooray!

Hurrah for the girls of this old High School!  
For a dear little lot are they;  
None such are found the whole world round.  
Hurrah! hurrah! hooray!

### Some Schools I Have Attended.

When a person talks in periods that span a quarter of a century, he may have something of value to communicate, providing that he has developed the faculties of analysis, comparison and deduction.

I began school at the age of seven in my native village in Halton Co., more than a quarter of a century ago. It was an ungraded school of all sizes and ages and was presided over by a handsome man who had reached nearly middle age. The school was dingy to the extreme both inside and out. The seats and desks were made of common inch lumber and each would accommodate about six pupils. My feet did not reach the floor by several inches when duly in my place. I often became tired and restless and was punished in a barbaric manner instead of receiving the kindness and sympathy that my tender age or the deplorable conditions would require.

My handsome teacher would brighten up a chubby little boy by drawing a small chalk circle on the floor and requesting him to stand therein on one foot for one-half hour. If so much as his little toe crossed the line he was severely caned on the legs. For inattention or stupidity in class recitations, the little fellows were packed like sardines in a wooden box that stood in a conspicuous corner and the lid was closed down. The agony of this cramped position amid impure air can be better imagined than described.

The young men attending school must of necessity receive different treatment. The master from his throne of state on the platform first rolled up his leather strap and then threw it with unerring aim at the head of the one who was guilty of misconduct of any kind. This act was well understood and the results were invariably painful. The culprit brought the strap forward and received much more than his due recompense.

I implored my parents to take me from school but they considered that an education was desirable even at such a price. It was the worst beginning in school life that I have ever known or read about but Providence was nevertheless kind. I was destined to have thousands of dear, bright children under my charge in future years and I was to learn to be kind and sympathetic through much trial and tribulation.

Toward the end of my second year at school a most remarkable event took place, remarkable both in itself and in the changes that took place for the great improvement of the school. On this wonderful day a young lady student caused a disturbance by creaking a split board in her desk. The master requested the disturber to stand up and then informed her imperiously that a repetition of such conduct would result in suitable punishment. She received this information with a winsome but fearless smile and took her

seat. Whether from design or accident the offence was promptly repeated. The master summoned her forward and at the same time unrolled his ever ready strap. The girl obeyed but began to show signs of fear or nervousness. On being questioned she admitted the double offence and offered no extenuating circumstances. The master's words were stern but this time his face was plainly kind and revealed a heart unwilling at least for once to be severe. "I must do as I said; hold out your hand."

The beautiful hand responded, the strap descended smartly, a low sob was heard, a pair of slender arms twined swiftly around the master's neck and a pure kiss was placed on his cheek.

In all my school life I never before nor since witnessed such an unexpected scene nor have I ever known a single event wrought with greater consequences, direct and indirect.

To be brief I can only mention a few others. The master under whose guidance I prepared for High School Entrance in this same village but in a fine two room school was great far beyond earthly standards in heart but meagrely endowed intellectually. Looking back on his work and methods, we can understand how young lives can be moulded, moment by moment, and day by day to anything that may be desired. This master is one of my greatest heroes, greater by far to me than Nelson or Wolfe. He sleeps peacefully in the village churchyard and his devoted pupils hope his work lives worthily after him.

My High School days were spent in a county town not far west of Toronto. The teachers were always kind and capable. The period is important to me chiefly for the friendships formed at that time, many of which have grown with the intervening years. The heart has always been more important to me than the head.

I narrowly escaped a great disgrace in these happy days. In company with other boys and some girls too, I learned to play cards, the ones with hearts and diamonds, and we often played at opportune moments in the school building. The head master, a strict old Scotchman, after a long time found it out. One morning the whole school was assembled in the largest room and we were almost paralysed when he told us that he knew all, that he would test our repentance for the past and if possible forgive. His test was none other than that all cards at that moment in our pockets were to be brought to him at once. Again and again he pleaded with us in such a serious manner that we were sorely alarmed but not one card was forthcoming. Then in righteous wrath he ordered the boys to line up in the room and hinted that the guilty and stubborn must accept the consequences. Every boy's clothing was carefully examined as far as an external inspection of sight and touch would permit. Anything of a suspicious nature must be produced by the boy himself. Several of the

boys from the best homes in the county and district were expelled that day but one equally guilty escaped in a most providential manner.

University life to most of us is chiefly hard, hard work except in our clubs and social gatherings. In my humble opinion the latter is more important than the former. University graduates are rarely a success merely because of their learning but rather because they know humanity and how to adapt themselves to the various conditions of life in which they may be placed. Medalists and prize winners are seldom heard of in after years; it is the big, kind, noble heart that captivates the world.

### CADET INSPECTION.

On Friday May 9th, the Belleville High School Cadet Corps was inspected by Major Gillespie of Kingston. Although the Inspecting Officer arrived unexpectedly at four minutes before noon, the Cadets were prepared, and immediately fell in on the parade ground. Then they marched over to the drill hall and got their rifles, which were inspected and found to be clean and in perfect condition. Next Cadet Captain Ketcheson took command and drilled the company, ending up with the March Past. Then Cadet Lieut.'s Rogers and Reid took charge of the Cadets for Company Drill and Rifle Drill. The Inspecting Officer did not have time to see any extended order work, but after the inspection he addressed the Cadets congratulating them on their smart appearance and excellent work. He said that their drill could not be improved upon as not one mistake had been made during the whole inspection. Mr. F. E. O'Flynn who was present, also expressed his pleasure at the fine showing made by the B. H. S. Cadets. There were 66 Cadets, 4 N.C.O.'s and 3 Officers on parade, as well as the Instructor T. H. Fennell. The officers were Cadet Capt. Ketcheson, Cadet Lieut. Rogers, Cadet Lieut. Reid, and the N. C. O.'s, Cadet Sergts. Gribble, Johnston, Berkeley and Nurse.

The Cadets were armed with Mark II. Ross Rifles and when they receive their khaki uniforms, will be one of the best corps in Ontario.

A. C. T. (in Algebra Class).—"The roots of a quantity are imaginary when they are not there."

Teacher to III. C. in Literature period.—"Summarize the spirit of Julius Caesar."  
Berkley—"When in Rome, do the Romans."

Definition of a school paper.—A school paper is an institution in which the editor gets all the blame, the managers get all the experience and the printers get all the money—when there is any.

"Three weeks," 'the student sadly said,  
And breathed herewith a psalm;  
"Three weeks from now and I must face  
That terrible EXAM."

## A Girl Guide Expedition.

May 2nd, 1913.

Of course those not enrolled called us "Girl Guys" and to tell the truth (which is part of the Guide law) we did somewhat merit the name, but not really you know, because all those queer shaped packages we carried contained such useful and ornamental articles as frying-pans, coffee-pots, and milk-bottles. It reminded me of an amusing picture I once saw, entitled "Just supposing there was no such thing as wrapping paper." In the foreground of the picture a very serious faced gentleman was carrying in one hand a goose, over his arm was hung like a bracelet a string of sausages, while in his other hand he carried his hat full of eggs. Just behind a fashionably dressed lady bearing a pair of stockings and a calendar was chatting with a gentleman in a plaid suit who was carefully guarding a large layer cake and a loaf of bread. A frail old gentleman was hurrying past carrying a hot water bottle and a syringe, while in the rear a very stout lady supported like a flag-pole a feather duster, and another gentleman laboured under a lady's hat of tremendous dimensions. But that is neither here nor there, for fortunately the Guides did have wrapping paper, so let us come down to facts.

It was a very warm day and none but Girl Guides would have attempted the jaunt, but under the command of their able captain, Miss Dugit, and Miss Libby, who was an honoured guest at the feast (you'll hear about that later) twenty girls set out from the school at about four-thirty P. M. We followed the west bank of the Moira out past the Electric Sub-station and on into the cool cedar woods beyond. Everyone felt quite repaid for the walk out by just a glance at the fresh pure water and to feel one's hair tossed by the life-giving breeze. This is high-water year and during it the waters of our bay and river reach their highest level, only to gradually lower and rise again during the coming seven years. In parts the current flowed almost madly, here a miniature rapids foamed, and here again absolute stillness reigned. This however was only the beginning of the fun. After selecting a spot where stones and fire-wood were plentiful and where we could also easily descend to the shore, we proceeded to build our fires and cook our supper in true camp style.

