

ELEVATOR



BELLEVILLE HIGH SCHOOL
December, 1919

Great War Memorial Scholarship Fund
Subscriptions to date \$1850.00
\$150 still required

In Memoriam

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CLIFFORD BURROWS
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THE ELEVATOR



CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1919



Editor-in-Chief—J. J. Wilson, B.A.	Editor of Girls' Athletics—Grace Docter.
Business Manager—A. Thrasher.	Editor of Boys' Athletics—Cecil Mc- Mullen.
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EDITORIAL



“The old order changeth, yielding place to new.”—Tennyson.

CHRISTMAS, like everything else, is a victim of circumstances. Thus, we saw the Xmas of 1914 enshrouded in battle smoke. Then came in ghost-like procession those of '15, '16, and '17. While how different was that of 1918, made joyous by the exultant trumpet notes of November the Eleventh!

December of this year sees us nearing another Christmas of mingled disappointment and hope. Long ago the glad song of victory has died on our lips. Mankind is sorely perplexed, for although a peace has been formulated, there is no peace. Peace is a thing of the heart, and when the world's heart is wrong, hate, prejudice, suspicion, year, etc., keep her ajangle and so out of the war of nations, the war of classes arises.

Amid this world chaos it is not easy to sing the Christmas song.

Yet the Man whose birthday we celebrate on Christmas would teach us that higher levels cannot be reached without commotion and sorrow, and it is because high ideals are forging their way to the front, that the world finds itself in this state of unrest.

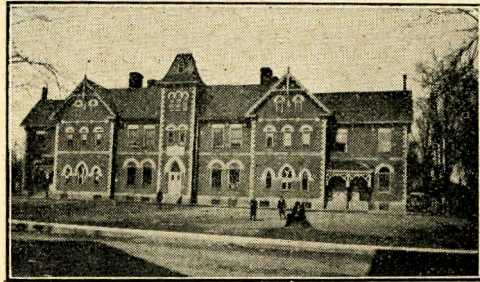
In this time of perplexity we are in sore need of Christmas; just to be told again that the Heavenly Powers are friendly; that there is an avenue of escape from our troubles; that the Christ-

THE ELEVATOR

mas angels sing this year as they did two thousand years ago,
"Peace on earth, goodwill tiward ment."

* * *

This number of The Elevator marks a change from the old to the new, but we are glad to state that the new business manager, although not a Scotchman, has proven his ability to harvest home sufficient coin to make this number a possibility. The entire staff and students have worked with such right goodwill and co-operation that in the incredibly short space of three weeks we are able to submit our bi-annual magazine for its readers' approval.



Successful Candidates at the
Departmental Examinations

Lower School

Mabel Robson (Honours; winner of Graham Scholarship), Isodore Wims (Honours), Bessie Barlow, Martha Benedict, Joe Blackburn, Mary Cook, Alice Evans, Robert Gilbert, Helen Green, Lionel Ives, Tom McDermott, Cecil McMullen, Lillian Pringle Helen Reid, Wilma Ross, Helen Sinclair, Margaret Whiting, Clara Yeomans.

Junior Matriculation

Annie Brownson, Marguerite Coulter, Neva Deeton, Jean Evans, Mary McLellan, Wylda Palmer, Eva Rose, Esther Wagner, Dougless Elliott, Ross Farrell, Mary Yeomans.

Middle School Entrance to Normal Schools

Annie Brownson (Honours), Gladys Chambers (granted standing), Marguerite Coulter (Honours), Neva Deeton (Honours), Jean Evans Anna Lafferty, Audrey McLeod, Marguerite Mulvihill, Mary McLellan (Honours), Violet McPherson, Wylda Palmer, Eva Rose (Honours), Wanda Reid, Mary Thompson, Esther Wagner (Honours), Abe Dies, Douglas Elliott, Ross Farrell (Honours), Mac Hill, Harry Hurley, Hazel McMullen, Edna Wedden.

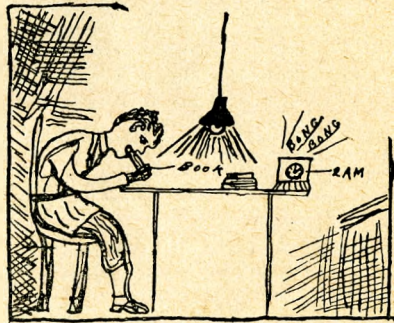
Partial Matriculation

Mac Hill, Mary Thompson, Audrey McLeod, Anna Lafferty, Harry Hurley, Abe Dies.

Upper School Entrance to Faculties of Education

Greta Madden, Part I.; George Kimmerley, Part I.; Helen Clarke,

Part II.; Rita Collip, Part II. with Honours; Florence Thompson, Part II.; Phyllis VanAllen, Part II.; Carl Brownson, Part II.; Gordon Chute, Part II.; Lorne Deeton, Part II.



(First-Prize Poem)

Days.

Days are so different, don't you think?

Why, some are sad and dark,
And some all shining cream and pink,—

Then all day's like a lark.

Some days you will wake and feel
so blue,

Full of a great big dread;
And then, no matter what you do,
Your heart feels just like lead.

Mistakes will happen, all day long,
And disappointments come,
Until you think the whole world's
wrong,
And think that you alone

Can see its errors; so you grieve
About yourself till night.
Then there are grey days, to re-
lieve—
Days between dark and light.

But oh! the days I like the best
 (I'm sure that you do too),
 Are those when, waking from our
 rest,
 We feel so good all through.

That we can't help a wish to sing,
 And give a cheery whistle—
 We're sure the day will roses bring,
 And not a thorn or thistle.

Perhaps 'tis that the sunlight glows
 So merry in the morning;
 Yet we were happy, when arose
 A shower, without warning.

I wonder what it is that crowns
 Some days with rose-gold glory;
 We care not if it smiles or frowns—
 The world's a new, sweet story.

These wonder-days, they make us
 love
 Anew life's checkered game;
 And, light or dark, they each one
 prove
 No day is quite the same.

Marie Brenton, Form IV.

(Second Prize Poem.)

If I Dared.

I'd like to be a cowboy and ride a
 fiery hoss
 Far out into the big and boundless
 West;
 I'd kill the bears and panthers and
 the wolves I came across,
 And I'd pull the baldheaded eagle
 from his nest;
 With my pistols at my side
 I would roam the prairie wide,
 And to hunt the savage Injun in his
 wigwam I would ride,
 If I dared—but I dussen't.

I'd like to go to Africky and kill the
 lions there,
 And the very biggerest elephants
 about;
 I would track the fierce gorilla to
 his equatorial lair,
 And I'd put the cunning cannibal to
 route;
 I would chase the pizen snakes
 And the 'potomus that makes
 His home down at the bottom of

unfathomable lakes,
 If I dared—but I dussen't.
 I would like to be a pirate and sail
 the ocean blue,
 With a big black flag a-flyin' over-
 head;
 I would skower the Spanish Mane
 with a gallant pirate crew,
 And die the sea a deep and dredful
 read.

With my cutlass in my hand,
 On the quarterdeck I'd stand,
 And to deeds of heroism I'd incite
 my pirate band,
 If I dared—but I dussen't.

Digby Denike, II A

(Third-Prize Poem.)

LADDIE.

(With apologies to Miss Lillian Lev-
 eridge.)

Laddie, little laddie, you are passing
 your best days now,
 No care, or worry, or trouble has as
 yet marred your merry brow;
 Your life has been passed 'mid plea-
 sures, your eyes have e'er look-
 ed on joy,
 Oh God! if I could but keep him—
 this young, pure innocent boy.

Laddie, little laddie, 'tis in vain that
 I make this plea,
 For your eyes are becoming keener,
 the light of God's world to see;
 Yet place your faith in Him above—
 He will guide you right,
 Through His loving care and kind-
 ness, thr' the greatness of His
 might.

Laddie, little laddie, you love Dame
 Nature so,
 Yet will you love her so fondly as
 the years slowly onward go?
 Other pleasures will claim your at-
 tention, 'other idols will usurp
 her throne,
 Yet she will stand patiently waiting
 till again she comes into her
 own.

Laddie, Laddie, Laddie, soon you
 will leave your home,

Soon will you face the careless world
and fight your battles alone;
No father's hand to guide you, no
mother's word to cheer,
No sister to comfort and caress, or
stop the falling tear.

Laddie, beloved laddie, you are tender
and loving now;

Let not the cold world embrace that
trust and you before money,
bow;

My hand is becoming shaky, my eyes
no longer see,
Yet remember these words from mother,
lad, wherever you may be.

Eva M. Davis.

Great War Memorial Scholarship Fund

In June, 1919, the subscription list was opened for this worthy cause. The objective was \$2,000. The purpose was to establish a fund which could be used to perpetuate forever the names of the brave Belleville High School boys who gave their lives for us overseas. The interest of this fund is to be used for scholarship to encourage the boys and girls of the present and future generations to persevere an secure a good liberal education.

At the Commencement Exercises

WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB

October 17th—Dr. Wilfred G. Grenfell, of the Labrador Medical Mission, spoke about his work in Labrador.

November 3rd—Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith. Subject, "Fifty Years of Canadian _____" illustrated with slides made by the lecturer.

November 28th—Mrs. John W. Garvin (Katherine Hale). Subject, "Canadian Literature." N.B.: This is written up by a pupil who attended it.

December 12th—Prof. J. F. Morrison of Queen's University. Subject: "With Allenby in Palestine", illustrated with slides made from official photographs.

* * *

On the evening of Friday, Nov. 28. Mrs. John Garvin, better known as Katherine Hale, addressed the Women's Canadian Club in the High School. She spoke on our Canadian Literature. Mrs. John Garvin is ex-

every year when the War Memorial Scholarship is presented suitable references will be made to the magnificent sacrifices made by the thirty-five ex-pupils of the Belleville High overseas.

To date the very satisfactory sum of \$1,800 has been contributed by the citizens of Belleville and pupils of the Belleville High School. There is still a balance of \$200 to be obtained. Would you like to contribute something to this fund? If so there is still time.

tremely well versed in Canadian Literature and is also president of the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto for this year.

Since her marriage eight years ago she has given up the work of being literary editor for The Mail and Empire and has devoted her time to literary writing.

Mrs. Garvin described the way writers have to get their work to print from the editor to the bookseller; she said that two-thirds of our Canadian writers go to the United States because Canadian editors pay from fifteen to fifty dollars for short stories, while in the United States from fifty to a thousand. She says if we would not criticize so severely, and put more confidence in our Canadian magazines and writers for six months, we would be able to appreciate Canadian literature far more than American.

Mrs. Garvin says that in time we will have real art in Canadian literature. She went back to 1670 when

in Quebec some dramatic plays were written by the French-Canadians, while the first distinguished novelist in Ontario was Mayor John Richardson. In Nova Scotia there was Haliburton, a humourist writer. "We all know those words that Mrs. Harriette Beecher Stowe used of Topsy: 'I just grew'd up'." They are taken from Haliburton. Speaking of the novelist and poets separately she picked out Sir Gilbert Parker as among the very best; then Ralph Connor, W. A. Fraser, and innumerable other ones. Taking the poets, she said that Bliss Carmen lost by leaving Canada and going to the United States, for he belongs to the Canadian woods. Charles G. S. Roberts, Stringer, Lapman and Sangster are some outstanding figures.

She quoted "The Lagoon", by Pauline Johnson, and among many others one entitled "The Prince of Wales" by Lloyd Roberts. By request she recited one of her own poems called "Dancing Days", which is a satire on the gayety of the people since the war.

Her talk was extremely pleasing and helpful. A vote of thanks was moved by Miss Fralick and seconded by Miss Lister. "God Save the King" brought the evening to a close.

Catherine Docter.

The following poem was written by one of our former Belleville boys, Wallace H. Robb, and the thoughts in same were inspired by looking at a picture of Belleville, taken from an aeroplane.

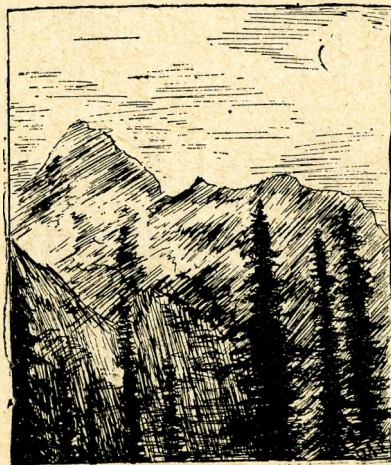
PICTURESQUE.

Belleville the Beautiful,
Picture of Shadows,
Old are thy trees and thy sun-dim-
pled ways;
Here are discovered they secrets so
charming,
Here in a dream are the long-away
days.

Belleville the Beautiful,
City of Maples,
Crimson and gold sunny Autumn
has made;
Over the tree-tops, they steeples re-
vealing,
Keys of the past all around in the
shade.

Belleville the Beautiful,
Where are thy children?
This is their home, though they wan-
der afar;
Out o'er the Quinte the Town Clock
is calling,
Calling them back from wherever
they are.

—Wallace H. Robb, former Belle-
ville boy.



Autographs

Autographs

First-Prize Essay.)

HE ACTED ON IMPULSE.

Tom Leighton lounged in the comfortable hammock swung in the shade of the massive oak tree which stood as a sentinel near the gate of the Leighton cottage. The afternoon was hot and depressing; the drone of the honey-bees in a nearby orchard and the distant murmur of a rippling brook which wound its way through the woods at the rear of their land were the only interruptions in the encompassing silence which brooded over the whole countryside.

Tom lay there on his back, gazing up at the slowly moving masses of feathery white clouds, and wondering why he had not gone with the rest of the boys to Milan's Pond. The crowd had left early that morning on their fishing expedition and Tom had formerly intended accompanying them, but then, at the last moment, obeying one of those strange, unbidden impulses, he had changed his mind and—well, here he was.

At this point in his reflections, he was rudely startled out of his reverie by a piercing scream which broke upon the stillness of the afternoon air with the suddenness of a pistol shot. Springing out of the hammock and fully on the alert now, as he listened more intently he was soon able to distinguish the rapid pounding of horses' hoofs coming down the grade beyond the bend in the road some hundred yards distant.

Quickly he reached the gate and by this time he could see that his surmises with regard to the cause of the scream were correct—it was a runaway! In one swift glance he took in the situation. The frenzied animal was plunging at headlong speed down the road towards him. In the small trap sat two terrified, white-faced girls, the one clutching the lines with all her force, the other apparently preparing to jump. The next moment the latter had leaped clear of the lurching, swerving trap, and then lay still at the

side of the road. On came the rearing, plunging horse!

In an instant Tom's decision was formed. As the speeding animal came up almost abreast with him, the lad, standing a little to the side, made one desperate leap for the horse's head and succeeded in catching the bit at the side in a viselike grip. He clung to his hold with a grim determination. At first the effort seemed fruitless; the boy was half lifted, half dragged for about five or six yards, but he hung on with a dogged persistency and within the next few feet the horse was brought to a standstill.