The Daisy Patrol had volunteered to furnish sandwiches and cake, the Bluebell Patrol to see to the coffee, and the Buttercup Patrol offered to make and fry pan-cakes. Soon two fires were blazind and the coffee is put to boil and then excitement ran high as each fire boasted one frying-pan and about ten cooks eager to participate. Of course all those who had never fried pan-cakes gave orders, but finally the batter was ready, the pan hot, the grease poured in, and

just as an experiment one cake was fried. It bubbled and browned and was safely turned, back and forth, at least six times, and all eyes and mouths expressed anticipation, when lo! a fall! a splash! and our pan-cake lay amid the flames, which consumed it as eagerly as any Guide could have done. On the whole the disaster was a blessing in disguise, as it prevented quarreling and the next time a whole panful were fried. Provided with saucers and spoons the audience visited first one fire, then the maple syrup bottle, then the other fire, then syrup again, and so on. For a time all progressed smoothly. Then a terrible loss was discovered. "Where, oh where is the lard," was the prevailing cry which continued until some far-sighted person discovered J. M. sitting in it. Then the coffee boiled over but was rescued ere long and each in turn got a shock as its cover insisted upon falling into the cups. But these are all minor details, including the impromptu waltz executed by our worthy captain, on being presented with a very hot plate. The coffee was good—really! and the pancakes too, and then the sandwiches and cake, of course! and I must not neglect to mention that everything offered was made by a Guide herself. The feast was partaken of standing, as more could thus be disposed of, but later a halt was called and a rest made sitting on the high shore with only a barb-wire fence of few barbs between us and the beloved river, in which we soon afterwards attempted to wash our dishes.

Even a May-day has an end and the end of this one came all too soon. Old Sol appeared in the west as a red ball of fire, promising another hot day, the twilight began to fall, and we hastily gathered up the remnants of the feast, and after a good-bye bonfire of waste-paper and boxes set out on the homeward journey.

If there is anything more beautiful than the woods at noon, it is the woods and river at eventide, still with sufficient daylight to pick one's way but with those mysterious shadows forming in the distance and the leisurely flow of waters. The coolness of the air made the walk home most pleasant and we again reached civilization (personified in the H. S. building) at about a quarter to eight. The coffee-pot travelled home in the arms of its owner this time without wrapping-paper, but what difference anyway? The Belleville Troop that day lived out the second verse of their song which runs:

"When comes the sunny summer weather  
Off to the woods and streams they go,  
Learning in long glad day together  
All that a good Girl Guide should know.  
Woodsmen and campers they must be,  
Friends of each bird and flower and tree,  
Nature's their comrade by land or sea,  
Making them brave and strong."

L. J. T.

## Girl Guide Expedition.

May 9th.

On Friday, May 9th, the girls of three of the patrols of the Girl Guides went to the woods for a little outing before settling down to hard study for the coming examinations.

The Guides met at the High School, and at half-past four sharp, set out, accompanied by Miss Dugit. The route selected lay up Pinnacle street, over the upper bridge, and then along the river bank. Once outside the city the aspect of everything changed; the sun shone brighter, the air was fresher, and the very grass seemed greener as we walked through the fields or jumped from rock to rock along the water's edge. After we had gone about a mile, Miss Dugit called a halt and instructed us to begin collecting wood for the fire as we went along. The dead branches which had fallen from the trees made splendid fire-wood, and by the time we had gathered sufficient we reached a most delightful spot under a group of evergreen trees.

This, it was decided, would be an ideal place for supper, so we began making preparations at once. First we built two stoves of flat stones, and after filling them with leaves and wood, we proceeded to light the fires. Now a Girl Guide is supposed to light a fire with one match and one only, but I saw at least three small boxes used up before a blaze was kindled; but burnt matches are excellent for kindling wood. Having got the fire well started, the next move was to make the pancakes. We then discovered that no one had brought a dish in which to mix the batter and were almost in despair when ingenious Miss H. produced a tea-pot, suggesting that we mix it in that and pour it through the spout. The pancakes were a great success, likewise the cakes, sandwiches, and coffee; and certainly everyone was most willing to assist in disposing of the eatables. A little dog which had followed us out, made himself very amusing by begging for cake, etc., but when I offered him a cup of coffee, he ran away disgusted. Perhaps he guessed that we made it ourselves. After supper we washed our dishes in the river and proceeded homeward.

The walk back was every bit as enjoyable as the walk out, and we did not have so much to carry, having eaten all our provisions. Thinking the walking would be more pleasant close to the river, we crossed a field to reach it. In that field were many cows, and many were the nervous looks cast at the harmless creatures by the more timid of the girls. One girl insisted that the cow nearest her looked exactly as though it were going to have a fit and chase us. Poor cows! After many more interesting happenings we again reached the upper bridge where we separated for our respective homes, tired out from walking, talking and laughing; but happy in the thought that there exists such a delightful organization as the "Girl Guides." F. I.

## Spring Meanderings.

Although the joys of rowing and canoeing are generally associated with midsummer, there is nothing to prevent a row in April, the weather permitting. At any rate, on April the twenty-fifth, nineteen hundred and thirteen, we took our first row.

The object of the expedition was to plant sun-flowers and golden glow on a couple of islands in the bay. All fears for the weather were calmed in the morning, and we looked forward with high hopes to our first boating trip this season.

That Friday it was very hot—far too hot, in fact, to wear a coat. But we left the house armed with those inevitable sweater-coats which will persist in making themselves conspicuous on every conceivable kind of outing, not that we ourselves though we needed them, but "it might be cold on the water."

Further armed with a camera, some parcels obtained from Wallbridge & Clarke's and a basket in which reposed the golden glow which we fondly hoped would soon delight the eyes of the occasional sailor who would venture as far from home as the island, we set out. We reached the wharf about four o'clock without any episode worthy of note taking place except that, with neither warning nor premonition, the bottom of the basket suddenly gave way, leaving us clutching nothing but the handle. But paper and twine came to the rescue, and we continued as before.

As we took our places in the boat, we noticed that the water was higher than we had ever noticed it before. As we passed Victoria Park we could see that parts of it were under water. In due time we left the light-house behind and rowed out into clear water. The difference in the atmosphere could be felt, but rowing rarely necessitates the wearing of a coat, and the sweaters remained under the seat at the bow where we had stowed them.

In the first row of the season you are apt to wonder what has happened to the muscles of your arms during the winter. After you have got into the swing of the stroke and have gone a little distance, these will in all probability make themselves felt, but you must just stick at it and they will soon reconcile themselves to the unusual exertion. That was our experience, at any rate. After a good row we reached the first island and set about gardening.

Most of this island was fairly dry, but parts were under water, having that deceptive greenness which shows the wise that there is danger beneath. We planted about half the sunflower seeds and most of the golden-glow and rowed to the second island, a short distance to the east. Here we left the remainder of our seeds. The whole centre of this island was submerged, and only one end and a dubious strip on the southern shore were traversible, so we again repaired to the other island, taking with us a young

cherry tree. After this had been planted firmly we looked at its few brave shoots of branches at the top and wondered when we would come and pick the wild cherries. (Well might we say, "When we are university graduates"; one end seemed as far away as the other.) As we were doing justice to Wallbridge & Clarke we heard the town clock strike six, and as the evenings were not as long then as they are now, we left. The gulls were circling above us as we rowed home. The harbor presented quite a different appearance to what it does in the evenings of July or August, as there was no other boat occupied. The sun was just setting as we touched the wharf, and we had not used the sweater-coats at all.