By this time, his younger brother having come up, Tom, leaving him to hold the head of the mettlesome steed, stepped back to the trap to find the young girl there in a state of utter exhaustion from the nervous strain she had passed through. When he had helped her to alight, they hurried back along the road to where her friend was making painful attempts to rise. It was discovered that her ankle was badly sprained, and although she forced a game little smile to her lips, it was not difficult to see that she was suffering intense pain. Between them they managed to get her to the cottage, where motherly Mrs. Leighton assumed full charge over the girl's unfortunate injuries, and within an incredibly short space of time that thoughtful lady had also served them with a delightful cup of tea and the rolls, which, in Tom's opinion, were a hundred per cent. better than any other mother in the country ever made.

When Sybil Preston collected her scattered wits and regained her normal senses which, she declared, she had lost in the stirring events of the last ten minutes, she introduced herself as the daughter of Lord Stanford Preston who had quite recently come to live at "Corofin Mansion," four miles away. She explained that she had taken her father's lately-acquired driver, which, by the way, the groom had warned her was "rather a fiery one, miss"—and gone to

the station to meet her friend who was to be her guest for the holidays. On their way back, the horse had become frightened at the kites some children were flying along the road, and—well, they all knew what followed; and that, but for Tom's prompt and efficient aid, the injuries resulting from that runaway might have amounted to more than a sprained ankle.

The following afternoon Lord Preston himself called at the Leighton cottage to express his heartfelt gratitude to the boy who so modestly disclaimed any praise whatever for his action of the previous day. But in the days and weeks that followed during that summer vacation, when Tom spent more than half of his time at Corofin Mansion golfing, playing tennis or boating on the lake with Sybil, her friend, and Jack Preston, whom all the boys termed "a ripping sort of fellow,"—more than once he stopped in the midst of these enjoyments to secretly bless the impulse which had kept him home from Milan's Pond the day the boys went fishing.

Anna Lafferty.

(Second-Prize Essay.)

AUNT DINAH'S THANKSGIVING CHRISTMAS.

It was a cold December night, the wind was howling and the snow was spreading a thick, white blanket over the cold brown earth.

Aunt Dinah sat before her grate warming herself. She thought how sad it was when a body has nowhere to go for Christmas.

"With not a friend in the world," mused Aunt Dinah. Then that still, small voice broke in: "With not a friend in the world? Remember your luxury, while your poor nephew will not have enough money to celebrate Christmas."

Aunt Dinah's conscience smote her, yet she thought Bob might not accept her offered help.

She went over to the table and got an old, worn book to read. When

she opened the book, there before her lay a Christmas post card. She turned it over and read:

Dear Aunt Dinah:—

It's Christmas Eve and I'm sitting up alone to see if Santa is going to come. Mamma says he won't, but I'm in hopes he will. I hope Santa brings you many nice things, Aunt Dinah. Merry Christmas.

Bob.

A big tear dropped down on the card as Aunt Dinah read. Truly, Bob never had a real Santa Claus Christmas like other youngsters and neither would his children. Then Aunt Dinah had a bright thought.

"I'll make the young Copelands have a jolly Christmas if ever they had," she stammered.

The next few days were busy ones for Aunt Dinah. She was very busy dressing dolls and making decorations for the tree (for Aunt Dinah determined there'd be a tree). She made all kinds of sweets for the children, the toys and other gifts were to be bought in town. Bob and Susie (his wife) were to have some fine new clothes and the rest were to fare accordingly.

'Twas the week before Christmas and Aunt Dinah began to wonder how she'd get the gifts to Bob's and have him get a tree. Her doubts soon vanished, for that day she got a big fat letter from Susie asking her to spend Christmas with them.

Aunt Dinah packed her belongings and started next day for Bob's.

When she arrived at Bob's she was puzzled as to what to do with her presents and decorations.

After the merry troupe had marched off to bed Aunt Dinah unfolded her plan to Susie and Bob.

The next few days were long, tedious ones for the young Copelands. They declared Christmas would never come. But "the watched kettle boils with the fullness of time," and Christmas Eve arrived.

Arlington and Aileen refused to go to bed but Bessie (their eldest sister) persisted that if they didn't, Santa would not come at all.

After they had silently drifted into Dreamland, the tree was brought in. It was decorated with candles, dolls, bags of candy, and toys of all descriptions.

Aunt Dinah and her two helpers were very tired and hurried off to bed. But Aunt Dinah's work was not yet done. As soon as she was sure all were fast asleep she slipped out to the tree and fastened on it Bob's and Susie's gifts.

Everybody was up early the next morning. The young fry rushed downstairs and ran from one room to another. When Arlington saw the tree he shrieked with delight.

The children were simply overwhelmed with happiness, but the real appreciation of Bob and Susie was beyond imagination.

As the day proceeded some one thought about Aunt Dinah not getting any gifts. But Aunt Dinah was happy. She was holding a Thanksgiving Christmas for all her blessings, especially that she had succeeded in making other people so happy.

The art of making other people happy is really better after all than any costly Christmas gift. That is the lesson Aunt Dinah learned on that Christmas Day.

Helen M. Hill, Form III.-A.

(Third-Prize Essay.)

LARRY

It was a dreamy night and Larry sat in the front trenches pondering over a letter very much crumpled up. He was haggard and worn. This letter put an end to all his hopes. It was a note from his dear friend, whose name was Audrey Ford, and she was a military nurse. But as fate willed it, she was at the present time a prisoner of war.

The Colonel walking through the trenches just then ordered Larry to report at Headquarters. The Colonel explained to him that he had picked him to go on a dangerous mission into Germany. This was just what Larry wanted, as he thought he could make two jobs out of it and see

where Audrey was.

As was arranged, Larry set out on a very wet night. He was dressed in a German uniform. It was a very dreary crawl and the star shells were flying all over. At last he reached the first German trench—but hark! What was that? A footstep in the passage ahead. Then comes the word, "Who goes there?" in a deep voice. Larry being a very intelligent student answers as if he were an officer. At last he reached the village.

Larry then took the part of a crazy man. He let his beard grow until he certainly did look dirty and unkempt. In this village he learned a great deal of his secret work and he also learned of Audrey and her whereabouts.

One night came his chance. Audrey was walking alone. He spoke to her in English and she at once understood.

At midnight they met at the outside gates of town and started on that tedious long journey of reaching the front trenches in the British lines. As they approached No Man's Land a rapid fire started from the British lines. This then might be their midnight attack. Then the rat-tat of the German machine-gun was heard. Bullets were flying everywhere. They reached a shell-hole and there crouched in a few feet of water.

Larry received a wound in his left arm but soon they resumed their struggle and plodded on.

"What is that?" Audrey cried. Both fell into a trench which happened to be British. Larry fainted away from sheer exhaustion.

The next day the Colonel came to his bunk and ordered him to a hospital, where Audrey had resumed her duties nursing.

Imagine the joyful meeting of this loving pair so long separated by what was worse than death, and now so happily united. This pen shall not attempt it. So we will leave them secure in the love of their fellow-people to guide them on in the great life work that lies before them.

Helen Snell (per A.E.F.)

THE PRINCE'S VISIT.

A prince of the House of Windsor,
He came in August last,
To this our fair Dominion,
And with us three months passed.

From coast to coast he travelled,
While Canada's best he saw,
And in every honoured city,
Royal welcome reigned, the law.

No time, expense or labour
Were anywhere conserved,
In making grand the greeting
Our Prince of Wales deserved.

And how he stormed Canadians'
hearts
With his frank and winning smile,
And those clear blue Anglo-Saxon
eyes,
Devoid of tainting guile.

We recognized with surging pride
In that handsome, boyish face,
The courage and the wisdom
Of the glorious British race.

And in his farewell speech he showed

His democratic ways,
When he called us "fellow-country-
men"—

The Americans stand and gaze!

And so he came among us,
And thus he went away;
But the memory of that visit
Will ever with us stay.

Anna Lafferty, Form V.

MISS GUEST'S LECTURE.

On Friday evening, November the seventh, Miss Guest gave a lecture in the Assembly Hall. She spoke of her experiences overseas since she left our school four years ago. She was present in England during three of the most trying and critical years of the war period.

For the first part of her stay there she served as a nurse in one of the hospitals in the southern part. While there she saw much of the cheerful disposition and optimistic spirit of our soldiers. They would never give in to their feelings, even though under the most painful and difficult sit-

uations.

From the hospital, Miss Guest went to London in order to aid in the problem of food conservation. When Germany announced her intention to wage unconditional submarine warfare, the people of England realized that they would have to consume every morsel of food possible. Miss Guest happened to have in her possession at this time a pamphlet on the subject of drying and canning vegetables and fruits that had been sent to her from Toronto. This was just what was needed, so she forwarded it to the proper authorities in London. Shortly afterwards she herself went here and began to deliver lectures on the subject. If the German Government had announced its intention one month later, undoubtedly the English people would have starved. As it was they were able to prepare for the situation by planting gardens in every place conceivable. Every vegetable and fruit possible was canned and so the crisis was passed.

Miss Guest spoke as a person who was a close observer. All through her speech she brought forward the great stability and perseverance of the English people in dealing with the difficult labour and food problems. Many hard situations had to be met and many dangers faced, but by grim determination to come out triumphant, the co-operation of all classes and the great coolness which has won so much admiration in the past history, the victory was won.

Miss Guest delivered her lecture in a pleasing way and proved that she was experienced in the art of public speaking. The address itself was very interesting and educating.

The meeting closed with the singing of the National Anthem, after which a reception was held in order that the many friends of the speaker might have the opportunity of meeting her again, and she was presented with a basket of flowers by the Women's Institute of Belleville as a token of their love and admiration for her.

Grant Maidens, Form IV.

NIGHT SCHOOL CLASSES IN BELLEVILLE

These classes are now on the second year. The first year's classes were, to a certain degree, experimental; these classes were a success and consequently larger plans were made for this year. The attendance this year so far is double that of last year and still there is room for improvement.

Very liberal grants are given by the Ontario Government both for equipment and salaries of teachers. The Government is prepared to go much further and even to contribute largely to the cost of a new building for Industrial and Technical classes.

Are these classes worth while? Do they justify the expenditure of money and energy? If you are a doubter come to the Belleville High School any Tuesday or Thursday evening and see for yourself.

It is a well known fact that some of the most brilliant and capable men and women in Canada today received a good part of their education in night school classes.

These classes are practically free, as they cost but two dollars for six months' instruction. Over two hundred are enrolled this term in the following classes:— Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Typewriting, Household Science, Dressmaking, Millinery, Mechanical Drawing, Business English, Business Arithmetic, Mathematics, Show-Card Writing, and Telegraphy. The aggregate attendance for October and November, 1919, was 1,300.

Labor is going to have a large part in the government of our country in the future. Are you ready to take your place? If not these classes will help you. These classes will increase your earning power and assure a larger envelope in the future. Ask yourself the question: "Can I afford to miss these classes?" Make a New Year's resolution and be on hand for work on January 6th, 1920, when the winter term begins. One hundred dollars are available for prizes for the winter term. Two

nights a week for night school work and still there is plenty of time left for recreation and pleasure.

MEMORIES.

Memories, memories, thoughts of days gone by,
Come creeping softly o'er me as the day begins to die,
A soft haze, like a fairy dream, comes filtering through the room,
The fire-place sends out its arms of light to pierce the gloom.

An undefined sadness falls about me like a shroud,
As when the sun in summer is obscured by a dark cloud;
A mist of music drifted through the air from fairy strings,
And with it came the brooding peace, which twilight always brings.

Blurred faces known in dreams pass before me afar and near,
Like veiled ghosts hurrying past, as though driven by shuddering fear;
Thoughts vague as fitful breezes, come on crowding through my mind,
The breathless minutes steal away, leaving emptiness behind.

The room had caught a solemn air, an awful quietude,
No sound disturbed the stillness— 'twas unbroken solitude;
The fire gave a faint light, threw weird shadows on the wall,
And with its mystic magic spell held everything in thrall.

I see myself a child again, with childhood's griefs and cares,
With life's long page before me, and all that is written there.
Though everything desert you, yet memories will never;
You may not wish to keep them, but they'll stay with you forever.

Lena Melchior. II.-C.

Where Shall I Go To College ?

Are you hoping to go to college? Of course many of the High School students have deep in their inner consciousness (as a psychology professor would say) a more or less acute desire, nay better than that, determination, to sooner or later achieve the benefits of a University course. It need not be sooner. Often the student whose mere grit brings him there later finds something passed by by all who came the road of less resistance. I would like to be able to tell you a few of the stories of such achievement personally encountered, but must not give space to it here.

Our city being situated on the main line between Toronto and Kingston sends many students to both Universities. If you mention to a teacher or student from either that you may go there next year, naturally enough he at once sets out to fill you with all his own enthusiasm for his Alma Mater, and by the time you have heard from several such your head is in a whirl. Having had the privilege of a University course in Toronto (Victoria College) and being this year in attendance at Faculty of Education in connection with Queen's, when asked by "The Elevator" girl to contribute something to the Xmas issue I thought perhaps it wouldn't be amiss just to give you a few facts, impressions, and mental comparisons so far gathered. Realizing the immensity and also the nerviness of my task, let me warn you that what I may say is sure to be contradicted and challenged, and let us hope these few remarks may never encounter the scathing criticism of an ultra-loyalist from either camp.

To begin at the beginning—a University is made up of several Faculties e. g. the Faculty of Arts, of Medicine, of Applied Science, of Theology, etc., a course in either leading to its own particular degree. In the University of Toronto the Faculty of Arts itself is again made up of four colleges—University College,

Victoria, Trinity and St. Michael's. So when you decide to take an Arts course in Toronto University you have still to determine in which college you will register. Many persons who do not understand that there is no other way of proceeding to a B.A. degree than by enrollment in one of the four and that all four lead to exactly the same goal by means of a course selected from the same calendar, drift into what they consider the main University, University College, (which has by far the largest enrollment of the four) without considering the advantages or disadvantages of a smaller college. With the advocates for Queens University on the other hand the fact that it is a smaller University is one of the chief arguments. These enthusiasts fail to concede that Arts in U. of T. is merely a union of similar small colleges, and that especially by enrolling in one of the three last named the student has all the advantages of the smaller college and also that of being affiliated with and comprising part of a great whole.

Even two months at Queen's has sufficed to make very real to the writer that abstract sounding phrase, the Queen's Spirit. But what could give greater umbrage to a student of Victoria than the unspoken yet telling insinuations "Oh you are from Toronto; you don't know what college spirit means, such as we have at Queen's. It's all so big up there." Any Vic. student will challenge such charges and can easily prove that everything conducive and necessary to such single-hearted good feeling is equally present at both colleges which sing of having priority "since the time of the flood, On the Old Ontario Strand." Actual statistics not being immediately to hand I can only state that very approximately the registration in Arts Victoria equals the registration in Arts Queen's. Because a Trinity student and a University College student may not come in contact the claim is sometimes made that U. of T. has

no college spirit. Is this however saying that the students of Trinity or of University College have not among themselves as many true friendships and as much feeling of comradeship and co-operation as is found at Queen's? What is possible in the latter University, however, and due to numbers is quite impossible to any real extent in U. of T. is contact between faculty and faculty, i. e. between Science and Arts for example. The recent opening of Hart House in U. of T. as a Men Students' Union will doubtless help to overcome this to a remarkable degree among the men. Let Toronto admit, however, just what a loss this really means, by applying to college education what a noted authority has said very generally, "A child is not educated so much by the school he attends as by the other boys." In another light, however, Toronto precedes Queen's in this very matter. The larger city and wider reputation attract many more foreign students and also link the local students in closer touch with the more remote provinces and districts of Canada.

The Freshman's Reception at Queen's is indeed a day, or rather a night, of prominence for the Freshman. He is there from every faculty, wear a huge green F and seeking his partners among the throng of similarly ticketed Freshettes, necessarily belonging to either Arts or Education (since women are not yet admitted to Medicine in Queen's). But girls, listen, lest this be taken to imply that the men and women students do not have opportunity to meet in U. of T., in your happy post-bellum college days there will always be a superfluity of men for any social function whatever in any college soever. Of the total 6,000 students this year enrolled in U. of T. 5,000 are men. Life at Victoria includes many a jolly autumn hike, paper-chase and skating party, the informality of which in the great out-doors offers the best possible sort of "good time." May I venture the opinion that dancing, like ex-

mural opportunities for study, both very good things in themselves, is violently overworked at Queen's. Almost every social gathering ends, if it does not commence, in a dance. Be sure to learn to dance before you go to Queen's. Matriculation is a matter of minor importance in comparison. To the writer's mind the excessive dance tendency crowds out many an occasion for a more meaningful good time and more healthful form of sport or exercise. To the Queen's life it contributes the main element of enjoyment.

But to soar again from such frivolities to a matter of very serious consideration i. e. exams, recollect that standing in U. of T. demands competition between all the colleges, compliance with the regulations founded on joint discussion, exams. written under a pseudonym, papers set by a professor probably not of your own college and a rank recognized anywhere in U.S., Gt. Britain, western Canada, etc. Term marks, attendance at lectures, your ability as conceived by your professor or lecturer seem to carry greater weight at Queen's. In fact final exam. papers are written under a student's own name, and the University leaves the question of promotion or graduation entirely to the judgment of the individual professor. Suspicious natures are apt to lay charges in such cases but also a very great deal may be said for the good points of such a course. Who better knows a student's standing than the one for whom he has done class work all term? Should the results of final exams. after all be the chief deciding factor between failure and success?

Discussion of the Arts curriculum is of course quite impossible here; suffice it to say that greater liberty of choice is offered the student at Queen's and the mode of arranging a course is entirely different. A year's work at U. of T. always means a year's work, while in Queen's any year may be made to comprise only one or two classes, the others being taken in the long run but at the

course quite unjust to say a student does not need to work at Queen's for we have known some slip through both Universities after a minimum of study, but at least in U. of T. he is forced to dabble in more classes each year and make a pretence of work if he is to come through the mill within the specified four years. Queen's still offers opportunity for students with Upper School standing to take certain Honour Courses in three years, while in Toronto the course is so extensive and so arranged as to necessitate four years. For practical purposes in after life a Queen's graduate seems no whit behind a Toronto graduate—in Ontario at least. Three years or four years or six years cannot make a man or a woman. Arrangement of academic subjects can at most increase or diminish opportunities to engage in the many other aspects of college life.

Queen's as yet lacks much in its residential facilities, but will within another year or two have one good-sized women's residence to offer. A cafeteria something after the style of the Students' Dining Hall in Toronto is to be opened with the New Year. Residence life in itself is a subject of course for debate, but I think it is fairly well agreed that it is a most desirable advantage for a first year at least. For a final year if the student is taking in any way a heavy course the distraction of residence life may outweigh unfavorably its advantages. Almost all colleges in U. of T. offer splendid residential facilities for both men and women.

Fraternities and sororities, an undemocratic factor which is being constantly fought by Toronto authorities, are gloriously absent in Queen's. Undoubtedly this adds greatly to the growth of that prevalent feeling of good fellowship and absence of snobbery for which Queen's is noted.

The comparative smallness of the city means in Kingston that you live within walking distance of all your friends. It also means that you are

coming in daily contact with the staff in many additional almost unnoticeable ways. The professors make it their business to entertain the students in their homes to a very considerable extent. I would hesitate to assert however that on the whole the student comes into any more individual contact with the lecturer than in the smaller colleges of U. of T. That depends on the course taken and circumstances of the moment.

In the realm of sport it must surely be conceded that the advantage lies with Toronto. I do not mean merely that the material from which to pick a senior team is greater and that thus Toronto can carry off more championships, but the internal sport of the University, if such a term may be permitted, is much keener through the inter-college and wider inter-faculty play possible. This is equally true of the men's and the girls' sports. When I think of the night two years ago, how in a fearful blizzard Vic. girls en masse attempted to make their way to St. Hilda's to witness the championship game of basket-ball, how the street cars, running at mere intervals, left us in the vicinity of York and Queen streets for some forty minutes and eventually landed us at the rear entrance of Trinity College grounds, to make our way as best we could through knee-deep drifts to the gym. I realize that Queen's girls as a whole do not take the same interest in sport. This is to a great extent of course due to lack of local rivalry as an incentive in these days of soaring railroad fares, which make very frequent inter-collegiate play impossible. This year Queen's, however, is especially fortunate in having in charge of the girls' athletics a peculiarly capable English gym teacher who is stirring up general interest among the girls for a high type of sport.

Bible study classes are better organized to meet the needs of the Queen's students than those in any of the Protestant colleges of the U. of T. I suppose we must grant this

is a relic of the solid Presbyterian foundation of Queen's. Less is done in the line of student-led classes but more in deep study under especially competent leadership.

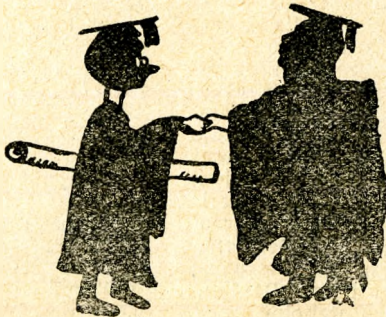
Just one word added to these already lengthy remarks about the Faculty of Education in particular. In Toronto it forms a decidedly separate Faculty in a separate building, with a life all its own. I understand there are in attendance this year some 150 returned men alone, not to mention the usual number of women students. At Queen's we have 46 all told. Our lectures are held in the Arts building; some of the Arts professors also favour us; our girls were initiated like all other Freshettes; we are invited to every college society and function; in fact we are treated just as another year in college, besides being of a number to form acquaintances and plan many pleasant gatherings "on our own." The students fresh from High School and those blase with B.A.'s after their names are not separated, the sheep from the goats, but form mutual friendships and exchange mutual view-points. Again there are discrepancies. The numbers in Toronto can call for a larger and more highly specialized staff. Seminars for specialist departments containing only two, three, or four students tend to lack system and vitality. The claim is raised that the practice teaching facilities are not so good in

Kingston. Undoubtedly the Kingston Collegiate and Victoria Public School however offer typical if not ideal teaching conditions, and what is offered there by the critic teachers you feel to be certainly practical and given in all good faith.

One further good word for Queen's to all nature lovers. The same big glorious lake is beside both cities, but—well in U. of T. you are not so situated that it may be your daily companion and inspiration. It clings about the Limestone City however so that when you walk to college in the morning you see its blue expanse suggesting something so much bigger than the daily round; if you turn to go up town Old Ontario is still to be seen at the foot of almost every street, and when you have only half an hour or less for a walk its open shore-line is beckoning you. In the presence of those mighty breakers all thought of essays or practice teaching is blown far out to sea and only the "what is worth while" of it all left as solace and inspiration.

After all the essence of college life is pretty much the same no matter where the scene of activity. Local traditions and rivalries add their stimuli, but the main question is not so much where shall I go to college but am I eager to make the very best use of my opportunities in every line when there.

An Ex-Student.



Our Social Corner



G. & E.

OUR EX-PUPILS

At home—

Phyllis Stewart, Lena Hodges, Fleda Hubble, Grace Potter, Viola Munroe, Hilda VanTassel, Helen Hunley, Bernice McDermott, Margaret Thomson, Queenie Wilson, Mildred Jones, Gladys Sharpe, Gladys Chambers, Faye Ketcheson, Minnie Hamilton, Marjorie Rogers, Mary McLellan, Florence Thompson, Isabel Ourne.

In the city—business, etc.—

Charles Hayes, Hydro-Electric Co.; Clifford Ostrom, Merchants Bank; Mac Muir, Elliott Wood Working Machine Co.; Mabel Ashley, O.B.C.; Nora Fairman, Sullman's; Jean McIntosh, McIntosh Bros.; Millie Archibald, Bank of Commerce; Leo Manley, Albert College; Gerald Vermilyea, O.B.C.; Violet Chesher, O.B.C.; Mildred Mackie, O.B.C.; Edna McCaskey, Correspondence Course; Pauline Allison, Stroud's; Kathleen Allison, Freeman & Tett's; Helen Symmons, Smith Hardware; Robert Miles, Clarke's Butcher Shop; Grecae Winters, O.B.C.; Tom McDermott, Belleville Lock Works; Florence Mossman, O.B.C.; Murray Denike, Royal Bank; David Batchelor, Hydro-Electric; Ross Farrel, Bleeck-

er's Drug Store; Harry Hurley, Grand Trunk Railway; Raymond Wheeler, Business; Fred Woodley, Dolan's Drug Store; John Burgess, Business; Alan Swayne, Union Bank; Winston Wensley, Molsons Bank.

Out of the city—

Jessie Wims, Montreal; Wilfred Whiting, Cannifton; Florence Curtis, Brockville C. I.; Arthur Leavens, Farming; Tom McCabe, Midland H. S.; Jack Herity, Parkdale C. I., Toronto; Jack Marshall, St. Andrew's College, Toronto; Britton McCabe, Midland H. S.; Margaret O'Neil, Northwestern H. S., Detroit; Reginald Watson, Granby, Quebec; Madeline Sullivan, Syracuse Business College; Reg. Cooper, Elmvale; Frances White, Lillian Massey School of Expression, Toronto; Harold Hopkins, Toronto; Ila Blanchard, Peterborough C. I.; Annie Brownson, Peterborough Normal School; Neva Deeton, McMaster University, Toronto; Violet McPherson, Peterborough Normal; Wanda Reid, Corbyville; Arnold Cherry, Toronto; Gordon Reeves, teaching school near Port Arthur; Norman Welsh, Stirling High School; Margaret Mulvihill, Peterborough Normal; Rita Collip, St. Hilda's, Toronto; Audrey Mikel, St. Hilda's, Toronto; Hazel McMullen, Peterborough Normal; Carl Brownson, Oshawa; Gordon Chute, McMaster University, Toronto; Lorne Deeton, Toronto University; Edward Bourbonais, Quebec, at home; Hermann Paquin, Quebec, at home; Theresa Hutchinson, Vickers' Bakery; Marjorie Peterson, address not known; Helen Wringe, J. C. McKeggie & Co., Toronto; Russell White, carpenter at Frankford; George Kimberley, S.P.S., Toronto.

COMMENCEMENT

"Why should a man whose blood is warm within
Sit like his grandsire, cut in alabaster?"

Why—yes, why should they? We proved the negative of these well-known and much-quoted Shakespear-

ean lines on Nov. 21, 1919, when we held our first commencement exercises since the war.

One could certainly tell that we were not "cut in alabaster" or possessed in any degree the prim and stately manners of our "grandsires." We moved around like a lot of excited children, deliriously joyful at the unique programme, provided by some of the talented pupils of the school. The room was packed to its utmost capacity and all those present signified their delight by much spontaneous applause to the well-prepared entertainment, which can as follows:

Mr. MacLaurin, our principal, began the Commencement Exercises by a short address, after which he called on the school president, John McGie, who welcomed all those present. Then followed the presentation of diplomas and medals to the following:

Diplomas presented to pupils of former years who had not as yet received them:—

Ruth Howard, Jean Nicholson, Marjorie Huckye, Edna Vanderwater, Florence Cook, Evelyn G. Coolsey, Byron McCrodan, Frank Cushing, Erastus Grant, Earl McCoy, Myrtle M. Murray, Adele M. Roberts, Fanny G. Curry.

Diplomas to successful candidates of 1919:—

Mary Thompson, Florence Thompson, Wanda Reid, Abe Dies, MacArthur Hill, Edna Wedden, Hazel McMullen, Anna Lafferty, Gordon Chute, Violet McPherson, Carl A. Brownson, Audrey McLeod, Margaret Mulvihill, Esther Wagner, Douglas Elliott, Wylda Palmer, Rita Collip, Helen Clarke, Hearry Hurley, Gladys Chambers, Lorne Deeton, Neva Deeton, Jean M. Evans, Annie Brownson, Ross Farrell, Mary Yeomans, Eva Rose, Mary McLellan, Marguerite Coulter.

Miss Mabel Robson, who captured the Graham Scholarship in passing the Lower School Examinations with the highest aggregate, was given the Graham Check for fifteen dollars.

The Athletic Medals were then presented to our School Champions in Boys' Athletics:

Junior Champion—Harry Woodley.

Intermediate Champion—Albert Armstrong.

Senior Champion—Vernon Weir.

There were two beautiful gold medals presented to Grant Maiders for winning the 100 yards (senior) dash; the other to Charlie Tyers for winning the 440 yards (intermediate) dash. The first medal was donated by Mr. A. L. Johnson, the second medal by Col. E. D. O'Flynn.

David Bachelor then received a gold medal for shooting, donated by the "Dominion Marksmen." Percy Hart was presented with two medals for shooting; the first was given by the "Dominion Marksman", a pretty silver medal; the other, a beautiful gold medal, was the Strathcona Prize. Stewart Moore and Max Mathews were both awarded silver medals for shooting.

The Silver Cup donated by the ex-pupils of the High School who are now working in the G.T.R. mines, was presented to the Fourth Form for winning the largest number of points on Field Day.

The next item on the programme was a few folk dances by some I-C girls, during which Miss Mae Kerr sang an Irish melody song. Other girls of the First Forms then gave a pretty wand drill. Both these items were under the capable direction of Miss M. Haycock, physical director.

The big feature of the programme was a play entitled "The New System", supervised by Miss M. Younge. The cast was:

"Lieut. Napoleonette Washington Hannibal Hightower", with the Imperial Army, R.M.C., Kingston—Miss Anna Lafferty.

"Capt. Nelsonia Perry Chester of the Royal Navy"—Miss Augusta Hill.

"Prof. Tulania Pastor Darwin Mortimer", Prof. of Bugology at the Amazon University—Miss Edleen Rose.

"Judge Aristidia Demosthenes

Moffat of the Supreme Court"—Miss Audrey McLeod.

Mr. James Johnson Moffat"—well, he's Mrs. Moffat's husband—John McGie.