M. D. M.

### "BLOCK" DAY.

Have you ever collected "Block-Day Envelopes" for the Hospital? It's not exactly an ideal occupation but it's amusing if looked at in the right way. I went along with a friend, as a sort of moral support. We only went around one block but I may safely say we met all the types that anyone collecting for charity usually meets. There was the lady who had mislaid the envelope and kept us waiting on the verandah while she hunted it up; and the lady who was working in the garden and who dashed into the house on seeing us and reappeared with her purse and the envelope in one hand and a trowel in the other. Of course while putting the money into the envelope she had to hold the trowel by its handle in her mouth. This, however, did not prevent her from talking volubly, although we were not able to interpret a single word. There was the lady who smiled sweetly and asked us to come back in the evening, but we saw by her look that she would not be at home that evening. Our spirits were slightly daunted by not being able to get into about a dozen houses. Secretly we thought the joyful news that we were abroad in the land had been told along the back fences. But the most interesting perhaps of all our experiences was that of the lady whom we saw through the high lattice fence, solemnly jumping up and down and waving her arms. We retired to the sidewalk to compose our countenances before we dared call on her. As we looked back we saw her again at her jumping. We feel sure she is a reader of the "Ladies' Home Journal," and was trying some of its exercises for the good of the health. And last but not best of all was the lady who appeared in answer to our ring with a bright smile and — the envelope all ready for us. After all this excitement we felt called upon to go home, where we refreshed (?) ourselves with a little Virgil.

A bright little girl who had successfully spelled the word "that" was asked by her teacher what would remain after the "t" had been taken away. "The dirty cups and saucers," was the prompt reply.

### Five Minutes on Front Street.

Front street may be said to begin near Albert College and terminate at the harbour but in reality the business part of it extends from the Upper Bridge about to Dundas Street. It runs parallel to the Moira River and lies in the valley between East and West Belleville.

It is a fine spring day; Saturday afternoon between two and three o'clock before all the farmers have gone home. The new spring and summer goods are displayed in the various windows and the sun shining on them makes everything look bright. On exhibition in the dry goods store windows are the latest novelties in neckwear, pretty little house dresses and lounging robes, the materials for summer dresses, new curtain materials, as it is house-cleaning time, and numerous other things. Of course all these are not in one window but in the numerous dry goods store windows of Belleville. In the windows of the men's clothing stores are "Bargains in Spring Coats," now that it is almost too warm for anything besides a suit coat, a display of neckties, gloves, raincoats and suits. There is a great variety in the jewelry store windows and the summer footwear is on display in the shoe store windows. Then there are the drug stores, hardware stores, shoe-shine parlors and many other stores or windows to look at.

In passing people you will be apt to catch bits of interesting or amusing conversations or a pathetic little scene will come under your notice. One farmer rushes joyfully at another and you hear "Hello! John. How are you? How are the rest of the family?" while he slaps him vigorously on the shoulder. The reply is lost as you pass on. A little farther along a poorly dressed woman is endeavoring to make her husband, who has been too long in the bar-room or too often, understand that it is time to start for home, and is trying to get him to go and get the horse. With a mumbled answer he turns away, and when she is not looking slips into the bar-room again. In the end she would probably have to get the horse herself and fairly drag her husband from the hotel.

Chattering, laughing girls pass by linked arm in arm; they wouldn't let go for anybody or anything, so people have to squeeze past, or the line doubles back on itself, graciously permitting them to continue their way. Groups of farmers stand around talking about the weather, the chances of a good crop and a few discussing the latest political questions. Here or there a man is trying to walk steadily but is lurching pitifully through the crowd who make way for him. At this door a small fair-haired child watches over little brother or sister in the carriage while mother is inside the store, shopping. A tired scrub-woman with a dejected droop to her shoulders wends her way along with a mop and pail in her hand.

### What is the Empire?

There is an archipelago in the North Sea in which have resided for many centuries a proud and valiant people. The southern part of the largest island had, before the earliest dawn of history, sheltered in its caverns a race of cave-dwellers; but few traces of that people still remain.

Then came people from the far-off East, the first of the Aryan folk. After many a bloody fight and much terrible suffering, the Roman conquered and set up his colonial rule. When the Roman left, the Saxon and Angle appeared in ever-increasing numbers. Warring filled the land with strife and blood till at length one strong man, Egbert, made himself King of all England. Then "The Empire" became a possibility for its foundations were laid.

Saxon rule continued until William the Norman slew King Harold at Senlac. But the Normans were of the same stock as the Saxons and it was not long before Saxon and Norman lived together in amity. "The Empire" became more and more the object towards which all directed their interests; the first great step in its upbuilding was taken six hundred and twelve years ago, when Edward was made the first English Prince of Wales.

The Plantagenet and the monarchy of the Red and the White Rose passed and James Stuart was the next heir. He was already King of Scotland and in 1603 when he became James I. of England another step was taken towards the formation of the Empire to be. The two peoples retained their separate parliaments, one not subject to the other but each paramount over its own territory. They were united by the tie that the same person was their Sovereign and claimed fealty alike from both. After many years negotiations began and were carried on which resulted in the abolition of the separate parliaments and the formation of one parliament for all the island. This union in 1707 brought together two peoples differing in law and history but one in their determination to be free from all outside control. War continued with the coming of the Picts and Scots, though at length there was no real conquest but rather an agreement to live in peace under one king. All joined hands under the last Stuart monarch for a new kingdom—the kingdom of Great Britain. But yet "The Empire" was far away.

To the west lay another island whose inhabitants were of the same Celtic origin as the English. Ireland went on by the side of the larger island with her own parliament, though it was always an inferior one, at least since the time of Henry VII., who by means of Poyning's Law subjected the Irish Parliament to the English Privy Council. In 1800 Ireland gave up her separate national existence, and now for over one hundred years there has been the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

If you want variety in styles, why just look at the clothes of the people you meet. There are some hideous colour combinations, and unsuitable or unbecoming head-gear. Then there are usually some who try to overdo everything, and have themselves fixed up as if they were going to the opera or a dance; but the majority of people are dressed in taste.

We might take a look into the future and imagine what Front street will be like in twenty years. It will in all probability be paved, have street-cars running up and down, and larger stores with better goods on display; in fact it will be the main street of a large and prosperous city.

H. C. R.

### IT MIGHT BE WORSE.

It might be worse! Ah yes! That cry  
Has come from many a weary heart,  
From many a soul that's tempest-tossed,  
And stung by sorrow's piercing dart.

It might be worse! 'Tis hard to think  
That such a thing could ever be,  
And yet it might be worse, far worse  
Than anything we now can see.

There's French and German. Ah! I say  
Why can't those stupid Dutch and French  
Just speak our own fine mother-tongue?  
Mon Dieu! but it would be a cinch.

And Algebra and Euclid, too,  
That make you tear the very hair  
From off your fuzzy-wuzzy head;  
Then leave you still in dark despair.

There's Latin, Greek, and Chemistry,  
And History, too, to struggle through,  
While Geography and 'Rithmetic,  
And Mensuration we must do.

And still the list is not complete,  
And if we sure success would get,  
We must review them o'er and o'er,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

We're such absent-minded beggars,  
We must study hard to win,  
Yet if we still more had to learn,  
It might be worse. I dinna ken.

—:—  
A little fellow of five going along the street with a dinner-pail is stopped by a kind-hearted gentleman, who says: "Where are you going, my little man?"

"To school."

"And what do you do at school? You learn to read?"

"No."

"To write?"

"No."

"To count?"

"No."

"What do you do?"

"I wait for school to let out."