"Thomas Henry Darlington" ("but Judge Moffat called me 'Darling'"), the Judge's Cook—George Clarke.

"Richard Petridge" (commonly called "Pet") and Judge Moffat's laundry-man—Grant Maidens.

"Matthew Dearborn Bosworth" (they all call him "Dearie"), Mrs. Moffat's housemaid—Cecil McMullen.

This play can be described no better than by this little poem composed by the directress, Miss M. Younge:

The New System

"When women vote," the men folk said,

"They'll have to earn their daily bread;

The house will surely fall in ruin
With dinner late quite every noon.
But women's work is a blooming snap,

a regular 'joke' to any old chap."

And women said: "Let's take men's places;

Let's all kick over the domestic traces;

Let men stay home and wash the dishes;

We think business life would be delicious."

The wishing-fairy said, "Presto, change!"—

My, but the old world was certainly strange.

Everything surely was upside down
Men staying home, and women down town.

Girls quite calmly "popping the question,"

Boys ruining everyone's digestion.
That's the play called "The New System";

Really, my friends, it's "some queer system."

Between the two acts Miss Jean Evans favoured us with a beautiful piano solo. The evening's entertainment was brought to a close with the

singing of the National Anthem. The receipts far exceeded our fondest hopes and added greatly to the amount we had already for our War Memorial Scholarship.

Now, friends, after such a programme do you wonder we did not sit as though "carved in alabaster"?

Marjorie Bird.

THE BANQUET FOR THE WINNING TEAM.

A banquet was held on the evening of Dec. 5 in our B.H.S. "banquet hall", in honour of the team and its captain, Allen W. Armstrong, which won in our recent campaign to raise money for our High School Memorial Fund.

Each person had been provided with a song sheet, so kindly typed by the I-C Commercial Class, and the banquet was opened with a few of those popular songs that everyone knows, which fact was quite evidently shown in the ready response to the exceptionally good music provided by Marjorie Bird and Albert Adams.

After everyone seemed to have done the usual justice to this part of the banquet, the toast-master, Fred Deacon, opened the evening's programme by a short address in which he welcomed all present and mentioned that at one time he had had fond hopes of being the honoured member of the banquet himself, since he and Albert had been very close competitors. He then announced the first toast of the evening by calling on Hillis Fowlie to propose a toast to "Our King", after which the National Anthem was sung.

Mr. MacLaurin was then asked to propose a toast to "Our Heroes", whom the school is commemorating by establishing our War Memorial Scholarship. After proposing the toast, he asked that we show our respect and honour for our fallen heroes by remaining absolutely silent for thirty seconds.

The next item on the programme was a toast to the "Winning Team," proposed by Miss Haycock and re-

sponded to by Albert Armstrong. In praising the work of his team Albert assured his listeners that if they pursued the Almighty Dollar, in the future, as they had pursued it in the campaign, it would prove quite alright. Then pausing slightly, he added—"if it were given to me again."

When Albert had seated himself, all those present burst spontaneously into that good old appropriate song, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow", after which the toastmaster led in the B.H.S. standby, "Hip-rah".

The net toast, to "The New System", was proposed by Wendell Johnstone and responded to by our new play directress, Miss Young, who has already proved herself very apt in her new undertaking and who has bravely agreed to launch forth on another of her very successful plays. Wendell, however, said he felt that he should state that it was to the play and not the system that he wished to propose the toast.

Anna Lafferty next proposed a toast to "The New Members of Our Staff," to which Mr. and Mrs. Lentz and Mr. Burton responded.

The toastmaster, after tendering

to those who had prepared the banquet, the profound gratitude of all those who had enjoyed it, asked that the evening's programme be concluded by singing "Oh Canada", after which all withdrew to the Assembly Hall of the school where a most enjoyable dance was held for the remainder of the evening. The dance music was provided by some of our talented pupils, and as an extra treat Miss Eva Davis gave a reading and Miss A. Fleming and C. Yeomans a vocal duet.

Clara Yeomans.

Social.

Mr. Kenneth Wensley has returned from Detroit, visiting his friends.

Mr. C. Ostrom, our beloved student, is an employee of the Merchants' Bank.

The "late" Mr. D. Denike is taking his schooling on the installment plan.

Mr. B. D. Harnes is the coming pupil of Prof. Johnston's dancing class.

Charlie Earle is having a great success in making his hair stand on end.

A Christmas Message

By Sir John Willison.

There is crime in the earth, and misfortune and sorrow and crying. There is often confusion in the streets and scourgings of flame and wind fall upon proud forests and splendid cities. Nature like man has malignant moods and we grieve and wonder but never understand. But always out of the ruin rise new forms of beauty, and where was the wasted woodland come green pastures, and smiling wheat fields. So the cruel strokes of fortune which fill the hospital with the maimed, the suffering and the dying strike deep into human sympathies and nourish great virtues in the race. Slowly down through the ages the regard of man for his fellow deepens and

strengthens. The life of the child grows more precious, the lot of woman more blessed, the frailty of age more sacred, the temper of man more divine.

The world applauds the heroism of the soldier in battle. Heroic, too, in its simpler way is the patient endurance of the nurse in the hospital ward. A great host whom no man can number battles unceasingly against vice and disease, against poverty and wrong. In this field also are great soldiers and great sacrifices and great victories. Millions of treasure are poured out for destruction; millions, too, for health-saving and life-saving. Who builds a hospital, or founds a charity, or re-

deems a slum from the dominion of vice, or fills a street with clean and wholesome dwellings for the poor serves the nation and has his reward. We do well to cry out against much wealth gathered into few hands and squandered in senseless luxury and wicked ostentation. But there is likewise wealth freely gathered and prodigally bestowed in benefactions for the needy and helpless, for the glory of art and the truth of science, for the enrichment of life, for the betterment of human conditions. The thought of the world to-day dwells much on the sick and the poor. There is no resting from the need and the sense of desire to strengthen the feeble knee, to cover the bare foot, and to fill the empty hand.

"Yet I am glad that I was courteous
to them,
For are they not, likewise, Children
of God?"

The test of our time is the average material comfort and moral safety of the masses of the people. Often we go roughly and ignorantly about our tasks, seeking vainly to force the slow processes of God's Providence. But always "by slow degrees, by more and more," the temper softens, and the fashion changes, and the hills of the blessed shine clearer in the distance. What was charity has become duty; what was sacrifice is service. The time is at war with the slums that breed disease and crime, and with all the sores and deformities which disfigure the social body. The battle is hard and long, and mighty the opposing forces which lie entrenched behind their hoary ramparts. But from generation to generation the war goes on, and now a hill is taken, and now a valley subdued, and now a city encompassed. Over all the field of conquest the poor are fed and renewed in heart and hope, the sick are nursed back to life, the ancient temples of cast and privilege

and superstition destroyed, and the earth restored in some likeness to the form which God gave it in the beginning.

They who say that the world does not grow better deny the divine purpose and are blind to the wonderful growth of the simple religion of doing good. Now goodness may go hand in hand with good cheer and gladness. Even religion may wear a smiling face and the children walk out into the Sabbath sunshine unrebuked. We are more careless of the creed, and more conscious of the spirit. We are less eager for profession, more loyal to duty, more diligent in service. We are not so sure that bright attire is the badge of evil and the raiment of mourning the only fitting vesture for goodness. The lilies of the field were conceived in beauty, the earth riots in pink and blue and scarlet, the clouds are edged with crimson, the moon fills the heaven with serenity, the sun rejoices in strength and splendor. Such a house was not made for hermits and ascetics. It was made for living men and women, and garnished with beauty that should make them glad, and filled with inspiration that should make them buoyant and strong.

Within the four walls of our homes are our chiefest treasures and our enduring joys. When there is sorrow there, or sickness, or want, or discord all the colours of life are gray and sombre and all else that earth can offer but dust and ashes. From thence comes the strength for the day's labour and the joy thereof. From thence goes out the call to the rich and the fortunate and the powerful to service for the sick, and the poor, and the prodigal. There will come no end to the fighting while time lasts, but just in so far as we help to make the world better and brighter, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, nurse the sick, and root out the sources of earth's woes and crimes we shall serve well and please the God who made us.

School Speakers

Dr. Haskill and Capt. T. Best

Dr. Haskill, who is helping to form the new Board of Trade in our city, spoke to the school on Friday, November 21st, from 2.30 to 3.00. Dr. Haskill has been a president of a college in the United States, and he had had experience in speaking to students. He put the plans of the Board of Trade before the school and explained the part each pupil was asked to take as a student of the Belleville High School in making our city an aggressive city. He asked us to co-operate with the men by answering the questions which were passed to each pupil. The Board of Trade are endeavouring to help the student and one of the questions which were on the paper was: "What do you think the Board of Trade ought to do first to make Belleville a Bigger and Better Belleville?" Of course this question was unanimously answered: "Build a new Technical and High School", and we sincerely hope that the Board of Trade will not do as they have done in the past and ignore our requests.

On October 9th, from 2.30 to 3.00, the school had the privilege of hearing Capt. T. Best of the Y.M.C.A. Capt. Best who hails from Hamilton, and who has been serving in France for four years, is travelling across Canada, speaking for the Y.M.C.A. He is helping the Y.M.C.A. along in their religious campaign which they are endeavouring to carry on all over this Dominion.

Capt. Best spoke to us on "Optimism." His little talk was very interesting and humorous. He told us about several funny experiences he had had in western Ontario, before he had gone overseas, and kept us all laughing with his interesting stories. Our appreciation for his address was shown by a hearty clap of the hands.

WINTER.

Oh! for the beautiful winter,
With all its jewel-like snow,
When Jack, the wonderful printer,
Can come with his frosty show.
Look! see the beautiful snow-flakes
Falling like feathers so light,
For Mother Nature is always awake,
Working with all her true might.
Then the stately pines and the maples
Will be covered with Nature's white
sheet,
And the branches of the trees like
cables,
Their hidden secrets will keep.
All the brooks and rivers move in
silence,
Covered with glassy smooth ice;
The earth and sky are using science;
Winter's asserting its rights.
So awake! all ye boys and girls,
For winter is coming, you know;
The shy little chipmunks and squirrels
Are hiding away from the snow.
—Ralph Hutchinson.

BOOTED AND SHOED

When the allied armies went to
France,
They went to "Boot" the Kaiser,
And "Shoe" that sinner off the earth,
An' "Pon my Sole" they did, sir.
The Kaiser surely was annoyed,
His "Eyelet" out the tale;
The way they "leathered" his Ger-
man troops
Made him "lift" his hands and wail.
"Insole" and spirit he was sad,
But 'twas no use repining,
For "toecap" it all, to his dark cloud
There was no silver "lining."
"Mein Gott," he cries, and off he
"hooks"
To Holland of all "places,"
And strangles cusses in German
"tongue"
All of the allied races.
But now we come unto the "last",
And "button" up these verses,
For Kaiser Bill and the Crown
Prince, too,
Will soon be needing hearses.
John Henly (Shoe Repairer).

What Victory Bonds Have Done and Will Do For Canada

"Buy Victory Bonds! Invest every spare dollar you possess in the 1919 Victory Loan, and become a shareholder in the great company of 'Canada, Unlimited.' Let us go over the top in the purchase of Victory Bonds now, as we have gone over the top during the past five years."

Everywhere one turns in these momentous times, such exhortations as the above greet the eyes and ears of all Canadians, and no true patriot, no loyal son of Canada shuts his eyes or turns a deaf ear on them. At the mention of the word bond, there must frequently spring up in the mind of the listener the manner in which we liberty-loving Canadians might be using that word today, if the inroads of the Hun and all the ruthless brutality that the name stands for had not been checked and his plans frustrated forever; if the Kaiser's power had not been crushed and his savage doctrine of "might is right" trampled underfoot and completely shattered forever, and we of this fair and free Dominion were living in "the bonds of slavery" under the mailed fist of German Culture.

Imagine this to be the case; that instead of the Allied principles of truth and right coming out victorious in that fierce struggle, that Hun autocracy had triumphed, and we had fallen under the rule of the cruelest military power on earth. Ah! then how gladly would each and every one of us have given his last dollar, his every cent, if by so doing he could hope to procure for himself and his country, freedom from the fetters of a hated foreign power. Happily no such horror is our lot! We emerge triumphant from the greatest war the world has ever known, with our principles unsul-

lied, our honour stainless and our enemy crushed.

Peace put out the flames of war, the guns which for four years belabored their messages of death across Flanders' field are now silent, but they are not yet cool. The financial fight is far from finished. We shall go on finding out for a long time what the war cost, and the war will not be over until it is paid for.

By the month of June, 1919, the money obtained from last year's war loan had all been expended. Can the government render a satisfactory account as to the ends for which that \$610,000,000 was spent? It can! Summing up the answer briefly—three-fifths of the loan went to defray the war and demobilization expenses in Canada, and pay for war-service gratuities. One-third was advanced to Great Britain and our Allies that they might be able to purchase wheat and other food products from us. The remainder was used by Great Britain for Imperial ship-building, by our Allies for buying Canadian manufactures, and by our government for dispensation in the Halifax Relief Fund.

Was there benefit derived from the 1918 Loan? Did we ourselves profit by lending? Tremendously! For every dollar of it was spent in Canada. Every farthing we invested helped to provide labour and material for the manufacture of munitions, helped to save the lives of Canadian soldiers, and brought the goal of victory within our reach.

By September, 1919, it had become necessary for the government to make temporary borrowings of over \$200,000,000. It was confronted by an acute business uncertainty and the military task to be carried out was gigantic. Hence the only thing to do was to borrow the money

with which to "carry on" demobilization work, in anticipation of the 1919 Victory Loan.

Thus we may easily see that this present Loan is an absolute necessity in the first place, that Canada may be able to repay promptly and fully the war-created debt incurred by her on behalf of her citizens. Then comes the greatest reason of all for this Victory Loan, namely, the "debt of honour" we owe to the boys who, sacrificing home, friends, comfort—everything, went to France to form a barricade of their living bodies, that we at home might continue to live on in ease and comfort. Some will never come back, and of those who have returned many are maimed and broken, others disabled for life through the effects of their service to you and to me. For this last mentioned class, pensions must be provided; also there are the families of thousands of Canadians who were killed in action or who died while serving. We must never permit their wives and children to suffer want in the land for which their fathers made the supreme sacrifice. To the ones who come back unfitted to carry on the work which was theirs before they enlisted, new opportunities must be opened up, new methods of self-support taught them, so that they may regain a fresh start in life. Those who went before their education was completed must be aided along that line now. The sick and wounded are to be cared for and the medical staffs well paid.

To span the gap between military and civil life the Dominion, Provincial Employment Service has been established, a network of offices all over the Dominion which extend free service to every unemployed man registering there, and thus find work for hundreds of returned soldiers. Add to all these expenses the enormous sum voted by Parliament this year for gratuities alone, and it is not difficult to understand the amount of money needed to honourably discharge our obligations to the men who fought for us.

A large proportion of the 1919

Victory Loan is to be used in converting our fighters back into producers. Canada is the richest country in the world in natural resources, but she requires money to develop them. If she can do this, and thus ensure her export trade, which is vital to any country's financial independence, she will continue to enjoy her present prosperity. But Europe is not in a position to pay cash for the goods she obtains from us, and if we do not give her credit other nations will. Therefore, out of this present loan money is to be advanced to Great Britain and our Allies to enable them to buy from us Canadian wheat, timber and manufactures, and thus make greater production possible in our Dominion.

Then follows the plan of reconstruction at home. Money must be forthcoming for investments in ship-building and for financing the Provincial housing program, which will greatly increase the number of small houses available in the cities, and tend to lower the inflated rents.

Finally, to all these reasons why we should buy Victory Bonds may be added the personal advantage to be derived from the purchase of them. They give an interest of five and a half per cent., which is higher than any bank will give; there is every probability that they will increase in value during the next few years, and lastly, in Sir Robert Borden's words, "the security offered by a Canadian loan is second to none in the world." The failure to pile up a generous over-subscription and so keep the wheels of trade and industry moving will affect every man as a business reverse. This Victory Loan offers admirable advantages to everyone, and in a country where nearly every man and woman is a worker no one can afford to disregard these advantages.

But will there be any such failure to generously over-subscribe to this loan? No! The Victory Loan 1919 stands for justice, gratitude and fair play! For four years Canada's good name has rested on the shoulders of the men in Flanders; for

many years to come it will rest on us. Will we permit the burning disgrace of a broken pledge to smirch the glorious record of the past five years? Never! We will not "break faith"—We go over the top in the 1919 Victory Loan!

CADET CORPS.

The Cadet Corps this year has a new instructor in the person of Mr. S. Lentz. Mr. Lentz, who is a new member of the staff, has had former experience in the military drill for Cadet Corps, and the Cadet Corps is looking forward for a good year's work along its different lines.

The Corps has been issued with new uniforms which will go a long way in giving the Corps a fine appearance. We have also been supplied with twelve new .303 Ross rifles. We have had a number of practices at the Rifle Butts, but on account of the condition of the Butts have had to limit our practices to Saturday mornings. Gallery practice is in full swing. The High School Corps have Monday and Wednesday afternoon at the Armouries and have a good team in the Dominion Marksman competition.

The School sent a team of forty Cadets to Napanee Fair to compete with the neighboring Corps for the Wilson Trophy, given by Mr. Wilson of Napanee. The Corps made a fine showing but the Napanee Corps, the home Corps, won the trophy.

In the spring we intend to settle down to the drilling part and the officers have been registered as follows:

Sr. Capt.—Fred Deacon.

Jr. Capt.—Asa Yeomans.

Platoon Commanders—"A" Company: John McGie, Clayton McWilliams, Vernon Weir, George Clarke; "B" Company: Hudson Leavens, Digby Denike, Franklin MacArthur, Albert Adams.

There are about 125 Cadets enrolled and Sergt. Bert Wells is instructing a squad in signalling.

Fred Deacon.

OUR FORM.

Our Form is very, very good,
So all the teachers say,
But honestly, it can't be helped,
It just comes na-tur-ly.
Our Geometric reasonings,
As Mr. Knight in forms us,
Is growing greater every day,
And sure'n we all believe it.

And then in Algebra—oh! we're
The star of all the school;
Then ask our petit professeur
If we, in Frenhc, aren't very
cool.

Of course, in Latin, we obey
Our Roman General every day;
And Science, we're a gem at that,
As we have mastered the mys-
teries of the cat.

Perhaps you won't believe all this,
But anyway it's true,
For this dear little Form III-A
Could never lie to you.
And then perhaps you'll wonder
how

Such glories e'er could be;
I'll tell you why,—but don't you
tell—

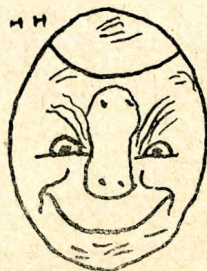
Two boys, only two, have we.
H. V. S.

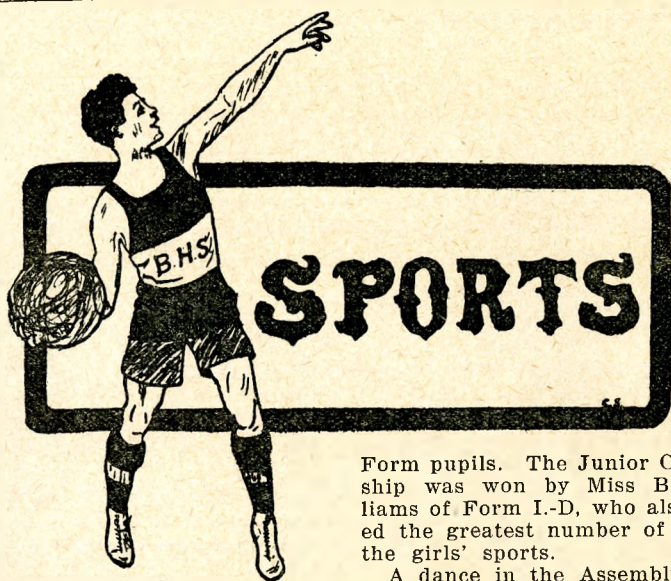
Their Own Fault.

Man's hair turns gray before wo-
men's—

That's known in every clime;
The explanation is easy,
For they wear theirs all the time.

A. E. Thrasher.





GIRLS' FIELD DAY

Honourary President—Miss Haycock
 President—Clara Yeomans.
 Vice-President—Helen Sinclair.
 Secretary-President — Mary McLellan.
 Field Manager—Miss Maus.

Councillors from each Form.

On September 26 we were favoured with beautiful weather quite fitting for such an important event as the B.H.S. Field Day. A great interest was taken in the events and owing to the splendid co-operation of the members of the Athletic Association the day was a marked success. This year some new races were introduced, such as the slow and fast bicycle races and the necktie race.

As many of the events as possible were run off at the school in the morning and the rest took place in the afternoon at the Agricultural Grounds.

The members of every Form worked hard for the Cup given by the B. H.S. ex-pupils of the G.T.R. Superintendent's office, and much interest was taken in the sports by the First

Form pupils. The Junior Championship was won by Miss Betty Williams of Form I.-D, who also obtained the greatest number of points in the girls' sports.

A dance in the Assembly Hall in the evening concluded one of our most successful Field Days.

Events

Nailing Contest—

1. G. Docter—IV.
2. M. Cook—III.-B.
3. A. Callery—IV.

Standing Broad Jump—

1. A. Callery—IV.
2. D. Dies—III.-B.
3. C. Yeomans—IV.

Peanut Race—

1. M. Keeler—II.-C.
2. M. McLellan—V.
3. G. Docter—IV., and V.
Wrightmeyer—III.-B.

Three-Legged Race—

1. A. Wiseman and H. Madden—III.-A.
2. M. Moran and R. Stevens—III.-C.
3. E. Rose and A. Fleming—I.-C.

75-Yard Dash—

1. C. Yeomans—IV., and M. McLellan—V.
2. G. Docter—IV.

75-Yard Dash, Intermediate—

1. D. Dies—III.-B.
2. R. Stevens—II.-C.
3. G. Lloyd—IV.

75-Yard Dash, Junior—

1. Betty Williams—I.-D.
2. Ada Hickerson—I.-C.
3. C. Flagler—I.-A, and G. Blackburn—I.-D.

Nectie Race, Running—

1. G. Maidens and G. Lloyd—IV.
2. A. Yeomans and C. Yeomans—IV.
3. H. Springer and P. Hart—III.-B.

Necktie Race, Best Tie—

1. H. Springer and P. Hart—III.-B.
2. Helen Snell and Murray Denike—I.-C.
3. Edleen Rose and John McGie—I.-C.

Thread and Needle Race—

1. Audrey McLeod and Cecil McMullen—V., IV.
2. Helen Springer and Jack Fisher—III.-B, IV.
3. Edleen Rose and John McGie—I.-C, III.-B.

Relay Running Race—

1. I.-C.
2. II.-C.
3. V.

Relay Walking Race—

1. V.
2. III.-B.
3. I.-D.

Slow Bicycle Race—

1. Betty Williams—I.-D.
2. Abigail Fleming—I.-C.

Fast Bicycle Race—

1. Betty Williams—I.-D.
2. Irene Kelly—II.C.
3. A. Fleming—I.-C.

Roll Call Race—

1. A. Calelry—IV.
2. M. Andrews—II.-C.
3. Eva Rose—V.

Form IV. obtained the highest number of points (35) thus winning the Cup.

Girls' Champions—

Junior — Betty Williams (15 points).

Intermediate—Anna Callery (11 points).

Senior — Helen Springer, Clara Yeomans, Grace Docter.

Total number of points obtained by each Form:

Form V.—20 points.

Form IV.—35 points.

Form III.-B—21 points.

Form III.-A—7 points.

Form II.-C—21 points.

Form I.-D—17 points.

Form I.-C—18 points.

Form I.-A—1 point.

TRENTON FIELD DAY

This year Trenton Field Day was held on Oct. 3, and many from Belleville went up to take part in the events which were held at the Firemen's Park. By coming an hour earlier to school the B.H.S. pupils were excused to take the 11 o'clock train for Trenton and in the afternoon there was a half-holiday.

The B.H.S. students held their own in all the sports and at the end of the day quite a few of the events were credited to them. A relay race between five Trenton and five Belleville girls was won by the latter.

A pleasant social dance in the Trenton Collegiate Institute ended an enjoyable day.

BASKET-BALL.

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

October 8 the Junior B.H.S. team played the St.A.S. team on St. Agnes' grounds. The game was an interesting one, but the B.H.S. team proved the stronger and when time was called the score was in their favour.

Score—B.H.S. 25; St.A.S. 14.

Referee—Miss Haycock.

Umpire—Miss Templeton.

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

The B.H.S. Senior team played the St.A.S. team and came out victorious. The game was played on the B.H.S. grounds and was enjoyed by all.

Score—B.H.S. 50; St.A.S. 13.

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

A return game was played by the St.A.S. team and the B.H.S. Junior team on the B.H.S. grounds. The St.A.S. team had improved greatly since their first game with B.H.S. Junior team, and gave them aclose

run.

Score—B.H.S. 24; St.A.S. 22.

Referee—Miss Templeton.

Umpire—Miss Haycock.

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

Saturday, October 18, was the date set for the first game of the season with Trenton. As their teams, especially their Senior team, were quite strong, the games promised to be interesting. The Senior game began at three o'clock. During the first half both teams were slightly nervous, but when the whistle blew Trenton was ahead and the score stood 8—0. Belleville had scored, but the score was not counted owing to a foul from talking. In the second half the Belleville girls became more confident and their score rose quickly. But when time was called Trenton was still ahead.

Score—T.H.S. 13; B.H.S. 8.

The first half of the Junior game was played during the time between first and second halves of the Senior game. The Juniors were determined to win but it proved to be an easy victory. When time was called Belleville was far ahead.

Score—B.H.S. 33; T.H.S. 3.

Umpire—Miss Templeton.

After the games a banquet was given for the staff and teams of both schools. The Art room was prettily decorated with Trenton and Belleville colours and the three long tables with ferns and flowers. During the banquet Mr. MacLaurin mentioned a plan which he had had in mind for quite a while,—to have a joint Field Day, in which Belleville and Trenton should both take part, and to let the Field Days be held at Belleville and Trenton alternately. The plan met with the approval of all. After the banquet a dance was held in the Assembly Hall for the pupils of both schools. About nine o'clock the Trenton girls left, all feeling that they had had an enjoyable day.

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

November 8 the B.H.S. Junior and Senior teams went to Trenton to play the return games. The games took place in the gym. of the Collegiate Institute and were scheduled for three o'clock. The Senior game began first, and as the teams were well matched the score was very close. It was the fastest game of the term, and both teams played very hard. When the whistle blew Belleville was ahead. During the second half of the game excitement ran high, as both teams were determined to win. When time was up, however, Belleville was still ahead.

Score—B.H.S. 13; T.H.S. 8.

As a result of this game the two teams were a tie.

The Junior game proved to be faster than the one played in Belleville and was very interesting. The B.H.S. team did not wish to be beaten and so played a very fast game. When time was up the score was in their favour.

Score—B.H.S. 15; T.H.S. 10.

Referee—Mr. Martin.

Umpire—Miss Scott.

After the games the Trenton girls entertained the Belleville teams, referee and teachers to a banquet at Killarney Inn. At the conclusion of the banquet, everyone returned to the school where a pleasant dance was held. Belleville teams left for home about eleven o'clock, tired but happy.

FIRST FORM GAMES.

During the basket-ball season a number of games were played between the First Form teams and a team from Anne Street School. In one game, Anne St. was successful, but the B.H.S. team played up and defeated them in the second game.

Line-up of Senior team—

Forwards—Anna Lafferty, Valeire Wrightmeyer; guards—Clara Yeomans, Mary McLellan; centres—Gertrude Lloyd, Grace Docter.

Line-up of Junior team:

Forwards—Helen Reid, Helen

Springer; centres—Gennith Allore, Marjorie Bird; guards—Marjorie Kerr, Irene Kelly; spares—Abigail Fleming, Helen Sinclair.

The Girls' Athletic Association and the basket-ball teams are very much indebted to Miss Hitchon and Miss Haycock who kindly refereed their practice games and did so very much towards making the games a success. Also to Mr. Martin of the "Y", who coached the teams and very kindly arranged for the use of the gym. Through the columns of "The Elevator" we all join very heartily in thanking them for their kindness and interest taking in our sports.



BOYS' FIELD DAY.

The Field Day of this year was one never to be forgotten by the students of B.H.S. Capable organization and leadership, in company with a beautiful day, made it a great success throughout. In the forenoon the usual games and contests were completed in good time, on the school

grounds. The afternoon was occupied by the racing contests at the Agricultural Grounds.

The Events.

Running broad jump—

Junior—H. Woodley, C. Stratton, J. Day.

Intermediate—J. Fisher, A. Armstrong, R. Hutchinson.

Senior—V. Weir, G. Maidens, Alex. Kerr.

Standing broad jump—

Jun.—H. Woodley, C. Stratton, H. Swayne.

Intermed.—J. Fisher, W. Johnson, A. Yeomans.

Sen.—G. Maidens, V. Weir, R. Cole.

Hop, step and jump—

Jun.—H. Woodley, A. Firth, H. Swayne.

Intermed.—A. Yeomans, J. Fisher, A. Armstrong.

Sen.—V. Weir, A. Kerr, R. Cole.

Pole vault—

Jun.—H. Woodley, H. Swayne.

Intermed.—A. Armstrong, C. McMullen, A. Yeomans.

Sen.—V. Weir, A. Dies, R. Cole.

High jump—

Jun.—H. Woodley, H. Swayne, S. Currie.

Intermed.—A. Armstrong, A. Yeomans, C. Lloyd and C. McMullen.

Shot put—

Jun.—H. Woodley, H. Swayne, C. Stratton.

Intermed.—A. Yeomans, A. Armstrong, C. McMulltn.