But this Kingdom, mighty as it was and is, is not "The Empire." Across the sea many daring Britons made their homes; colony after colony sprang up and New England arose. Further to the north were New France and Acadia. All this territory whose value was then and for a century thereafter practically unknown, was swept into the lap of Britain; and France bidding farewell to the northern part of the continent, the English settlements to the south were united to the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company by the fair land of Canada. Now, one would think we should find "The Empire"—but no—those of the old land had not yet learned that people of our race must govern themselves. Unhappily, dissensions arose between the mother country and some of her daughters on this side of the Atlantic. War ensued and the United States of America severed their connection with the rest of the English speaking peoples. Slowly but surely arose and grew the true conception of Empire. Colony after colony was granted a legislature and at length an executive responsible to the people. Canada, Newfoundland, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa have been granted Home Rule, so far as is consistent with their remaining part of the British Dominions. And now we see "The Empire" nearly full grown. A strong central government seated in its capital, also the capital of the world, having power to veto any legislation passed anywhere in the British world.

The one tie which binds the whole Empire together is the King. He is not only the object of our heart-felt devotion, but a part of every legislature, and every administrative act is done in his name. This, it seems, is the true conception of "The Empire"—a King to unite the loyalty of all, a strong central government to watch over the interests of all, and a local government to administer to the satisfaction of the British of each part of His Majesty's Dominions, the affairs of that part.

The Imperial Parliament has guarded so well the interests of its colonies as to ensure their love and loyalty forever.

#### HOPE.

(From the German of Schiller)

Men talk and dream of happier days,  
The golden days to be,  
In Hope's enchanting colors drest  
The future bright they see.  
The world grows grey and grows green again,  
But Hope stays young in the hearts of men.  
Hope takes the young child by the hand,  
Her smiles his heart enfold;  
Her magic thrills the soul of youth,  
Her whisper cheers the old.  
And the grave itself defies despair,  
For the emblems of Hope are planted there!  
'Tis not an empty fantasy  
Of folly and pride the birth,  
But a voice that breathes to the spirit of man:  
"Thy bourne is not on earth."  
And the inner voice will not believe  
The highest hopes of the soul deceive.

—W. W. K.

### Work of Old-Time Pupils.

In looking over some copies of the old B. H. S. paper "Vox Populi," many exceedingly good articles were come upon. Among them, the following two poems on the Boer War are perhaps the best:

#### A TRIBUTE.

Far along the rocky mountain-side,  
Scorched by the burning sun,  
Wearied by endless marching,  
Glad when the day is done,  
Stretched brave Tommy Atkins,  
Worn and wan with strife,  
From fighting for his country,  
And fighting for his life.

As came the thoughts of Mother,  
And loved ones far away,  
Many a brave heart faltered;  
For a moment, fear held sway.  
But for a moment only,  
Then far down the line  
Swelled the praise of "Annie Laurie,"  
And the strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

The Irishmen sang of the Emerald Isle,  
The Scotchman of his heather,  
But the Canadian sang, "God Save the Queen,"  
And "The Maple Leaf Forever."

But soon the bugle sounded  
"Lights out," and every man  
Was dreaming of his loved ones  
Far in his native land.  
A brave Canadian picket  
Watched o'er that mighty throng  
Of weary warriors bound in sleep,  
And they stirred the air with song.

Let the Irishman boast of his old Green Isle,  
The Scotchman of his heather,  
We'll sing, my lads, "God Save the Queen,"  
And "The Maple Leaf Forever."

#### OUR BOYS.

They're dying for the Empire's cause,  
Our soldier lads so brave.  
They're yielding up their noble lives,  
Our honored flag to save.

We've sent them of our best blue blood;  
We'll send them many more  
To guard old England's righteous cause  
On Africa's burning shore.

Although it costs us many a pang,  
Our own brave lads to see  
Dying on the battle-field  
For truth and liberty.

We will not falter or complain,  
But firm and true we'll stand,  
To show our loyalty and love  
For the dear old mother-land.

A school teacher recently electrified her pupils, who were annoying her with questions, "Children, I am engaged." Noticing the general look of astonishment, she added, "but not to any fool of a man," and the excitement died away.

Advertisement seen in a Belleville newspaper:—  
Gigantic Women's Suit Sale.



THE BELLEVILLE HIGH SCHOOL.

## The Belleville High School Elevator

#### EDITORIAL STAFF.

Editor-in-Chief,	- - -	E. H. Ingram.
Literary Editor,	- - -	Josephine Tickell.
News Editor,	- - -	Emily Armstrong.
Sporting Editors,	{ - - -	Hugh Rogers.
	{ - - -	Sybil Grant.
Business Manager	- - -	Horace Yeomans.

#### EDITORIAL COMMENT.

To say that the Belleville High School has done well during the past year, is to use a very mild term. Never in all its history has it made such rapid progress in so short a time; progressed in every phase of school-life:—classwork, literary work, athletics, everything. Last fall school opened with a staff of eight teachers—one more than the preceding year—but this was not sufficient, so after Christmas the staff was augmented by the addition of Miss Hitchon. Now we have nine teachers and nine forms, more than the Belleville High School has ever been able to boast previous to this year.

The building is perhaps not all that it might be, but our students are not jealous of the public school pupils in their magnificent new schools; for the erection of these enabled them to have the whole High School building for their own use, which up to this year they shared with the public school pupils. Since the latter moved into their new quarters, the rooms in the centre of the building on the ground floor have been changed into a big assembly room—a thing of which we were badly in need. With a first class assembly room the school could now have the long wished-for Literary Society. On account of the large number of pupils attending the High School, it was thought advisable to have two divisions—a senior and a junior society. The first act then was to obtain a piano on credit, and by charging a small fee to members and by the open meetings which are held

three or four times a year, a good part of the debt has been paid. But the young people of B. H. S. are not the kind to let well enough alone. They want to be at the very top; so the next step was to publish a school paper—"The Elevator," the name of which proclaims its object. The Literary Society has proved a marvellous success. The members have taken part in or listened to vocal and instrumental solos, interesting debates and lectures, to say nothing of a mock parliament and spelling matches. With such a start there is no limit to what this society can accomplish in the next few years.

It is indeed a long time since B. H. S. has turned out such a fine lot of athletes as this year. Last October one of the most successful field-days in the history of the school was held. The football team did splendid work for the small amount of practice they had, but nothing can come up to the showing the B. H. S. hockey team made. Not only did they win the championship of the Quinte High School League, but they went through without losing a game, except a very unfair one against a senior town team. In basketball and baseball B. H. S. is also taking honors, and expects to win the pennant in the new Interscholastic Baseball League.

Many of the best workers will be leaving the school this summer, some to attend universities or other institutions, some to begin their life's work. We know that "The Elevator" is voicing the thought of the school in wishing them success in all their undertakings. No doubt there are plenty of others equally competent ready to take their places, but nevertheless they will always be remembered as the ones who helped to raise up the school; and new pupils coming in will follow in their footsteps so that when young men and women say that they are graduates of the Belleville High School, it will be, if it is not already, the best guarantee of their ability, trustworthiness and willingness.

—:—

Don't forget "The Elevator" in the holidays. Make notes of your adventures, travels, etc., and hand them in to the editor next fall.

—:—

We desire to thank the merchants and professional men, who by advertising in "The Elevator" assist us so greatly in paying the printing expenses. Without their aid it would be impossible for this school to publish a paper; therefore we ask all our readers to patronize our advertisers.

—:—

The pupils are requested to pay for their "Elevators" immediately, as the treasury is badly bent.

## Old Days at the B. H. S.

By Thomas F. Lynch.  
Editor of "The Belleville Club News" of Chicago, Ill.

The appearance in my mail, one day, some weeks ago, of a periodical named "The Elevator" rather interested me at the moment of receiving it. I looked at it hurriedly, not recognizing its wonderful import, set it aside and, a day or two later, seeing it in a pile of unread matter, picked it out, to find what it was about. My first impression gained by a fleeting glance, had been that it was a trade magazine devoted to some machinery line. I get many such each month, and as a consequence, am inclined to be a trifle careless with them. When I saw that the "Elevator" was THE "Elevator," was devoted to the interests of the old Academy in Belleville, I looked around to see if there was any person handy, whom I might ask to punch me softly on the jaw. I was sore, clean through, to think I had let that precious load lay, so long, unread. I made up for lost time, however, because, although I was quite busy at the time, I like "Lem Jucklin," read it through, "Kiver to kiver," without a halt. The next evening I read it through again, and I liked it all. It was a daisy number and carried with it the sweet odor of the classroom, the freshness of the campus and the joyous, bubbling spirits instilled into it by its exuberant and enthusiastic editors. The second reading set my mind revolving backward and, from the dark recesses of memory, recollection stalked forth and led me back to the old school, some twenty-five and more years ago. I looked back to the by-gone days when we, of that generation, likewise published a paper. Our paper, called "The Bulletin," was not nearly so pretentious as is the "Elevator." Our paper was four pages large, the pages about 9x13 inches each. Instead of being neatly printed on good paper, profusely illustrated with entertaining pictures, and bound artistically, "The Bulletin" was written in long-hand, by the editors, and published by hanging in a large glass frame just at the south end of the assembly room platform near the boys' entrance. In order to read it one must crowd around with the group and peep whenever the occasion arose. The "Bulletin" was the student's conception of an idea given them by Allen E. McColl, B.A., at that time Mathematical Master in the High School, now Dr. A. E. McColl. The editors for the young ladies were Miss Edith Terrill, Miss May Donnelly and Miss Kate Sills. The boys' editors were H. H. Johnson, now and for many years a prosperous lawyer in Tacoma, Washington; Lorne Marsh, now Colonel and Ex-Mayor of Belleville, and Frank Brintnell, Treasurer of the Canadian National Exposition Co., of Toronto. I was one of the form reporters, we had one in each of them, at that time, four forms in the school. I remember, on one occasion, having written something, that I deemed most amazingly funny, about one of the boys, whom I caught making

eyes at a young lady student, at one of the Friday night Lit. shows. The said boy, after some sharp detective work, found out that I was the "funny" man in question, and on the occasion of our next meeting, near the Hospital Lot, on Hotel Street, he proceeded to give me the most splendid demonstration of what he thought of the efforts of an amateur jokesmith. His sense of humor was dulled by the knowledge that he could "trim" nine-tenths of the lads in the school. The "Bulletin" lived for a time, but, owing, I think, to its very limited circulation, one copy per week, it died a natural and much to be regretted death. From thinking of the "Bulletin," my mind wandered back to other things. Silhouetted strongly in the picture of long ago, stood the commanding figure and the kindly face of Professor George S. Wright, the well beloved and lovable man who was, at that time, the school's Principal. Frequently during the past two decades I have, when meeting some of the old students of B. H. S., noticed tears of tender recollection come, unbidden, into the eyes of the old timer, when the name of that genial kindly gentleman was mentioned. He was a most remarkable man, was Dr. Wright. A strict disciplinarian, who gained his sway over the students, through winning their good will by his unflinching courtesy and unfaltering belief, that, even the most troublesome and mischievous among his charges, had the right spirit in him if properly handled. He never failed. The stories that are told, by former students, of his great knowledge of student nature, his unerring acumen, his ready wit and gift of repartee, would, if collected and published, at one time, fill the entire issue of the "Elevator," and fill it with wonderfully interesting matter. There probably never has been a master, connected with Belleville Schools, who left behind him such golden memories, such a lasting monument as those carried by, and builded in the hearts of, the girls and boys whose good fortune it was to take direction while sitting under this gentle soul. I would like to mention some of the staff associated with Dr. Wright in his day. It would be a matter of keen pleasure to recall many of the old students and to tell some of the things, concerning both, which transpired. I have, however, exceeded the limit of space an outsider should consume. The B. H. S. is an interesting theme to all its former students and time spent in talking or writing of it, is uncounted in its passing. At some future time, if I may continue this line of thought, I shall be most happy to do so. I am much gratified at the permission, given by the Editor, to offer a contribution to this really fine little journal. I must offer my hearty congratulations to all who have had anything to do with causing the "Elevator" to enter into being. Its sponsors have much to be proud of and nothing to regret unless, possibly it may be, the size of the subscription list. Let's hope not even that worries.

## P. C. MacLaurin, of Belleville High School.

This picture of our Principal was taken at the time of his graduation from McMaster College some ten years ago. We are sorry that a more recent one was not available, but certainly the students will have no difficulty in recognizing this.

Mr. MacLaurin came to our school when Mr. McMillan left us in 1909. Mr. McMillan found the greater part of the science in a disgraceful state, due to the unfortunate incompetence of the

brought before the public in two very successful entertainments. In all this he has given the students the freest possible rein, unobtrusively directing their enthusiasm with kindly help and advice. From its inception he has given every encouragement and assistance in the furthering of our paper.

During the past school year we have all learned to honour and respect him and through "The Elevator" we would extend our thanks for what has been accomplished this year and wish him every success in connection with the school and outside its precincts in the wider daily life.



previous teacher, and labored late and early to regain an approved standing. This he accomplished and since Mr. MacLaurin took up the work it has continued so.

Last year, as we all know, he succeeded Mr. J. Colling as Principal. It did not take him long to show us his remarkable ability in this line. Under his guidance our Literary Society has been formed, sports have prospered, and our cadets have been put into shape. Also we have been

### SPRING SONG.

"Spring speaks not of budding trees  
Unto me;  
Nor of buds and flowers and bees  
Oh, so free!  
Nor of meadows that I see  
Filled with lambs;  
Spring brings back no thought to me  
But Exams."

Teacher—Now, tell me what is memory.  
Pupil—The thing what you forget with.

### From the Capital of the Dominion to Montreal by Steamer.

This was possible a couple of years ago, but is now a thing of the past, as the steamer which used to connect Ottawa with Grenville, Que., has been taken off this part of the river. It is true that there are still some smaller boats connecting these two places but they cannot in any way compare with the "Empress," the steamer which daily for many years sailed this course. To those who have enjoyed this splendid trip it seems a great misfortune that such a beautiful stretch of water, with its splendid accompanying scenery should be practically removed from tourists by the withdrawing of one first-class steamer. That this trip was a popular one with tourists could easily be proven by noting the larger numbers which crowded the steamer during the tourist season. Visitors from the Maritime Provinces as well as the Old Country who wished to see Canada from East to West, always arranged to take the boat trip from Montreal to Ottawa, or better still, on the return trip from Ottawa to Montreal. The reason for considering the latter more enjoyable than the former is on account of being able to shoot the Lachine Rapids on the down trip. The boat trip between Ottawa and Montreal used to be divided into three main sections, each one possessing its own characteristic charms.

The first section from the Capital to Grenville, Que., a distance of about sixty-five miles, presented to the traveller many busy hamlets nestling between the river's edge on the north shore and the Laurentian Mountains. Each hamlet was the centre of a thriving lumber industry and the sound of the whirring saws could be heard as the pine and spruce logs were sawn into lumber. Extensive yards surrounded each mill, filled with white piles of freshly-sawn lumber. Blue barges could be seen lying at the docks slowly receiving the cargoes of lumber. This was the view on the Quebec side of the river, whilst on the Ontario side great stretches of undulating country presented themselves to the eye; stretches made up of the finest agricultural land in the Dominion and known as the famous Lower Ottawa Valley. On this part of the trip many bays and sheltered shallows in the river were filled with large booms of saw-logs, which looked black when compared with the green banks of the river. Skilfully jumping from log to log, the river drivers could be discerned as they were engaged in selecting and keeping these large quantities of logs within due bounds. The river itself was scarcely ever free from seas of logs which were being slowly towed from place to place by the puffing little tugs. Whilst the tourist was ever conscious of the ceaseless activity round and about on every side, he could not ever free himself from the silent grandeur of the blue Laurentian Mountains.