Sen.—V. Weir, G. Maidens, A. Kerr.

100 yards dash—

Jun.—H. Woodley, C. Stratton, H. Swayne.

Intermed.—C. Tyers, A. Yeomans, J. Fisher.

Sen.—G. Maidens, V. Weir, A. Dies.

220 yards dash—

Jun.—H. Woodley, C. Stratton, J. McCullough.

Intermed.—A. Yeomans, A. Armstrong, C. McMullen.

Sen.—G. Maidens, A. Dies, V. Weir

440 yards dash—

Jun.—C. Stratton, H. Swayne, A. Armstrong.

Sen.—V. Weir, A. Dies, A. Leav-

ens.

Bicycle race—

Jun.—H. Swayne, S. Currie, W. Deroche.

Intermed.—A. Aamstrong, C. McMullen, A. Yeomans.

Sen.—V. Weir, A. Kerr, B. Ostrom.

Half mile race—

Jun.—C. Stratton, F. Symons, J. McCullough.

Intermed.—A. Armstrong, A. Yeomans.

Sen.—A. Leavens, A. Dies, A. Kerr.

Individual Champions.

Junior—Harry Woodley.

Intermediate—Albert Armstrong.

Senior—Vernon Weir.

The G.T.R. Silver Cup, donated by the ex-pupils of the High School now in the employ of the G.T.R. office, was won by Form IV. Nearly every member of the Form took part to win this cup.

RUGBY

The Rugby career of this year consisted of only two games, which were both with Peterboro Collegiate Institute. We went to Peterboro by way of Port Hope and arrived in the city about 1 p.m., and were met by cars belonging to members of Peterboro team. Rain fell steadily all day but we determined to play after lunch, even in the storm. The game was played in a heavy storm and the spectators were few at the oval. Our team this year was much lighter than the Peterboro team, but nevertheless the game was close. The game closed in favour of Peterboro Collegiate with a score of seven to six. However, we did not lose hope and arranged for the return game to be played in Belleville.

About four o'clock we were taken to the beautiful Peterboro Collegiate, where we enjoyed a dainty tea and a social evening with the student body of that school. We cer-

tainly appreciated the kindness of the girls in providing the Inch, and also the good sportmanship of the members of their Rugby team.

The following week the Peterboro team motored down from Peterboro and in the afternoon the game began with interest. The day was cool and bright, and the grounds were lined with spectators. During the first half, one of the Peterboro players was injured and taken to the Y.M.C.A., and at the end of this half neither side had scored. However, the last half was played with great tact and interest, and our B.H.S. team attained seven points while the P.C.I. team had but one. The crowd dispersed after the teams had given their school yells, and an enjoyable social evening was held at the High School in honour of the Peterboro team. And since then we have made no arrangements for a third game. All the members of the B.H.S. team have given good service this term, and we regret that it was impossible to arrange further games with other surrounding schools.

Our Rugby Team.

Centre Scrimmage—Tom Wrightmeyer.

Right scrimmage—Stanley Hagerman.

Left scrimmage—Alex. Kerr.

Right inside wing—Russel Cole.

Left inside wing—Gerald Vanderwaters.

Right middle wing—C. MacWilliams.

Left middle wing—C. Diamond.

Right outside—Grant Maidens.

Left outside—Allen Swayne.

Right half-back—Vernon Weir.

Left half-back—Reg. Cooper.

Centre half-back—John McGie.

Quarter back—Fred Deacon.

Full back—Abe Dies.

Spare—C. McMullen.

Our Advertisers

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 ANDERSON, F. S. & CO.—Coal & Wood.
 ASHLEY, CHAUNCEY—Fire Insurance.
 BELLEVILLE VULCANIZING CO.—Tire Repairs.
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 BELLEVILLE ASSAY OFFICE.
 BAILEY, A. E.—Produce.
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 BISHOP, C. E. & SON—Seeds.
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 McFEE, ANGUS—Jeweller.
 McCORMICK STUDIO—Photographs
 McLAUGHLIN CO.—Garage.
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 WALLBRIDGE & CLARKE—Groceries.
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 WRAY, R. J. CO.—Furniture.
 Y.M.C.A.
 ZUFELT, R. L.—Groceries.

THE MULE DEAL.

"Gidarp thar, Aberham Lincun! Drat that pesky critter, he's gitten ter be more indarpendent ebery day."

This execration was addressed by an old darkie to a white, spry-legged little mule who had chosen to display a sample of the stubbornness usually found in its class by balking right in the middle of the village street. The animal was hitched to an old rickety surrey bearing Rastus and his better half, of rather ample proportions. Oh Lawdy, Lawdy!" wailed Mrs. Rastus, "What I'se gwine do? Us am gonna be late for dat thar festiball Rastus" she continued in a commanding voice. "I want yo to sell dat mule and get a propah animile. Do you heah me?" Rastus was the picture of misery as he answered.

"Yusfi, Mirandy, but I lobes dat critter like my own brudder." During this speech Rastus was trying to sart the mule, but his efforts were all in vain until in desperation he adopted the suggestion of a delighted spectator, "to tickle his hind efflocks with a lighted torch." This plan was carried out, with the result that the darkies found themselves flying through the air and had to be dug from out of the wreck, while the donkey was seen running madly toward home. Mrs. and Mr. Rastus soon followed, and the fact that they had been deprived of a day's holiday boded ill for Abraham Lincun. Finally Rastus had to bow to the will of his better half and to con-

sent with much unwillingness to part with his beloved mule. The next day he brought Abraham Lincun to market and succeeded in obtaining a tidy sum for the animal. When he returned home he dropped into a chair and, covering his face with his hands, sighed heavily.

"What am de mattah?" asked Mirandy.

"Mirandy, ef yo had seen de look dat dere Abraham gabe me it would hab melted yo hard heart."

A few weeks later Rastus had earned enough money to buy a better and meeker mule. When he proceeded to the market he saw a black one which instantly caught his eye.

"Am dat a good mule?" he asked the owner.

"Yus, suh; dat am a fust rate mule; he is as gentle as a lamb. I can truffly commend dat animile."

The deal was soon closed and Rastus proudly lead his mule home where he was much amazed to see his new possession go straight for the water trough.

"My, dat critter has moh brains den my Mirandy!" he said in admiration.

Morning dawned with a huge surprise for Rastus. It had rained heavily during the night, and when the darkie anxiously went after his mule which had been left out in the pasture, he saw, instead of a sleek black animal, his own Abraham Lincun who had been treated to a coat of black paint and sold back to him.



TECO

THERE is a vast difference in pancake flours. True, they are nearly all made from much the same grains, but Teco Flour has one unique ingredient of its own, quite aside from the high quality of the cereals selected. That unusual element is **Buttermilk**—powdered, malted buttermilk.



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(it's in the flour)

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A moment Rastus stood dumb with amazement, then love overcame all other feeling and he rushed and

threw his arms around the mule's neck and contentedly exclaimed: "Bless Gawd!"



FORM V.

Our Tribute to Ourselves.

Wehn all's said and done,
We're one splendid class;
We believe in self-praise, there's no doubt.

We are never kept in, up in stuffy I.-B,
Except when they won't let us out.

We are clear-headed, clever and quiet;

We never make one bit of noise;
We are punctual, prudent and prompt,
And possess that quality—poise.

We are always on time in the morning,

There aren't any "lates" in Fifth Form,

Except when alarm clocks have failed to go off,

Or we are held up by a storm.
The teachers all think we are A-1;
Our homework we always have done,
Except when we can't get it finished
By the rise of the morning sun.

"Love is blind," said Wylda
To a bashful youth one night;
Then she jumped up from the sofa,
And turned off the electric light.

The following views were expressed by three young boys as of what B.H.S. stood for. (N.B.—They were thinking of the girls only.)

"Bashfulness! Helpfulness- Sili-ness!" from the first.

"No, that's not right. It's—Brain-lessness! Hopelessness! Seriousness!"

"Aw! you're both wrong. It's—Beauty! Heroism! Simplicity!"
(And we applaud the last.)

Mary came to school one day
As pale as she could be;
I asked her what the matter was;
She told this tale to me:

Eddie had a flivver,
It was very old indeed;
Its lines were low,
It's speed was slow,
It was a sort of "has-been" steed.

But it went at times,
And its springs were chimes,
And he liked it all the same;
They sometimes called it Lizzy,
But Elizabeth was its name.

Then one dark night as Edward
Was rolling on towards home,
That flivver just turned turtle,
And Eddie struck the loam.

There lay the flivver upon top
And Edward underneath,
And when they got the poor boy out,

They said he could scarcely breathe.

Now that's why Mary looked so pale

As she told me this in school;
She was really very upset, you know,

Though she strove to appear quite cool.

But Eddie still has Elizabeth,
Though she doesn't look just the same;

He has had to change her fenders,
But he hasn't changed her name.

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"PASTRY"**

**RUBLESS and BLOOD-
LESS BARBER
SHOP**

E. George

209 Front St.

Full lines of Tobacco and
Cigars. Christmas Goods

A Specialty

Abie has a motto,
It sure does wisdom show;
It typifies his nature,
It says, "he's sure but slow."

Ce que vous desirons dans notre
salle.

Freedom at all times;
Infinite patience with the teachers;
Frequent social evenings;
Ten boys to even out the class;
Homework abolished.

French periods few and far between;
Oral composition prohibited;
Return of 3.30 dismissals;
More spares!

FORM IV. JOKES.

Applied Mathematics

I sometimes wonder what's the use
Of squaring the hypotenuse,
Or why, unless it be to tease,
Things must be called isosceles.
Of course, I know that Mathematics
Are mental stunts, and acrobatics,
To give the brain a drill gymnastic,
And make gray matter more elastic.
Is that why Euclid has employed
Trapezium and trapezoid,
I wonder? Yet it seems to me
That all the plane Geometry,
One needs, is just the simplest feat—
"Whate'er your line, make both ends
meet."

My Latin.

Latin here and Latin there,
Latin's always in the air;
In my dreams it chases me
Up and down an apple tree,
Round and round a picket fence,
Showing me the present tense;
Written in a book so queer;
Then he gets up very near
And he grabs me by the ear,
Till I cannot speak for fear,—
A start I give, and I'm awake,
But there to quiver and quake.

Fond Parent—"Is my son getting
any Algebra this term?"

Mr. Knight—"Well, he has been
exposed to it, but I doubt if he will
ever catch it."

The boy sat at his book-strewn desk,
His head went round in whirls,
His mouth and hands were full of
pens,
But his mind was full of girls.

Miss L. says that orators do not
laugh at their own jokes. Does S.W.
hope to be a Cicero?

When explaining some Latin Mr.
A. happened to mention Cisalpine
Gaul, so he wrote on the board: "Cis
—on this side." (Mr. A. says that
the "C" is pronounced as "k".)

Miss Hitchon (speaking to III-B
boys sent up to Form IV.)—"If you
boys aren't good, you'll be sent down
below again."

We wonder where Miss Hitchon
means.

Mr. A.—"Translate: 'Accidit luna
esset plena'."

H.F.—"It happened that the moon
was full."

It's a good thing the moon didn't
vote on the Referendum.

Miss L. (in Literature)—"Dalton,
give me that speech."

Dalton shakes his head to signify
"no."

Miss L. (emphatically)—"Never
shake your gory locks at me." (Mac-
beth quotations.)

Isadore Wims—"Are the Victory
Bonds for five and fifteen years?"

Miss L. (mistaking the time for
amount of money)—Yes, Isadore,
and for seventy-five and one hun-
dred, too."

Gee! talk about the age of Meth-
uselah!

Miss L.—"Now for example: 'If
you had to come down to my room,'
now why do you use 'had'?"

J.F. (muttering)—"Wel, if we
'hadn't' gone there would have been
war."

Miss L. (in Literature)—"When
I was in Rome, I saw the tomb of
the Stuarts and I said to my broth-
er," (thoughtfully) "—oh no, it

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JUST WHAT YOU
WANT**

in

LADIES' and MISSES'

GARMENTS

at

SINCLAIR'S

wasn't my brother either; it was someone else."

(Laughter.)

Who Are We?—Well Here We are.

Our Sage—E. Hart.

Our Cherub—S. Wims.

Our Sportsman—V. Weir.

Our Aristocrat—F. Deacon.

Our Genius—H. Fowlie.

Our Baby—R. Cole.

Our Long, Long Trail—W. Baker.

Our Mischievous Minister — H. Swayne.

Our Little Wonder—D. McCarthy.

Miss L. has a habit of borrowing one of the pupils' books in French period. Then she asks said pupil: "Where is your book? Go to the detention Form for half an hour for not having your book here."

Dark "(K)night" hold sway o'er all. In one of her "W(h)ims" Mother Nature sends a bright and gleaming ray of "Hope" which flutters around and finally discloses to us that we are in Form IV. I am ushered in by Rob's-son, who has promised to show me all the sights. In the centre of the room is the "Field-house" with a "Bird" hopiping about on its "Sills", near which are the two "Docters" ruthlessly experimenting on a little "Kerr", who has limped for "Miles" with a "Diamond" in his foot. The little "Deacon" stands hopefully near, holding his hand "Weir(ily)" and prays while his poor "Hart" seems alternately to "Bake(r)" and "C(o)ole." The "Maidens" flutter into sight to solicitously enquire if all is "As(a)" well as our "Anna" could expect. The excitement is intense. Just as they are about to "Mak(e)-ready" a terrible dose of "Carscallen" a "Fisher" runs up to say he has found the "Diamond" on the "Hill(is)"—so all is well, that ends well, in Form IV.

Story of a III.-A Pupil.

There was a Wiseman named Morton Smith who went through a Moore over a Wallbridge then to Carleton place, where he found a red-hot Cole at the Leigh of a Greene Hill.

She—"What kind of a tree do you like best?"

He—"Yew, dear."

The way I look when I hear I've failed an exam. But when everything's turned around I feel different. (Turn the book around and see for yourself).

A. W. seems very fond of Happy people. I wonder why?

E. M.—"How long can a goose stand on one foot?"

A. W.—"I don't know."

E.M.—"Try it."

Miss H., in History—"Write your history notes short that they'll be like this:

Little boy—pair of skates—
Hole in the ice—Golden Gates."

Chemistry would be a very bad subject for lispers, e.g.; sodium thio-sulphate would become thodium thio-thulthate.

Miss H., in drill period—"Trunk upward bend." (The class was at attention).

We wonder if Miss H. awlays means what she says.

Mr. B., in Science—"You find cartilage when you're eating beef bones."

J.L.—"Take it from me, he must have thought the pupils of III.-A had some teeth."

Lost from III.-A: A small boy about the size of a man. The last time he was seen he wore a fog-coloured coat, with buttons to match, a pair of footless stockings without any legs, and had an empty bag over his shoulder full of post holes and wagon tracks.

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Our Boys.