The second section consisted of a railroad trip of twelve miles from Grenville, Que., to Carillon, Que. This was made necessary in order to escape the long stretch of rapids which extend for miles along the river. Many tourists have taken the Ottawa trip mainly for the purpose of gazing for hours on the beautiful Laurentian Hills, and also to enjoy the novelty of riding on the oldest piece of railroad in Canada. This road for a number of years was a wide gauge road and the locomotive was of the oldest type, wood being used instead of coal in order to get up steam. The engineer was also fireman and the conductor was the purser of the boat used in the first section. As the road was built on such a sure foundation as the oldest rock formation in the North American continent, it was not deemed necessary to expend money on keeping it in repair. Consequently many an unlooked-for curve was taken at high speed and many a severe jostle experienced by the passengers without extra charge. As the road skirted the river, and was bounded on the north side by the mountains, every sound was loudly echoed so that the rumble of the wheels on the rails was greatly intensified, giving rise to the constant sensation of descending into a tunnel. The branches of the trees along the road grew down in friendly greeting and the ends of the longest ones kept continuously slapping against the tops and sides of the coaches. The constant hollow rumble of the wheels and the green of the overhanging branches entertained the passengers until Carillon was reached, and with it the third section of the journey began.

Carillon is situated near the spot where Daulac with his band of Indians so bravely defended Hochelaga against the attack of the Iroquois so many years ago. It is also at this point that the Ottawa River widens out into the Lake of the Two Mountains. Embarked again on a steamer somewhat larger than the one used in the first part of the journey the passengers have before them the wide expanse of the water, whilst on the left the twin mountains rise in the distance, and on the right at close range is the Rigaud Mountain with its green covering of maple and pine trees shuts off one end of the lake, so that no outlet is visible. A large Church, College and Convent with shining roofs stand out in bold relief from the sloping side of the mountain, whilst on its very summit an immense wooden cross stands out boldly against the blue sky. A short distance further on the Monastery at Oka, surrounded by its large farm, could be distinctly seen. This belongs to an Order of Trappists, and amongst many other things for which this Order is noted is their fine production of cheese and wine. In the early afternoon several islands have been passed. A slow trip through a short canal and the steamer is gliding along rapidly into the St. Lawrence River, or more properly into that part of it which is known as Lake St. Louis, a wide expanse indeed, where from the steamer the shores are scarcely discernable. At

### SCHOOL NEWS.

The sudden interest displayed in Chemistry by Form III. C. is marvellous. They're at it by twos and threes at all hours of the day, and after 3.30 — well, they're all there then. Surely no one will venture to doubt the benefit of examinations in view.

—:—

A side-show! Where? In the Science Room, of course, first table, in the sink. What? A lobster, real and alive, first ever viewed by many of the students. Go and see it.

—:—

At the "Girl Guys' Picnic:

Fr . . s—Won't you have a piece of my cake?  
J . . n—No, thank you! I've had a piece.

—:—

Some of the Fourth Form are too hard up even to pay their Literary Society fees. Poor things!

—:—

The opinion of III. C. concerning Form IV. was expressed by a member of III. C. as follows: "They don't appear to do much work, it seems to me; they just diddle up and down stairs and in and out of the Science Room all day." This is a false impression, however, take note.

—:—

Written on the margin of a Fourth-former's Algebra exam. paper: Much ado about O.

—:—

N. A. Y.: Why I have often gone out in my canoe, tied to a b(u)oy, to study my Greek. (Slight excitement among listeners).

—:—

Very entertaining for the onlookers was the exciting little race between Miss Guest and Jean Milne, run in several laps. It was run up and down the halls, Miss Guest being after Jean and Jean after Miss Guest. Things were very even until the end, when, as Jean was scrambling up the stairs, the strap on her pump broke. She slid wearily down several steps, both shoes spun down and neatly landed on the floor; and Miss Guest, having gained considerably in the meantime, was able to get hold of Jean and so put an end to the race.

—:—

Mr. Knight (bursting in upon a Guide meeting)—"Oh! don't let me disturb you! I'll just take this book, and my departure, and as little time as possible."

—:—

A First-former announced to a Fourth-former: "As soon as the hepaticas are out, we're going to start zoology."

—:—

A junior defines the study of Composition as follows: "Composition is the study of how to make nothing cover two pages."

the end of the lake Lachine is situated, and at this point the pilot is taken on board. Every passage is now seized with that peculiar sensation which is caused by a mixture of fear and pleasure, for near at hand are the famous Lachine Rapids and the steamer must plunge in an almost vertical position between the walls of rock. The least error in the pilot's calculations and the vessel would be dashed to pieces on either side. Although this is a perilous part of the journey, very few serious accidents have happened, and the same pilot has managed the steamer at this point for a great many years. Mount Royal has been in view for some time and in a short while the harbour of Montreal is reached and the delightful day, begun at eight o'clock in the morning in Ottawa, is terminated at seven o'clock in the evening at Montreal.

### A Little Encouragement.

We do not wish to show any of that sort of pride which goes before a fall, but here is an extract from "The Belleville Club News" of Chicago, which is most encouraging and which we cannot but read with satisfaction, coming, as it does, so early in the history of our paper:

#### The Elevator.

A periodical, named "The Elevator," has eased its way into the field of once-in-a-while journalism. The paper or magazine is the work of the students of the High School in Belleville. We have been favored with several copies of it from different sources, and gladly passed the extra ones out to old-timers who received their grounding at the historic old academy. The "Elevator" is all right. It is well prepared, well written, spicy enough to suit, sober enough to suit, breezy, exuding the classroom and campus atmosphere, and a credit not only to its promoters and editors, but to the old school it desires to boost. It is well named, is the Elevator, its principal idea, as we see it, being to raise the tone of the school, lift it from its primary stage into a more mature and secure plane, and instill in the minds of the students a greater idea of the responsibility resting upon each individually and the school as a whole. We welcome the "Elevator" and we sincerely hope that the grandchildren and great grandchildren of the present staff will continue, in their generation, to maintain the paper in all its original virtue.

Mary had a chew of gum  
And it was white as snow,  
And everywhere that Mary went  
That gum was sure to go.

It went with her to school one day,  
Which was against the rule;  
The teacher took the gum away  
And chewed it after school.  
(Where have I seen this before?)

## SCHOOL NEWS.

Did you notice what a fine time W. H. R. had at the 15th's Smoker?

The girls of III. C. certainly like joy-riding, whether it is in a buggy, an auto, or a canoe.

It is rumored that C. T. of III. C. is going to lead the High School Glee Club.

A. G. of III. C. complains that the girls in his vicinity have of late been disfiguring his books.

The III. C. girls would like to know what the objection is to them using the piano before and after school hours.

G. B. of III. C. is taking a shorthand course at a West Belleville residence. (We wonder who his teacher is.)

How is it that all the teachers complain about the weak vocal organs of the members of the Senior Third Form, and yet certain of the staff allege that between classes this form can be distinctly heard in the lower hall?

Mr. Clarke of Trinity College, Toronto, paid us a visit on May 13th. He gave a short talk in the Sr. Third Form, chiefly concerning the college he represented. He also advised the students to remain in the High School as long as they can learn anything here. This, however, did not prevent anyone from sending in his application to try the exams.

## THE DREAM.

Two lovers wander, hand in hand,  
Through gardens passing fair;  
The flowers in pity droop to see  
How frail and wan the pair.

Their eyes beam love through falling tears  
As sunlight shines through rain,  
One close embrace of heart and lips  
Brings health and youth again.

They start, they wake, alas, sweet dream!  
Two harsh bells strike the hour—  
She sweeps within the cloister'd cell,  
He in the dungeon tower.

W. W. K.

## PERHAPS.

"Why does Miss S— close her eyes when she sings?"

"Perhaps she has a tender heart."

"I don't quite understand."

"Maybe she can't bear to see how we suffer."

## A Reminiscence.

A fine poetic frenzy  
Is bubbling in my soul;  
I see our fellows standing  
In rows behind the goal.

And Rogers there with Gribble,  
Preparing them to cheer;  
They really needn't bother,  
We'll holler, never fear.

Come hither, Barber minor,  
And do not act the fool,  
But stand where we shall put you  
To holler for your school.

Look! Now the puck is started,  
And now the game's begun,  
And Tuite and Sinclair on the right  
Are making quite a run.

Oh! Pass the puck, you donkey,  
Now Elliott, do be cool,  
And pass it on to Sinclair;  
Don't let them beat our school!

But lo, the puck is captured,  
Which makes us weep to see,  
An awful shriek arises,  
"Goal one for Napanee."

By skilful combination  
They're hanging to the puck.  
The Napanees are pressing us,  
Oh hang such beastly luck!

And ever madly onward  
The foe careering come;  
While ever rises all around  
A half-delirious hum.

But as some gallant vessel  
Will stem the ocean tide,  
And face the chafing billows,  
And fling the foam aside,

So, Hitchon meets their forwards  
With never-failing pluck,  
And wary Ingram backs him up  
And takes away the puck.

Hurrah! Our boys have got it,  
They've got the puck at last!  
Now pass it forward, Ingram,  
And Elliott, rush it fast!

Hurrah! It's through! A hideous cry  
Floats up from Napanee,  
Because our boys have shot the puck  
Right under Babcock's knee.

Now, think of fame, you fellows,  
Of liberty and life;  
Or think of anything you like,  
To fire you in the strife.

But now in proud defiance  
Here come the Napanees;  
Their rooters' yell of triumph  
Sure makes our blood to freeze.

How lovely is their passing,  
How beautiful their play;  
Their team has really never worked  
Together as to-day.

Their play is really splendid,  
And very speedily  
In quick succession score they two  
And make it one to three.

No cucumber is cooler  
Than Mills when he's in luck.  
No dodger equals Tuitey  
When once he has the puck.

What's that? A goal!  
Hooray! Hooray! We know what we're about;  
You little donkey, Barber,  
Why don't you try to shout?

And now there goes another,  
It's three to three — a tie,  
And who shall say ere close of play,  
Which side may have to sigh?

The next goal went to Napanee,  
Which made it four to three;  
The next one went to Belleville—  
Another tie, you see.

Ray Tuite is like a greyhound,  
Sinclair is tough as steel,  
And Elliott, wily Elliott  
Is lively as an eel.

But as some mighty fortress,  
Or Heaven-aspiring rock,  
Is seen to brave the tempest,  
And all its fury mock,

So did their point and cover,  
With confidence sublime,  
Withstand our nimble forwards  
Seven minutes more to time!

One effort — who will make it  
Hooray! It's made, it's done;  
For Mills has sent a long shot through,  
And victory is won.

For Nurse was steady, Nurse was quick,  
And sure of hand and eye;  
He would not give the visitors  
A goal, to make a tie.

G. B.

## Notes and Comments.

The B. H. S. Elevator extends heartiest congratulations to the following graduates who obtained first class honors at S. P. S., thereby bringing honor to themselves and also to their Alma Mater: F. G. Reid, W. E. McGie, B. A. McCrodan, and J. S. Panter.

The B. H. S. Cadets are also to be congratulated on their fine showing on May 9th, when they were inspected by Major Gillespie. With their smart new uniforms they should be one of the best corps at Barriefield this year.

Another forward move. A Domestic Science Department for the schools of Belleville. The fall of 1913 will see this course, no doubt, fully established in the stone building on the High

School grounds. This is a central location for the pupils from all the schools. The Board of Education, as well as the teachers and citizens generally are determined that Belleville will lead in matters of education.

Put all you can into the High School while you are a student there; by so doing you will help the school, make good progress yourself and in after years you will feel proud of your Alma Mater.

The total number of pupils registered in the Belleville High School for the year 1912-13 is 227. Of this number 71 are from the counties.

A larger number of pupils than usual are writing on the Departmental Examinations in June this year, from the B. H. S.

Mr. John McNab, formerly of the B. H. S. staff, is now teaching the commercial classes in the Calgary High School.

## The Literary Society.

We are pleased to acknowledge a donation of five dollars from Mr. W. R. Taylor, a member of our School Board, who wished so practically to show his interest in our work. Both the donation and his interest are very much appreciated.

## WHEN A TEACHER IS ABSENT.

Elsie reads the paper while Helen sits and sings,  
Emily works at Physics and a dozen other things.  
Audrey plods away until her homework is complete,  
Cora is so quiet and never leaves her seat.

Flo. and Jo. read History and Lillian does the same,  
Till every new Reform is known to each of them by name.

Nina is kept busy with her Horace and her Greek,  
While Jean is calmly waiting for examination week.

Dorothy has left us, we miss her smiling face,  
But Lucy the "chatterbox" is always in her place,  
But some of us though faithful have not an hour  
to spend,  
For alas! we're doomed to failure without a recom-  
mend.

By Vernon, George and Granville, many golden  
hours are spent

In laughing over trifles that are not worth a cent.  
So this is just an instance of how we spend our time,  
For it took one good round hour to compose this  
foolish rhyme.

# ATHLETICS.

## BASEBALL.

### The Interscholastic League.

In the early part of May, representatives of Albert College, the High School, the Belleville Business College, and the Deaf and Dumb Institute, met at the Y.M.C.A. for the purpose of forming a school baseball league, with the object of boosting amateur baseball in our city. After some discussion it was decided to call the league "The Interscholastic Baseball League." A committee composed of Messrs. Root, Powers and Rogers formed a constitution, and Mr. Powers was asked to draw up a schedule. The League has proved very successful, great interest being taken in the games which have all been well attended.

The first game was played before a large crowd on the High School grounds, between the Belleville Business College and the High School. Newton made his first appearance in the box for the High School and pitched a very good game for the first four innings, but after that he showed signs of weakening. The B.B.C. pitcher was Pitcher, the former Ontario twirler, but he did not show up to any great advantage in the game. French, the first High School player to bat, made a clear single. Rogers, who was next, put a fly into right field which Thomas missed, and when the ball was returned French was on third and Rogers on second. This was just a starter, for the whole High School team knocked the ball all over the lot, scoring 16 runs in four innings off Pitcher's curves; while Newton kept the B. B. C.'s hits scattered, and received splendid support from the rest of his team. The Business College team kept the spectators amused by their wild throws and fearful errors, while the High School players were stealing bases. After the first part of the fifth innings the B.B.C. had had enough and so put an end to what was probably the strangest game of baseball that has been played in Belleville for years.

After receiving such an overwhelming defeat by the High School, the Belleville Business College very wisely decided to drop out of the League. With a three-team league the following games were played:

Albert College vs. D. & D., May 3rd.—This

game resulted in a sweeping victory for Albert, the score being 24:1. The D. & D. boys were fairly good in the field but were all poor batters, and the Albert pitcher had them at his mercy, while the curves of the D. & D. pitchers were easily batted all over the field.

High School vs. Albert College, on the Albert grounds.—This was a very close game, in which Albert finally won out by a score of 17:16. The pitchers were: Albert—Pitcher. High School—Reid, Sprague. In the first innings Reid was batted pretty hard, so he was replaced by Sprague in the second. Sprague did beautiful work for a time and for five innings had the Alberts "eating out of his hand," but in the last innings (7th) his arm "went up," and Albert scored seven runs. Pitcher pitched the entire game for Albert, and though very wild at times, did better than in his first game. The fielding of both teams was exceptionally bad and many errors were made. In batting the teams were about equal, though Albert scored two home-runs more than the High School. Mr. Tubworth, the umpire, showed how the game was played thirty years ago, but failed to make a hit with either team. If Sprague's arm had lasted the High School would have won by a big margin, but as it was he pitched a fine game, striking out nine men.

High School vs. D. & D., May 14th, on D. & D. grounds.—The unexpected certainly happened this time, when the D. & D. defeated the High School to the tune of 18:14. Either it was an off-day for the High School or the D. & D. pitchers and batters are improving, for the hearing boys went up there with the reputation of being the best team in the league, and came back with that reputation sadly shattered. However, let us hope that in the next game with the D. & D. our boys will turn the tables on their silent friends.

The line-up for the High School is as follows:

- P.—Reid, Newton, Sprague.
- C.—Newton, Nurse.
- 1B.—Morden.
- S.S.—Hitchon.
- 2B.—Yeomans.
- 3B.—Sprague, Reid.
- R.F.—Rogers.
- C.F.—French.
- L.F.—Peppin.