Name	Age	Ambition	Hobby	Favourite Expressions
John McGie	2d	To get married	Going to Foster Avenue	Well! Well!
Hudson Leavens	10	To act foolish	Get the teachers' goats	I'll get you, Woodley
Ike Woodley	5	To learn more	Taking care of his Bunny	
Stan. Hagerman	3	To go to Oshawa	Cutting Ike out	I don't know.
J. McCullough	6	To work	Saying good-bye to Peg	Darn!
Albert Armstrong	5	To sing K-K-K-Katy	Talking	Disgustus!
Chas. A. Sankey	31	To be an orator	Writing to "Dearest Fern"	
Robert Gilbert	22	-To come first	Working	Leave me alone, Army.

Our Girls.

Helen Springer	20	To go to dream-land	Singing "Dear Heart"	I thought I'd die
Helen Reid	14	To know something	Running down to H. S.	Oh! See.
Dora Dies	12	To work	Laughing	Oh- say kids!
Valiere W.	9	To be a musician	Talking to Bunny	Have a heart!
Helen Sinclair	4	To learn to dance	Playing with dolls	I'll tell you some time.
Augusta Hill	3	To make high marks	Talking to her neighbors	I nearly croaked
Wilma Ross	2	To try to look pretty	Tryin to talk to boys	Listen—

"Some adjectives," said a school teacher, are made from nouns, such as 'dangerous, meaning full of danger, and 'hazardous, full of hazard. Can any boy give me another example?"

"Yes, sir," replied a fat boy, "Pious, full of pie."

L.T., after a series of yawns—"Oh, dear, if some system could be found just to change the time around; if they'd only let me work when I'm awake."

Mr. T. to B.H.—"Quit looking at D.B."

B.H.—"I wasn't looking at him."
Mr. T.—"He is the biggest thing I see at the back of the room."

B.H.—"I can't help it, I wasn't looking at him."

Mr. T. to D.B.—"You didn't know you were so attractive to the young ladies, did you?"

D.B.—"I knew it, sir."

G.A.—"I hain't found my book yet."

Mr. W.—"What did you say?"

G.A.—"I hain't found my book yet and I left it on my desk t'other day."

Desmond Beamish (deeply absorbed in a joke book) was asked a question three times by Mr. Milburn before he answered.

"That," said Mr. Milburn, "is an example of concentration on your work."

"Oh."

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John Elliott, Manager

Belleville Branch

"Going to try your 'Matic' this year?"

"No! III.-B forever!"

Heard in Latin period as _____ starts eating candy—"Passus sum!!"

Hagerman, looking out of the window during History class—"Ha! Ha!"

Teacher—"Most fruits in French are feminine."

W.J.—"Oh, yeh! sure, peaches of course."

Shakespeare must have been a school boy, judging from the following:

"My dull brain was wrought with things forgotten."—Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 3.

"If we should fail."—Macbeth, Act 1, Sc. 7.

"The labour we delight in"—(Physics)—Macbeth, Act 2, Sc. 3.

"Why do we hold our tongues?"—Macbeth, Act 2, Sc. 3.

Teacher—"How now, what noise is that?"—Hamlet, Act 4, Sc. 5.

Meet Mr. Armstrong—inventor of the "Armstrong starter" on all Fords.

At last Hudson's real age has been found out. Ten years old in actions and intellect.

Woodley and Thomas have been elected representatives from III.-B to I.-B for the rest of the term.

And say! Army's latest is his going to France! Miss Libby told him the other day that they kiss you on both cheeks over there.

I'm afraid Miss Libby gave herself away when she said that. Gee! what's the High School staff coming to anyway?

Helen S. was telling us the other night that she had lost her heart (Hart). Curious thing, because we met Percy in about ten minutes and he was certainly heading south by east for Dundas Road!

Thomas's height of imagination: Jumping off a cliff holding a lighted candle, thinking he is a falling star.

For any information on airships, race results, sporting news, stock exchange tips, and how to use safety pins, write Johnson, III.-B, "Question Box."

Scene: Hawakaho Island.

(Pretty girl in the clutches of the cannibal king.)

Question—Willie Boyle or Willie Baker?



The other night I walked home from school with one of our bright students from III.-A and as we passed by a cow she says, "What are those things on the cow's head?"

"Well," I said, "you ought to know; they are horns."

Just then the cow was heard to blat and she remarked, "Say, Grace, what horn did that cow blow?"

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42 Bridge Street East

The Lost Girls of Form II.-A.

On first term day in Form II.-A,
There were many pretty girls, they
say,
But Mr. MacLaurin that day,
Took all these shy girls away.

So they asked me, those boys of
II.-A,
To write in memory of the beautiful
girls of that day,
With their flaxen curls, their little
feet,
And dimples, oh, so sweet!

There were girls that were tall, girls
that were short,
Girls that were quiet, and girls fond
of sport;
Some were good, some naughty,
But all were beautiful and haughty.

'Twas a black day for the Form II.-A
When P.C. took these girls away.
But nevertheless the boys all say
They have no cause to rue the day.

A funny dream I dreamt last night,
I dreamt that I'd be shown
Into a land all fair and bright,
Where teachers were unknown.
The boy was lord and master there,
And held the upper hand,
And school was but a small affair
Within that happy land.

Oh! I dreamt a dream the other
night—

A happy, pretty dream—
That I had passed a stiff exam.,
And not a single word of cream.
The boy was lord and master there
And held the upper hand,
The examiner was a small affair
Within that happy land.

Cecil Facer, I.-B.

If Helen Snell accepts Mr.
Clarkes' suggestion of "letting her
Shorthand be her constant compan-
ion," someone else will have to take
a back seat.

Char-less Earle, after receiving
an earthquake from Mr. Afeck: "I
wonder which way he wanted me to
go."

Mr. Milburn, coming into class,
sings out: "Page 236."

Then pointing to Harold Dear,
says: "You read hay."
"I can't find the place."
"I can't find the place."

Mr. M.—"If you would concen-
trate your alamagaton of vocaliza-
tion and articulation of eat-hay-
shun you would be very much im-
proved."

French for Beginners.

Miss H. on entering room ad-
dresses class with, "Voulez-vous de
vache, parlonez de omelette de hors
francais."

Charles, who is not sure of his
French, and mistakes the meaning,
replies: "I will if you will."

Clean Hands, Clean Face, Clean Work Campaign

I hereby purpose to throw my
weight, whether it be one ton or
three tons, in favour of Clean Hands,
Clean Face, Clean Work.

Signature—Charles Earle.
Date—Denovember 91, 8194.

Mr. Leuty, in Science class, doing
an experiment, scratches his head.
—"Of course, the reason this don't
freeze is because it contains a vac-
uum."

"Jimmy, can you give me a sen-
tence with 'defence' in it?" asked
the teacher.

"Yes'm," answered Jmmy. "De
cat is on de fence."

Advertisements seen in some pa-
pers:

"Room wanted for a man with
steam heating."

Miss H.—"What are you doing in
that seat? Were you there last per-
iod?"

A.M.—"Yes, I was."

Miss H.—"You were?"

A.M.—"Well, I were, then."

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44 BRIDGE STREET

YARDS FOOT of FRONT STREET

Mr. Leuty—"Charley, keep your eyes on your own work."

Charley—"Yes, sir."

Mr. Leuty—"Take your seat and stay in for a week."

Charley—"Yes, sir."

Favourite saying in II.-A:

Teacher—"Where's your homework?"

Pupil—"Haven't got it done."

Teacher—"Why?"

Pupil—"Forgot it."

Joe—"Haw! Har! He! Ho- Haw!"
(Joe laughing).

Mr. Thrasher (who is describing an angle)—"Oh, sell that laugh for a dog and shoot the dog."

Lost—one half hour every day, from 3.30 to 4. Finder will please communicate to the pupils of B.H.S.

A letter written by A. Munro of II.-A to his father:

"Roses red, violets blue;
Send me ten dollars and I will love you."

The following answer came:

"Roses are red, violets pink;
Enclosed you will find ten dollars—
I don't think."

"For beating your wife, I will fine you \$1.10," said the Judge.

"I don't object to the dollar," said the prisoner, "but what is the ten cents for?"

"That," said the Judge, "is the Federal Tax on amusements."

Want Ads.

A few First Forms to compete with I.-D in History and other subjects. The present ones being vanquished.

The nerve to help our Chairman finish his speech. Apply quickly.

Mr. T., to slow-moving student—
"If you don't get a move on you will be late for your own funeral."

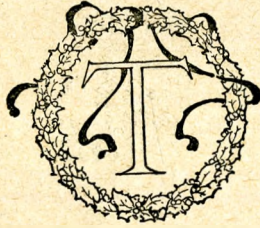
We as a class would like to know
Why a girl in II.-A
Goes to the Art room every day.



II.-B "Yells."

I ji itta ki,
I ki yp.
II.-B, II.-B,
Rip, Rip, Rip.
Contra Boom-a, Pontra Boom-a,
Contra Boom-a Bah.
II.-B, II.-B,
Rah, Rah, Rah.

RITCHIE'S



THE RITCHIE Store takes this opportunity of wishing all the Students of the High School and all the Readers of the Elevator a Very Merry Christmas Tide and a Happy and Healthful New Year.

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At Reasonable Prices

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PHONE 675

Even with six lights in the room
some of our members cannot see
through the mysterious theorems of
Geometry.

We wonder what causes H. F. to
pay so much tribute across the aisle.
Poor prattler! He's dreaming dreams

All our students are anticipating
a Mery Xmas and a Happy New
Year.

The girls are not afraid even of a
mouse, to say nothing of Caesar.

Even our nerves are being destroyed
with the constant passing of foot-
steps in the hall, especially those of
approaching teachers.

Lost, strayed or stolen: Somewhere
in B.H.S., a decimal point belong-
ing to Mr. Th. Finder please return
and receive a reward.

A pupil was asked to give an oral
composition and began with this en-
lightening remark: "Teachers, pu-
pils, and other members of the class-
room: My subject is on 'fire'."

Mr. Thrasher, to E. G. in Arith.—
"Estella, what is the answer?"

E. G.—"I can't see, sir."

Mr. T.—"Why can't you?"

E. G.—"Well, I can't see through
you."

C. P. was working Arithmetic at
the board.

A bang! Brash! Oh-

"What's the matter?"

"I—hurt my—funnybone."

II-B Motto.

Studemus praestare omnibus alus.
—We strive to excel all others.

II-C.

Oh! II-C is the Form for me,
The nicest Form you ever did see;
In II-C we always have nothing to
do—
Ask Mr. C., he'll say it's true.

In II-C we have a lovely time,
We wander all over and always feel
fine;

Our work is well done, our sayings
are witty,

Our tempers are sweet, our faces are
pretty.

If you don't believe me, just come
down and see.

Come, take a look in the door of
II-C;

And after you've gone, you will
mournfully say

Oh! don't I wish I could go there to
stay!

L.M., II-C.

Mr. Clarke, correcting list of
Shorthand words—"Wife—H'm, this
might be almost anything."

Oh well, of course, girls.

Wanted: Some handsome boys for
II-C. Could II-A spare us any?

Mr. T. to R.H.—"Ralph, stop pull-
ing that girl's hair. You did the
same thing this morning when I was
in here. If you don't stop I'll come
down there and pull yours."

Oh! the girls of II-C are the beau-
ties of the town,

And with true love they've knocked
me down;

I can't resist their face and figure,
But I will wait till they are bigger.

—Brom a boy.

We Agree!

We certainly need some morphine
in our Form, if I have anything to
say about it. Ever hear the story
about Nigger Joe and the mule?
Well, I'll tell it to you.

Old Nigger Joe had a mule which
didn't go a bit. He took it to the
doctor who gave it some morphine.
The mule bolted down the street.
Nigger Joe looked at it, then turning
to the doctor, said: "I guess, Massah,
Doctor, you had better give my legs
some of that stuff for them to ketch
that thar mule."

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The Boys in II-C.

R.H.'s favourite saying: "These girls give me a pain."

E.E.'s favourite saying: "Dear, dear, how these girls do distract my poor memory."

Editor's Note: Vanity! Vanity! the greatest of crimes is "Vanity", and you II-C bunch certainly have a good supply of it, as anyone can see from the above. Boys, beware of II-C!!

Miss Young, to Latin pupil—"Do not appeal to the class for help. Either stand up or fall down on your own feet."

Favourite Sayings.

Miss H.—Now I will have to give you ten lines to learn.

Miss Ha.—Write this out fifty times.

Miss Y.—Wake up "G".

Mr. Th.—My goodness, can't you multiply that?

Mr. K.—Oh, you modern young people of today—

Mr. M.—Now if you talk I shall have to send you to Mr. MacLaurin.

Mr. L.—A couple of you fellows in here are going to be kicked out.

Mr. W.—Now write notes on the following.

Miss H., in Grammar class—Well G., what are you here for?

G.—To get an education.

Miss H.—Well you don't look as if you were watching the girls play basket-ball.

We wonder why A.H. had his seat moved in the Art room, Ask J.R.

F.P. watches G.V. with jealous care,
In case he might glance at another girl's hair.

Miss H., in Grammar period—"There is such an animal feeling in II-B I think some of you would make nice little pet dogs or cats."

E.G.—"I'd rather be a little kitten."

B.W.—"Did you hear the loud reports in II-B?"

A.C.A.—"No, what were they? Revolver shots?"

B.W.—"No; all the girls have got their hair banged."

W.N.—"I like red hair, no matter what colour it is."



A Motto.

Have you heard our great motto?
If not you've just got to,
It sweeps all the things in its way:
We work like the beaver,
And don't give in either—
So much for the Motto I-A.
It's all right.

Mr. T., in Algebra period—"If x equals the boy's age, how old will this boy be in 6 years?"

Smart pupil—"6x."

Mr. T.—"You mean to tell me that if a boy was 14, that in 6 years he would be 84?"

Then he asked another boy who had just woke up from a snooze, "How old will this boy be in 6 years?"

Sleepy boy—"Eighty-four."

Mr. W.—"Desmond, take your own seat."

D.B.—"It is very hot there."

Mr. W.—"There is a hotter place, my boy."

Miss H. to I-A—"The other classes do not consider you at all."

B.J.—"Well, we don't consider them."



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Ranges

We I.-A pupils wonder where A. E.T. and S.L. got their training in chalk shooting. They certainly are crack shots.

Wanted.

A few more spares. Terms very suitable. Apply within I.-A.

Mr. L.—“What shape is a cylinder?”

J.D.—“Tubercular.”
(Loud laughs.)

Mr. L.—“Have you gum in your mouth, Reid?”

G.R.—“Yes, sir.”

Mr. L.—“Write gum out five hundred times.”

G.R.—“What if it wasn't gum?”

Mr. L.—“Write it out anyway.”

Mr. B., in Agriculture—“Why does an apple always fall down, not up?”

J.B.—“Instinct.”

Character Sketch.

Name	Age	Ambition
H. McDermott	13	To be in I.-D
C. Flagler	30	To keep giggling
M. Hartley	uncertain	To get a beau.
B. Holsey	O.K.	Out for a good
H. Rose	14	To hide her dimples.
V. Connors	20	To learn to dance.
M. Kerr	8	To be good.