League standing up to time of going to press:

	Won	Lost	To Play
Albert . . . . .	2	0	2
B. H. S. . . . .	1	2	2
D. & D. . . . .	1	1	2

## BASKETBALL.

### O. B. C. vs. B. H. S.

A very exciting game of basketball, the second game in the second series of the City Basketball League, was played in the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium, Monday, April 7th, at 4.30 P.M. The opposing teams were the Ontario Business College and the Belleville High School. The game was well attended and the audience followed the game with great enthusiasm and about half of them were standing when the game was nearing an end. The B. H. S. continually led the score, which mounted at last to 40:23.

The line-up was as follows:

- |                        |           |
|------------------------|-----------|
| O. B. C.               | B. H. S.  |
| —Forward—              | Nurse     |
| Breckenridge . . . . . | —Forward— |
| —Forward—              | Yeomans   |
| Daigle . . . . .       | —Centre—  |
| —Centre—               | Clarke    |
| Major . . . . .        | —Defence— |
| —Defence—              | Rogers    |
| Bell . . . . .         | —Defence— |
| —Defence—              | Morden    |
| Bryant . . . . .       |           |

At 4.35 Referee Pitney called the game. The first few minutes showed the magnetic effect of the B. H. S. basket on the ball and by the good playing of Nurse and Yeomans, the score was in the same direction all through the game, although the O. B. C. were a much heavier and taller team. The score mounted higher and higher because Nurse was always alert and ready for the ball no matter what direction it came in and generally scored. Morden played a splendid defence and Rogers ably took his place as spare. Bryant and Major did most of the scoring for the O. B. C. but Breckenridge and Daigle did good work.

Both teams, at the conclusion of the game, cheered for each other and went off showing a good spirit, which always prevails in the League games.

The final game of the City Basketball League was played in the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium between the crack Y.M.C.A. team and the speedy B.H.S. team. It was by far the fastest game of the season, and the large crowd of spectators were on their feet from the beginning to the end of the game. The pace set by the B.H.S. boys in the first half was terrific, and they kept their more experienced opponents "guessing" all the time. The High School team worked together like a well-oiled machine until near the end of the game, when the smaller boys became winded. At the close of the first half the score stood 28:26 in favor of the B.H.S. In the second half

the play was forced by the Y.M.C.A. forwards, and the High School defence was unable to stop them on account of the terrible pace set in the first half. The final score was 54:39 in favor of the Y.M.C.A.

The star of the game was R. Moon, who shot the ball into the basket from all positions and scored even when the High School defence players were hanging around his neck. A. Robinson also played a good game for the Y.M.C.A. The High School boys all played like stars while their winde lasted. They showed up well in combination and next year will without doubt take the lead.

The line-up was as follows:

- |                     |               |
|---------------------|---------------|
| Y.M.C.A.            | B.H.S.        |
| —Forward—           | Nurse         |
| Finkle . . . . .    | —Forward—     |
| —Forward—           | Yeomans       |
| Moon . . . . .      | —Centre—      |
| —Centre—            | Hitchon       |
| Robinson . . . . .  | —Defence—     |
| —Defence—           | Rogers        |
| Alexander . . . . . | —Defence—     |
| —Defence—           | Morden        |
| Moore . . . . .     |               |
| Referee . . . . .   | P. O. Pitney. |

## Nature Notes.

### An Hour With a School Microscope.

The Zoology classes of the B. H. S. have been especially interesting during the past week or so on account of the study of a hitherto unknown (to us) world of animals found but a few yards from the door of the school. As we pass through the south end of the grounds behind the little church school-house how little we realize what a vast wealth of interesting living material lies before us in the stagnant water of the swamp. The great variety and quantity of Insecta, Crustacea, Arachnida, etc., found here are not even known by our Science master.

I will only mention a very few found in a small canful of this water. Planarian worms, about one-half inch in length, were the largest, and although not particularly attractive in appearance, their internal anatomy proved most wonderful. As the sun shone on the water, bright red mites were seen swimming rapidly about, and in contrast to them the vivid purple of Cypria, which in a younger state appeared under the microscope as two brownish clam shells lapping over one another.

A dull coloured little speck, scarcely as big as a pin-head to the naked eye, proved to be a water-flea, Cyclops, with a single eye on the top of the head, two pairs of feelers and two large egg sacs clearly distinguishable fastened to the abdomen.

In most respects this minute animal corresponds in structure to the cray-fish and also to the largest lobster.

There were also visible in the water some of the very earliest and simplest forms of life, such as Paramecium, and doubtless the simplest of all, the Amoeba, although we failed to actually see the latter.

The few we saw, however, are, I am sure, enough to reveal to us the thought in Shakespeare's much quoted passage:

"Books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

L. J. T.

### Basket Ball—October 14th, 1911.

Many of us knew Marjorie Taylor, whose sad death came as a very sudden blow to her friends last November. During her career in our school she was among the cleverest of the students in not one, but many lines. Always good humoured and full of fun, she was a favourite throughout the school among the teachers as well as her fellow students. Though she may not be well known to the present junior forms, many of her friends are still in the upper school who miss her often and deeply regret her loss.

Among the subjects in which she was proficient English was not least. For several years she held a position which, though not official, might still very justifiably be called "school poetess." Almost every event of importance, such as basketball, grounds, and so on, became a subject for her pen, and all her school mates at one time or another underwent her good humoured railery.

The following is a piece written after the basketball match played with Trenton High School on our grounds, October 14, 1911. A good many will remember the circumstances—how we all went to meet the girls at the station, their non-appearance, and later arrival, driving. As to the rest of the day the following decidedly school-girl rhyme, which her mother has kindly allowed us to copy, speaks for itself:

A bunch at the station,  
A terrible jam—  
'Cause the Trentons had fooled us  
We all muttered—

Now don't get excited  
And don't get unstrung,  
For the word that we uttered  
Was nothing but 'stung'!

A wait in the school yard,  
Some basket ball fame,  
A few introductions,  
And then came the game.

The girls in position!  
The referee there!  
A blow of the whistle—  
The ball's in the air.

A sudden mad scurry,  
For Helen had won!  
The checks soon were busy,  
And then came the fun.

From one to another  
Most swiftly it passed,  
Till into our basket  
The ball went at last.

Now Norah was yelling  
At Helen or Sib,  
Now giving her poor guard  
A dig in the rib.

But what did it matter?  
The score mounted high;  
The ball in our basket  
Quite often did fly.

Just two for the Trentons  
And six for our team,  
Everyone thought it  
A beautiful dream.

When half time was over  
Most anxious were all,  
And all gazed most eagerly  
After the ball.

Three fouls are called rapidly,  
As I'm alive;  
But the score at the end  
Is eleven to five!

Now three cheers for our visitors,  
Skilful and quick!  
All agree that the whole team's  
Exceedingly sick.



A school teacher recently electrified her pupils, who were annoying her with questions, "Children, I am engaged." Noticing the general look of astonishment, she added, "but not to any fool of a man," and the excitement died away.

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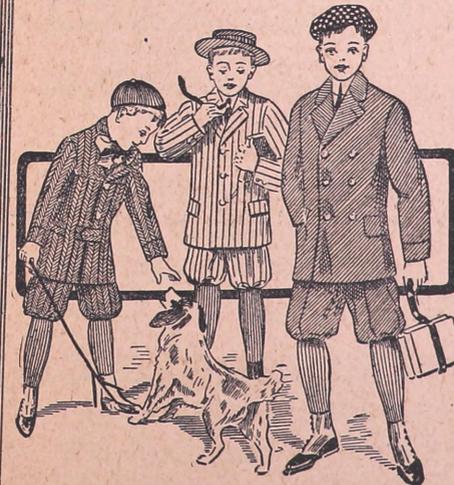
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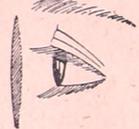
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