Little Helen.

You should work while you work,
And play while you play,
But Helen does it in the opposite way.

She is Rose-y by name,
And rosy by nature;
Of course you all know she has a beau,

Or two, if you would put it so.
Simmons is their common name,
But Frank and Ira are the same
To her—Little Helen.

H.M. & C.F.

It would be too bad if all we I.-A pupils were put back to Public school.

Mr. Thrasher—“Desmond, what is 11a—10a?”

D. Beamish—“Eh?”

A.E.T.—Yes, that's right.”

Mr. Ludy says we are going out through the window some day. We wonder who will pay for it.

Heard in Form I.-B.

C.F.—“Miss Y. told me I was going to drive her crazy.”

Lazy J.M.—“I wouldn't if I were you.”

C.F.—“What would you do?”

Lazy J.—“Let her walk.”

For Sale: Holstein cow; gives good milk, also pulley ropes, harness and a covered buggy. Apply to D. MacFarlane.

J.C.—“If you saw an egg on a piano stool, what would it remind you of?”

R.R.—“I dunno.”

J.C.—“The Lay of the Last Minstrel.”

We always thought it cost to talk at long distance but we find that talking to one another after the five-minute bell has wrung, cost one a half an hour in I.-B.

FORM I.-C.

What would happen if,—

Helen Snell was on time for school.
Eva Davies knew her Shorthand.
Abigail Fleming couldn't talk.
Edleen Rose lost her baby stare.
And Genneth Allore came to school regularly.

We don't know. Do you?

Mr. B.—(firing question quite unaware at M.G.)

M.G.—Silence!!!!

Mr. B., shoving a stool up to the desk—“Come up here and sit for the rest of the period.”

“Oh Peg, what's the stool for?”

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Form I.-C, B.H.S.

I.-C is a very merry Form,
 None of the pupils are ever forlorn;
 First on our list comes Eva Davis,
 Who always dresses in the latest.
 Then comes "curly" Helen Snell,
 She's half an hour behind the bell.
 With Genenth Allore, we're glad to
 state,
 We'll have lots of fun at any rate.
 Mabel Eaton—poor little tot—
 With Fate she's sure to get her lot.
 Grace Holland is prim, that we'll ad-
 mit,
 But with great genius her face is lit.
 Abigail Fleming at the rear of the
 class,
 Certainly is a jolly little lass.
 Gwendolyn Brockhurst, quiet of late,
 All the class think she is just first
 rate.
 May Andrews is with mischief full,
 Her red hair is as soft as wool.
 Leslie Woodley is a very smart boy,
 School to him is full of joy.
 Frank Boyer is very good they say,
 For him we'll give a loud hurray.
 Madeline Sullivan is as nice as ever,
 But that does not stop her from be-
 ing clever.
 Edleen Rose with her yellow mop,
 Who said she didn't know how to
 talk?
 Ada Hickerson, tall and thin,
 Determined is she to go in and win.
 Tena Robinson, for short, called
 "Sammy,"
 Is as good and gentle as a little
 lamby.
 Muriel Highland, we're sorry to say,
 Is stiff and regular every day.
 Lottie Twining, to flirt is her joy;
 I'm afraid that she knows many
 boys.
 Elsie Morden, we know for a fact,
 Is very quick and prompt to act.
 Violet DeMarsh is a very plump girl,
 With her short bobbed hair and her
 fuzzy curls.
 Edith Hutchinson with goggles for
 eyes,
 We certainly shall be forced to chas-
 tise.
 Loretta Ross, with smiles for all,
 Is the very picture of a doll.
 Little Stella Melchior, whom we all

call "Star",
 Is the last, but as clever as any are.

Yes! I'll admit the price of living
 is outrageous but it has not become
 as bad as Miss H.'s punishment in
 Arithmetic and Grammar, as she
 raised it twenty times each lesson.

E. D. of I.-C,
 Who sits in the front seat,
 Is very, very funny,
 But yet is very sweet.
 Next in line is never on time,
 Those curls are such a pest;
 But H.S. is a nice little girl—
 The teachers will tell you the rest.
 Coming next is G.M.A.,
 Often at school but never to stay;
 She's one day out, and a half day
 in,
 I wonder when she'll ever begin.

Now these three girls of Form I.-C
 Are full of everything but energy;
 They laugh and talk, joke and
 play,
 This is how they pass the time
 away.

I.-D Class Yell.

Razzle, Dazzle,
 Razzle, Dazzle,
 Sis-boom-ba.
 Who are we,
 Can't you see,
 Form I.-D,
 F-O-R-M- I.-D,
 Rah, Rah, Rah.

Our Honourable Art Teacher,
 Miss Haycock, gives us Art,
 And takes it very much to heart;
 To detention sends us all,
 From the spring until the fall.

Once I heard her say,
 "I.-D fails in every way."
 Yet she likes those youngsters there,
 Even though she does them scare.

Chickens are evidently turning to
 centipedes according to the theory
 of one of the girls, who said on her
 examination paper, "The chicken
 has three feet in front and one be-
 hind."

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Form I.-D.

F stands for fun, to keep school from being slow.
 O stands for order and the way things should go.
 R stands for Report Cards, which make some of us bawl.
 M stands for mischief, that brings each one a call.
 I. stands for 1st Form—we just came this year.
 D is our initial because we are all dear.

Their tongues had begun in the morning,
 And busily all the day
 Had been driving their teachers crazy,
 Till they longed to run away.

Every girl and boy in I.-D
 Seemed to have nothing else but tongue;
 Do you wonder the teachers were crazy?
 If you do, just ask Miss Young.

Teachers.

There are teachers who make us happy,
 There are teachers who make us blue,
 There are teachers who make us snappy,
 Like some teachers I know do;
 There are teachers that make the meaning clear,
 If you are wide awake to hear,
 But the one who most appeals to I.-D
 Is the one who leaves you from homework free.

We wonder why Mr. W. calls R.H. David. Is it because he daily wrestles with two giants, History and Literature?

Will someone please install a private telephone for M. Keeler.

Can openers are very dangerous. One day a man was opening a can of salmon and his hand slipped and he cut himself in the pantry.

J.M. to C.B.—“What’s the name of the mother of Christmas?”

C.B.—“I dunno.”

J.M.—“Why, Merry Christmas. Hah! hah!”

Wanted: A room by a man with folding doors.

For Sale: A dog; eats anything; especially fond of children.

Mr. K.—“What is the answer to a—1—b—c—(—b—1—c)?”

H.M.—“Eh?”

Mr. K.—“Correct.”

Mr. B., after taking up the stages of the Tussack moth—“Oh, do wake up. You people always seem to be in the pupa stage.”

J.L., admiring the height of a ladder in the Chemistry room, while busily talking to F.C.

Mr. MacL.—“Oh Jack, would like to go up on it? That’s where all the noisy people go.”

Mr. MacL.—Why don’t you write compositions for The Elevator such as, “The Noisiest Girl I Ever Knew” edited by R.C., or “How to Learn to Obey” by J.L.”

III.-A agrees with him.

What’s all the attraction in Trenton? By the way some of our Form girls talk you’d think it was a second New York. How about it, Scant and Phyllis?

Mr. K., in Algebra class, when a pupil was answering a question wrongly—“No! no! you must not divorce those letters.”

In Form III.-A who is the
 (1) Quietest—Esther Jones.
 (2) Prettiest—Helen Hill.
 (3) Cleverest—Hazel Madden.
 (4) Happiest—Florence Carleton.
 (5) Funniest—Jack Leigh.

Quite a few of the students had their tonsils sunburnt at the rugby game Saturday, while watching the aeroplanes.

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WHAT WE SHALL SEE TEN YEARS HENCE.

After being absent from the city for ten years, you return to find that many changes have taken place. To begin with, in a local Bank who should you see but Frank Bowyer pegging away at ledgers. As you cross the street you see a familiar face in the shape of L. Woodley in a sore state, selling peanuts on the corner. (This is the future some people see for Leslie.) Next we enter a familiar looking lawyer's office only to see our old school chum, Miss Morden, pounding away at a typewriter. (She wouldn't be half so diligent if the boss wasn't around.) We visit once again our public school, which is full of fond memories. Here we see Miss L. Ross putting knowledge into the heads of diligent pupils. After going to a restaurant for lunch we decided to visit familiar haunts of our younger days. The harbour looks much the same, but one sight not so familiar to us was a large yacht anchored there and Miss Madeline Sullivan dressed in sailor's togs in charge. After strolling around we meet a few of our old acquaintances, who looked much the same, but perhaps old and fond memories with which we used to look upon our old home town were crowded out by the many changes which had taken place.

L. Twining, Form I.-C.

A CHRISTMAS STORY

A ragged, white-haired old man walked disconsolately up and down Broadway. He looked at all the houses and could not help wishing that he lived in one of them, and envying the happy people he saw, for he was very poor and had had nothing to eat since the day before and he was very hungry. A wild passion of jealousy took possession of him.

"It isn't fair," he said fiercely to himself, "for some to have so much and me nothing. There is a play-room full of toys there and I'll guarantee that they don't appreciate them, and here is my little girl who has never had a Christmas present in her life."

A voice seemed to say to him,

"Well, why don't you go and help yourself. It is past midnight and no one would know if I climbed up and helped myself to a few broken toys. Sure, I know where the play-room is as Ella has told me, and she is cook there."

Without waiting to argue with his conscience which was giving him a few sharp twinges, he climbed in through the window over the porch and stood in a richly furnished nursery. Just as he entered the door opened and a man came in and switched on the lights.

He looked at the old man for a few minutes and then he spoke. "Well, my man, I am just a little too quick for you; but say, I will let you go free if you will put on this Santa Claus suit and into my little boy's room. I could not disguise myself properly and my little boy declares there is no Santa Claus now."

"Yes, indeed," was the reply, and the old man was soon dressed up as Santa Claus and truly he looked like him, with his grey hair and whiskers.

The father led the way to the little boy's room and as Santa Claus entered a little light-haired boy sprang up and exclaimed:

"Oh, Santa! So there is one after all; and I was so sure it was mother and daddy."

Yes, my little man, but do you know that you came very near getting nothing for Christmas through your unbelief; for I hardly ever come to little boys that wait up to see me and do not believe in me. Scamper back to bed now and don't get out till morning."

The little boy went back to bed and Santa Claus unloaded his pack and then turned to go.

The man intercepted him in the hall and said:

"Here is five dollars for you for making my little boy believe in Santa. It had worried his mother dreadfully."

So there were two families made happy that Christmas day; but the happiest of all was little Ellen for she got her first Christmas present.

Ruth Coulter.

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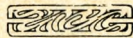
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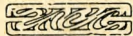
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Our Exchange

We acknowledge, with thanks, the following exchanges since our last issue:

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

"The Brown and White" (Oct. and Nov. Number)—Greensburg High School, Greensburg, Pa.

"Crimson and White"—The Pottsville High School, Pottsville, Pa.

"The College Times"—Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ontario.

"The Trinity University Review"—Trinity College, Toronto, Ontario.

"Saint Andrew's College Review"—St. Andrew's College, Toronto, Ontario.

"The Canadian"—A very good paper.

"The Brown and White"—A good monthly paper.

"Crimson and White"—Your headings are good, as usual, and also your jokes.

"The College Times"—A good all round paper.

"The Trinity University Review"—A good exchange. We suggest some jokes.

"Saint Andrew's College Review"—A splendid paper. We enjoyed it very much.

Marjorie Kerr,
Exchange Editor.

Teacher—Who laughed aloud?

Pupil—I did, sir, but I didn't mean to do it.

Teacher—You didn't mean to do it?

Pupil—No, sir; I laughed up my sleeve and I didn't know there was a hole in my elbow.

Stout Tommy: "I very nigh fell on top of yer."

The other: "Yus; I don't mind bein' hit, but I just 'ate the thought of bein' buried alive.."

First one: "I come from a fighting stock."

Second one: "I come from a corn

stock."

Johnnie's mother had sent him to get some flypaper, and was getting anxious because he had been away so long. Going to the door she saw him coming up the walk.

"Johnnie," she said, "have you got the flypaper?"

"No, mother," Johnnie replied, "it's got me and we're both coming up together."

"I see ye're invested in a vacuum cleaner," a neighbour said to Mrs. Jones. "Do you like it better than the old-fashioned broom?"

"You bet your life, I do," Mrs. Jones answered. "I kin knock Jones twice as far with it."

They sat looking at her engagement ring.

"Did your girl friends admire it?" he tenderly inquired.

"They did more than that," she returned, "three of them recognized it."

He had waited thirty minutes for his chop, another ten for his fried potatoes and twenty minutes for his cheese. More in sorrow than in anger he touched the waiter on the arm.

"Do you think," he asked, "that you could manage to bring me some coffee?"

"Yes, sir, in a minute, sir."

"And," continued the patient one, blandly, "just drop me a postcard now and then while you're away."

One Christmas a certain citizen was invited to dinner at the house of one of the leading men in the town. At the dinner table he was placed opposite a goose. The lady of the house was placed on the visitor's left. Seeing the goose he remarked:

"Shall I sit so close to the goose?"

Finding the words a bit equivocal, he turned round to the lady and said in a most apologetic tone:

"Excuse me. I meant the roasted one."

Christmas Suggestions

Q If you want anything in high grade Footwear, Shoes, Slippers, Hockey Boots, Rubbers, Moccasins or Travelling Goods, come to the **LESLIE SHOE STORE**. Prices Moderate and Quality the Best.

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and Ford Motor Cars*

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It was just after the Christmas banquet, and toasts were in order. The toastmaster arose to introduce a prominent and elderly speaker, and said:

"Gentlemen you have just been giving your attention to a turkey stuffed with sage. Now you will give your attention to a sage stuffed with turkey."

Mr. A.—"Does the moon effect the tide?"

Bright pupil—"No, just the untied."

Not mentioning any names—but, this was actually heard at a dance:
 "Isn't it close in here? Let's go out."

"Well, alright, but the orchestra will change the air in just a minute."

Advertisements.

A young man that has money to burn would like to meet a girl that is a good match.

Wanted—A boy to pack eggs fifteen years old.

Lost—A gold watch by an old lady with Swiss movements.

Humin Nachure.

All boys love their sisters,
 But I so good have grown
 That I love other boys' sisters.
 Far better than my own.



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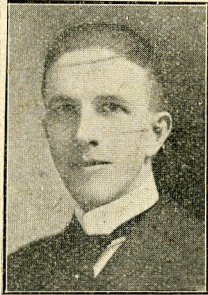
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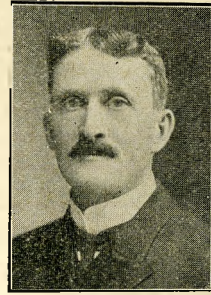


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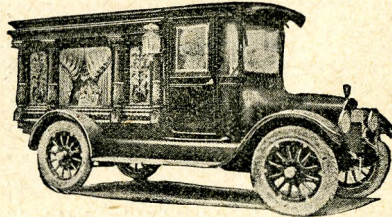
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